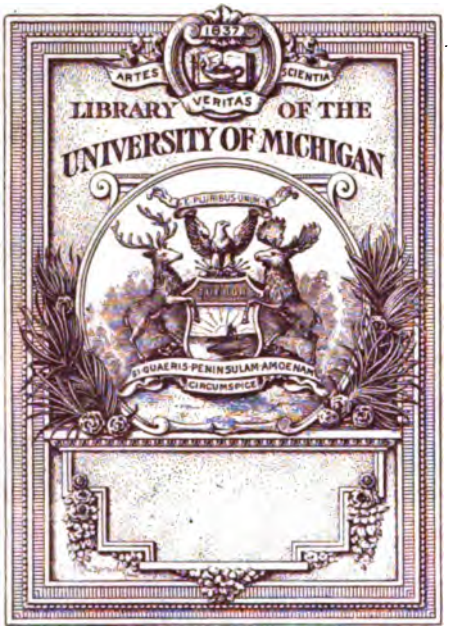
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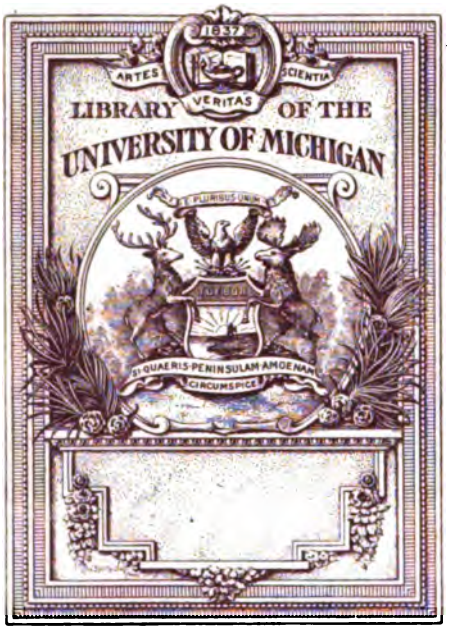
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THE

7792

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1846.

W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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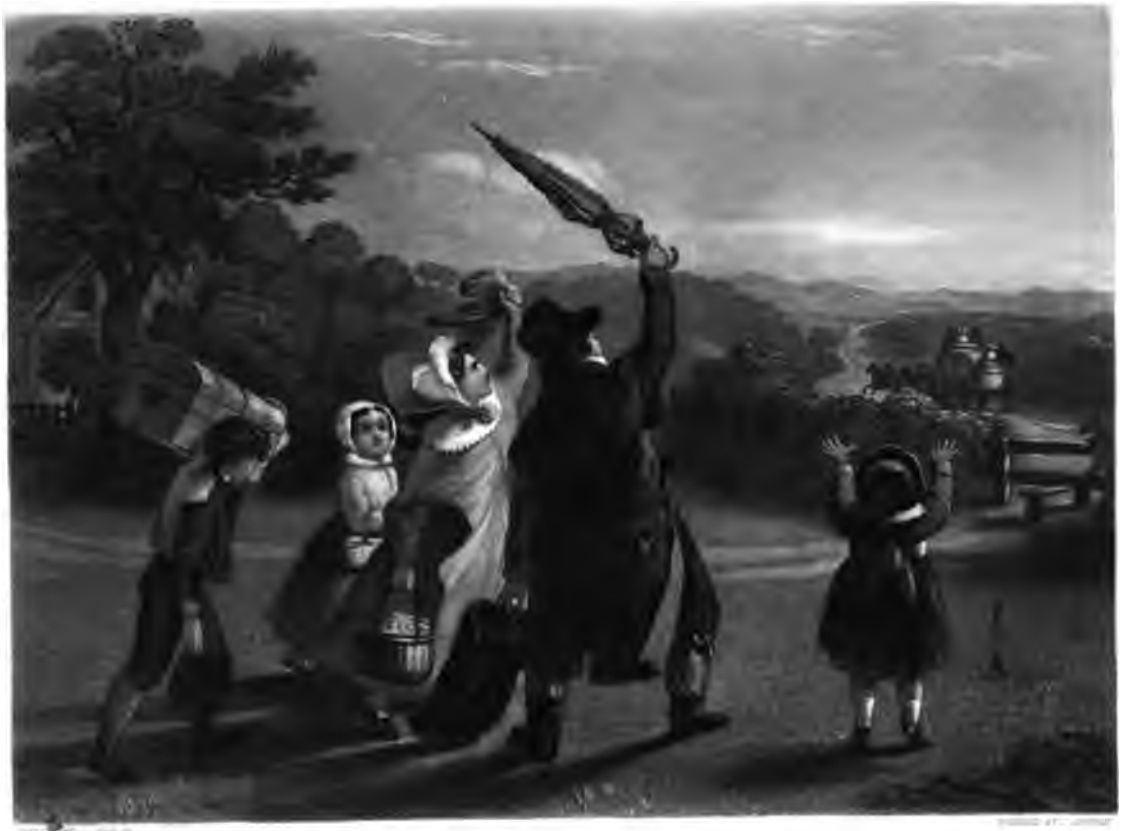
EMBELLISHMENTS.



THE CONSEQUENCES OF INTOXICATION

and

Towards this point we would have our American friends strain every nerve. They have already proved themselves steady and enthusiastic pilgrims along the world's highways. We may mention the names of

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From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

McKENNEY AND HALL'S SKETCHES OF THE INDIAN TRIBES.

History of the Indian Tribes of North America, with Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of the Principal Chiefs. Embellished with One Hundred and Twenty carefully colored Portraits, etc. etc. By T. L. McKenney, Esq, and James Hall, Esq. Philadelphia: Rice and Clarke. London: C. Gilpin.

In turning over the leaves of the magnificent picture-book before us, we rejoice at the opportunity it affords us for departing from the tone of censure in which we have too often felt compelled to speak of the works and deeds of our kinsmen across the Atlantic. For once, at least, they cannot accuse us of scornful disrespect, or of insular prejudice, when, according to our best ability, we recommend nationality in Art, as the one thing beautiful, desirable, and needful for its permanent existence. Towards this point we would have our American friends strain every nerve. They have already proved themselves steady and enthusiastic pilgrims along the world's highways. We may mention the names of West, Washington Alston, Leslie, Sully, in proof that they can take rank among the most admirable Europeans, when they deign to paint in the European fashion; nor can the Londoners or the Florentines forget, that in his "Greek Slave," W. Hiram Powers has put in a very strong claim for the championship of modern sculpture, one to which the Rauchs, and the Gibsons, and the Schwanthalers, and the Bailys would find it hard to offer a rejoinder. In all revivals and adaptations, however,—in all workings after this antique, or the other tradition, there is an unsoundness, and a want of satisfaction, the end of which can be but mediocrity. It needs but to walk the rounds of the churches, galleries, and studios of Munich, to ascertain the limits of modern, when imitating ancient Art. There has been no want of earnest study, no want of unselfish devotion to a purpose, no want of sympathy and patronage; and here and there industry, ingenuity, and sincerity have "tossed and turned" themselves, have accumulated and wrought, till the result is all but a creation,—all but a work of genius. Yet the impression, on ourselves at least, of these vaunted works is saddening. It is painful to see that sympathy will not keep pace with effort; pain-

ful to be compelled to admit, (as one is compelled to do, a score of times every hour, by some flash of recollection of the glories of the ancients,) that we are only looking at an elaborate mistake; painful to anticipate a not very distant period, when Glyptothek and Basilica, *Fest-bau*, and *Aller Heiligen Kapelle* will be reviewed by the connoisseurs, as so many monuments of respectable pedantry and school exercise; more praiseworthy for intent, but little more so in fact of artistic merit, than the follies of Louis Quinze, or than the Library built after the fashion of a chest of drawers with which the great Frederick of Prussia chose to diversify the main street of his show capital!

We have dwelt upon Munich because the name of this city is in every one's mouth; but it is only an illustration of the spirit of the times; not a solitary instance. The worthy personages, who imagine they are advancing the cause of devotion and authority, by attempting to bring back church music to the barbarianism of the Gregorian chant, offer another. Why are these things? Does that old superstitious fear yet linger on the earth, which mistrusted creation and discovery as irreverent? Is Orthodoxy maintained by not a few, because it saves the trouble and cost of original thought? These questions sound almost monstrous; yet, much of the artistic criticism, and the motives held out for artistic effort in the present day, when stripped of the verbiage in which canters of all classes love to involve them, have no wiser principles for kernel. Yet, digressing for a moment, let us thankfully remark how—in spite of all this laziness and pedantry, this appeal to a spurious devotional spirit, which overlooks the glorification of God in the Present, no less than in the Past—Genius is vindicating itself; how the necessities, the materials, and the social arrangements of the world are unconsciously calling forth and shaping productions, which Posterity may admire as models. Those whose connoisseurship and enthusiasm, being merely an affair of precedents and synods, can see nothing of the poetry which belongs to every effort of human ambition, of the beauty which bears company with every step of civilization, will deride us as utilitarian, or denounce us as at once visionary and materialist, if, by way of illustration, we venture to assert, that in the magnificent structures which steam conveyance has originated, we have more chance of a new order of architecture, than in all the porings and pryings of the Pugin school of artists, who sanction every anachronism and inconsistency of past, half-instructed ages, on the score of a mystical sanctity, and demand the sacrifice of Criticism at the altar of Faith. Let all memorials of the past be reverently preserved, but preserved as memorials, not models. It should be our task, as it is our privilege, to go forward.

Viewed under their twofold aspect, especially, seeing that any thing entirely new stands, for the present, at so heavy a disadvantage, whatsoever the enchantment of distance may do for Posterity—all collections with regard to the aboriginal inhabitants of America have a value, which every year will only increase. Perhaps never has savage life worn a form, so inviting and poetical, as in the annals of the Indian tribes. Though hardly disposed, with the *prospectus* of Messrs. McKenney and Hall's work, to admit the Red-jackets and Mohongos as "Ciceros and Cæsars, Hectors and Helens;" though human conservatism, or human simplicity, could never, in their most stiff or sickly vagaries, dream of a revival of wigwams, of an extension of the picturesque birch-bark and quill manufactures; of encouraging, after the fashion of "Young England," the dances and the ball plays, with all their distinctive forms of full-dress and *un*-dress, (the latter, as a lady tourist has told us on some festive occasions, a mere simple osprey's wing,)—though it would exceed the boldness of any Benedict to speak even leniently of *squaw*-dom as an "honorable condition," in days like these, when The Schoolmistress is abroad arousing and inspiriting the "womenkind,"—there is still, under every point of view, for the studious or for the sympathetic, for the antiquarian or for the artist, for the wild sportsman or the closet philosopher, a dignity, a charm, and a poetry about the Red Man, to which, not the whole library of trumpery of which he has been made the subject can render us indifferent. The Americans, then, are justified in calling attention to this, as a great national work. Few rate more highly than ourselves the magnificence of Audubon's collections; the artistic power, which he has thrown into his drawings, giving his ornithological subjects the attractiveness of some professed picture by Snyders or Landseer, (distancing, let us add, Hondekoeter, the court painter of Poultry, by many a rifle's length),—few have enjoyed more

heartily the admirable pages which detail his wanderings, and describe his specimens: entertaining (to quote Johnson's anticipation of Goldsmith's Natural History) "as a Persian tale," and poetical as one of Christopher North's most eloquent rhapsodies when "*Ebony*" was young; yet, in right of subject, we must give the handsome volumes on our table a yet more distinguished place. Nor can we attempt to glance at their contents, without a word or two on a less important point, in which the Americans may legitimately take pride. Their manner of production and publication is most praiseworthy. Mr. Whittingham of Chiswick, it is true, might suggest that the type was too heavy for the paper; and it would strike Mr. Hullmandel's experienced eye, we doubt not, that in some half dozen specimens, among the lithographs, the grain of the chalk is too coarse and woolly to pass muster in these perfected days of the art. But the above objections are trifling;—hinted, peradventure, merely to keep up our character as just critics, whose habit it has been, from time immemorial, to indulge their spleen by declaring "that the picture would have been better painted, if the painter would have taken more trouble."

It seems an Irish beginning to open the third volume first; but the reason is ready in the "History of the Indian Tribes" contained therein, and our visit is merely a passing one. For if the physiologists, philologists, and other "cunning men" of Science, have failed to ascertain, past contest, whether the American Indians were or were not of the Tartar stock,—if the signification of the great coincidence between the word "*ha, ha*," as a definition of an English park ditch, and the same appellation given by the Sioux to the falls of St. Antony, is still far from being duly appreciated;—if antiquarians are not precisely agreed how far the hieroglyphical paintings of the Mexicans, and the uncouth symbols and effigies which emboss the Yucatan temples, "coincide" with the patterns rather than drawings on the buffalo-skins of the Western Indians,—if, to quote the author of the Introductory Essay before us, "nothing can be more uncertain, and more unworthy, we will not say of credit, but of consideration, than their earlier traditions, and probably there is not a single fact, in all their history, supported by satisfactory evidence, which occurred half a century previously to the establishment of the Europeans:—wherefore should we vex our readers with splitting theories, and spinning disquisitions? Again, to touch the modern history of the Indians,—were it ever so sketchily,—would lead us into a review of Mr. Schoolcraft's interesting collections, and Mr Stone's spirited and elaborate histories and biographies;—into glancing over such memoirs of the war-time as the Mrs. Grants and Mrs. Bleeckers contributed (since Woman's testimony has always its special value, as embracing points which her lordly master disdains to observe). We should have to *crystallize* into the smallest solid space the amount of facts and features to be got out of the writings of Fenimore Cooper, the Irvings, and Bird. A more romantic library still remains to be ransacked, that of missionary enterprise, somewhat sentimentally opened, some fourteen years since, by Mr. Carne; but containing, we apprehend, abundance of matter, for the thinker, or the painter, or the philanthropist. Enough, on the present occasion, then to say, that the variety of materials seems in some degree to have puzzled the writers of the Prefatory Essay, as well as ourselves. The days of laborious concentration are gone, and perhaps it were too extreme to expect that they should be revived for this occasion only, when the task to be done was merely to make up a handsome introduction to a picture-book. If, as we believe Sir Harris Nicolas would tell us, our Lodges have sometimes "forced their facts," in writing the biographies of our Illustrious Personages,—if Corneys poke their heads out of remote corners to prove that our D'Israelis are somewhat given to the Japanese fashion of *mermaid-making*, when busy over their "Curiosities of Literature,"—far be it from us, on peaceful thoughts intent, to do more than hint, that here or there is a flimsiness or an inaccuracy, or a want of that grasp of the whole subject, for which the memory of a ripe scholar, and the hand of a finished artist, are alike demanded. Better than picking of notes, than complaining of facts carelessly collected, or of style left in the unweeded state of nature, will it be to offer the reader a sample of the introductory matter to the volume. The following, however, is not so much a part of the history, as one among the *pièces justificatives* upon which it has been founded. We have rarely met with a more touching and complete illustration of the strength and weakness of savage life:—

"Certain murders were committed at Prairie du Chien on the Upper Mississippi, in 1827, by a party of Indians, headed by the famous Winnebago chief, Red Bird. Measures were taken to capture the offenders, and secure the peace of the frontier. * * * Information of these movements was given to the Indians, at a council then holding at the Butte des Morts, on Fox River, and of the determination of the United States' government to punish those who had shed the blood of our people at Prairie du Chien. The Indians were faithfully warned of the impending danger, and told, that if the murderers were not surrendered, war would be carried in among them, and a way cut through their country, not with axes, but guns. They were advised to procure a surrender of the guilty persons, and, by so doing, save the innocent from suffering. Runners were dispatched, bearing the intelligence of this information among their bands. Our troops were put in motion. The Indians saw, in the movement of these troops, the storm that was hanging over them. On arriving at the portage, distant about one hundred and forty miles from the Butte des Morts, we found ourselves within nine miles of a village, at which, we were informed, were two of the murderers, Red Bird, the principal, and We-kaw, together with a large party of warriors. The Indians, apprehending an attack, sent a messenger to our encampment. He arrived, and seated himself at our tent door. On inquiring what he wanted, he answered, '*Do not strike. When the sun gets up there*' (pointing to a certain part of the heavens) '*they will come in.*' To the question '*who will come in?*' he answered, '*Red Bird and We-kaw.*' Having thus delivered his message, he rose, wrapped his blanket about him, and returned. This was about noon. At three o'clock another Indian came, seated himself in the same place, and being questioned, gave the same answer. At sun-down, another came, and repeated what the others had said."

We must proceed with this romance of savage life, as told by Mr. McKenney, in a private letter to Mr. Barbour, the then Secretary of War. The wildness of the incident acquires an additional local color from the prosy and florid style of American narration, which we would not destroy or lessen. The reader, then, must excuse something of prolixity, for the sake of character.

"You are already informed of our arrival at this place on the 31st *ultimo*, and that no movement was made to capture the two murderers, who were reported to us to be at the village nine miles above, on account of an order received by Major Whistler from General Atkinson, directing him to await his arrival, and meantime to make no movement of *any* kind. We were, therefore, after the necessary arrangements for defence, and security, &c., idly, but anxiously, awaiting his arrival, when, at about one o'clock to-day, we descried, coming in the direction of the encampment, and across the portage, a body of Indians, some mounted, and some on foot. They were first, when discovered, on a mound, and descending it, and by the aid of a glass we could discern three flags, two appeared to be American, and one *white;* * * * * and in half an hour they were near the river, and at the crossing place, when we heard singing; it was announced by those who knew the notes, to be a *death-song*, when presently the river being only about a hundred yards across, and the Indians approaching it, those who knew him said, 'It is the *Red Bird singing his death-song.*' On the moment of their arriving at the landing, two *scalp-yells* were given, and these were also by the Red-Bird. The Menominies who had accompanied us were lying, in Indian fashion, in different directions all over the hill, eyeing, with a careless indifference, this scene; but the moment the yells were given, they bounded from the ground, as if they had been shot out of it, and running in every direction, each to his gun, seized it, and throwing back the pan, picked the touch-hole, and rallied. They knew well that the yells were *scalp-yells*, but they did not know whether they indicated two *to be taken*, or two *to be given*, but inferred the first. Barges were sent across where they came over, the Red Bird carrying the white flag, and We-kaw by his side. While they were embarking, I passed a few yards from my tent, when a rattle-snake ran across the path: he was struck by Captain Dickeson with his sword, which in part disabled him, when I ran mine, it being of the sabre form, several times through the body, and finally through his head, and holding it up, it was cut off by a Menominie Indian with his knife. The body of the snake falling, was caught up by an Indian, whilst I went towards one of the fires to burn the head, that its fangs might be innoxious, when another Indian came running, and begged me for it; I gave it to him. The object of both was to make *medicine of the reptile.* This was interpreted to be a good omen, as had a previous killing of one a few mornings before on Fox river, and of a bear. * * * *

"By this time the murderers were landed, accompanied by one hundred and fourteen of their principal men. They were preceded and represented by *Caraminie*, a chief, who earnestly begged that the prisoners might receive good treatment, and under no circumstances be put in irons. He appeared to dread the military, and wished to surrender them to the sub-agent, Mr. Marsh. His address being made to me, I told him it was proper he should go to the great chief (Major Whistler), and that so far as Mr. Marsh's presence might be agreeable to them, they should have it there. He appeared content, and moved on, followed by the men of his bands: the Red Bird being

in the centre, with his white flag; whilst two other flags, American, were borne by two chiefs, in the front and rear of the line. The military had previously been drawn out in line. The Menominie and Wabanocky Indians squatting about in groups (looking curious enough) on the left flank. the band of music on the right, a little in advance of the line. The murderers were marched up in front of the centre of the line, some ten or fifteen paces from which seats were arranged, and in front of which, at about ten paces, the Red Bird was halted, with his miserable looking companion We-kaw, by his side, while his band formed a semicircle to their right and left. All eyes were fixed upon the Red Bird, and well they might be; for, of all the Indians I ever saw, he is decidedly the most perfect in form, in face, and in motion. In height he is about six feet, and in proportion, exact and perfect. * * * His head too,—nothing was ever so well formed. There was no ornamenting of the hair after the Indian fashion: no clubbing it up in blocks and rollers of lead or silver; no loose or straggling parts, but it was cut after the best fashion of the most refined civilized taste. His face was painted, one side red, the other a little intermixed with green and white. Around his neck he wore a collar of blue wampum, beautifully mixed with white, sewn on a piece of cloth, and covering it, of about two inches in width, whilst the claws of the panther, or large wild cat, were fastened to the upper rim, and about a quarter of an inch from each other, their points downward and inward, and resting upon the lower rim of the collar; and around his neck, in strands of various lengths, enlarging as they descended, he wears a profusion of the same kind of wampum as had been worked so tastefully into his collar. He is clothed in a *Yankton dress*, new, rich. and beautiful. It is of beautifully dressed elk or deer skin; pure in its color, almost to a clear white, and consists of a jacket, (with nothing beneath it,) the sleeves of which are sown so neatly, as to fit his finely turned arms, leaving two or three inches of the skin outside of the sewing, and then again three or four inches more, which is cut into strips, as we cut paper to wrap round and ornament a candle. All this made a deep and rich fringe, whilst the same kind of ornament or trimming continued down the seams of his leggings. These were of the same material, and were additionally set off with blue beads. On his feet he wore mocassins. A piece of scarlet cloth, about a quarter of a yard wide, and half a yard long, by means of a strip cut through its middle, so as to admit the passage through of his head, rested, one half upon his breast, and the other on his back. On one shoulder, and near his breast, was a large and beautifully-ornamented feather, nearly white: and on the other, and opposite, was one nearly black, with two pieces of wood in the form of compasses when a little open, each about six inches long, richly wrapped round with porcupine quills, dyed yellow, red and blue, and on the tip of one shoulder was a tuft of red dyed horse-hair, curled in part, and mixed up with other ornaments. Across his breast, in a diagonal position, and bound tight to it, was his war-pipe, at least three feet long, richly ornamented with feathers and horse-hair, dyed red, and the bills of birds, &c., whilst in one hand he held the white flag and in the other the pipe of peace."

We hope our readers have Catholicity enough to excuse this Grandisonian minuteness, marvellous in a people so given to *going ahead* as the Americans. But if such is the taste of their Congress orations, how shall their national literature escape? The sentimental touches in the passage which follows (little needed, let us observe, by a scene intrinsically poetic and pathetic,) are as oddly characteristic of the most utilitarian nation under the sun, as the above anxious enumeration of the poor Red Bird's toilette trumperies.

"There he stood. He moved not a muscle nor once changed the expression of his face. They were told to sit down. He sat down with a grace not less *captivating than he walked and stood* (!!) At this moment the band on our right struck up Pleyel's hymn * * * when the hymn was played, he took up his pouch, and taking from it some *kinnakunie* or tobacco, cut the latter after the Indian fashion, then rubbed the two together, filled the bowl of his beautiful peace pipe, struck fire with his steel and flint into a bit of spunk, and lighted it and smoked. * * * *

"I could not but speculate a little on his dress. His white jacket, with one piece of red upon it, appeared to indicate the purity of his past life, stained with but a single crime; for all agree that the Red Bird had never before soiled his fingers with the blood of the white man, or committed a bad action. His war-pipe, bound close to his heart, appeared to indicate his love of war, which was now no longer to be gratified. Perhaps the red or scarlet cloth may have been indicative of his name, the *Red Bird*."

The above receives a last touch of whimsicality little meditated, as being subscribed by one, who "writes in haste."

"All sat, except the speakers, whose addresses I took down. * * They were in substance, that they had been required to bring in the murderers. They had no power over any except two, and these had voluntarily agreed to come and give themselves up. As their friends they had come with them. They hoped their white brothers would agree to receive the horses, (they had with them twenty, perhaps,) meaning, that if accepted, it should be in commutation for the lives of their two

friends. They asked kind treatment for them, earnestly begged that they might not be put in irons; that they should all have something to eat, and tobacco to smoke. We advised them to warn their people against killing ours, and endeavoring also to impress them with a proper conception of the extent of our power, and of their weakness, &c.

"Having heard this, the Red Bird stood up; the commanding officer, Major Whistler, a few paces in advance of the centre of his line, facing him. After a pause of a minute, and a rapid survey of the troops, and a firm composed observation of his people, the Red Bird said, looking at Major Whistler, '*I am ready.*' Then, advancing a step or two, he paused and added, 'I do not wish to be put in irons, let me be free. I have given my life, it is gone,' (stooping down and taking some dust between his finger and thumb, and blowing it away,) 'like this * * * I would not have it back. It is gone.' He threw his hands behind him, to indicate that he was braving all things behind him, and marched up to Major Whistler, breast to breast. A platoon was wheeled backward from the centre of the line, when Major Whistler stepping aside, the Red Bird and We-kaw marched through the line, in charge of a file of men, to a tent that had been provided in the rear, over which a guard was set. The comrades of the two captives then left the ground by the way they had come, taking with them our advice, and a supply of meat and flour (!!!).

"* * * The Red Bird does not appear to be thirty, yet he is said to be over forty * * *."—Vol. iii., pp. 36 to 39.

The Red Bird died in prison. We-kaw, as generally happens to the confident, *alias* the shabbier fellow, and greater rascal of the two, was left off; and comes in, moreover, for a reputation. There are desperate difficulties, we know, inherent in the subject. The uniform of 'Major Whistler and his men' are sad stumbling-blocks in any painter's way, as Horace Vernet could tell us: and it would require consummate tact to rescue the heroic Red Bird and the sneaking degraded We-kaw if drawn out in all their bravery as described, from certain May-day and masquerade associations, which no sane artist would care to conjure up. Still we hold that an Alston would have been more honorably and profitably employed, as concerns Art, in trying to harmonize such objects as these, and thus to add to the world's stores of beauty—than in measuring himself against the ancients by once again painting 'Jacob's Dream,' or entering the lists against the beauty-painters, who, like 'most women, have no character at all,' by devoting time, pains—aye, and poetical thought, too—to his 'Rosalie listening to Music,' or to the thousandth presentiment of 'Lorenzo and Jessica,' the best how infinitely below Shakspeare!

Let us now turn to the portraits, and the anecdotage which accompanies them. The first is properly enough that of 'Red Jacket,' as the white men chose to call the 'Keeper Awake' of the Senecas. Is there not 'an acted *bull*' in this portrait—an inconsistency which ought not to have escaped the projectors of a national work? 'Red Jacket' was a professed hater of the white men—a contemner, we are expressly told, of their institutions—the point of 'disdaining to use any language save his own.' Yet here is this stickler for his nationality handed down to posterity, in the blue coat and Washington medal of those he abominated! It is true that all over the world we could find other portraits of the uncompromising, in like apparel, were we to seek! 'Kishkalwa,' the second subject in the gallery—nominally and legally head of the Shawanoe nation, is a far more genuine-looking personage, at least in a picture:—his nose garnished with a crescent-shaped ring; his ears with cruel-looking appendages; his head with a comb or top-knot of scarlet feathers (with a few civilized 'odds and ends' of riband) as bristling with defiance as Chanticleer Bantam's own! This fiery personage seems to have understood a joke* as little as the editor of

* The "Book of Offences" (a work which, by the way, we beg to commend to some comic moralist in search of a subject) would receive some of its most curious pages from the history of savage life. It is intelligible enough that the loss of a virile garment should be a sore subject among people particularly touchy in point of valor; but while the crotchet passes through our brains we cannot resist a far less serious anecdote of Indian offence, which has always struck us as alike whimsical and inexplicable. When the Ojibbeway party was in London, a party was made (after the fashion of Mrs. Leo Hunter's) for "Tobacco," the "Driving Cloud," and the rest of the company: not forgetting the ladies. Their behavior was pronounced to be most discreet and easy; it seemed, too, that they enjoyed themselves. But in an evil hour arrived Mr. ———, the piano forte-player, and by way of ascertaining what amount of musical ear the distinguished strangers possessed, he was requested to perform a fantasia. He complied; the Indians sate, all attention, to the very end. But, then, rising up very gravely and with some ceremony, they left the room; went down stairs to the parlor on the ground-floor, resisting all entreaties; and there seating themselves on the floor, waited in dignity the appointed hour of departure. They had been affronted:—nothing further, we believe, was ever explained.

"My Grandmother's Review," in the days of Byron. Being jeered on the laying aside of his one garment during certain warlike operations, as though he had been a coward who had dropped his "ineffables" while running away, he undertook a foray or *razzia*, to wipe away this stain on his character:—and it was one of the express conditions of the peace which followed his victorious arms, sealed by the present of a beautiful young lady, that Kishkalwa's "vestment" (to quote the precise noun which transatlantic scrupulosity enjoins) should, indeed, be henceforth remembered among the "unmentionables." "Shingaba W'Ossin; or, Image Stone," a Chippewa Indian, has, also, a fine, unsophisticated head; though, unlike "Red Jacket," he was so far in advance of his tribe, as to encourage investigation with regard to a *Manitou* or object sanctified by superstition—the huge mass of virgin copper, known to all mineralogists and American tourists as existing on the Outanogon River, Lake Superior. A famous subject, too, for the painter, though in a transition state between the "osprey wing" style of dress and the adoption of the militia uniform, is Tenskautawau—"The Open Door." Though described as a person of slender intellects, weak, cruel, and sensual; despite, too, the loss of an eye, this personage had a bland and agreeable presence. Brother to the well-known Chief Tecumthe, "The Open Door" enjoys an almost equal renown as a prophet. When we read in these Indian annals of a hit so lucky as his fixing the precise day for an earthquake, and recollect how on no stronger grounds our gentry believed in Murphy, (not to recall the more humiliating trust of their tenantry in the Canterbury fanatic,) we must not appropriate "The Open Door's" success as a trait of savage life, so much as of universal credulous humanity. We only protest against the "slenderness" allotted to his wits. The Biographers, however, attribute the contrivance of the juggle to Tecumthe, who, among his other schemes of assisting Indian rights and regenerating Indian morals, including even a temperance movement, perceived that supernatural influences would make an important figure. Even a puppet, however, must be in some degree stoutly and symmetrically framed to answer to the jerk of the master's hand.—And we can hardly reconcile such an assertion as that the Prophet was pronounced by General Harrison to have been the most graceful and accomplished orator he had seen amongst the Indians, with the following paragraph, in which we are told that "he seems to have exhibited neither honesty nor dignity of character in any relation of life." The tale of Tecumthe, however, is one of the best in the collection—full of subject.

The portrait of Waapashaw, chief of the Dacotah nation, a sagacious looking man, in an European dress, like the Prophet *minus* an eye, gives his biographers occasion to relieve his tribe from the stigma which has been laid upon it, of a vice no less loathsome than cannibalism. The name of the Keoxa tribe, to which he belongs, meaning "relationship overlooked," implies marriages forbidden in the last leaf of the prayer-book; and one admitted practice of questionable reputation (for even among savages it is curious to observe how constantly the dawnings of moral perception touch the same points) may have led to false accusations of another. The Twighees and the Kickapoos (*vide* vol. iii. p. 26) will hardly come out from under the accusation so easily. We are assured that they had a society expressly ordained for the maintenance of the practice: possibly—who knows?—their Hieroglyphic Human Cookery Book! Nathless, let us charitably point out, that exact information on subjects like these—where credulous horror and cunning ignorance meet, the one as willing to be mystified as the other is anxious to mystify—comprehends precisely that branch of testimony which is to be least relied upon. Ferocity or revenge may drive untutored people into exceptional crimes; and the extreme reluctance to admit the fact, which all savages have ever shown, would argue a sort of instinctive averseness, which warrants our generally receiving tales of the systematized practice *cum grano*.

As we advance in the volume, we get deeper and deeper into the wilderness, as it were—among wilder people. Some of the heads are very fierce, initiating us into the mysteries of Indian paint. Wesh Cubb, "The Sweet,"—whose son was seized with the vagary of fancying himself a woman, and devoting himself to the degradation of feminine employments,—has a most becoming crescent of green spots upon his cheeks:—Caatousee, or "Creeping out of the Water," a square patch of yet brighter verdigris, in which one cruel eye is set as cleanly as a bead in a patch of enamel. Peah-mus-ka, a Fox chief (whose *barbette*

à la Pischek makes a whimsical disturbance of our visions of prairies, portages, and other features of wild life in the West) has his black handkerchief cap *tied on*, as it were, by a streak of vermilion under the chin, by which also his ear is dyed. While we are on the subject of aboriginal "paint and patches," commend us to No-way-ke-sug-ga, the Ottoe chief, whose portrait is to be found early in volume the third, and whose citron green chin, with a Vandyke pattern of the same piquant *nuance* across his forehead, "composes" with the superb cherry-colored plume of horse-hair or feathers upon his head, so as to form an arrangement of color of which a Parisian designer of fancies might be proud. There is somewhat of caprice, we are told, in these decorations—a caprice, it seems, constant in the avoidance of "the stars and stripes," though not seldom awkwardly emulating the lines of "the Union Jack;" —but we take it for granted, something of symbolism also. And in these days, when reds and blues are mere matters of faith and orthodoxy, when the cut of an aurecole, or the frilling and flouncing of an initial letter, become subjects concerning which homilies are preached, and libraries written—we must not be thought absurd in recommending to American *savans*, "the nature and significance of Indian paint," as a mystery worth looking into, for the use of historians and artists yet unborn. Out of accidents little less freakish, we take it, did the whole school of what is by some called Christian Art, originally construct itself. At all events, there is now some possibility of obtaining information on these important matters—though at the risk of depriving controversialists in embryo of their life-breath; to wit, matter for controversy. To speak, meanwhile, of a matter of detail, in its order, important,—we are surprised that in a work like this, so carefully and expensively produced, greater descriptive minuteness was not thought necessary. There are many accessories and objects introduced into these portraits, which we neither know how to describe or to name. This ought not to have been.

The portrait of a Rant-che-wai-me, "Female flying Pigeon," also called "the beautiful female Eagle who flies in the air," reminds us that we have been somewhat remiss in paying our dues to the gentle sex. But this is true forest fashion. The lady before us is mild and gracious looking. We were told she was free-handed to an excess: as her widowed husband phrased it, "when the poor came, it was like a strainer full of holes, letting all she had pass through." She was extreme, moreover, in her tenderness of her conscience, "often feared that her acts were displeasing to the Great Spirit, when she would blacken her face and retire to some lone place, and fast and pray." But we take it that so far as any grace which free-will gives can go, "the female flying Pigeon" was rather an exceptional than an average woman. It is true that, in her charming "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles," Mrs. Jameson, whose honorable desire to improve the condition of her sex, sometimes leads her into odd puzzles and paradoxes, does her best for the Squaw; trying to prove her condition in some essential points far better than that of the *conventionalized* white woman, (as the jargon of the day runs). And we suppose that social philosophers on the other side of the argument—the power theorists to wit,—would declare that Man's ministering Angel was in her right place, when hewing wood and drawing water, drudging in the fields, and dragging burdens, leaving "her master" undisturbed in the nobler occupations of fighting and foraging. But we confess that we are a trifle hard to convince as to the supreme felicity of the Indian woman's lot. The utmost her race has done has been to produce, not a Boadicea, but a Pocahontas. Of this last, "the heroine of the tribes," we have somewhat too niggardly a notice. There is a portrait of her, however, in her civilized condition, which an appendical series of documents assure us is authentic: the features wearing an expression of grave and womanly sweetness, befitting one whose name was somewhat prophetically "a rivulet of peace between two nations."

But this is not the time or place for us to argue out the great question of the Lady and the Lord, to determine how far (as *Cherub* says) Nature never meant that a Griseldis should be put to the test by her Sir Perceval, or *vice versâ*. Ample opportunities to hear New Wisdom against Old Prejudice are sure to present themselves! The mention of "authentication" and its accompanying assertion that all these portraits are warrantable, recalls to us yet another of the curious peculiarities of savage life: namely, great solicitude and touchiness in the delicate matter of resemblances painted. Queen Elizabeth herself, with her royal command of "garden lights," and

similar devices which excluded shadows, and other such unpleasing accidents—*Lady Pentweazle*, when big with the purpose of "calling up a look," which should take mankind by storm,—were gentle and easily-contented customers compared with the Braves and the Medicine men, whom the founders of *the* school of American Art have been called upon to immortalize. Mr. Catlin, in his "Letters and Notes," gave us some whimsical and touching details of the "relations" which the court painter of the Indians has to hold with his sitters. Who has forgotten the anecdote of the Chief who came to the artist's tent, with an offer of six horses, and as much treasure besides as the magician chose to exact, so he might bear away the portrait of his dead daughter? The portraying of a Sioux chief, Mah-to-cheeja, "the Little Bear"—in profile, led to yet more serious results. Mr. Catlin had to pack up his brushes and run to save his scalp; since Shonka, "the Dog," found out that the "Little Bear," thus presented, was "only half a man!" The Red Men, as we have seen, do not love jests. The Dog's taunt bred an affray which cost the Little Bear his life. The volumes before us afford us an addition to the above store of anecdotes; which, ere we part from them, we shall extract:—though conscious that it makes against us, and *for* those who consider the Squaw a less suffering woman than the Mrs. Caudles, Mrs. Grundys, and Mrs. Partingtons of our streets and squares, and village-greens.

"It happened," says the memorialist of Young Mahaskah, the son of the Female flying Pigeon, "when Mahaskah was at Washington, that the agent of this work was there also. * * As he turned over the leaves bearing the likenesses of many of those Indians of the Far West, who were known to the party, Mahaskah would pronounce their names with the same promptitude as if the originals were alive and before him. Among these was the likeness of his father. He looked at it with a composure bordering on indifference. On being asked if he did not know his father, he answered, pointing to the portrait, 'That is my father.' He was asked if he was not glad to see him. He replied, 'It was enough for me to know that my father was a brave man, and had a big heart, and died an honorable death in doing the will of my Great Father.'

"* * * The portrait of the Eagle of Delight, wife of Shaumonekusse, the Ottoe chief, was then shown to him. 'That,' he said, 'is my mother.' The agent assured him he was mistaken. He became indignant, and seemed mortified that his mother, as he believed her to be, should be arranged in the work as the wife of another, and especially of a chief over whom his father had held and exercised authority. The colloquy became interesting, until, at last, some excitement, on the part of Mahaskah, grew out of it. On hearing it repeated by the agent that he must be mistaken, Mahaskah turned and looked him in the face, saying, 'Did you ever know the child that loved its mother, and had seen her, that forgot the board on which he was strapped, and the back on which he had been carried, or the knee on which he had been nursed, or the breast which had given him life?' So firmly convinced was he that this was the picture of his mother, and so resolved that she should not remain by the side of Shaumonekusse, that he said, 'I will not leave this room, until my mother's name, Rantchewaime, is marked over the name of 'Eagle of Delight.' The agent of the work complied with this demand, when his agitation, which had become great, subsided, and he appeared contented. Looking once more at the painting, he turned from it, saying, "If it had not been for Waucondamony (the name he gave to the agent of the work, which means *walking god*, so called, because he attributed the taking of these likenesses to him,) I would have kissed her, but Waucondamony made me ashamed.'

"Soon after this interview, the party went to King's Gallery, where are copies of many of these likenesses, and among them are both the 'Eagle of Delight' and the Female flying Pigeon. The moment Mahaskah's eye caught the portrait of the 'Flying Pigeon,' he exclaimed, '*That* is my mother, that is her face, I know her now, I am ashamed again.' He immediately asked to have a copy of it, as also of the 'Eagle of Delight,' wife of Shaumonekusse, saying of the last, 'The Ottoe chief will be so glad to see his squaw, that he will give me one hundred horses for it.'"

There are others, more competent judges of art than simple Mahaskah, will occur to every reader with whom (no offence to their connoisseurships) "the fan" makes the likeness.

It will be easily gathered from the above hasty notes and illustrations, that to comment upon the entire contents of these volumes would lead the critic beyond all reasonable limits. Having given a fair sample, we must here pause. A parting word is, perhaps, required to assure certain excellent persons, that because we have treated this work crotchet-wise, rather than in the cut and dry "Encyclopedia" fashion; no disrespect to it has been meant. On the contrary, there are certain subjects more vividly brought home to us by familiar treatment and comparison, than by dissertations *ex cathedrâ*: and this is among them. The

book is a most interesting collection of raw materials, out of which a school of imaginative art might be constructed; but to lecture upon them, appealing the while to "the principle of the pyramid," would be to impugn our own common sense, and not to assist either teachers or people. We regard it as a valuable addition to the American's library:—and as full of suggestion to all persons who love to look around and forward as well as to linger with fond reverence among the traditions of the Past.

From Tait's Magazine.

GLANCE AT THE WORKS OF SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

The Miscellaneous Works of the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. Edited by Robert James Mackintosh, Esq. In Three Volumes, 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

THIS collection comprehends, with one exception, (viz., the History of England, which is published separately), all that is of permanent value in the writings of Sir James Mackintosh. The editor is the writer's son; and he, confident in powers for higher things, has not very carefully executed the minor duties of his undertaking. He has contributed valuable notes; but he has overlooked some important errors of the press, and he has made separate errors of his own. At page 387, vol. ii., Charles VII. is described as King of *Sweden*, meaning clearly King of Denmark. At page 557, of the same volume, Sir James, having referred to "a writer now alive in England," as one who had "published doctrines not dissimilar to those which Madame de Staël ascribes to Schelling," the editor suggests that probably the person in his eye was Mr. William Taylor of Norwich. This is the most unaccountable of blunders. Mr. Taylor of Norwich was among the earliest English students of German, and so far his name connects itself naturally with a notice of the *De l'Allemagne*. But, on the other hand, he never trespassed into the fields of metaphysics. He did not present any "allurements" in a "singular character," nor in "an unintelligible style;" neither was he the author of any "paradoxes." The editor is probably thinking of Taylor the Platonist, who was far more distinguished for absurdity, and is now equally illustrious for obscurity. But that either of these Taylors, or both, or even *nine* of them, acting with the unanimity of one man, ever could have founded "a sect," is so entirely preposterous, that the accomplished editor must pardon my stopping for half a minute to laugh. The writer, whom Sir James indicated, was probably "Walking Stewart;" a most interesting man whom personally I knew; eloquent in conversation; contemplative, if *that* is possible, in excess; crazy beyond all reach of hellebore; three Anticyræ would not have cured him; yet sublime and divinely benignant in his visionariness; the man who, as a pedestrian traveller, had seen more of the earth's surface, and communicated more extensively with the children of the earth, than any man before or since; the writer also who published more books (all intelligible by fits and starts) than any Englishman, except perhaps Richard Baxter, who is said to have published three hundred and sixty-five, *plus* one, the extra one being probably meant for leap-year. Walking Stewart answers entirely to the description of Sir James's unknown philosopher; his character was most "singular;" his style tending always to the "unintelligible;" his privacy, in the midst of eternal publication, most absolute; his disposition to martyrdom, had any body attempted it, ready and cheerful; and as the "founder of a sect," considering his intense cloudiness, I am not at all sure but he might have answered as well as the Grecian Heracleitus, as Spinosa the Jew, or even as Schelling the Teutonic Professor. *His* plantations were quite as thriving as theirs; but the three foreigners fell upon happier times, or at least (as regards the last of them) upon a soil more kindly, and a climate more hopeful for metaphysical growths. Not only has the editor done that which he ought *not* to have done, but too often he has left undone that which he *ought* to have done. The political tracts of the third volume require abundant explanations to the readers of this generation; and yet the notes are rare as well as slight.

There is no need, at this time of day, to take the altitude, intellectually, of Sir Jas. Mackintosh. His position in public life was that of Burke; he stood as a mediator between the world of philosophy and the world of moving politics. The interest in the two men was the same in kind, but dif-

ferently balanced. As a statesman, Burke had prodigiously the advantage; not only through the unrivalled elasticity of his intellect, which in that respect was an intellect absolutely *sui generis*, but because his philosophy was of a nature to express and incarnate itself in political speculation. On the other hand, Sir James was far better qualified, by nature as well as by training, for the culture of pure abstract metaphysics. It is sometimes made a matter of regret that Burke should have missed the Professor's chair which he sought. This is injudicious; as an academic lecturer on philosophy, or a speculator in ontological novelties, Burke would have failed. Not so Mackintosh. As to *him*, the regret would be reasonable; by detaching him from the cares of public business, a chair of philosophy would have widened the sphere of those higher speculations which, under *his* management, could not have been less than permanently profitable to the world.

To review so extensive a collection is clearly impossible within any short compass. I content myself with a flying glance at those papers which are likely to prove the most interesting.

MACKINTOSH ON STRUENSEE.

The case of Count Struensee is to this hour wrapped in some degree of darkness; but, even under those circumstances of darkness, it is full of instruction. The doubts respect Struensee himself, and the unhappy young queen, Matilda; were *they* criminal in the way alleged by their profligate enemies? So far there is a cloud of mystery resting on the case; but, as to those enemies, as to the baseness of their motives, and the lawlessness of their acts, there is no doubt at all, and no shadow of mystery. This being so, it being absolutely certain that the accusers were the vilest of intriguers, and unworthy of belief, for a moment, when at any point they passed the boundary line of judicial proof, certified to Christendom by public oaths of neutral parties,—it follows, that the accused are every where entitled to the benefit of any doubt, any jealousy, any umbrage, suspicion, or possibility, against the charge which *has* arisen, *shall* arise, or *ought* to arise, in the brain of the most hair-splitting special pleader. They, that ruined better people than themselves by the wickedest of special pleading, cannot have too much of it; let *them* perish, as regards history and reputation, by the arts which they practised.

King Christian, the Seventh of Denmark, came over to London early in the reign of George the Third:—

> ——"It was in the golden prime
> Of good Haroun Alraschid."

He came by contract, to fall in love with our Princess Matilda. But he had the misfortune to be "imbecile," which is a word of vague meaning; in fact, he was partially an idiot, and, at times, a refractory madman. It has been remarked, in connexion with Mr. Galt's excellent novels, that at one time, (of course not the present time,) too large a proportion of the Scottish lairds were secretly, and in ways best known to their households, daft; and in such a degree, that, if not born gentlemen, they would certainly, by course of law, have been *cognosced*.* Perhaps the same tendency, and developed in part by the same defects of training, at that time affected the royal houses of Europe. Christian VII., if, instead of being a king, he had been a Scottish laborer, would certainly have been "cognosced." Amongst other eccentricities, that recoiled eventually upon others, he insisted on his friend's thumping him, kicking him, knocking him down, and scratching him severely; and, if his friend declined to do so, then he accused him of high treason. Really you had difficult cards to play with this daft laird of Copenhagen. If you positively refused to thump him, then you were a rebel; an absolute monarch had insisted on your doing a thing, and you had mutinously disobeyed. If you thumped him, and soundly, (which was the course taken by his friend Brandt,) then you were a traitor; you had assaulted the Lord's anointed, and were liable to question from the *lex majestatis*. To London did this madman come; perhaps on the principle laid down by the grave-digger in Hamlet—that in England all men are mad; so that madness is not much remarked. The king saw London; and London saw *him*. But a black day it was for some people, when he

* "*Cognosced*."—A term well known to Scottish law, and therefore to Roman law. It means *judicially reviewed and reported*, no matter in reference to what. But, in common conversation, it has come elliptically to mean—*duly returned as an idiot*. *Cognosco*, it must be remembered, is the appropriate word, in classical Latin, for judicial review and investigation.

first set his face towards St. James's. The poor young princess Matilda, sister to George III., and then only seventeen years old, became his unhappy wife; and Struensee, a young physician, whom he had picked up at Altona, about the same time received the fatal distinction of becoming his favorite, and his minister. The frail personal tenure of such a situation, dependent on the caprices of a man, imbecile, equally as regarded intellect and as regarded energy of will, suggested to a cabal of court rivals the obvious means for overthrowing and supplanting the favorite. To possess themselves suddenly of the king's person, was to possess themselves of the state authority. Five minutes sufficed to use this authority for the arrest of Struensee,—after which, as a matter of course, followed his close confinement, with circumstances of cruelty, now banished every where, even from the treatment of felons; to that succeeded his pretended trial, his pretended penitence, his pretended confession, and, finally, his execution.

Sir James Mackintosh notices the *external* grounds of suspicion applying to the publications against Struensee, and particularly the doubtful position in respect to the conspirators of Dr. Munter, the spiritual assistant of the prisoner. This man was employed by the government; was he not used as a decoy, and a calumniating traitor? That point is still dark. He certainly published what he had no right to publish. Sir James is disposed, on the other hand, to find *internal* marks of sincerity in the doctor's account of his conversations with Struensee. But were not these in their very nature confidential? And Sir James himself remarks, that nobody knows what became latterly of Munter himself; so that the vouchers for his veracity, which might have been found in subsequent respectability of life, are entirely wanting. General Falkenskiold's Memoirs make us acquainted with the artifices used to obtain from the unhappy young queen a confession of adulterous intercourse with Struensee. And, if these artifices had been even unknown to us, it must strike every body, that such a confession being so gratuitously mischievous to the queen, is not likely to have been made by her, in any case, where she was free from coercion, or free from gross delusion. Equally on the hypothesis of her guilt or her innocence, the poor lady could have had no rational motive for inculpating herself, except such as would imply stratagems and frauds in the conspirators. The case seems to tell its own story. It was thought necessary to include Matilda in the ruin of Struensee, because else there was no certainty of *his* ruin; and upon *that* depended not only the prosperity of the intrigue, but the safety of the intriguers. The destruction recoiled upon themselves, if the young queen regained the king's ear. But this could be prevented certainly by nothing short of her removal for ever from the court. And *that* could be accomplished only by a successful charge of adultery. Else, besides other consequences, the cabal feared the summary interposition of England. But of adultery, as they had no proof, or vestige of a proof, it became necessary to invent one, by obtaining a confession from the queen herself. And this was obtained by practising on her credulity, and her womanly feelings of compassion for the unfortunate. She was told by the knaves about her, that an acknowledgment of guilt would save the life of the perishing minister.

There is something in this atrocious falsehood as to Struensee, a part of the story which is not denied by any party, reminding one of the famous anecdote about Colonel Kirke, in connexion with Monmouth's rebellion; a fable no doubt in *his* case, but realized by the Danish conspirators. They won their poor victim to what she abhorred, by a promise that could have offered no temptation except to a generous nature; and, having thus gained their villainous object, they did not even counterfeit an effort to fulfil the promise. A confession obtained under circumstances like these, would weigh little with the just and the considerate.* But where is the proof that the queen *did* make such a confession? No body of state-commissioners ever received any thing of the kind from her own hands; nothing remains to attest it but the two first letters of her name, having written which, she is

* Sir J. M, though manifestly inclined to adopt this account of the pretended confession, a little weakens the case by saying—"*If* General Falkenskiold was rightly informed," as though the invalidation of the confession were conditional upon the accuracy of the General. But in fact, if *his* account were withdrawn, the conspirators are in a still worse position; for the unfinished signature, *confessedly* completed surreptitiously by some alien hand, points strongly towards a physical compulsion exercised upon the queen,—such as had given way, and naturally *would* give way, under a violent struggle, after one or two letters had been extorted by forcibly guiding her hand.

said to have fainted away; but who wrote the words *above* her fraction of a signature, without which the signature is unmeaning, and *when* they were written, whether before or after that fractional signature, nothing survives to show. Besides, if Munter's account of penitential confessions in prison (many of which argue rather the abject depression from a bread-and-water diet, and from savage ill-treatment, than any sincere or natural compunction) are to be received against Struensee, much more ought we to receive the dying declarations of the young queen; for these were open to no suspicions of fraud. Three years after her pretended confession, she declared to her spiritual attendant, M. Roques, that, although conscious of imprudences, she never had been criminal. This was her solemn declaration, in the midst of voluntary penitential expressions, and at a moment when she knew herself to be dying. Strange indeed, considering her youth, and her unhappy position amongst enemies, knaves, and a lunatic husband, if she had not fallen into some imprudences.

Meantime, Sir James Mackintosh is almost certainly wrong in his view of the course adopted by the English government. He imagines that, from mere excess of indisposition to all warlike movements at that time, this government shrank from effectual interference. But evidently the case was one for diplomatic management. And in that way it was effectually conducted to the best possible solution, by the British ambassador, Sir Robert Murray, who frightened the guilty intriguers out of their wits. Once satisfied that nothing would be attempted against the life of the queen, England had no motive for farther interference, nor any grounds to go upon. She could not have said,—"I declare war against you, because you have called a daughter of England by the foul name of adulteress." The case was too delicate, and too doubtful. Even now, after some light has been obtained, the grounds for a legal judgment are insufficient on either side; *then*, they were much more so. The English *government* must also have been entirely controlled, in such a case, by the private wishes of the royal family; and it was a natural feeling for *them*, when no prospect existed of a fair judicial inquiry, amongst those, who, in fighting against the queen, would be fighting for their own lives, to retire from a feud that could only terminate in fixing the attention of Europe upon the miserable charges and scandals; charges that arose in self-interest, and scandals that were propagated by malice.

The moral of the story seems to lie in its exposure of the ruins and the absolute chaos worked by a pure despotism. All hangs by the thread of the sovereign's personal character. Here is a stranger to the land suddenly raised from the dust into a station of absolute control over the destinies of the people. *His* rise, so sudden and unmerited, calls forth rival adventurers; and an ancient kingdom becomes a prize for a handful of desperate fortune-hunters. Is there no great interest in the country that might rally itself, and show front against this insufferable insult? There is none. Had the case arisen in the old despotisms of France or of Spain, it could have been redressed; for each of them possessed ancient political institutions that would perhaps have revived themselves under such a provocation. But in Denmark there were no similar resources. The body of the people, having no political functions, through any mode of representation, were utterly without interest in public affairs; they had no *will* to move. The aristocracy had no *power*, unless in concert with the king. And the king was a lunatic. All centred, therefore, in half a dozen ruffians and their creatures; and the decencies of public justice, the interests of the innocent, with the honors of an ancient throne, went to wreck in their private brawls.

MACKINTOSH'S DISSERTATION ON THE PROGRESS OF ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY.

This is the most valuable of all the twenty-eight tracts here collected. At the outset, however, (p. 10,) it shocks the sense of just logic not a little to find Sir James laying down the distinction between the Moral and the Physical Sciences, as though "the purpose of the Physical were to answer the question—*What is?* the purpose of the Moral to answer the question—*What ought to be?* Yet at p. 238, Sir James himself makes it the praise* of a modern writer, that he professes to have treated the moral affections "rather physiologically than ethically; as parts of our mental constitution,

* "*The praise:*" and even the special or separate praise of that writer; which is far indeed from being true.

not as involving the fulfilment or violation of duties." Now, this is exactly the same thing as saying that he has translated the inquiry from the *ought* to the *is;* which translation Sir James views as an important change; and not, as may be fancied, important for the general field of philosophy, but expressly for "the territory of Ethics." In reality, the merest *practical* guide to morals cannot evade continual glimpses into regions of pure theory. And, confining ourselves to the great *polemic* systems of morality, amongst which it is that Sir James's business lies, we must all be aware that their differences are not with respect to what should be done and left undone, but with respect to the *grounds* of doing and forbearing, or with respect to the method of deducing these grounds. It was a mistake of the same nature which led Coleridge to speak scornfully of a man's fancying any room, at this time of day, for innovation in Ethics, whether in the way of improvement or addition. To be novel, to be original, was upon this view unavoidably to be false; and no road, it seems, is open to truth in morals, except through the monotony of ancient common-places. But all this I vehemently deny. In days of old, the Academic, the Peripatetic, the Stoic, the Epicurean, sought for originality—not by patronizing separate modes of action, but by deriving from separate principles the same modes, or by unfolding the various relations of objects that were still the same.* Not one of them dissented from the praise of patriotic zeal, of justice, of temperance, of veracity. You hear of nobody but a scoundrel Spartan (always too illiterate to write on Ethics) that ever thought of recommending immodesty to young women, or the picking of pockets to boys, or the flagellation of innocent children as an agreeable gymnastic exercise to grown-up gentlemen. Allowing for these denaturalized wretches on the banks of the Eurotas, all Greeks had *practically* the same final views in Ethics. What they differed in was the way of arriving at these final views; from what fountains they were to be derived; and, in passing down from these fountains, through what particular obstructions or collisions of principle they had to fight their way. It is the will, the *ought*, the practical, which is concerned in the final maxims of Ethics; but it is the intellect, the *is*, the theoretic, which is concerned chiefly in the early stages of its deduction.

One consequence, and an unfortunate consequence, from what I have here noticed as an oversight in Sir James, is, that he has not examined the various opinions among the ancient Greek schools as to the *Summum Bonum;* nor apparently has adverted to the importance of such an examination. These conflicting opinions formed for *them* the rudders, or regulative principles, of their moral theories. We in Christendom have two concurrent sets of such theories: one of worldly ethics, in which "vice" and

* In speaking of Ethics, and of the room which it allows for vast variety of views, I confine myself naturally in the text to the part which concerns theory and speculation; that being the part with which Sir James is occupied, and that being precisely the part which Coleridge overlooked in the passage referred to. But, even as regards the practical part, I cannot forbear calling the reader's attention to the gross blindness of that common sentiment which bids us look for nothing new in Ethics. What an instance of "seeing but not perceiving, hearing but not understanding!" So far from being stationary, Ethics, even as a *practical* system, is *always* moving and advancing; and without aid, or needing aid, from colleges or professors. A great part of our political life and struggling is but one vast laboratory for sifting and ascertaining the rights, the interests, the duties, of the unnumbered and increasing parties to our complex form of social life. Questions of rights (and consequently of duties) that were never heard of one and two centuries ago, rights of captives, rights of public criminals, rights of pauperism, rights of daily labor, rights of private property among belligerents, rights of children born in camps, rights of creditors, rights of debtors, rights of colonists as against the mother country, rights of colonists as against the aborigines of their new country, rights of the aborigines as against the colonists,—these questions, with countless others of the same class, are rising by germs and fractions in every newspaper that one takes up. Civil society is a vast irregular encampment, that even now, whilst we speak, is but beginning to take up its ground scientifically, to distribute its own parts, and to understand its own economy. In this view, one may quote with pleasure a sentence from David Hartley, which is justly praised by Sir James Mackintosh—"The rule of life, drawn from the practice and opinions of mankind, corrects and improves itself perpetually." And as it does this by visiting, searching, trying, purifying, every section and angle of the social system, it happens in the end that this very system, which had been the great *nidus* of evil and wrong, becomes itself a machinery for educating the moral sense. With this eternal expansion in new duties arising, or old ones ascertained, combine also the unlimited invitation held out by growing knowledge to the recasting as to parts, or the resettlement as to foundations, of ethical theories,—and you begin to look with amazement upon the precipitate judgment of Coleridge. If there is any part of knowledge that could be really condemned to stagnation, probably it would soon die altogether.

"virtue" are the prevailing terms; another of Christian ethics, in which the terms are "sin" and "holiness." And singular it is, that these separate systems flow oftentimes quite apart, each deaf to the other, and nobody taking any notice of their collisions, or seeking for any harmony between them. The first class reposes chiefly on good sense, and the prudential experience of life; the second, upon the revealed will of God. But, upon any graver or more solemn interest of morals coming forward, recourse is usually had to some principles or other, more or less truly stated, professing to derive themselves from revelation. So that, in modern Europe, the Scriptures are a primary source of morals to some theorists, and a supplementary source to all. But the ancients, it must be remembered, had no such resources in revelation. Real or pretended revelation never existed for *them;* consequently, the revealed will of God, which at once settles, amongst *us*, what is the true *summum bonum* for man and his race, could not be appealed to, either as furnishing a foundation for ethical systems, or as furnishing their integration. In default of such a resource, never, in fact, having heard or conceived of such a resource, which way could the Greeks turn themselves? Naturally, and indeed necessarily, they set themselves to investigate the *summum bonum*, so far as it was fitted for a human nature. What was the supreme object after which man should strive? Was it pleasure, was it power, wisdom, happiness, or freedom from passion? Because, according to the decision, arose a corresponding economy of morals. The supreme good, whatever *that* were found to be, formed the *nucleus* around which the system of moralities crystallized and arranged themselves. Sir James regrets, with reason, the wrecked condition in which all the elder systems of Greek ethics are now lying. Excepting the Platonic remains generally, and the two works of Aristotle on this subject, we have no authentic documents to steer by. But by collecting all the fragments, and looking back to the presiding view of the *summum bonum*, we might rebuild the outlines of the old ethics; at least, as a fossil megatherium is rebuilt,—not so as to display its living power, but enough of its structure to furnish a basis for comparison.

It is singular that Sir James, with all his scholastic subtlety, should not have remarked the confusion which Paley and others of his faction made between utility as a *test* or *criterion* of morality, and utility as a *ground* of morality. Taking it even in the limited sense of a test, (that is, as the means by which we *know* an act to be moral, but not therefore as any ground or reason which *makes* the act to be moral,) the doctrine is a mere barren theorem, perfectly inert and without value for practical application; since the consequences of all important actions expand themselves through a series of alternate undulations, expressing successfully good and evil; and of this series no summation is possible to a finite intellect. In its earliest and instinct effects, a given act shall be useful: in its secondary effects, which we may distinguish as the undulation B, it shall become perhaps mischievous (mischievous, I mean, now that it has reached a new order of subjects:) in C, the tertiary undulation, it shall revive into beneficial agencies; and in remoter cycles travel again into evil. Take for instance the French Revolution, or any single act by which a disinterested man should have deliberately hastened on that awful event; in what blindness must he have stood at the time, say about 1789, as to the ultimate results of his own daring step! First came a smiling dawn and the loveliest promise of good for man. Next came a dreadful overcasting, in which nothing could be seen distinctly; storms and darkness, under cover of which innocent blood was shed like water, fields were fought, frenzies of hatred gathered among nations, such as cried to heaven for help and for retribution. That woe is past; the second undulation is gone by: and now, when the third is below our eyes, we are becoming sensible that all that havock and fury, though sad to witness or to remember, were not thrown away; the chaos has settled into order, and a new morning with a new prospect has arisen for man. Yet even here the series of undulations is not complete. It is perhaps barely beginning: other undulations, moving through other revolutions, and perhaps fiercer revolutions, will soon begin to travel forward. And if a man should fancy that he would wait for the final result, before he made up his mind as to the question of moral verdict to be pronounced upon the original movement, he would make a resolution like that of a child who proposes to chase the rainbow.

As a *criterion*, therefore, the principle of utility could not be of any *practical* value for appraising an act or system of acts;

since this utility is never known, even by approximation, until long after the election of the act must have been made. But a worse fault in Paley is, that he has mistaken his own position, and lost in his perplexity the real object which he was then in search of. This was exactly what the schoolmen would have called the *form*, *i. e.* formal principle or essence of virtue; the *ratio essendi;* what, in fact, it is that constitutes the common ground, or internal principle of agreement between two acts, (one, suppose, an act of justice, one an act of temperance,) so as to bring them equally under the common denomination of virtue.*

Perhaps the perfection of acuteness appears in Sir James Mackintosh's refutation of Paley upon the law of honor. Rarely has a false idea been more suddenly caused to founder and to show out. At one sling it is dispersed into smoke. And the reader is the more gratified, because in fact Paley was doing a bit of sycophancy to public cant when he said the thing which Mackintosh exposes. What he said was this:—the principle called *the law of honor* countenances many criminal acts. An ordinary debt, for instance, to a tradesman may be neglected with no wound to a man's honor: not so a gaming debt; this becomes an obligation of honor. And very properly: because the latter sort of debt cannot be recovered compulsorily; but the other may. This power in the creditor, though it does not relieve you from the duty of paying him, most properly relieves you from the stress upon your honor. Honor creates a sanctity in that only which is confided to the keeping and sanction of honor. It is good for so much as it undertakes. But, if this were even otherwise, how is Paley entitled to presume, in any law, a countenance to crimes of which that law simply takes no cognizance? "His chapter," (says Sir James,) "on what he calls the Law of Honor, is unjust even in its own small sphere, because it supposes Honor to *allow* what it *does not forbid;* though the truth be that the vices enumerated by him are only not forbidden because they are not within its jurisdiction." Honor tells a man to repay a friend who lent him money at a critical moment of distress, and who holds no voucher for that money; but honor never told a man *not* to pay his shoemaker. That sort of debt indeed honor does not enforce, though far from discountenancing its payment, simply because such a case does not fall within its proper cognizance. But as well might the court of Chancery be reproached for not trying the crime of murder, or the chief justice of the Queen's Bench for not lecturing defendants in cases of crim. con.

There are two most weighty remarks at p. 106, connected by Sir James, with this subject of Paley. One is—that, even if the law of honor ceased as a separate mode of obligation (not contradicting general moral laws, but only unequally enforcing them), still there would remain a natural and transcendent law of sexual morality, as much distinct from the higher ethics as the worldly principle of honor, viz., that morality which makes the characteristic virtue of a man to lie in courage, of a woman in chastity. Great good is done, and much of social welfare is upheld, by such a morality; and also, as by the rule of honor, some wrong—because much practical partiality, and oftentimes much disproportion in our judgments. Yet here is a mode of morality, imperfect as honor is imperfect, but not therefore false, and which still works for good, and which all the Paleys in this world will fortunately never be able to shake.

The other remark concerns the *tendency* of Paley's philosophy, which, having little grandeur or enthusiasm to support it, was

* Paley's error was therefore, when scholastically expressed, a confusion between the *ratio essendi*, and the *ratio cognoscendi*. About a hundred years ago, Daries and some other followers of Leibnitz and Wolff, made an effort to recall this important distinction; that is, to force the attention upon the importance of keeping apart the *index* or *criterion* of any object from its *essential or differential principle*. Some readers may fancy it more easy to keep these ideas apart, than systematically to confound them. But very many cases, and this of Paley's in particular, show that there is a natural tendency to such a confusion. And upon looking more rigorously, I perceive that Sir James Mackintosh has *not* overlooked it; he has in fact expressed it repeatedly; but always in terms that would hardly have conveyed the full meaning to my mind, if I had not been expressly seeking for such a meaning. At p. 14, (vol. i.) he thus distinguishes:—"These momentous inquiries relate to at least two perfectly distinct subjects:—I. The nature of the distinction between Right and Wrong in human conduct; and, II. The nature of those feelings with which Right and Wrong are contemplated by human beings. The discrimination has seldom been made by moral philosophers; the difference between the two problems has never been uniformly observed by any of them." At p. 15, he taxes both Paley and Bentham with having confounded them; and subsequently, at p. 193, he taxes the latter still more pointedly with this capital confusion.

morbidly disposed to compromise with evil, and to "go for" as much good as seemed conveniently to be got. Most justly does Mackintosh tax it with looking in the same direction as the worst ethics of the Roman Catholics, that is, the ethics of Escobar and the most intensely worldly amongst the Jesuits. Upon that he argues that no philosophy can be so unfitted for the training of the moral sense, or for the culture of the noble and the enthusiastic, as it exists in early manhood. Oxford, but more especially Cambridge, as carried by old connexion too naturally to an exaggerated estimate of Paley, would do well to think of this. Paley's talents, within lower spheres of speculation, were prodigious. But he wanted every thing that should have fitted him for what is subtlest in philosophy, or what is grandest in ethics. Continue to honor the man as the most philosophic amongst the essentially worldly-minded; but do not ratify and countersign his *hybrid* morality by making it a chief text of your ethics, and an examination-book for the young aristocracy of England.

MACKINTOSH ON MACHIAVEL.

There is a short but fine and very important exordium* to the paper on Machiavel, exposing the relations of literature to science, to ethics, and to speculative philosophy. That function of literature, by which it reacts upon all these great interests, so as to diffuse them, to popularize them, to protect them, and to root them, is apt enough to escape the notice of most men, who regard literature as a mere embellishment of life, not as one of its deep-sunk props. And yet, as Sir James truly remarks, in times when the whole philosophic speculation of a country gathers itself into cloistral retreats, and when as yet there is no general literature to diffuse its results and to naturalize its capital problems amongst the people, nothing is more liable to sudden blights than such insulated advances in culture; which, on the other hand, become ineradicable when once they have knit themselves on to the general mind of the people by the intertexture of literature. Spinning this kind of *nidus* for itself, the larva of the future chrysalis becomes safe; whilst otherwise it is in constant peril.

What suggests this train of thought is the fact that Machiavel was amongst the first who "stooped to conquer," by laying aside the pomps of a learned language; being an Italian, he wrote Italian; he adapted himself to the popular mind amongst his countrymen; he spoke to them in their mother-tongue. By such an effort a man sacrifices a little momentary rank in the estimate of critics, to regain it a hundred-fold in an influence wide and lasting over the general heart. The choice of Machiavel was wise; and yet, perhaps, not made in the spirit of wisdom, but of rancorous passions. He could not reach his enemies by his republican patriotism, or his fierce miso-tramontanism *without* Italian; he could not reach his friends by counsels that should guide their exterminating swords, unless through a familiar dialect. The same malicious and destroying wisdom, in the same service of a vindictive heart, burns in the most famous of his works, *The Prince*. This work it is, and the true interpretation of its reckless insensibility to the wickedness of the machinery by which it works, that probably constituted the reason to Sir James Mackintosh for at all turning his attention upon Machiavel.

It has always been a riddle whether *The Prince* of Machiavel were meant for a Titan satire upon the profligacy of political agents, or very seriously for a Titan theory of evil arts as the only weapons commensurate to the unscrupulous wickedness of men armed with power. It is Sir James Mackintosh's wish to side with the former view of the question:—"'The Prince,'" says he, "is an account of the means by which tyrannical power is to be acquired and preserved; it is a theory of that class of phenomena. It is essential to its purpose, therefore, that it should contain an exposition of tyrannical arts. But it is also plain that the calm statement of tyrannical arts is the bitterest of all satires against them." Yes, for him who has already preconceived such a view of tyrannical arts; but no satire at all for him who has reconciled himself to such arts, as the indispensable means of placing men upon a level with their enemies, and cities upon equal terms with their rivals. When Gulliver talked with coolness and smiling amateurship of every art used in Christian warfare for hacking, hewing, slashing, maiming, or burning the

* "*Exordium*," an exordium which virtually (and in parts verbally) repeats a similar passage at pp. 44-5 of Vol. I.

frame-work of human bodies, he was viewed by his royal auditor, after hearing him coolly to the end, as the most horrid little monster on the terraqueous globe. But Gulliver had so little suspected any liability in his own opinions to such a construction, that he had talked with the self-satisfied air of a benevolent philosopher teaching the *old* idea how to shoot.

"A philosophical treatise on poisons would," says Mackintosh, "determine the quantity of each poisonous substance capable of producing death, the circumstances favorable or adverse to its operation, and every other information essential to the purpose of the poisoner, though not intended for his use." Something like this has been pleaded on behalf of Machiavel by others. But in fact it will not bear a critical scrutiny. For all depends on the mode of presenting the poisonous arts. In a little chemico-medical manual lying before me at this moment, the Parisian author, speaking of the modes employed to color wines, says, "On peut jaunir ces liquides" (white wines) "à l'aide du gaz acide sulfureux; cette fraude est dangereuse, si l'acide se trouve en assez grande quantité." Now here there is something not strictly correct; for the writer teaches a secret which he knows to be profitable on one hand and dangerous on the other, with a slight caution that he might easily have made a full one. The secret is likely to be tried, it is likely to cause danger; whilst the simple means for evading the danger, viz., by stating the proper proportions, he is too indolent to report. Yet still, though blameable, this author is far above being suspected of any wish to teach murderous arts. And what is the proof of this? Why, that he never introduces any substance for the mere purpose of showing its uses as a poison; but, when *other* uses have obliged him to notice it, he takes occasion to caution the reader as to those which are dangerous. If a man were answerable for all the indirect or inverse modes of reading his book, then every writer on medical jurisprudence would be liable to indictment; for such works may be always turned to account as reversely systems of poisoning; the artifices for detecting guilt may always be applied by a Locusta [Sueton. *in Claudio*] or a Brinvilliers as so many directions for aiding its operations; just as the Lord's Prayer, read backwards, was, of old times, the shortest means for evoking the fiend. Now, Machiavel's arts of tyranny are not collected from this sort of reading backwards; they compose a good, honest, and straightforward assertion of wholesale wickedness as absolutely essential to prosperity and comfort of mind in this shocking world. Many have fancied that, if challenged as an elaborate jester in masquerade, Machiavel would have burst into explosions of laughter. Far from it; he would have looked as angry and disconcerted as Gulliver, and would have said, probably, "Oh, if you come to virtue, and all that sort of thing, really I pretend to no opinions on the subject; I am addressing myself to men of sense, and simply taking it for granted, that, *as* such, in a world of universal kicking and being kicked, they will wish to kick back in every direction."

But the defect of Sir James Mackintosh's paper, is the neglect of positive extracts from *The Prince*, given in their true connexion. Such a treatment would soon have dispersed any doubts about the final drift of the work. For, suppose that, in a work on poisons, (to adopt Mackintosh's own illustration), you met with a little section like this:—"With respect to the proper mode of despatching young toothless infants, I always set my face against the use of poison. I do so on moral principle, and also as a man of refinement. It is evident that poison in such a case is quite needless: you may operate more speedily by a little lavender-water; this will be agreeable to both parties—yourself and the child; pour a few spoonfuls into a slop-basin; hold the little human kitten with its face downwards in this, and it will hardly have time to mew before the trick will be done. Now, observe the difference of circumstances with respect to an adult. How pleasing it is to the benign heart, that nature should have provided so vast a gamut in the art of murder! To the philosophic mind it suggests the idea, that perhaps no two people ought to be murdered in the same manner. Suppose, for instance, the subject marked for immediate despatch to be your uncle; a huge, broad-shouldered monster, evidently quite unfit to live any longer. I should say, now, that a dose of corrosive sublimate would be the correct thing for *him*. Phlebotomy would never do with such a bullock as that. He would turn a mill with his blood, and the place of operating would become a mere shambles. If, again, you attempted to repeat upon *him* the experiment that had succeeded with the infant, surprising and holding him down in the water, when washing his face, the refractory ruf-

fian would assuredly break the basin in his struggles; his face would be lacerated; and, when his howling had brought the police to his assistance, the streaming blood would give an air of plausibility to his odious calumny—that you had been attempting to cut his throat; whereas, *he* knows, as well as *you* know, that not a drop of blood would have been spilt, and very little water, had he forborne making so horrid an uproar."

After such a passage, I suppose few people would be satisfied with Sir James's construction of the book:—"It is an account of the means by which the art of assassination is to be acquired and preserved; it is a theory of that class of phenomena. It is essential to its purpose, therefore, that it should contain an exposition of murder in all its varieties." In reality, the state of Italian society in those days, as Sir James himself suggests, is the best key to the possibility of such a work as *The Prince*, but, at the same time, the best guarantee of its absolute sincerity. We need only to read the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, who was a contemporary of Machiavel, to see with what reckless levity a man, naturally generous and brave, thought of avenging his slightest quarrel by a pistol shot from some cowardly ambuscade. Not military princes only, but popes, cardinals, bishops, appear to have employed murderers, and to have sheltered murderers as a necessary part of their domestic garrisons—often to be used defensively, or in menace; but, under critical circumstances, to be used aggressively for sudden advantages. It was no mistake, therefore, in Frederick of Prussia, to reply calmly and elaborately to *The Prince*, as not meant for a jest, but as a serious philosophic treatise offered to the world (if, on such a subject, one may say so) in perfect *good faith*. It may, perhaps, also be no mistake, at all events it proves the diffusive impression as to the cool wickedness of the book, that, in past times, many people seriously believed the name of Old *Nick* [one of the vulgar expressions for the devil], to have been an off-set from the name of *Niccolo* Machiavelli.

MACKINTOSH ON THE "ICON BASILIKÉ."

People, in general, imagine that the question relating to the *Icon Basiliké* is obsolete and hastening to decay. But, more properly, it should be described as in the condition of those tapestries which fade into dimness when laid aside for a long time into dark repositories; but, upon being brought back to sunlight, revive gradually into something of their early life and coloring.* There are four separate reasons why the authorship of this book will always remain an interesting problem for the historical student:—

1*st*. Because it involves something of a mystery. In this respect it resembles the question as to the Gowrie Conspiracy, as to the Iron Masque, &c. &c.; and unless some new documents should appear, which is not quite impossible, but is continually growing nearer to an impossibility, it will *remain* a mystery; but a mystery which might be made much more engaging by a better mode of presenting the evidence on either side, and of pointing the difficulties that beset either conclusion.

2*dly*. Because it is an instructive example of conflicting evidence, which having long been sifted by various cross-examiners, sharp as razors, from ability and from reciprocal animosity, has now become interesting for itself; the question it was, which interested at the first; but at length the mere testimonies, illustrated by hostile critics, have come to have a separate interest of their own apart from the point at issue.

3*dly*. The book has a close connexion with the character of Charles I., which is a character meriting even a pathetic attention, where its native features are brought under the light of the very difficult circumstances besetting its natural development.

4*thly*. The book is one of that small number which (like the famous pamphlet of the Abbé Sieyes, on the *Tiers état*), produced an impression worthy to be called *national*. According to my present recollection, I must, myself, have seen the forty-ninth edition; at present [May, 1846] it wants but thirty-two months of full two hundred years† since the publication of the book; such an extent of distribution in

* "*Life and coloring:*"—Such a change happened, three or four years ago, to what are called The Raphael Tapestries. After having been laid up in darkness for about ten years, they were brought out and exhibited at Manchester; after which the crimsons deepened remarkably under constant exposure to light, the blues clarified themselves, and the harmonies of the coloring began to revive.

† The king suffered on the 30th of January, 1649. And I have somewhere read an anecdote, that Royston, the publisher, caused several copies, the first that were sufficiently dry, to be distributed amongst the crowd that surrounded the scaffold. This was a bold act. For Royston, and

an age of readers so limited, such a duration of the interest connected with a question so personal, is the strongest testimony extant of the awe pursuing so bold an act as the judicial execution of a king.

Sir James Mackintosh takes up the case as against Dr. Wordsworth. And, being a lawyer, he fences with the witnesses on the other side, in a style of ease and adroitness that wins the reader's applause. Yet, after all, he is not the more satisfactory for being brilliant. He studied the case neither more nor less than he would have done a brief: he took it up on occasion of a sudden summons *ab extra:* and it is certain that no justice will ever be done to *all* the bearings of the evidence, unless the evidence is examined *con amore.* It must be a labor of love, spontaneous, and even impassioned; and not of mere compliance with the suggestion of a journal, or the excitement of a new book, that will ever support the task of threshing out and winnowing *all* the materials available for this discussion.

Were I proprietor of this journal, and entitled to room *à discretion*, perhaps I might be indiscreet enough to take forty pages for my own separate use. But, being merely an inside passenger, and booked for only one place, I must confine myself to my own allotment. This puts an end to all idea of reviewing the whole controversy; but it may be well to point out one or two oversights in Sir James Mackintosh.

The reader is aware of the question at issue, viz., whether the *Icon*, which is supposed to have done so much service to the cause of royalty, by keeping alive the memory of Charles I., in the attitude of one forgiving injuries, or expostulating with enemies in a tone of apparent candor, were really written by the king himself, or written *for* him, under the masque of his character, by Dr. Gauden. Sir James, in this case, is counsel for Dr. Gauden. Now, it happened that about six months after the Restoration, this doctor was made Bishop of Exeter. The worthy man was not very long, viz., exactly forty-eight days, in discovering that Exeter was "a horror"* of a bishopric. It *was* so; he was quite correct there: "horror" is his own word; and a horror it was until a late act for exalting the weak and pulling down the mighty. Sir James seems to have thought this phrase of "a horror," *un peu fort* for so young a prelate. But it is to be considered that Dr. G. came immediately from the rural deanry of Bocking, where the pastures are good. And Sir James ought to have known by one memorable case in his own time, and charged upon the injustice of his own party, that it is very possible for a rural parson leaving a simple rectory to view even a bishopric as an insupportable affront; and, in fact, as an atrocious hoax or swindle, if the rectory happened to be Stanhope, worth in good mining years six thousand *per annum*, and the bishopric to be Exeter, worth, until lately, not more than two. But the use which Sir James makes of this fact, coming so soon after the king's return, is—that assuredly the doctor must have had some conspicuous merit, when so immediately promoted, and amongst so select a few. That merit, he means to argue, could have been nothing else, or less, than the seasonable authorship of the *Icon*.

It is certain, however, that the service which obtained Exeter, was *not* this. Worcester, to which G. afterwards obtained a translation, and the fond hope of Winchester, which he never lived to reach, may have been sought for on the argument of the *Icon*. But Exeter was given on another consideration. This is certain; and, if known to Sir James, would perhaps have arrested his final judgment.

2. Sir James quotes, without noticing their entire inaccuracy, the well-known words of Lord Clarendon—that when the secret (as to the *Icon*) should cease to be such, "nobody would be gladd of it but Mr. Milton." I notice this only as indicating the carelessness with which people read, and the imperfect knowledge of the facts even amongst persons like Lord Clarendon, having easy access to the details, and contemporary with the case. Why should the disclosure have so special an interest for Milton? The *Icon Basiliké*, or royal image, having been set up for national worship, Milton, viewing the case as no better than idolatry, applied himself to pull down the idol; and, in allusion to the title of the book, as well as to the ancient Iconoclasts,

all his equipage of compositors, were in great peril already, by their labors at the press. Imprisonment for political offences was fatal to three out of four in those days: but the penalties were sometimes worse than imprisonment for offences so critically perilous as that of Royston.

* "*A horror:*"—It is true that Dr. G. received a sum of twenty thousand pounds within the first year; but *that* was for renewal of leases that had lapsed during the Commonwealth suppression of the sees; and nothing so great was likely to occur again.

he called his own exposure of the *Icon* by the name of *Iconoclastes*, or the Image-breaker. But Milton has no interest in Lord Clarendon's secret. What he had meant by *breaking the image* was—not the showing that the king had not written the book, but that whoever had written it (king or any body else), had falsely represented the politics and public events of the last seven years, and had falsely colored the king's opinions, feelings, designs, as expounded by his acts. Not the title to the authorship, was what Milton denied: of *that* he was comparatively careless: but the king's title to so meek and candid a character as was there portrayed. It is true that laughingly, and *in transitu*, Milton notices the unlikelihood of a king's finding leisure for such a task, and he notices also the internal marks of some chaplain's hand in the style. That same practice in composition, which suggested to Sir James Mackintosh his objections to the style, as too dressed and precise for a prince writing with a gentleman's negligence, suggested also to Milton his suspicion of a clerical participation in the work. He thought probably, which may, after all, turn out to be true, that the work was a joint product of two or more persons. But all *that* was indifferent to his argument. His purpose was—to destroy the authority by exposing the falsehood of the book. And his dilemma is framed to meet either hypothesis—that of the king's authorship, or that of an anonymous courtier's. Written *by* the king, the book falsifies facts in a way which must often have contradicted his own official knowledge, and must therefore impeach his veracity: written *for* the king, the work is still liable to the same charge of *material* falsehood, though probably not of conscious falsehood; so far the writer's position may seem improved; one who was not in the Cabinet would often utter untruths, without knowing them to be such: yet again this is balanced by the deliberate assumption of a false character for the purpose of public deception.

3. Amongst the passages which most affect the king's character, on the former hypothesis, (viz., that of his own authorship,) is the 12th section of the *Icon*, relating to his private negotiations with the Irish Roman Catholics. The case stands thus: Charles had been charged with having excited (or permitted his Popish queen to excite) the Irish rebellion and massacre of 1641. To this charge, being factious and false, it was easy for him to reply with the bold front of an innocent man. There was next a second charge, of having negotiated with the rebels subsequently to their insurrection. To this also there was a reply; not so triumphant, because, as a fact, it could not be blankly denied; but under the state difficulties of the king, it was capable of defence. Thirdly, however, there was a charge quite separate and much darker, which, if substantiated, would have ruined the royal cause with many of its staunchest adherents. This concerned the secret negotiation with the Popish nuncio through Lord Glamorgan. It may be ninety years since Dr. Birch, amongst his many useful contributions to English history, brought to life this curious correspondence: and since that day there has been no room for doubt as to the truth of the charge. Lord Glamorgan was a personal friend of the king, and a friend so devoted, that he submitted without a murmur to be represented publicly as a poor imbecile creature,* this being the sole retreat open to the king's own character. Now, the *Icon* does not distinguish this last charge, as to which there was *no* answer, from the two others where there *was*. In a person situated like Gauden, and superficially acquainted with political facts, this confusion might be perfectly natural. Not so with the king; and it would deeply injure his memory, if we could suppose him to have benefitted artfully by a defence upon one charge which the reader (as he knew) would apply to another. Yet would it not equally injure him to suppose that he had accepted from another such an equivocating defence? No: for it must be recollected that the king, though he had read, could not have had the opportunity (which he anticipated) of revising the proof sheets; consequently we know not what he might finally have struck out. But, were it other-

* This "poor imbecile creature" was the original suggester of the Steam-engine. He is known in his earlier life as Lord Herbert, son of Lord Worcester, who at that time was an earl, but afterward raised to a Marquisate, and subsequently the son was made Duke of Beaufort. Apart from the negotiations with the nuncio, the king's personal bargain with Lord Herbert (whom he made Earl of Glamorgan as a means of accrediting him for this particular Irish service) was tainted with marks of secret leanings to Popery. Lord Glamorgan's family were Papists; and into this family, the house of Somerset having Plantagenet blood in their veins, the king was pledged to give a daughter in marriage, with a portion of three hundred thousand pounds.

wise, Sir James Mackintosh argues that the dishonesty would, under all the circumstances, have been trivial, when confined to the act of tolerating an irrelevant defence, in comparison of that dishonesty which could deliberately compose a false one. So far I fully agree with Sir James: his apology for the *defence* of the act, supposing that defence to be Gauden's, is sufficient. But his apology for the act itself is, I fear, untenable. He contends,—that "it certainly was not more unlawful for him," [the king] "to seek the aid of the Irish Catholics, than it was for his opponents to call in the succor of the Scotch Presbyterians." How so? The cases are most different. The English and the Scottish Parliaments were on terms of the most brotherly agreement as to all capital points of policy, whether civil or religious. In both senates all were Protestants; and the preponderant body, even in the English senate, up to 1646, were Presbyterians, and, one may say, Scottish Presbyterians; for they had taken the covenant. Consequently no injury, present or in reversion, to any great European interest, could be charged upon the consciences of the two Parliaments. Whereas the Kilkenny treaty, on Charles's part, went to the direct formal establishment of Popery as the Irish Church, to the restoration of the lands claimed as church lands, to a large confiscation, and to the utter extermination of the Protestant interest in Ireland. The treaty did all this, by its tendency; and if it were to be prevented from doing it, *that* could only be through prolonged war, in which the king would have found himself ranged in battle against the Protestant faith. The king not only testified his carelessness of the Protestant interest, but he also raised a new and a rancorous cause of civil war.

The truth is, that Mackintosh, from the long habit of defending the Roman Catholic pretensions, as applying to our own times, was tempted to overlook the difference which affected those pretensions in 1645-6. Mark the critical point of time. A great anti-Protestant league of kingdoms had existed for a century, to which Spain, Austria, Bavaria, many Italian states, and, intermittingly, even France, were parties. The great agony of this struggle between Popery and the Reformation, came to its crisis, finally and for ever, in the Thirty years' war, which, beginning in 1618, (just one hundred years after Luther's first movement,) terminated in 1648, by the peace of Westphalia. That treaty it was, balancing and readjusting all Christendom, until the French Revolution again unsettled it, that first proclaimed to the Popish interest the hopelessness of further efforts for exterminating the Protestant interest. But this consummation of the strife had not been reached by four or five years at the time when Charles entered upon his jesuitical dealings with the Popish council in Ireland; dealings equally at war with the welfare of struggling Europe, with the fundamental laws of the three kingdoms which the king ruled, and with the coronation oaths which he had sworn. I, that love and pity the afflicted prince, whose position blinded him, of necessity, to the truth in many things, am the last person to speak harshly of his conduct. But undoubtedly he committed a great error for his reputation, that would have proved even a fatal error for his interests, had it succeeded at the moment, and that might have upset the interests of universal Protestantism, coming at that most critical moment. This case I notice, as having a large application; for it is too generally true of politicians, arguing the Roman Catholic claims in these modern days, when the sting of Popery, as a political power, is extracted, that they forget the very different position of Protestantism, when it had to face a vast hostile confederation, always *in procinctu* for exterminating war, in case a favorable opening should arise.

Taking leave of the *Icon Basiliké*, I would express my opinion,—that the question is not yet exhausted: the pleadings must be reopened. But in the mean time no single arguments have been adduced against the king's claim of equal strength with these two of Sir James's: one drawn from external, the other from internal evidence:

First, that on the Gauden hypothesis, Lord Clarendon's silence as to the *Icon* in his history, though not strictly correct, is the venial error of a partisan; but that, on the other, or anti-Gauden hypothesis, his silence is fatal to his own character, as a man decently honest; and yet without an intelligible motive.

Secondly, that the *impersonal* character of the *Icon* is strongly in favor of its being a forgery. All the rhetorical forgeries of the later Greek literature, such as the Letters of Phalaris, of Themistocles, &c. are detected by that mark. These forgeries, applying themselves to ages distant from the writer, are often, indeed, self-exposed

by their ignorant anachronisms. That was a flaw which could not exist, in a forgery, applied to contemporary events. But else in the want of facts, of circumstantialities, and of personalities, such as were sure to grow out of love or hatred, there is exactly the same air of vagueness, and of timid dramatic personation, in the *Icon*, as in the old Greek knaveries.

MACKINTOSH'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

Perhaps it would have been an advantageous change for this republication of Sir James Mackintosh's works, if the entire third volume had been flung overboard, so as to lighten the vessel. This volume consists of political papers, that are at any rate imperfect, from the want of many documents that should accompany them, and are otherwise imperfect, laudably imperfect, from their author's station as a political partisan. It was his duty to be partial. These papers are merely contributions to a vast *thesaurus*, never to be exhausted, of similar papers: dislocated from their general connexion they are useless; whilst, by compelling a higher price of admission, they obstruct the public access to other articles in the collection, which have an independent value, and sometimes a very high value, upon the very highest subjects. The ethical dissertation is crowded with just views, as regards what is old, and with suggestions brilliant and powerful, as regards all the openings for novelty. Sir James Mackintosh has here done a public service to education and the interests of the age, by setting his face against the selfish schemes of morality, too much favored by the tendencies of England. He has thrown light upon the mystery of conscience. He has offered a subtle method of harmonizing philosophic liberty with philosophic necessity. He has done justice, when all men were determinately unjust,—to the leading schoolmen, to Aquinas, to Ockham, to Biel, to Scotus, and in more modern times to Soto and Suarez. To his own contemporaries, he is not just only, but generous, as in the spirit of one who wishes to make amends for the past injustice of others. He is full of information and suggestion upon every topic which he treats. Few men have so much combined the power of judging wisely from a stationary position, with the power of changing that station under changing circumstances in the age or in the subject. He moves slowly, or with velocity, as he moves amongst breakers, or amongst open seas. And upon every theme which he treats, in proportion as it rises in importance, the reader is sure of finding displayed the accomplishments of a scholar, the philosophic resources of a very original thinker, the elegance of a rhetorician, and the large sagacity of a statesman controlled by the most skeptical caution of a lawyer.

From the Westminster Review.

RESEARCHES ON MAGNETISM.

1. *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for the year* 1846. Part I.: containing Experimental Researches in Electricity. By Michael Faraday, Esq., D. C. L. F. R. S., &c. 19th, 20th, and 21st Series.
2. *Comptes Rendus Hebdomadaires des Scéances de l'Academie des Sciences.* Tome XXII. Paris: 1846.
3. *Abstract of Researches on Magnetism and certain allied subjects, including a supposed new Imponderable.* By Baron von Reichenbach. Translated and abridged from the German by W. Gregory, M. D., F. R. S. E., M. R. I. A. London: 1846.

The nineteenth century is remarkable for triumphs of science, enterprise, and perseverance over great and acknowledged difficulties, and for the solution of problems, practical and theoretical, sought in vain, or despaired of in former ages. But rapid and triumphant as is the march of science, it is at the same time so gradual, so imperceptible, that we cease to wonder at facts, which, but a few short years back, would have been regarded as little short of miraculous. The steps by which we advance are so numerous, that we do not note the height to which we have climbed, until we turn to gaze behind us: the stone is hollowed, and we do not count the water-drops which have worn it away. Nor can the attentive observer of the advance of physical science in our day fail to remark the effect of this progress upon the human mind. The obstinate refusal to receive and acknowledge scientific truths decreases with proportionate rapidity, and the philosopher, who, in his laboratory, successfully

interrogates Nature, is no longer listened to with incredulity, nor pointed at with scorn. If, indeed, any complaint can be made against the present tendency of public opinion in this matter, it is that the current has set in an entirely opposite direction,—it is that the reaction from the indifference and obstinacy of past ages carries us to the other extreme, and leads to the formation of great anticipations from trifling, insignificant, and insufficient data. But, comparatively speaking, this is of little importance—it is an error on the right side; Time, the great leveller, will soon separate the grain from the husk; discoveries of real importance will remain as permanent additions to our knowledge, while ill-founded anticipations and theories will inevitably be buried in oblivion, or only be remembered as examples of human fallibility, "to point a moral, or adorn a tale."

Magnetism has, equally with other departments of physical science, been distinguished for this rapid onward progress. Scarcely a quarter of a century back, all magnetic instruments, with the exception of the mariner's compass, were but philosophic toys. Since that period, however, the correlation of the two forces, magnetism and electricity, has not only been clearly proved, but has likewise been taken advantage of in the construction of an instrument, certainly one of the wonders of the age, by which time and space are almost annihilated—we allude to the electric telegraph; and, more recently still, the persevering researches of our illustrious countryman, Dr. Faraday, have led to the discovery of the intimate connexion existing between this force and another of the imponderables—light; and shown to us, moreover, the real nature of the action exercised by magnetism over all matter,—a problem whose solution has been in vain attempted at different periods by the most distinguished philosophers. The new fields of science thus opened to us, promise an ample harvest of discoveries—discoveries the more likely to follow, from the eagerness with which the necessarily brief announcements in some of our public journals have been every where received, and the remarkable celerity with which the experiments have been tested and verified in all parts of the Continent. The experiments and deductions of Dr. Faraday are detailed in the volume first in the list which heads this article; the second contains an account of their verification by M. Pouillet, a French philosopher, some of whose remarks we shall have occasion to quote. To the third work, that of Reichenbach, we purpose to refer, both because it bears somewhat upon our present subject, and for the reason that it has attracted but little attention in this country.

In the present article, then, it is our intention to give such a sketch of the leading features of the discoveries recorded in the volumes before us, as we trust will be intelligible; for which purpose, however, as well as that the reader may the more correctly judge of their novelty and importance, it will be necessary briefly to sketch the history of this branch of science.

The attractive power exerted by the loadstone over iron, appears to have been known in times of very remote antiquity. It is mentioned by Homer, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Euripides, and Pliny. The latter author, indeed, seems further to have been acquainted with the property of induction, or the power possessed by the loadstone of communicating its virtue to iron placed in its immediate vicinity; for he mentions the fact that an iron ring, supported by a loadstone, will in its turn sustain the weight of another. But although it thus appears clear that these two phenomena were known, yet its directive power or polarity, that is to say, its property of pointing north and south, seems to belong to a later date. True, it is generally asserted that the Chinese were acquainted with, and took advantage of, this directive power from a very early period. In a work entitled, 'General History of China,' by P. Duhalde, the following passage occurs. Speaking of some ambassadors, the author says:—

"After they had their audience of leave in order to return to their own country, Tcheon-Kong gave them an instrument, which on one side pointed to the north, and the opposite side to the south, to direct them better on their way home than they had been directed in coming to China. The instrument was called Tchi-Nan, which is the same as the Chinese now give to the sea-compass; and this has given occasion to think that Tcheon-Kong was the inventor of the compass. This happened in the 22d cycle, more than 1040 years before the Christian era."

In further support of this assertion, Dr. Gilbert affirms that Paulus Venetus brought the compass to Italy from China, in the year 1260. But, unfortunately for this assertion,

it is clear from many authors that the compass was in use in Europe in the twelfth century. Cardinal James de Vitri, who flourished about the year 1200, mentions the magnetic needle in his 'History of Jerusalem,' and he adds, that it was of indispensable utility to those who travelled by sea. In an old French poem, entitled 'La Bible Guiot,' still extant in the Royal Library at Paris, allusion is evidently made to the magnetic needle. Its author was Guiot de Provence, who lived at the latter part of the twelfth century. The passage is so remarkable, that we are tempted to subjoin a translation:—

"This (the pole) star does not move, and they (the mariners) have an art which cannot fail by virtue of the magnet—an ugly, brownish stone, to which iron adheres of its own accord. They look to the right point, and when they have touched a needle, and fixed it on a bit of straw lengthwise, exactly in the middle, the straw keeping it up, the point turns straight and unerringly towards the star. When the night is so dark and gloomy that you can neither see star nor moon, they bring a light to the needle: may they not then assure themselves of the situation of the star by the direction of the point? Thus, the mariner is enabled to keep the proper course. It is an art which cannot deceive."

We think there can be no question, from the whole of this singular passage, that the compass is clearly referred to.

That ferruginous substances always possess a greater or less degree of magnetism, has long been known. One Julius Cæsar, a surgeon of Rimini, first observed the conversion of iron into a magnet. In 1590, he noticed this effect on a bar of iron, which had supported a piece of brickwork on the top of a tower of the church of St. Augustin. The very same fact was observed about 1630 by Gassendi, on the cross of the church of St. John, at Aix, which had fallen down in consequence of having been struck by lightning. He found the foot of it wasted with rust, and possessing all the properties of a loadstone.

During the succeeding century, the attention of those philosophers who devoted themselves to the study of the phenomena of magnetism was exclusively confined to the directive power of the needle, its variation, the variation of the variation, and the dip. Various speculations respecting the cause of the phenomena of magnetism were hazarded by different authors, but it was not until the year 1759 that a rational hypothesis was devised by Epinus, which embraced and explained almost all the phenomena observed by previous authors. He conceived that in all magnetic bodies there existed a power which may be called the magnetic fluid, whose particles repel each other with a force inversely as the squares of the distance; that the particles of this fluid attract the particles of iron, and are attracted by them in return with a similar force; that the particles of iron repel each other according to the same law; that the magnetic fluid moves through pores of iron and soft steel with very little obstruction; but its motion is more and more obstructed as the steel increases in hardness or temper, and it moves with the greatest difficulty in hard-tempered steel or the ores of iron.

In this state did the science of magnetism remain for another half century. No new facts were added until the year 1800, when the celebrated electrician Coulomb directed his powerful mind to the subject. Provided with the delicate instrument, the torsion balance, he determined the correct law of magnetic attraction and repulsion; he showed that the magnetism in the middle of a bar was imperceptible, and that it increased according to a regular law, and with extreme rapidity towards each of the poles. He established the important fact, that the magnetic power resides on the surface of iron bodies and is entirely independent of their mass. He also directed his attention to the effect of temperature on magnets; he found that the magnetism of a bar magnetized to saturation diminished greatly by raising its temperature from 12 to 680 degs. Reaumur, and that when a magnetic bar was tempered at 780, 860, and 950 degs. Reaumur, the development of its magnetism was gradually increased, being more than double at 900 degs. of what it was at 780 degs. Up to the period of these researches of Coulomb, iron, steel, nickel, and cobalt were regarded as the only magnetic bodies; but in the year 1802 he announced to the Institute of France, that all bodies whatever are subject to the magnetic influence, even to such a degree as to be capable of accurate measurement. Since this announcement of Coulomb, the belief that magnetism affected all matter in the same manner as iron, although in a less degree,—a belief, as we shall subsequently find, utterly erroneous,—has almost universally prevailed among philosophers.

Such, then, was the state of magnetic science up to the year 1820. The analogies between the phenomena of magnetism and those of electricity, in their general character, in the laws which govern them, and in the various combinations they present, are so extensive and so remarkable, as naturally to lead to the belief that the forces themselves must be closely allied to each other. This connexion between magnetism and electricity was a favorite subject of speculation and inquiry among philosophers during the last, and the commencement of the present century. Many attempts were made to solve this seductive problem, which continued, however, to baffle the labors of each succeeding experimentalist, who multiplied his efforts and varied his processes without approaching any nearer to the point he aimed at; and also to elude the reasonings of those who theorized upon every new fact until they bewildered both themselves and their readers in the mazes of visionary and conflicting hypotheses. To Œrsted was reserved the honor of discovering the link which binds these two sciences. In the year 1820, Œrsted proved that the two forces, electricity and magnetism, act upon each other, not in straight lines, but at right angles to each other; that is to say, that bodies which conduct a current of electricity tend to place magnets at right angles to them, and inversely, magnets have a tendency to place such conducting bodies at right angles to them; and this tendency is, of course, in proportion to the power of the electric current. An electric current, therefore, appears to have a magnetic action, in a direction cutting its own at right angles; or, supposing its section to be a circle, tangential to it; if, then, we reverse the position, and make the electric current form a series of tangents to an imaginary cylinder, this cylinder should be a magnet. This is effected in practice by coiling a wire as a helix or spiral; and this, when electrified, is, to all intents and purposes, a magnet. A soft iron core placed within such a helix has the property of concentrating its power; and then, by connexion or disconnexion with a voltaic battery, we can at pleasure make or unmake a powerful magnet. The magnets formerly in use are utterly insignificant when compared with these electro-magnets; and it is only by the vastly increased power so obtained that Professor Faraday has been enabled to make the important discoveries which we shall immediately have to describe.

This discovery of Œrsted, where electricity was made to evolve magnetism, induced philosophers to attempt to produce a converse effect; that is, to educe electricity from a permanent magnet. During the ten years succeeding the publication of Œrsted's researches, unnumbered experiments were made to produce this effect; but all these experiments failed, for the reason that all their devisers were led away with the expectation of making a stationary magnet a source of electricity; in which, had they succeeded, they would have realized a result now deemed so absurd and hopeless, —perpetual motion. The error of such anticipations was seen by Faraday; and in the year 1831 he proved that to render magnetism a source of electricity it was necessary to superadd to the former, motion: that when a piece of metal is passed before a single pole, or between the opposite poles of a magnet, electrical currents, transverse to the direction of motion, are produced across it; and that magnets, while in motion, induce electricity in contiguous conductors, the direction of the electric currents being tangential to the polar direction of the magnet. From these fundamental laws originates the science of magneto-electricity, the true converse of electro-magnetism. By this science are we placed in possession of one of the most beautiful and instructive instruments of modern science, the magneto-electric machine, by the which we see exemplified the close connexion between, if not the identity of, the electric and magnetic forces; the same heating, magnetizing, and decomposing power, the same velocity of motion, the same physiological and chemical effects, are thus shown to be common to both:—

"In the discoveries of Œrsted and Faraday," observes an eloquent author of the present day, "we having a striking example of the superiority of intuitive perception over formal rules and didactic theories; in each case a connexion was generally suspected and strongly believed; theories without number were propounded, and fallacies authoritatively enforced; failure succeeded failure, until the eagle-flight of genius swooped upon the citadel, which theory had vainly attempted to scale."

Such then, in brief, is the history of the science of magnetism; and we now turn to the consideration of the researches of Faraday. The first paper in the 'Philosophical Transactions' before us is, "On

the magnetization of Light, and the illumination of magnetic lines of Force;" and to this we shall necessarily first direct attention.

In common with many philosophers, Dr. Faraday has long entertained an opinion, that the various physical forces have one common origin, or, in other words, are so directly related, and mutually dependent, that they are convertible, as it were, one into another, and possess equivalents of power in their action. We have said that this opinion was not confined to Dr. Faraday alone. In the season 1843–44, Mr. Grove, the Professor of Natural Philosophy in the London Institution, delivered in that institution a course of lectures on the "Correlation of Physical Forces." His object was to show that motion, chemical affinity, heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, are all convertible affections of matter—that either being taken as an initial mode of force is able to produce any of the others; thus moving bodies may be made, mediately, or immediately, to produce heat, light, electricity, chemical affinity, or magnetism. Matter affected by chemical affinity may be made to produce motion, heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, and so of the rest. In each lecture, one of the above forces was taken as the initial or starting point, and it was shown experimentally how the others were produced by it.

Of all these physical forces, however, light had most completely resisted the efforts of philosophers to demonstrate, experimentally, its connexion with the other forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest. That a relation did exist between them was not doubted, and some experiments, first devised by Dr. Morichini, an eminent physician at Rome, gave greater force to this opinion. He announced it as an experimental fact that an unmagnetized needle, exposed in a particular manner to the concentrated violet rays of the solar spectrum, became magnetic. These experiments were successfully repeated by Dr. Carpi, at Rome, and the Marquis Ridolfi, at Florence; but the failure of the experiments, when tried by others, created great doubt of the accuracy of the result as reported by Morichini. Sir Humphrey Davy and Professor Playfair both witnessed and paid diligent attention to the experiments of Morichini, the results of which were thus subsequently described by the latter philosopher:—

"The violet light was obtained in the usual manner by means of a common prism, and was collected into a focus by a lens of sufficient size. The needle was made of soft wire, and was found, upon trial, to possess neither polarity, nor any power of attracting iron filings. It was fixed horizontally in a support by means of wax, and in such a direction as to cut the magnetic meridian at right angles. The focus of violet rays carried slowly along the needle, proceeding from the centre, towards one of the extremities, care being taken never to go back in the same direction, and never to touch the other half of the needle. At the end of half an hour after the needle had been exposed to the action of the violet rays, it was carefully examined, and it had acquired neither polarity nor any force of attraction; but after continuing the operation twenty-five minutes longer, when it was taken off and placed on its pivot, it traversed with great alacrity, and settled in the direction of the magnetic meridian, with the end, over which the rays had passed, turned towards the north. It also attracted and suspended a fringe of iron filings. The extremity of a needle that was exposed to the action of the violet rays repelled the north pole of a compass needle. This effect was so distinctly marked, as to leave no doubt in the minds of any one present, that the needle had received its magnetism from the action of the violet rays."*

In the summer of 1825, Mrs. Somerville was induced, by the clearness of the weather, to make some experiments on the subject. A sewing-needle, an inch long, and devoid of magnetism, was half covered with paper, while the other half was exposed to the violet rays of the spectrum, five feet distant from the prism. In two hours it acquired magnetism, the exposed end exhibiting north polarity. The indigo rays produced an equal effect, and the blue and the green the same in a less degree. In no one instance was magnetism produced by the yellow, orange, or red rays; though, in some instances, the same needles were exposed to their influence for three successive days; neither did the calorific rays of the spectrum produce any sensible effect. Pieces of clock and watch-spring were also tried with similar success, and were found to be even more susceptible of this peculiar magnetic influence than needles. The violet rays concentrated by a lens produced magnetism in a shorter time than the prism alone. But notwithstanding these simple and well-conducted experiments, which

* It is a fact, which may perhaps be unknown to some readers, that the violet rays are also the most effective in the decomposition of the various compounds used as photographic agents.

seemed to set the question at rest from the distinct and decided character of the results, and notwithstanding the confirmation of them, to a certain degree, by Mr. Christie, by a different mode of observation, a general opinion seems ever since to have prevailed, that light does not exercise any decided effect in producing magnetism.

It was in this state of the subject, that Dr. Faraday was induced to turn his attention to it, to endeavor to discover the direct relation of light and electricity, and their mutual action in bodies subject jointly to their power. For many years the experiments carried on with this view, not only by himself, but by other philosophers, were unattended with any definite result; and it was not until the latter part of last year that his long-continued and persevering efforts received their reward; he then succeeded in *magnetizing and electrifying a ray of light, and in illuminating a magnetic line of force.*

But before we proceed to describe the means by which this important and interesting result was effected, it will be necessary to define the meaning of certain terms which are continually used, and this we cannot do better than in Dr. Faraday's own words:—

"By *line of magnetic force, or magnetic line of force, or magnetic curve*, I mean that exercise of magnetic force which is exerted in the lines usually called magnetic curves, and which equally exist as passing to or from magnetic poles, or forming concentric circles round an electric current. By line of *electric force*, I mean the force exerted in the lines joining two bodies, acting on each other according to the principles of static electric induction, which may also be either in curved or straight lines. By a *diamagnetic*, I mean a body through which lines of magnetic force are passing, and which does not, by their action, assume the usual magnetic state of iron or loadstone."

The fundamental experiment which establishes the link of connexion between two great departments of nature is as follows: a ray of light issuing from an Argand lamp is polarized in a horizontal or any other plane by reflection from a surface of glass;* it is then made to pass through the length of a square piece of heavy glass composed of silicated borate of lead about two inches long, and five-tenths of an inch thick, on its emergence from which it passes through a Nicholls' eye-piece, revolving on a horizontal axis, so as to intercept the ray, or allow it to be transmitted alternately in the different phases of its revolution. The heavy glass or diamagnetic, is placed either between the two poles of a powerful horse-shoe electro-magnet, or the contrary poles of two cylinder magnets, so arranged as that the line of magnetic force resulting from their combined action coincides with, or differs but little from, the course of the ray in its passage through the glass. If in this state of circumstances, the Nicholls' eye-piece being so turned as to render the polarized ray invisible to the observer looking through it, the force of the electro-magnet be developed by sending an electric current through its coils, the image of the lamp-flame immediately becomes visible, and continues so as long as the arrangement continues magnetic. On stopping the electric current, and so causing the magnetic force to cease, the light instantly disappears; these phenomena may be renewed at pleasure, at any instant of time, and upon any occasion, showing a perfect dependence of cause and effect. The same phenomena may be produced by the action of a good ordinary steel horse-shoe magnet, no electric current being used. The results are more feeble, but still sufficient to show the perfect identity of action between electro-magnets and common magnets in this their power over light. At the same time an observer, to observe the phenomenon, should commence by using a powerful magnet, as it is probable that at first he would not be able to detect it with a weak magnet. The electro-magnet originally used by the discoverer was of such power that the poles would singly sustain a weight of from twenty-eight to fifty-six or more pounds. The best form of battery to be employed is the excellent one of Mr. Grove's construction, of which from five to ten pairs of plates will be ample.

The force thus impressed, by the magnetic action, upon the diamagnetic, is that of rotation; for when the image of the lamp-

* A modification of this apparatus, excellently adapted for the exhibition of this experiment was a short time since exhibited at the London Institution. It consists simply of a glass tube, furnished at either extremity with a tourmaline, and placed within a core of soft iron which is wound round with covered copper wire. The ray of light is polarized by the first tourmaline—the second tourmaline, which answers to the Nicholls' eye-piece first used by Dr. Faraday, is made to revolve so as to intercept or transmit the polarized ray. When the ray is invisible, connexion between a battery and the helix of wire immediately restores it to view.

flame has thus been rendered visible, the revolution of the eye-piece, to the right or left, more or less, will cause its extinction; and the further motion of the eye-piece to the one side or other of this position will produce the re-appearance of the light, and that with complementary tints, according as this further motion is to the right or left hand. The direction in which the rotation takes place will, of course, be reversed by reversing either the course of the ray, or the poles of the magnet. Hence it follows, that the polarized ray is made to rotate in the same direction as the currents of positive electricity are circulating, both in the helices composing the electro-magnet, and also as the hypothetical currents, which according to Ampere's theory, circulate in the substance of a steel magnet. The laws of this action may perhaps be best enunciated in the language of the author:—

"Magnetic lines then, in passing through silicated borate of lead, and a great number of other substances, cause these bodies to act upon a polarized ray of light, when the lines are parallel to the ray, or in proportion as they are parallel to it; if they be perpendicular to the ray, they have no action upon it. They give the diamagnetic the power of rotating the ray; and the *law* of this action on light is, that if a magnetic line of force be *going from* a north pole, or *coming* from a south pole, along the path of a polarized ray, coming to the observer, it will rotate that ray to the right hand; or, that if such a line of force be coming from a north pole, or going from a south pole, it will rotate such a ray to the left hand."

We cannot, within our limits, follow Dr. Faraday through all the well-contrived and lucidly described experiments by which the inquiry was pursued. We must content ourselves with enunciating the different circumstances which affect, limit, and define the extent and nature of this new power of action on light. In the first place, the rotation appears to be in proportion to the extent of the diamagnetic through which the ray and magnetic lines pass. The power of rotating the ray of light increases with the intensity of the magnetic lines of force. Other bodies, besides the heavy glass, possess the same powers of becoming, under the influence of magnetic force, active on light; though, if all transparent bodies possess the power of exhibiting the action, they have it in very different degrees; and up to this time there are some that have not shown it at all; glass made of the borate of lead, flint-glass, crown-glass, all exhibit the property, though in a less degree than the heavy glass first tried. Rock-salt and fluor-spar give evidence of the power in a slight degree; Iceland-spar, sulphate of baryta, sulphate of lime, and carbonate of soda, appear to be without action on light. Almost if not all liquids, certainly all liquids tried by Dr. Faraday, showed the effect. When these bodies possess a rotative power of their own, as is the case with oil of turpentine, sugar, tartaric acid, tartrates, &c., the effect of the magnetic force is to add to or subtract from their specific force, according as the natural rotation, and that induced by the magnetism, is right or left-handed. With regard to air and gaseous bodies, Dr. Faraday has as yet been unable to detect the exercise of this power in any one of the substances in this class. A vast number of gases as well as air were submitted to experiment, but they all gave negative results.

From the relation which we have previously shown exists between the two forces, magnetism and electricity, the probability that an electric current would give the same result of action on light, as a magnet, must be apparent to the most casual reader. This was tried by the discoverer with success; a quantity of covered copper wire, wound in the form of a helix, supplied a form of apparatus, in which great lengths of diamagnetics, such, for example, as water in a long glass tube, and especially of such bodies as appeared to be but little affected between the poles of the magnet, could be submitted to examination, and their effect exalted. The electric current passed through the helix was in all the experiments derived from a battery of ten pairs of Grove's plates. A tube within the helix being filled with distilled water was placed in the line of the polarized ray, so that by examination through the eye-piece, the image of the lamp-flame produced by the ray could be seen through it. The eye-piece being turned so that the image of the flame could no longer be seen through it, and the battery being connected with the helix, the image of the flame instantly re-appeared, and continued as long as the electric current was passing through it; on stopping the current, the image disappeared. The light does not rise up gradually, as in the case of electro-magnets, but instantly. In this experiment it cannot be doubted that a ray of light is electrified, and the magnetic resultant of the electric forces illuminated.

The law of this action of electricity is as

simple and beautiful as that we have already described in reference to the effect of the magnet—and for its description we will again quote from the Researches :—

"When the current was sent round the helix in one direction, the rotation induced upon the ray of light was one way; and when the current was changed to the contrary direction, the rotation was the other way. In order to express the direction, I will assume, as is usually done, that the current passes through the acid to the platinum in the same cell: if such a current pass under the ray towards the right, upwards on its right side, and over the ray towards the left, it will give the left-handed rotation to it; or if the current pass over the ray to the right, down on the right side and under it towards the left, it will induce it to rotate to the right hand. The law, therefore, by which an electric current acts on a ray of light is easily expressed. When an electric current passes round a ray of polarized light in a plane perpendicular to the ray, it causes the ray to revolve on its axis as long as it is under the influence of the current, in the *same direction* as that in which the current is passing."

All bodies are affected by helices as by magnets, and according to laws which show that the causes of the action are identical as well as the effects. And although hitherto the magnetic and electric forces *appear* to exert no power on the ordinary or depolarized ray of light, we can hardly doubt but that they have some special influence, which probably will soon be made apparent by experiment; neither can it be supposed otherwise than that the same kind of action should take place on the other forms of radiant agents, as heat and chemical force.

A few words are necessary ere we quit this part of the subject, relative to the title of the paper under consideration, or rather to the latter portion of it—we mean the expression, "Illumination of lines of the magnetic force." Many persons anticipated, and it has even been boldly asserted, that they have been rendered luminous. Such a meaning was never intended by the author; and in an explanatory note, appended to the paper, he says that :—

"He intended to express that the line of magnetic force was illuminated, as the earth is illuminated by the sun, or the spider's web illuminated by the astromomer's lamp. Employing a ray of light, we can tell, by the eye, the direction of the magnetic lines through a body; and by the alteration of the ray, and its optical effect on the eye, can see the course of the lines just as we can see the course of a thread of glass, or any other transparent substance, rendered visible by the light, and this was what I meant by illumination."

But, although the experiments and expressions of Faraday have not established, or been intended by the author to establish the fact, that the lines of magnetic force are luminous, yet this assertion has been boldly made by Baron Reichenbach, in the "Researches on Magnetism" before us. We are aware that we are treading on dangerous ground; we are approaching the confines of the oft-debated and much ridiculed science of animal magnetism. The facts detailed in his volume are startling, and will probably be received in England with incredulity; but it must also be remembered, that the name of Reichenbach is familiar to chemists for many laborious researches and important discoveries; and his character as an experimentalist has always stood particularly high for minute accuracy and untiring perseverance. These researches, moreover, were published in a journal standing in the highest rank among chemical periodicals, the 'Annalen die Chemie und Pharmacie.' We are, of course, far from vouching for the truth of the facts; our object is simply to make them generally known, under the hope that the experiments may be repeated and tested by those to whom the opportunity may present itself. Dr. Gregory, the translator of the volume, justly remarks, that "in matters of observation, especially when new, the only question is this, 'It it true?' and not 'Is it possible?' or 'Is it absurd?' We cannot say what is possible, and no facts can be absurd."

Reichenbach, then, asserts that from numerous experiments he has discovered, that at the poles and sides of powerful magnets there is an appearance of light, *visible only to the sensitive*. The following quotation from the work will explain what he means by *the sensitive* :—

"Diseased sensitive subjects experience different sensations (when a magnet is drawn down the body), often disagreeable, and occasionally giving rise to fainting, to attacks of catalepsy, or to spasms so violent that they might possibly endanger life. In such cases, which generally include somnambulists, there occurs an acuteness of the senses: smell and taste, for example, become astonishingly delicate and acute; many kinds of food become intolerable, and the perfumes, most agreeable at other times, become offensive. The patients hear and understand what is spoken three or four rooms off, and their vision is often so irri-

table, that, on the one hand, they cannot endure the sun's light or that of a fire; while, on the other, they are able in a dark room to distinguish not only the outlines, but also the colors of objects, where healthy people cannot distinguish any thing at all. Up to this point, however strange the phenomena, there is nothing which cannot easily be conceived, since animals and men differ very much in the acuteness of the senses, as is daily experienced."

It was with six such sensitive patients that the experiments were made: to one and all of them, there appeared in the dark, a luminosity like a moving flame at the poles and around powerful magnets: the vividness of the luminosity varied in all the cases, according to the degree of sensitiveness and the diseased state of the body. This phenomenon was only apparent when the armature of the magnet was removed, and ceased when it was replaced. A bar, horse-shoe, and electro-magnet all presented the same appearances; in the last, however, it was the most distinct, in the first it was most faint. The phenomenon in all these cases presented the appearance of a flame, with a play of colors shooting out rays as large as the magnet, and a general weaker light over the whole surface, at the junction of the plates of which the magnet itself was composed. To test still further the phenomenon, recourse was had to the following experiment. A very sensitive daguerreotype plate was placed opposite to a magnet in a closed box, surrounded with thick bedclothes, so that no ordinary light could enter. After sixty-four hours' exposure, the plate, when held over mercurial vapor, was found fully affected, as by light, over the whole surface. To this experiment, however, there are, to our minds, two strong objections. The first of these is, that heat, electricity, galvanism, produce impressions analogous to those of the sun's rays, and, therefore, the effect of magnetism on the prepared plate may be entirely independent of this pretended luminosity. Again, the color of the luminous flame of magnets is described as red. Now it is well known by all who have practised the photographic art, that the red rays of the spectrum are inert on chemical compounds, the rays at the opposite end of the spectrum being the only agents in the production of daguerreotype effects. This fact appears to us most strongly to militate against this experiment as a proof of the luminosity. Another experiment is stated to have been made, in which the magnetic light was condensed by a lens, and the inverted image accurately described, and its position pointed out by the sensitive patients.

The question naturally arises, how is it that the magnetic light and flame are ordinarily invisible. It is thus answered by the author:—

"That it is invisible to ordinary eyes is not wonderful, when we reflect that the sun's light, according to Wollaston, is 5,560 times, according to Leslie, even 12,000 times as powerful as the light of a candle; that many flames, as those of alcohol or pure hydrogen, are invisible not only in the sun's light, but in strong daylight. From these latter to entire invisibility to ordinary eyes, even in the dark, is a step easily conceived."

It has been a well-known scientific fact, that the magnetic needle suffers a very great disturbance both before and on the appearance of the aurora borealis; and on some occasions even a deviation of 8° has been observed. Arago has noticed that at Paris, the needle was affected by auroræ that were seen in Scotland; and so striking is the connexion between the two classes of facts, that the existence of the aurora could be inferred from the derangements of the needle. The real nature of the aurora has never been clearly determined, although it is generally conceived to be dependent on electricity. Reichenbach, however, conceives, from the result of the experiments we have narrated, that they are visible magnetic lights.

"The similarity of the light," he observes, "as seen by Mademoiselle Reichel (one of his sensitive patients), to the aurora is striking, and it must be borne in mind that the aurora, or the magnetism of the earth producing it, affects the needle very strongly; just as the magnet used by the author and giving out light, visible to sensitive persons, did also."

He is far from considering their identity as proved, because between light which is visible to healthy eyes and that which is invisible there is a gap not easily filled up. But at least the analogy is so great, that their identity acquires a high degree of probability.

We now turn to the consideration of the second part of the researches of Faraday, contained in the 20th and 21st series of the 'Experimental Researches in Electricity,' under the title of 'New Magnetic Actions and the Magnetic Condition of Matter.' The phenomena which we shall now have to describe are altogether different in their

nature from those we have previously noticed; they prove not only a magnetic condition of the substances referred to, unknown, and even unsuspected before, but also many others, including a vast number of opaque and metallic bodies, and perhaps all except the magnetic metals and their compounds. And they also present us with the means of undertaking the correlation of magnetic phenomena, and perhaps the construction of a theory of general magnetic action founded on simple fundamental principles.

We have already said that since the period of Coulomb's experiments previously referred to, a general impression has prevailed amongst philosophers that all substances were acted on by magnets, in the same manner as iron, nickel, &c., though this influence was very different in degree. Coulomb's experiments were carried on in 1802, and in that year he announced as an incontrovertible fact, *that all substances whatever, when formed into small needles, turned themselves in the direction of the poles of the magnets, and after a few oscillations, finally settled in that position.* Gold, silver, brass, wood, and all other substances, whether organic or inorganic, according to him, in this way obeyed the power of magnets. In the present state of our knowledge, we can only explain the experiments, by supposing that all the bodies which he tried, and which he deemed susceptible of magnetism, were impure, and contained, either minute quantities of iron, or other magnetic metals, which gave them their susceptibility. So universal was the reliance placed upon these experiments of Coulomb, that even the author whose recent discoveries have disproved this long prevailing belief entertained the same opinion. In the London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine, for March, 1836, the following remarkable passage is from a paper by Dr. Faraday:—

"General views have long since led me to an opinion, which is probably also entertained by others, that *all* the metals are magnetic in the same manner as iron, though not at common temperatures, or under ordinary circumstances. I do not refer to a feeble magnetism, uncertain in its existence and source, but to a distinct and decided power, such as that possessed by iron and nickel; and my impression has been that there was a certain temperature for each body beneath which it was magnetic, but above which it lost that power; and further, that there was some relation between this point of temperature and the intensity of magnetic force which the body when reduced beneath it could acquire. In this view, iron and nickel were not considered as exceptions from the metals generally with regard to magnetism, any more than mercury could be considered as an exception from this class of bodies as to liquefaction."

In consequence of this opinion, he made experiments on the point. The metals tried were arsenic, antimony, bismuth, cadmium, cobalt, chromium, copper, gold, lead, mercury, palladium, platinum, silver, tin, zinc, as also plumbago; they were all exceedingly reduced in temperature, but in none of these cases could he obtain the least indication of magnetism. His present researches have now revealed to us the cause of failure.

But though this opinion was so prevalent, facts were not wanting to cast over it a shade of doubt; Coulomb himself observed that a needle of wood, under certain conditions, pointed *across* the magnetic curves; and it is also mentioned by Becquerel, that a needle of wood placed itself parallel to the wires of a galvanometer. These effects, however, were referred by the latter philosopher to a degree of magnetism less than that of the tritoxide of iron, but the same in character, for he makes the following remarks:—

"This difference of effect, which established a line of demarcation between these two species of phenomena, is due to this, that the magnetism being very feeble in the tritoxide of iron, wood, &c., we may neglect the reaction of the body on itself, and therefore the direct action of the bar ought to overrule it."

In 1829, M. le Bailiff, of Paris, showed that both bismuth and antimony repelled the magnetic needle, and even long before this, in the year 1778, the repulsion of bismuth by a magnet was observed by Brugmans. It is an astonishing fact that this experiment should have so long remained unnoticed, and without results. It is evident that it must have been considered as a peculiar and isolated fact, and not the consequence of a general property which is now shown to belong to all matter.

With these preliminary remarks, which, however, were necessary for the appreciation of the novelty and merit of the present discovery, we proceed at once to its enunciation. All matter is subject to the magnetic force, as universally as it is to the gravitating, the electric, the cohesive, and the chemical forces; but this influence is

not in all cases, as was formerly believed, of the same character as that exerted upon iron; on the contrary, different bodies are acted upon by the magnetic forces in two different and opposite ways; and they may accordingly be conveniently divided into two classes. The first class is that of which iron is the type; the bodies belonging to it, which are somewhat limited, are called MAGNETICS; when suspended between the poles of an electro-magnet so as to swing freely, they are attracted by the pole to which they may happen to be nearest, and if allowed to oscillate, they will ultimately take up a position coincident with the direction of the magnetic forces, or in other words, in a straight line between the poles of the magnet; this direction the author calls the *axial* position. To this class belong all those metals which have hitherto been termed the magnetic metals, as iron, nickel, cobalt, as well as many other bodies hitherto regarded as unmagnetic, as for example, peroxide of iron, paper, sealing-wax, China ink, Berlin porcelain, plumbago, tourmaline, charcoal, &c. In addition to the metals already known to be magnetic, the following have by these experiments been also proved to be so; titanium, manganese, cerium, chromium, platinum, palladium. The second great class of bodies are found, in direct opposition to the former, to arrange themselves in right angles to the magnetic poles, and consequently to the magnetic lines of force, a position in which they remain, as long as the power of the magnet is kept up. This position the author calls the *equatorial* direction. All these bodies, too, are repelled from either pole of the magnet, the law in this respect being, that all such substances are repelled from the stronger to the weaker points of action. To this class the title of DIAMAGNETICS is given, and of it bismuth may be considered the type. The bodies belonging to it are exceedingly numerous: of the metals the following have been found to be diamagnetic: lead, bismuth, arsenic, iridium, uranium, tungsten, silver, antimony, sodium, magnesium, calcium, strontium, barium, potassium, gold, copper, cadmium, mercury, tin, zinc. To this class also belong substances so widely differing in properties as those contained in the following list. Glass, crystalline bodies, whether belonging to the single or double refracting class, phosphorus, sulphur, water, alcohol, ether, oils, caoutchouc, sugar, starch, wood, ivory, mutton, beef, blood, leather, apple, bread,—nay, if a man could be suspended with sufficient delicacy and placed in the magnetic field, he would be repelled and point equatorially; for all substances of which he is composed, including the blood, possess this property.

"Having arrived at this point," observes Mr. Faraday, "I may observe that we can now have no difficulty in admitting that the phenomena abundantly establish the existence of a magnetic property in matter, new to our knowledge. Not the least interesting of the consequences that flow from it is the manner in which it disposes of the assertion that all bodies are magnetic. Those who hold this view mean, that all bodies are magnetic as iron is, and say that they point between the poles. The new facts give not a mere negative to this statement, but something beyond, namely, an affirmative as to the existence of forces in all ordinary bodies directly the opposite of those existing in magnetic bodies, for whereas those practically produce attraction, these produce repulsion; those set a body in the axial direction, but these make it take up an equatorial position: and the facts, with regard to bodies generally, are exactly the reverse of those which the view quoted indicates."

There are some other circumstances in reference to these two actions of magnets on all substances which are extremely interesting, and consequently must not be passed over in silence. To whichever class a substance belongs, its compounds and salts also belong. Thus iron is magnetic; so are its salts and native compounds. Green bottle-glass and crown-glass are both magnetic, from the iron they contain. Flint-glass and the heavy glass already named are diamagnetic, for they contain no iron. Bismuth is diamagnetic; its salts and compounds are likewise so. But we may advance a little further: not only are the salts of substances acted on in the same way as their base, but the solutions of these salts even obey the same mysterious power. A tube, for example, filled with a clear solution of proto or persulphate of iron, is attracted by the poles, and points well in an axial direction. The magnetic properties of compound bodies depend on those of their elements; and the bodies are rendered either magnetic or diamagnetic according to the predominance of one or other of these conditions among their constituent parts. In one respect, the diamagnetic action presents a remarkable contrast to the magnetic, and the difference is

not merely one of degree, but of kind. The magnetism of iron and other magnetics is characterized by polarity, that of diamagnetics is devoid of any trace of polarity: the particles of two bodies of the latter class, when jointly under the influence of the magnetic forces, manifesting towards each other no action whatever, either of attraction or repulsion. It has long been known, moreover, that the magnetism of iron is impaired by heat, and it has been generally believed that a certain degree of heat entirely destroys this property, and that magnetics under such conditions become, to ordinary test and observation, non-magnetic. Closer observation has, however, shown to the author that they are still very different to other bodies, and that though inactive when hot, on common magnets or to common tests, they are not so absolutely, but retain a certain amount of magnetic power whatever their temperature; and also that this power is the same in character with that which they ordinarily possess. With regard to air and gases, as yet, magnetism appears to exert no perceptible influence on them, examined and experimented on in every way—rarefied, condensed, or in their ordinary state, these bodies appear to be utterly unaffected; but the instant that vapors are reduced to the liquid or solid form, they became either magnetic or diamagnetic. But there is another curious fact as connected with air, which is, that it appears to be either magnetic or diamagnetic according to the medium in which it is suspended. Thus, if a glass tube containing air be suspended in water between the poles of the magnet, it acts as a magnetic, the water itself being a diamagnetic; if, on the contrary, the medium in which the tube is placed be a solution of sulphate of iron, of itself magnetic, the air is at once active as a diamagnetic. Thus it would appear that air and vapors hold a sort of neutral or zero point, from which branch on the one side the magnetics, on the other the diamagnetics. Thus too do these two modes of action stand in the same general antithetical relation to one another as the positive and negative conditions of electricity, the northern and southern polarities of ordinary magnetism, or the lines of electric and of magnetic force in magneto-electricity.

Before entirely quitting this subject, we cannot omit noticing a discovery recently made by Mr. Robert Hunt, which tends still further to show the universal influence of magnetism, and to add, if that were needed, confirmation to the researches of Faraday. He has found, that by placing a glass trough on the poles of a powerful magnet, and filling it with any fluid from which a precipitate is slowly forming, the precipitate arranges itself in the magnetic curves; crystallization, taking place under the same circumstances, exhibits also the influence of magnetism on the molecular arrangements, all the crystals bending and arranging themselves in the order of the magnetic curves. The experiment is beautifully shown by filling the trough with a solution of nitrate of silver, and placing a globule of mercury on the glass, equidistant from the poles of the magnet: the revived silver shoots out in all directions, in a very pleasing arborescent form; but it maintains, in a striking manner, the curvilinear tendency, and distinctly marks out the lines of magnetic direction.

Upon mature consideration of the remarkable difference in the action of magnetism upon bodies of the magnetic and diamagnetic class, it has struck Dr. Faraday, and it appears equally probable to us, that this must be referred to an action on the molecules of the mass of the substances acted upon, by which they are thrown into different conditions and affected accordingly. In this point of view, the results, when compared with those which are presented to us by a polarized ray, are very striking; for then a remarkable difference is apparent. For there appears to be no difference between the action of magnetics or diamagnetics on a polarized ray; as, if transparent bodies be taken from the two classes,—as, for instance, heavy glass or water from the diamagnetic, and a piece of green glass or a solution of green vitriol from the magnetic class,—then a given line of magnetic force will cause the repulsion of the one and the attraction of the other; but this same line of force, which thus affects particles so differently, affects the polarized ray, when passing through them, precisely in the *same* manner in both cases; for the two bodies cause its rotation in the *same* direction.

And here we cannot avoid adverting to the remarks made upon this part of the subject by M. Pouillet, who, as we have already said, was one of the earliest on the Continent to test and verify the experiments by which the important facts we have described were established. M. Pouillet appears to object to the existence of

any connexion between the magnetic and diamagnetic action, and the influence exerted by the magnet on a polarized ray.

"Admitting," he observes, "with this philosopher [Faraday] that all substances not magnetic in the manner of iron are diamagnetic in the manner of bismuth, we are led to the immediate conclusion that, the optical action being concurrent with a certain mechanical action, it may at least be presumed that this action takes place on the bodies, and not directly and immediately on the light which traverses them."

Now, it so happens that Dr. Faraday has never even attempted to assert that magnetism acted directly on light. "Neither accepting or rejecting," he says, "the hypothesis of an ether, or the corpuscular or any other view that may be entertained of the nature of light; and, as far as I can see, nothing being really known of a ray of light more than of a line of magnetic or electric force, or even of a line of gravitating force, except as it and they are manifested in and by substances; I believe that in the experiments I describe in the paper, light has been magnetically affected, *i. e.* that that which is magnetic in the forces of matter has been affected, and in turn has affected that which is truly magnetic in the force of light."

It now only remains for us to consider the theory of this diamagnetic action. Conclusively as are the facts themselves established by the experiments which we have detailed, it is at the same time difficult and almost dangerous to endeavor to form a theory with our present imperfect knowledge. For it is probable that, when its nature is more intimately known to us, other effects produced by it, and other indicators and measures of its powers, will come to our knowledge; and, perhaps, even *new* classes of phenomena will serve not only to make it manifest and indicate its operation, but even to alter or enlarge our views concerning it. And yet, on the discovery of any new class of facts such as those which are recorded in this paper, we conceive that some theory which shall satisfactorily explain them is absolutely necessary to give precision to our ideas. That which has been advanced by the author himself—the only one, by the way, which has been offered—appears to us the sole one by which we may account for this effect; and we, consequently, quote it in the discoverer's own words:

"Theoretically, an explanation of the movements of the diamagnetic bodies, and all the dynamic phenomena consequent upon the actions of magnets on them, might be offered in the supposition that magnetic induction caused in them a contrary state to that which it produced in magnetic matter; *i. e.*—that if a particle of each kind of matter were placed in the magnetic field, both would become magnetic, and each would have its axis parallel to the resultant of magnetic force passing through it; but that the particle of magnetic matter would have its north and south poles opposite, or facing towards the contrary poles of the inducing magnet, whereas with the diamagnetic particles the reverse would be the case; and hence would result approximation in the one case, recession in the other. Upon Ampère's theory, this view would be equivalent to the supposition that, as currents are induced in iron and magnetics parallel to those existing in the inducing magnet or battery wire, so, in bismuth, heavy glass, and diamagnetic bodies, the currents induced are in the contrary direction. This would make the currents in diamagnetics the same in direction as those which are induced in diamagnetic conductors at the *commencement* of the inducing current, and those in magnetic bodies the same as those produced at the *cessation* of the same inducing current. No difficulty would occur as respects non-conducting magnetic and diamagnetic substances, because the hypothetical currents are supposed to exist, not in the mass, but round the particles of the matter."

Such, then, are the facts connected with this newly-discovered power of magnetism over all matter,—a power which doubtless has its appointed office, and that, one that relates to the whole mass of the globe. The amount of this power in diamagnetic substances seems to be very small, when estimated by its dynamic effect; but, small as it is, how vastly greater is this force, even in dynamic results, than the mighty power of gravitation, which binds the whole universe together, when manifested by masses of matter of equal magnitude! And let it not be forgotten, that it is to the persevering labors and vast genius of an English philosopher that we are indebted for the development of these facts, and that these brilliant discoveries were not the offspring of accidental or fortuitous circumstances, but the result of well-founded and well-verified inductions and deductions. It is true that, in this practical age, practical men may make the inquiry—'Where is the practical utility of it?' To this, as yet, we can give no reply; but it must also be remembered that but a few years back, had the same question been put in reference to

electro-magnetic phenomena, there would have been a similar inability to make answer. And yet, now, this power is used as the swift messenger of thought, and the undeviating measurer of time. In the electric telegraph of Wheatstone we have one of the most wonderful inventions of modern days, realizing to their fullest extent the wildest dreams of the Arabian romances. In the electrical clock, we have another instance of human ingenuity, in binding the ethereal principle, gathered from the earth itself, to note upon a dial the revolutions it performs. In the one case, by its excitement, time and space are annihilated; in another, it slowly and silently guides the seconds-beating pendulum. But, even supposing that the knowledge thus obtained will never be of practical utility, surely it will not be argued by any one that therefore it is useless. Great is the step we have thus advanced in our knowledge of the laws which govern the universe. A direct relation and dependence between light and the magnetic and electric forces is closely established; and thus a great addition made to the facts and considerations which tend to prove that all natural forces are linked together, and have one common origin. And, moreover, we have been made acquainted with a new force exerted on all matter, hitherto unknown and unsuspected. This property of diamagnetism, inherent in so many bodies —the sea, lakes, rivers, trees, rocks, &c.— cannot be without its importance in the regulation of the system of the universe, although it yet remains for further experimentalists to point out the great part it plays. G. T. F.

SCRAPS FOR THE CURIOUS.—If a tallow candle be placed in a gun, and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket ball be fired into water, it will not only rebound, but be flattened as if fired against a solid substance. A musket may be fired through a pane of glass, making the hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. Cork, if sunk 200 feet in the ocean, will not rise on account of the pressure of the water. In the arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a seaman at the distance of two miles.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES SEALSFIELD.

1. *Der Legitime und die Republikaner* (The Legitimate and the Republicans). 2 vols. Zurich. 1833.
2. *Transatlantische Reiseskizzen und Christophorus Bärenhäuter* (Transatlantic Travelling Sketches). 2 vols. Zurich. 1834.
3. *Der Virey und die Aristocraten* (The Viceroy and the Aristocracy, or Mexico in the year 1812). 3 vols. Zurich. 1835.
4. *Lebensbilder aus beiden Hemisphären* (Pictures of Life in both Hemispheres). 1st and 2d Vols. Zurich. 1835.
5. The same. Volumes 4 to 6, being the continuation of Transatlantic Travelling Sketches. Zurich. 1835-37.
6. *Neue Land und See Bilder* (New Pictures by Land and by Sea, being the continuation of the 1st and 2d Volumes of *Lebensbilder aus beiden Hemisphären*. 4 vols. Zurich. 1839-40.
7. *Das Cajüten Buch* (The Cabin Book, or National Characterstics). 2 vols. 1841.
8. *Süden und Norden* (South and North). 3 vols. Stuttgart. 1842-3.

IT does not occur to the great Coromantee monarch to whom a cunning slave-dealer presents a pinchbeck watch in exchange for a string of his sable subjects, to stickle at the material or mechanism of the trinket. His highness, although ignorant of Dent and Geneva, may have some vague suspicion that better time-pieces are producible, and that he is 'selling off' his ebony at an 'enormous sacrifice;' but other buyers offer no better, and he, therefore, wisely, though unwittingly, follows Sancho's advice, takes what he can get, and is thankful. Verily the good English public represent King Sambo, whilst the authors who attempt, through the medium of fiction, to portray the peculiarities of American life and character, resemble not a little the wily slave-dealer. Like him, our crafty scribes present their counterfeits to purchasers who have no means of detecting their value or testing their alloy: like him they receive a fancy price for metal that is not sterling, although, fortunately for them, accepted as sterling, for want of the real material wherewith to compare it.

Who are the American writers under whose guidance we have humbly adopted such views as we have of Transatlantic life?

Passing over at once the amiable and accomplished Washington Irving, whose delightful pen has been busier with the Old World than with the New, whose sympathies, social as well as literary, are strongly European, and whose sketches, graceful and touching as they are, can hardly be said to illustrate the character of his countrymen—the foremost worthy that occurs to us—unquestionably the first that would present himself—is Mr. Fenimore Cooper, the author of the 'Pilot,' the American Sir Walter. Now we have have never begrudged Mr. Cooper the flattering designation claimed for him by his nation, so long as the novelist has kept us afloat. As a writer of nautical romance, Mr. Cooper demands our highest respect. He was the founder of the style: he has rarely been equalled in it, certainly never surpassed. We cannot say that his sea manœuvres are approved by Napier—we believe they are ridiculed by the marines: we care not a rope's end for his misnaming of sails and cables; we will even suffer him to steer his frigates in defiance of precedent and possibility. All that is essential for the landsman is found, and in abundance, in his books of the sea: the nautical character which cannot be mistaken—the romance of ocean life which cannot fail to charm. His sailors are alive with vigor. You do not doubt for a moment that such men have been and are, and that they live, speak, and act, as the master teaches you. But strange as it may sound to the good believers in the 'Wept of the Wish-ton-wish,' to the gentle and tender mourners of the fate of the 'Last of the Mohicans,' Mr. Cooper resigns all right to the mantle of the Great Magician of the North, the moment he forsakes the tarry jacket to wander with rifle and moccasined feet beneath the shade of the forest and through the waving herbage of the prairie. Not that he ever did wander—save in print—not that he ever did study the denizens of the backwoods whom he undertakes to depict, save in the seclusion of his study, and under the influence of poetic dreams and sweet hallucinations. The Indians of these American novels, sentimental and well-behaved as the Indians of the theatre, are not the savages of nature which travellers have found and faithfully described. Trappers and hunters, notoriously the wildest and most reckless of white Americans, rivalling and often surpassing their red associates in ferocity and a spirit of hatred and rebellion to the laws, are not the mild, heroic, docile creatures whom Mr. Cooper has established in the circulating libraries. Mr. Cooper knows that they are not. He acknowledges as much when he subjects his raw material to the discipline he has been accustomed to exercise on shipboard. Without that discipline the *dramatis personæ* would have been too shocking and offensive for the public gaze. But the quarter-deck goes somewhat too far into the backwoods, when respect for rank, and for the distinctions of society, is attributed to men who never recognized but to despise such fictitious superiority. What thoughtful reader following Natty Bumpo, Mr. Cooper's favorite hero, through all his various phases of hunter, pioneer, and trapper, can escape the recurring suspicion that Natty, interesting though he be, had no existence beyond the mind and creative fancy of the artist? Either we have been strangely misled by what we have hitherto deemed authentic accounts, or the Leatherstocking is no type of a class, no reality, but a mere creature of the imagination; more manly and agreeable, but not less spurious than the maudlin savages of Chateaubriand. Nurtured in the woods, the very child of freedom, with the wide forest before him, and his unerring rifle for his companion, what American hunter ever submitted with the laudible patience of friend Bumpo, to imprisonment, the stocks, and fifty similar indignities? What native of the half-horse, half-alligator state of Kentucky so admirably disciplined as Paul the Beehunter, that well-drilled sergeant of marines, anxiously anticipating every beck and nod of the captain? But we cannot afford to dwell further upon the discrepancies of Mr. Cooper; we have said enough to show that, although he may be read with amusement, he must be followed with caution, and listened to without implicit faith. Another successful writer, Dr. Bird, uses a broad rough pencil, and his delineations have both nature and truth. The productions of Dr. Bird are not generally known in this country, although one of them, almost universally read—we mean 'Nick of the Woods'—will not easily be forgotten. It contains two characters which, to our thinking, have never been approached by Cooper; Ralph Stackpole, the horse-stealer, and Nick himself, a Quaker, who, having witnessed the massacre of his wife and children by a party of savages, doffs his coat, abjures his creed, and becomes the Indians' most inveterate persecutor. The majority of Neale's novels are mere heavy rhapsodies; Mrs. Clavers' sketches of settlers'

life are pleasing and probably correct as far as they go, Haliburton has handled with admirable skill that transatlantic cockney, the Yankee; but Yankees, although often erroneously considered by Englishmen to be the staple human produce of America, constitute in fact but a small fraction of the population of the United States, which are inhabited by races of men exhibiting differences of character, feelings, and interests as great as any that exist between Scotchman and Irishman, Yorkshireman and Londoner. As to the English authors who have laid the scene of their novels in America, they are but feeble imitators of Cooper, comic caricaturists, or unfair assailants of a country and people whom they have approached with prejudice or with insufficient opportunities for observation and judgment. We confess that, as a class, we do but slightly esteem them.

It is our present object to introduce to our readers an author little known in this country, and whose vivid pictures of America and the Americans are, as we believe, the most successful that have yet been penned. During the last dozen years there have appeared in Germany a series of tales and sketches of striking character, and exhibiting genius of a high order. Strange to say, at a period when German, Swedish, and even Russian literature are so generally ransacked, by our diligent translators, of their more choice productions, no portion of this series, with the exception of a few brief but well-selected fragments in the pages of a leading monthly periodical,* have been as yet done into English, at least in England. The Americans, it would appear, have long since discovered and worked the rich vein. 'With the German public,' says the author referred to, in the preface to a second, and, in some instances, a third edition of his works, now publishing, 'my books have made their way but gradually. In America their success has been very great, and they have been published in every form; in volumes, numbers, newspapers. I have now before me whole basketsful of American periodicals, all more or less filled with criticisms of my writings, some loading me with praise as boundless as undeserved, others indulging in censure, and even in malicious abuse, equally exaggerated and unmerited.' We ourselves have long been well acquainted with these works in their original German garb, but we have never, although we have looked out for them, met with any of the American translations, and we incline to believe that none of them have come to this country, unless casually, in a traveller's portmanteau, or in a file of newspapers.

The intimate knowledge of American manners, feelings, and tone of conversation, the frequent use of English words and phrases, invariably well applied, although sometimes misspelt by German printers, and the author's occasional and happy adoption of an English or American idiom, have apparently, and not unnaturally, led some to suppose and assert that these books were originally written in English, and that the German version was a translation. This we find expressly denied in the preface already quoted, which commences with the author's thanks to the public of Germany for their hospitable reception of a stranger who came amongst them, as he says, in veritable Yankee fashion, seeking a new market for his produce. With the exception, he proceeds to say, of a portion of the 'Legitimate and the Republican,' published in English some twenty years ago in Philadelphia—but totally altered and reconstructed in its German dress—and of one short chapter of the 'Travelling Sketches" that first saw the light in an American newspaper, the whole of his books are original German works. The 'Travelling Sketches' were all first written in English, but published in German alone; the 'Viceroy and the Aristocracy,' perhaps the most thoroughly and essentially German, in idiom and construction, of all his works, was *composed*, we are told, in English, but printed in the German language only.

Rare accomplishment, thus to handle with equal facility two of the most difficult languages current in Europe, and to write indifferently in one or the other books of first-rate ability; and satisfactory would it be to trace the career and intellectual education of one thus highly gifted. This we regret our inability to do. Two years ago we could not have told even the name of this clever author; it was dimly guessed at in Germany, but probably was unknown to any but his publishers and, perhaps, his own immediate circle. It is to-day only that he discards the shield of anonymous authorship. 'I could wish,' he says, in the preface above cited, 'to continue, in humble imitation of the great Walter Scott, Washington Irving, and others, anonymous-

* "Blackwood's Magazine."

ly to contribute my mite to the fund of literature, but I yield to the well-founded entreaties of my publishers, who fear the piracy that might be facilitated by further concealment.' And accordingly he signs himself Charles Sealsfield, but denies us, what we would gladly have received, further information concerning his career since and previously to his taking up the pen. Thus we remain in ignorance, save through indirect channels, of the circumstances under which he acquired his vast fund of information and his thorough knowledge of the German tongue. Regarding his country, our data are rather more positive, for we have seen a letter from one of his various publishers, in which he is styled 'a North American, long resident in Switzerland.' Of the latter country we know that he is at present an inhabitant. We have also been told by a respectable German, professing to be personally acquainted with Mr. Sealsfield, that that gentleman has been a planter in Louisiana, the scene of some of his books; and the same authority expressed his belief that he was not an American by birth, but a native of an English sea-port town. We would fain claim a man of his talents for a countryman, but the disfavor and dislike shown in various parts of his works to English character and institutions, forbid the supposition, and compel us to reject the information.

In Germany, still more than in England, owing to the prodigious number of books annually published, readers find it necessary to be guided in their choice by the names of authors and publishers, and the opinions of reviewers, and, the art of puffery being less extensively developed and ingeniously practised there than here, they are enabled to do so with less risk of deception. Published anonymously, Mr. Sealsfield's first work attracted comparatively little notice, until subsequent productions of the same skilful pen forcibly drew attention to the writings of a man who had struck out for himself a new path in German literature. But his second book, the 'Travelling Sketches,' was too remarkable for freshness, character, and vivacity of style, to pass even partially unnoticed, and all the best reviews were at once loud in its praise. 'These Sketches,' said a writer in 'Brockhaus's Literarische Unterhaltung's Blätter for 1834,' 'give us more information about America than all the tours and travels of Europeans put together.' 'A very simple circumstance,'—this from 'Gersdorf's Repertorium of German Literature"—'the journey of a young bachelor through various provinces of the United States, affords an opportunity of depicting, in light but striking outlines, without exaggeration either of merits or defects, the institutions of the country, the various shades of difference in provincial character, political views and private interests, as well as the peculiarities of classes and individuals, such as are nowhere to be found but amidst the motley population of North America."

These and similar opinions were universally expressed by the better class of German critics and were soon echoed by numerous readers. The fame of the 'Sketches' reached to Paris, and the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' for April, 1835, thus referred to them: 'Here is a writer who has no pretension to stand at the head of German literature, for all manner of reasons, one of which is that he lives in America. Notwithstanding that, his pictures of life and society are true to nature and abound in *esprit;* one recognizes the practical man, employing with much skill the 'humor' peculiar to the north. And then, he is no partisan; he is certainly a little proud of his quality of citizen of the United States, and pities us Europeans for continuing to languish under tyrants about whom most of us trouble our heads very little: but for all that he holds his transatlantic country tolerably cheap."

We could not have summed up more briefly than by these extracts from reviews of high standing in their respective countries, our own opinion of the book in question, and, with some slight shades of difference, which will hereafter appear, of the four much more compendious volumes, by which the author, stimulated, as he tells us, by public applause, was subsequently induced to lengthen it.

Wearisomely didactic or childishly trifling as, with some few honorable exceptions, the present race of German fiction writers unquestionably are, there is little to astonish in the favorable reception which the two little volumes of 'Travelling Sketches' found at the hands of the German public. From the dull mass their fresh and sparkling pages stood out in bright relief, like flowers amongst faggots, and were, in truth, water to the thirsty soul. A certain novelty of form also had its charm. Not aspiring to the dignity of a regular novel, the 'Sketches' consist of a

series of short papers, traversed by a slight connecting thread, growing thicker and binding them closer as the book advances. The plot, if it can be styled one, is most inartificial. A young Virginian bachelor of aristocratic tendencies—for America that is to say—has left his plantation in care of an overseer, and been on a tour to the northern states of the union, hoping to bring back a fair and amiable helpmate to cheer his solitude on the thinly-peopled banks of the Red River. After more than one disappointment, he has attached himself to a New York coquette, on whom he has long danced attendance, not without encouragement, but without positive acceptance. At the moment of anticipated success, our author takes up his history, and shows poor Howard jilted by the young lady for a man twice his age, but four times as wealthy. Disgusted and heartsore, he leaves New York in company with his friend Richards. Their journey is the pretext for introducing more portraiture of American life and manners; Yankee traders, Alabama orators, the fun and frolic of a backwoods election; all traced with a free pen, and with a *naïveté* and slyness of humor that often reminds us of Washington Irving. At the house of Richards, the susceptible Howard again falls half in love, but he has arrived rather too late, and the object of his flame departs as the affianced of Ralph Doughby, a mad Kentuckian, who cuts an important figure in the continuation of the 'Sketches.' Soon afterwards Howard overhears part of a conversation between Richards and his wife, a *smart* young lady from the Yankee capital of Boston. It serves to inform him that his last courtship has purposely been embarrassed and impeded. Richards is his debtor for a sum of eight thousand dollars, and he, and especially Mrs. Richards, feared that on the occasion of his marriage with a lady who, although pretty, was portionless, he might have need of the money. These slight incidents give opportunities for the display of much character.

Crossed in his loves, and deceived by his friend, it is in no good humor that Howard goes on board a Red River steamer to return home. On the boat he falls in with a Creole family, a father and two daughters, whose lands are within a few hours steaming of his own—near neighbors in Louisiana. Monsieur Menou succeeds, in spite of his young fellow-planter's irritated and inaccessible mood, in striking up an acquaintance. An extract or two will best give an idea of the easy natural manner in which Mr. Sealsfield places before the reader his pictures of American scenery, feelings, and modes of life. The steamer stops to take in firing.

"'Monsieur, voilà votre terre,' said the Creole, pointing to the shore. I looked through the window and saw that he was right. Whilst chatting with the young ladies, hours and miles had passed almost unperceived. During my absence, my overseer has established a wood-store for steamers. One improvement, at least. And there is Mr. Bleaks in person. The Creole seems disposed to accompany me to the house. I cannot prevent it, but hope he will not be so exceedingly kind. Nothing more terrible than such a visit when one has been for years absent from house and home. The *lares* and *penates* of a bachelor are the most careless of all deities.

"'Mister Bleaks,' said I, approaching that worthy, who, in his red flannel shirt, calico inexpressibles, and straw hat, did not appear to trouble himself much about the arrival of his employer; 'will you be so good as to have the gig and luggage brought on shore?'

"'Ah, Mr. Howard,' said the man, 'is it you? Didn't expect you so soon.'

"'Nevertheless, I trust I am not unwelcome,' replied I, a little displeased at his thorough Pennsylvanian dryness.

"'You've surely not come alone?' continued he in the same tone. 'Are you?' said he, measuring me with a side-glance. 'Thought you'd have brought us a dozen blackies; we want them.'

"'*Est-il permis, monsieur?*' said the Creole, taking my hand and pointing to the house.

"'And the steamer?' said I, in a tone that would have told any one only moderately versed in physiognomy or psychology, that his presence was really superfluous.

"'Oh, that will keep,' replied he, smiling. What could I do? I was fain to take the strange creature to my house, unwillingly though I did it. It was a frightful spectacle, an abomination of desolation. Every thing looked so decaying, so neglected and spoiled,—far worse than I had anticipated. Of the garden fence but a few fragments remained, and the pigs were routing in the parterres. And the house! God help me! Not a pane in the windows; the frames stuffed with old rags, remnants of men's breeches and women's gowns. I could not expect to find groves of orange and citron trees; I had not planted them; but this!—no; it was really too bad. Every picture that is not a fresco must have its shady side, but here all was shade—night. Not a creature to be seen as we wind our way through the mouldering tree-trunks that encumber the ground. At last we stumble upon something living; a trio of black monsters wallowing in the mud with Marius and Sylla;

half a shirt on their bodies, and dirty as only the children of men can be. The apes stare at us with their rolling eyes, and then gallop away behind the house. * * * * In-doors, instead of sofas and chairs, the drawing-room was piled with Mexican cotton-seed; in one corner old blankets, in another a washing-tub. The other rooms were in still worse plight; Bangor, the negro, had established himself in my sleeping apartment, whence the mosquito-curtains had disappeared, having probably been found useful by Mrs. Bleaks. Heartily disgusted, I hurried from this scene of disorder.'"

Monsieur Menou proposes that Howard should accompany him home for a time, and offers to send his son to set things to rights. Howard thoughtlessly accepts, and is returning to the steamer, when his five-and-twenty negroes come howling about him and exhibit their backs, scarred and cut by the whip. Shocked and indignant, he retracts his over-hasty acceptance of the Creole's invitation, resolves to remain where he is and to see justice done to the ill-treated negroes. The steamer has departed, when, to his great surprise and annoyance, he finds M. Menou again at his elbow. The officious but kind-hearted man insists on remaining to give him his advice and assistance.

"My poor negroes and negresses wept and laughed for joy; the children hung about their parents; all eyes were fixed upon me with an expectant gaze. I ordered them to go to their huts, whence I would send for them as I wanted them.

"'D—— the blackies!' cried Mr. Bleaks, as they walked away: 'it's long since they tasted the whip.'

"I did not answer, but, signing to him to leave me, desired old Sybil to call Beppo and Mirza.

"'This looks like an examination,' snarled the overseer, 'If so, I shall be present.'

"'None of your impudence, Mr. Bleaks,' said I. 'Take yourself off, and wait my orders.'

"'And none of your fine airs,' retorted he. 'We are in a free country, and you've no nigger before you.'

"This was too insolent. 'Mr. Bleaks,' said I, with as much coolness as I could command, 'I discharge you from my employment. Your engagement is till the first of July. You shall be paid up to that date.'

"'Not a foot will I set over the threshold till I have received my salary, and expenses, and advances,' replied the man, drily.

"'Bring me your accounts,' cried I. My blood began to boil. The man called through the window to his wife, who came in. They exchanged a few words, and she went away. I had just opened my trunk and glanced over some letters and receipts when she re-appeared with the account books, and took her station, with arms a-kimbo, in the middle of the floor. Her husband walked very leisurely into the next room, fetched a couple of chairs, and the pair seated themselves. Truly our beloved liberty has much that is cursedly disagreeable."

Long absent from home, and inattentive to his affairs, Howard does not even attempt to detect numerous wilful errors in the books of his overseer, who accounts to him but for a small portion of the real produce of the plantation. The Creole steps in to the rescue, and Bleaks, convicted of fraud, is kept prisoner in his house till he can be transferred to the custody of the authorities.

"'But, my dear Mr. Menou,' said I, as we sat at dinner and he uncorked a second bottle of some excellent chambertin, which the worthy man had not forgotten to bring on shore with him, 'whence comes it that you show me such unmerited sympathy?'

"'Ah!' replied he, half-smiling, half-serious; 'you citizen aristocrats, in your proud, stiff, republican egotism, may have difficulty to understand that. You think only of yourselves, and look down upon us Creoles and upon the rest of the world as beings of an inferior race. *We* do not forget ourselves, but we also think of our neighbors. Your affairs, both of the heart and as regards your temporal goods, are well known to me, and you see that I make good use of the knowledge.'

"I pressed his hand, heartily and in silence.

"'We are not particularly fond of you northern gentlemen,' continued he, 'but you are an exception. You have a dash of the French *étourderie*, and a good deal of our generosity.'

"I could not help smiling at this sketch of my character.

"The next morning brought young Menou, an active, sensible youth of twenty. The day passed in an inspection of the plantation, and in a few hours the young man had acquired my full confidence. I recommended my people to his care, and that evening his father and myself went on board the 'Ploughboy' steamer.

"The good Creole had behaved towards me like a Christian. When the boat stopped before the house of the justice of peace, who was just going to bed, and I went on shore to explain the reasons of my application for Mr. Bleaks' arrest, the worthy functionary accosted me with this *naïve* confession:—

"'I saw it all, my dear Mr. Howard,' said he, 'as clear as sunlight; saw every bale that they stole from you, or tried to steal.'

"'But, in Heaven's name, man!' I exclaimed, 'Why did you let it go on?'

"'No business of mine, friend,' was his dry reply.

"'You might, at any rate, have informed my lawyer.'

"'No business of mine,' was again the answer; and then, fixing his eyes hard upon me. he began a sort of lecture for which I was totally unprepared. 'Yes, yes,' he said, pushing his nightcap over his left ear, 'you young gentlemen come out of the north with your dozen blackies, hand over your couple of thousand dollars to the county, and then fancy you have nothing to do but to play the absentee, and that you honor us greatly by allowing us to collect your dollars and bank-notes and send them to you to spend out of the country. I could almost be sorry, Mr. Howard, that you didn't come six months later.'

"'And so leave the rogue time to make off with his booty?'

"'He had worked for it, at any rate, and has wife and children, and has been useful to the county and the country.'

"'The devil!' cried I. 'For a justice of peace, you have certainly a singular code.'

"'Made neither by Bony nor Livingston,' replied the man earnestly, 'but not the less patriotic.'"

Doubtless, no untrue or over-colored picture of the state of feeling in the more newly-settled districts of America, on a point of vital importance. Such opinions, in spite of their abstract immorality, must find many proselytes in countries to whose prosperity and progress the principle of absenteeism, once introduced and acted upon, would be certain destruction. Howard digests Squire Turnip's reproof as best he may, and continues his journey to the Menou Plantation. There he falls in with Santa Anna, then in exile in consequence of one of the frequently occurring Mexican revolutions. An accident at a nocturnal hunting party is the means of revealing to Howard, what he had previously in no way suspected, that he is an object of affectionate interest to Menou's younger daughter. The love passages are naturally and delicately treated, and the book concludes with a journey to New Orleans and the marriage of Howard and Louise Menou.

After the lapse of nearly two years, and the publication of two books on other subjects, Mr. Sealsfield again brought upon the scene the personages of his 'Travelling Sketches.' This was done in the third volume of the 'Lebensbilder,' which also bears the second title of 'Ralph Doughby's Wedding Trip.' In opposition to what is too often the case in continuations, this volume, is, if any thing, superior to the preceding ones. The personages are more numerous, the incidents more striking, the texture less slight; more pains have obviously been taken, and greater finish has been given, but without detriment to freshness. The scene of nearly the whole volume, as compendious as the two of 'Travelling Sketches,' passes on board Mississippi and Red River steamboats; but, notwithstanding the narrow stage whereon the actors move, there is infinite variety in their performance. Mr. Sealsfield takes up Howard exactly where he left him, on his wedding-day, when, in company with his bride and her friends, and with Richards, whom he has met at New Orleans and forgiven, he sets out for the Red River. A graphic description is given of the company on board the steamboat.

"Truly the night-piece was no bad one. On the boundary line between quarter-deck and forecastle, at equal distance from stem and stern, stood a group of men of such varied and strange appearance as it would be useless to seek in any other country than America. Every western state and territory had, as it seemed, sent its contingent to our steamer. Suckers from Illinois and Badgers from the lead-mines of Missouri; Wolverines from Michigan and Buckeyes from Ohio; Redhorses from Old Kentuck and Hunters from Oregon, stood in strange medley before us, and in garbs which, seen by the torch-light, lent a sort of antediluvian aspect to their gigantic forms. One had a hunting-shirt of blue and white-striped calico, giving to its wearer, on account of his extraordinary breadth of shoulder, the appearance of a wandering feather-bed; another was distinguished by a new straw-hat, which looked about as well above his bronzed countenance as their Chinese roofs do upon our summer-houses. Winnebago wampum-belts and Cherokee moccasins, doublets of tanned and untanned deer-hide, New York coats, and red and blue jackets, composed altogether a sample of our national costume than which nothing could be more picturesqe. In the centre of the crowd stood a person bearing no bad resemblance to Master Reynard when he crept out of his earth and saw the merry hunters filing joyously past him; a truly interesting Yankee specimen, with his look of earnest rebuke, his forehead plaited into innumerable wrinkles, his sparkling red-grey eye apparently fixed but yet continually rolling, now glancing at the backwoodsman, and then at his boxes of goods; his lips tightly compressed, his whole attitude rendering it doubtful whether he was about to preach, or sing, or play the schoolmaster. The man might be thirty years of age, but was dry as leather; he had a roll of chewing-tobacco in one hand, and in the other a bunch of silk ribands, abstracted, apparently, from a chest that stood before him half open, and disclosing the motley articles of a pedlar's trade. Beside this chest were two others, and near to one of

these lay a howling negro, scratching by turns his right shoulder and his left foot, but according to all appearance still in no danger of departing this life. The Yankee raised his hand and motioned to the noisy black to be silent, and as he did so his countenance assumed that stiff, earnest, and yet drolly cunning expression which betrays these double distilled Hebrews, and serves as a warning to these southlanders whose good dollars they are plotting to obtain, in a quasi-legal manner, in barter for their northern equivalents."

The scene of which this is the opening is richly comic, and as good as any part of 'Sam Slick.' The negro is a decoy-duck, bribed by the Yankee pedlar to exhibit in his own person the miraculous effects of a certain Palmyra ointment, which wonder-working remedy is speedily in demand amongst the backwoodsmen. The discovery of its real ingredients, and of the bad quality of many other of the pedlar's wares, his punishment, their destruction, but, above all, his puffing address in their praise, and flattery of the buyers, make up a most diverting and characteristic chapter. Ralph Doughby now comes upon the scene. He is the type of the Kentuckian, impetuous, reckless, warm-hearted; risking his neck for the pleasure of doing so, giving pain to no one intentionally but to many through thoughtlessness, a hard drinker but no drunkard, a violent democrat but nevertheless possessing some of the instincts and feelings of a gentleman. His *entrèe en scène* is quite in character; he gets half-drowned when coming on board, and after shifting his clothes and swallowing a tumbler of toddy, sits down with his friends Howard and Richards to tell them his misfortunes. He has been sent to the right-about by his lady-love, a stiff, chilly Yankee damsel, on account of certain wild exploits of which he was guilty whilst accompanying her and her father to New York. He describes his adventures during the journey, amongst others a steam-boat race, which he promoted in spite of the terrors and entreaties of his intended bride and father-in-law, and which was near terminating in bursting of boilers—a common catastrophe on American rivers. The account of the race is perfect in its way. We would willingly extract it, but it is too long and too good to mutilate. Doughby's account of courtship in Kentucky, and of the causes and manner of his emigration, may serve to give a notion of the Kentucky style of narrative.

"'Had just returned from the Seminole war, and was eighteen years old, when I became acquainted with Peggy, a darling little thing, as delicate as fresh butter and as sweet as honey. It was corn-husking time, and I told her about the Indian war, and how we had bivouacked and the rest of it, and she listened to it all, and in less than a fortnight I was in love over head and ears. Was, as I said, just eighteen—she sixteen. For her sake I could have whipped a whole wigwam full of Seminoles, that could I, by jingo! Several months passed, and I thought I was getting on well with her, and kept sneakin' about her like a wolf round a flock of sheep, or a sentry round the watch-fire when we were out against the Indians, but she said neither no nor yes. One evening, however, she said to me,

"'Ralph,' says she, 'you are really a deal too wild.'

"'What! cried I, 'Peggy, I too wild! you should see old Hickory, that's the man you may call wild.'

"'Ralph,' says she, 'indeed you are too wild, rough as a bear, and you drink too much whiskey!'

"'Monongahela, Peggy, genuine Monongahela, and why should I not drink it since God let's it grow? Peggy,' says I, 'genuine Monongahela, and all paid for, owe no man a cent; have got six niggers, as stout niggers as you'll find in old Kentuck, and a thousand dollars cash besides, that my father left me, and a trifle over, and if you'll say the word we'll be man and wife.'

"'Ralph,' says she, 'you are quite too wild, drink too much; will see about it in eight days, will think about it, and you may come and ask me in eight days, but no sooner.'

"'I was obliged to do her will and wait the eight days, as restless as if I had Spanish pepper rubbed into me, and when they were past I went down to Peggy's house, and whom do you think I found there? Asa Dumbling, sitting arm-in-arm with Peggy before the kitchen-fire, and when he saw me he laughed in my face, and Peggy laughed too. I had half a mind to leather him by way of a wedding present. I could't get her out of my head for ever so long, but at last my brother said to me,

"'Let the girl be, Ralph,' said he, 'if she meant to have you, she wouldn't let Asa come sparking about her, she's only making a fool of you.'

"'And I thought to myself, Joe's right about that. And so says Joe,

"'Ralph,' says he, 'you'd be doing a better thing if you made your niggers knock up a flat-boat; you've a couple of hundred casks of meal, and Indian corn, and hams, and cider, and apples; the articles will fetch good prices in Louisiana.'

"'Hallo, Joe,' says I, 'reckon that's a good notion: the Cumberland's rising, and I'll be off; old Kentuck is reg'lar spoilt for me; will down the Mississippi, and see what the folks do in Louisiana.' No sooner said than done. Of boards and beams I had plenty; in three weeks I had knocked up a flat-boat, as solid as ever

floated. Loaded my two hundred casks of flour, a few hundred hams, maize, cider, and the rest of it; took my half a dozen niggers and a couple of horses, which neighbour Snapper let me have on commission, and down the Cumberland into the Ohio and the slimy Mississip, a thousand miles and more. Fine trees, beautiful bottoms, capital soil, thought I; but too much water, too low for you, Doughby, you like dry land. But when I got down to Natchez and the Walnut-hills, and again saw something like mountains, it pleased me better. At Natchez I got rid of a hundred casks and as many hams, and at Woodville of the rest of my cargo, and the boat into the bargain; looked about in the neighbourhood and found a bit of land that just suited; two thousand acres, five dollars an acre, five years term. Hallo, Ralph, thought I, that's the thing for you. Two thousand dollars a year to pay—the devil's in it if you can't manage that. So I struck the bargain, gave a thousand dollars down, and went back to Cumberland river with the Louisville steamer; built another flat-boat, and put on the rest of my plunder and as much meal as I could get, and a dozen horses which I afterwards sold at famous prices, and went down again to Woodville, and built, and cleared, and planted, and soon forgot the Pollys and Peggys, and all the rest of them. And now there I am, and well-established.'

"And well established he was, as any man on the Mississippi, and the eight years he had spent there did him honor. His six negroes had increased to more than forty, his wilderness had become a respectable plantation, his cotton was sought after; not only was his land free of debt, but he had already a handsome sum in the Planters' Bank, and sent off every year his hundred and fifty bales 'prime cotton.'"

The madcap Doughby runs away, after a few hours' acquaintance, with Howard's sister-in-law, who prefers him to a sickly, yellow-visaged Creole, to whom her father has promised her, and to whom, greatly against her will, she is about to be united. The Creole fires a pistol at Doughby, who is slightly wounded, but for sole revenge contents himself with shaking his disappointed rival nearly out of his senses. The father's forgiveness is with some difficulty obtained, and before the close of the book the wild Kentuckian bachelor is seen to settle down into a comparatively steady benedict.

In the three following volumes, which, under the title of 'Planter Life,' and 'Nathan, the Squatter Regulator,' close the series, there is scarcely any plot and comparatively little incident. They are not travels, or novels, or essays, but a mixture of all three; literally what they profess to be, pictures of life, crowded with figures, and displaying the author's opinions on a variety of subjects. They are evidently the result of a long residence in Louisiana, and thorough acquaintance with the men and manners of that state. Negro and Creole life, the hardships and difficulties of the French emigrants who took refuge in America when driven from their country by the revolution, the encroachments of the early American settlers, who, while Louisiana was yet a Spanish colony, came and squatted themselves upon her territory, and neither would nor could be expelled by the feeble government of the province: in turn, and in attractive style, all these matters are touched upon. Negro peculiarities, the treatment and condition of the slaves, receive a large share of attention, and the reasoning on the subject shows both good sense and impartiality. Our author is no abolitionist, at least in the vulgar sense of the term, as implying a partisan of prompt and indiscriminate manumission. Without defending the principle of slavery, measures that would suddenly exonerate from immediate control, and from the actual necessity of labor, an immense black population, idle and sensual by nature, may well be deprecated. Such measures would be perilous to the property and even to the lives of thousands of families. Mr. Sealsfield does not profess to put forward his own opinions on these subjects, although it may without much difficulty be seen to which side they lean. His exposition of slavery in the Southern States is conveyed chiefly by sketches and exemplifications of negro character, by dialogues and arguments between Creole slaveholders and French abolitionists. No attempt is made to dissimulate the fact, that many of the vices which render the slaves unfit for liberty and for the enjoyment of civil rights, are the result of their unhappy condition. Like all oppressed races, they are cunning and deceitful, rarely susceptible of gratitude for kind treatment, and indeed—a bad trait, this, in their character—they for the most part are least to be trusted when best treated. By fear, rather than by love, must these unfortunates be ruled, and of the means of inspiring the former feeling a cruel abuse is but too frequently made.

It would have satisfied the ambition of most writers, especially in days when few novelists put more into their books than is essential to gain a lukewarm acceptance at the hands of publishers and public, to succeed in sketching, and placing in a framework which, although slight and inartificial,

is highly agreeable, the distinguishing features of transatlantic life and character. Few, we believe, would have striven to do more, and whilst amusing and interesting their readers, to advocate principles which they held for true and holy. The absence not only of a healthy, but of any strongly marked tendency, is a prevalent vice of the novelists of the day. A tolerable plot, dramatic situation, a succession of incident, is considered abundant stock in trade for a three volume novel by the majority of authors who flourish, or it were better said, who vegetate, in this fifth decennium of the nineteenth century. In Mr. Sealsfield's writings, on the contrary, are to be traced an under-current of thought, and the endeavor to propagate certain political and social ideas; and although we can rarely chime in with his views or believe in their possible accomplishment, we admit the energy and ability of his advocacy. A fervent republican, he seeks to convince the world of the superiority of the American form of government over all others. We believe that his success will be very moderate, that he will find few proselytes amongst the reflecting classes of our European population, and we foresee the downfall, although not, perhaps, in his lifetime, of the cherished institutions in whose endurance he places so fervent a faith. His Utopian visions melt into thinnest air when opposed to the experience of centuries; and the very country in which he has now elected his abode, the last remaining European republic, existing but by sufferance and rent by internal discords, might serve as a beacon to warn him of the instability of democracy. A French reviewer, already quoted, says that whilst looking down with pity upon European slaves and tyrants, Mr. Sealsfield still holds his transatlantic country tolerably cheap. We think differently.—Although wedded to republicanism, Mr. Sealsfield, as a man of strong natural sense and penetration, cannot remain blind to certain disadvantages and inconveniences, the result of the system he upholds; and his sense of these he occasionally, and, as we believe, quite unconsciously, allows to ooze out in his writings. His marked blame and disapproval of European institutions are, on the other hand, expressed in language as energetic as it is often amusing and sometimes exaggerated. England and France are the only countries of which he takes much notice by name. He was doubtless obliged to respect German censorship, and as to the other nations of Europe, he must look upon them as poor benighted slaves, whose day of liberation is yet far distant. Some of his sketches of European national character and qualities are hit off with great spirit and fun. The following may serve as an example. It is a fragment of a sort of journal, written, or supposed to be, previously to the French revolution of 1830, and soon after a terrific hurricane that has ravaged cotton fields and plantations and swept away houses on the banks of the Red River.

"'Papa Menou is gone to his plantation with my two French guests; nor am I sorry for it, as regards the latter. They are restless fellows, these Frenchmen, and thorough cowards. During the storm they were so faint-hearted, lost their presence of mind so completely, that they were fain to take refuge behind the negresses, who made merry, not a little, at their expense; but the next day they were again heroes, and would have conducted the Italian campaigns better than Napoleon himself.—Whilst we bustled about with our hands full of work, they stood and talked politics, and that with a decision that would have done honor to the first lord of the English treasury in a financial debate. That might have been borne, but, oh! the perpetual gesticulation, waving of hands, and stamping of feet, and knitting of brows, during these discussions. It seemed as if another revolution of '89 were about to break out, or that a brace of Mexican bandits were about to fly at your throat. Now their hands were stuck theatrically in their sides, then their eyes flashed, their fists were clenched, their attitudes became heroic, and the stamping and declamation redoubled. All that is unbearable; diametrically opposed to our notions of the gentleman. And yet they are both of good birth, descendants of historical families; but the gentlemanly dignity whereof the foundation is *a consciousness of being a power in the state*, the feeling of independence, is wanting. The true gentleman should always be alike, never lose his composure, but show as calm and unruffled a front to the storm as to the soft breath of the north-western breeze. The friendly visiter, and the sheriff who bears a warrant for his arrest, should be received by him with the same composed demeanor. But of this, one necessary condition is an assured political and social position, which the Frenchman has not yet got, and will find it difficult ever to achieve. His Habeas-corpus Act has left the broken walls of the Bastille only to take refuge in the Conciergerie and La Force, and the very consciousness of his precarious position renders him discontented, turbulent and peevish. The character of a true gentleman can flourish but amongst *an entirely free people*, and in monarchical-aristocratical states it will be found to

exist only in the very highest classes."—*Lebensbilder*, vol. iv., p. 116.

There is much in the habit of danger. Many a brave seaman, for whom the fire-vomiting flanks of an enemy's frigate have no terrors, would feel extremely shy and nervous on a high-mettled hunter, at the tail of a Leicestershire pack, and with a bull-fence country before him. Mr. Sealsfield's Frenchmen may have been first-rate fellows at a charge of bayonets, notwithstanding that they were so sadly disconcerted by his Louisianian hurricane, which, according to his own showing, was an awful exhibition. Earthquakes and hurricanes are exceptionable cases. We do not, however, understand him seriously to impeach the courage of the French as a nation; and if he did so, we must totally differ with him. But his assertion that the character of the true gentleman is to be met with only in a free country, by which he evidently, as the passages we have put into italics clearly show, understands a republic, is to us both novel and diverting. We have certainly not been accustomed to seek in American character that happy blending of chivalrous honor, dignified tone, and engaging manners, which is considered to constitute the gentleman *par excellence*. Neither the conduct of the United States as a nation, nor the specimens of their population whom we have had opportunities of observing, have forced upon us the conviction that democracy is a good cradle of gentlemanly feelings and manners. The time may perhaps come when we shall acquire that conviction. We shall be happy to see it arrive.

Numerous and various in their nature have been the books on Mexico written and published within the last twenty years, and to several of the most worthy, reference was made a few months ago, in the pages of this Review. Residents and travellers, diplomatists and men of science, have in turn given us valuable information concerning the condition, politics, and prospects of the most extensive and important of Spanish American states; the revolution has had no unworthy historian in Robinson; Mexican society, habits, vices, and virtues, have been anatomized in their minutest details by the clever pen of an accomplished and intelligent Scotchwoman. But to no English writer has it occurred to make the terrible and extraordinary scenes of the Mexican revolution the ground-work of an historical romance. Yet where could there be a finer field for the highest class of fiction, than the uprising of a people who for three centuries had groaned under the most cruel tyranny; a tyranny unparalleled, perhaps, in the history of the world? The sanguinary traditions of the great Marquis, who, from the most exemplary motives, as one of his historians insinuates, converted into shambles the flowery plains and stately cities of ancient Mexico, descended through many generations to the latest inheritors of his power, and in the nineteenth century a Calleja was found, ready to vie for cruelty with the Cortes of the sixteenth. It was reserved for Mr. Sealsfield, doubly qualified by an intimate acquaintance with the country and its people, and by the possession of extraordinary descriptive powers, to throw into the form of a romance the terrible annals of the struggle for Mexican independence, and at the same time to give to the European public the most striking picture of Mexican life and manners with which we are acquainted. Never were we more deeply interested and strongly impressed by any book, than by the 'Viceroy and the Aristocracy,' and we should be accused of exaggeration did we here record the meed of praise which we believe it to deserve. The author's previous works had not prepared us for this one. Written, for the most part, in the light, sketchy style of which we have given specimens, they had not led us to expect from the same hand a production of such extraordinary power as this Mexican romance. Before entering further upon its merits, let us briefly glance at the state of Mexico in the year 1812, the period which Mr. Sealsfield has, with peculiar felicity, selected for his story.

Accelerated by the premature discovery of the plot, which was betrayed by a conspirator upon his death-bed, the first revolutionary outbreak in Mexico, in the autumn of 1810, was confined, with few and unimportant exceptions, to the Indians and colored population. A large number of influential Creoles, implicated, and who were to have taken a leading part, in the insurrection, alarmed at its premature development, drew back in time, and the insurgent army, which speedily amounted to upwards of a hundred thousand men, undisciplined, and in great part unarmed, saw itself deprived of those best able to direct its operations and check its excesses. The parish priest, Hidalgo, who first gave the signal of revolt, and lighted up the flame des-

tined to consume him, was incompetent to guide or control the motley mass of insurgents, who, infuriated by a long series of oppressions and cruelties, swept through the land like raging madmen, indiscriminately exterminating both Spaniards and Creoles. The latter, for the most part well disposed to the revolution, saw themselves compelled, for their own preservation, to side with those against whom they would willingly have drawn the sword: they united with the Spaniards to repress a revolt, which, had it succeeded, would have annihilated the white population, and thrown the government of the country into the hands of the Indians and castes. The rebellion was suppressed; the fearful retribution exercised by the conquerors may be read in the pages of Robinson and others, who have been taxed with exaggeration, but to whose narratives persons acquainted with the inherent cruelty of the Spanish character, and with the unscrupulous and sanguinary nature of Spanish colonial administrations, will perhaps see little reason for refusing implicit credit. The victims of fury and revenge were reckoned by tens of thousands; at last the tiger was glutted, and then the relative position of the three parties in Mexico was this. The Spaniards, still cherishing feelings of hatred against all who had dared to assail their hitherto undisputed rule, looked with suspicion and dislike upon the Creoles, who, they well knew, would far rather, had circumstances permitted, have sided against, than with them. They considered them as traitors in intention, if not in deed, and treated them with greater contempt and contumely than before. The Creoles, or at least the more enlightened and patriotic of their number, to whom decorations and *titulos de Castilla* were insufficient baits to become partizans of the Spaniards, watched the march of events, and worked in silence and darkness towards one great end, the increase of their power and influence in the army and the country, by which alone, as they justly considered, could a revolution be brought about that should establish Creole supremacy. The Indians and castes, momentarily stunned by the terrible chastisement inflicted on them, were yet far from abandoning the game as lost, and numerous parties of insurgents still kept up a desultory warfare with the Spanish troops. Learning wisdom from experience, they watched and waited, avoiding decisive actions, and maintaining through their leaders an active correspondence with Creole noblemen of patriot opinions. It is whilst this was the state of parties, during the carnival of 1812, and when the principal insurgent leader, Morellos, had approached to within a few leagues of the city of Mexico, that Mr. Sealsfield opens his romance of the 'Viceroy and the Aristocracy.' The latter are the Creolé nobles, the former is Vanegas, a Spanish grandee of the first class and captain-general of the royal armies. Whilst opposed to the French in the Peninsula, this officer had lost, rather, it was affirmed, by treachery than through lack of courage and ability, the two important actions of Cuenca and Almonacid. Of a highly influential family, and allied with others still more weighty and important, his military treason or misfortune had not prevented his receiving from the Cortes a nomination to the Viceroyalty of Mexico, one of the most valuable and coveted posts in the gift of the Kings of Spain. In this new capacity he displayed considerable talent, and it was in great part owing to his energetic measures that the revolution had been crushed. But he had to struggle with difficulties unknown to his predecessors. His nomination was from the Cortes only, Spain being then, practically speaking, kingless; and the peculiar sanctity and *prestige* which the royal sanction usually gave to the viceroy was wanting. Unimportant though this circumstance may seem, it had weight with the Spanish nobility and officials in Mexico, and Vanegas found it necessary to court and conciliate the Creoles, in order occasionally to throw them into the balance as a check upon his own countrymen.

The principal personages in the romance are Vanegas and his family, especially his sister-in-law, a worldly beauty, ambitious and intriguing; the Count St. Jago, an enlightened and high-hearted Creole nobleman, and Vicente Guerero, a muleteer, who by his talents and ardent patriotism has risen to be an influential chief of the insurgents. The characters are all admirably worked out, well drawn, and consistent. The scenes in which Guerero figures are amongst the most interesting. We may instance the first two chapters of the book, than which we know not where to look for any thing more strikingly original. During the carnival, Guerero ventures in disguise into the city of Mexico, and causes to be performed a sort of double *sotie* or masquerade, in the first part of which is

figured forth the wretched condition of the Mexican people, writhing beneath the vampire-like oppression of Spain.

"It was a party of twelve persons, fantastically attired in the costumes of the various Indian tribes, and who were grouped round a *carro*, or two-wheeled cart, in so picturesque a manner that it was easily seen they followed the direction of some intelligent head. The Indians were in mourning, and acted as pall-bearers: upon the cart itself were two figures, in whom the attributes of the ghastly and the comic were so strangely blended as to inspire the beholder with mingled feelings of curiosity and horror. One of the figures lay stretched at full length upon the car; it was a torso, from whose breast, and from the stumps of its mutilated limbs, blood was continually dropping, which, as fast as it fell, was greedily licked up by figures masked and disguised as Spaniards. There still seemed to be life in the victim, for it groaned and gave out hollow tones, and struggled, but in vain, to shake off the monster that crouched like a vampire upon its body and dug its tiger claws into its breast. The monster was as strange to behold as the sufferer. It had the cowl and the gloomy countenance of a well-fed Dominican monk; on one side of it was a blazing torch, on the other a yelling hound; its head was covered with a brass basin, intended probably to represent the barber helmet of Cervantes' knight. Above this helm waved a pair of wings, not unlike those which the fancy of old heralds has bestowed upon the griffon; the back ended in the tail of the coyote, or Mexican wolf, and the claws with which the monster ripped up the torso's breast were those of a caguar."

A plain enough allegory, but lest any should not seize it, Guerero appears masked in the street where it is exhibited, and gives a commentary on it, in the witty and popular style likely to take with the crowds of the lower orders—amongst whom, however, are many Creoles—who throng to the strange spectacle. Suddenly, from a far distant balcony, resounds the cry of '*Vigilancia!*' '*Vigilancia!*' is echoed from mouth to mouth. '*Vigilancia!*' repeats Guerero, 'thanks, *señoras y señores*,' and with a bow and a smile he disappears. The crowd close round the cart, and when the alguazils arrive, a few fragments of wood and paste-board are all that remain of the pageant.

From the street the daring partizan goes to the Trespana coffee-house, then thronged with revellers, and makes his way into a room where a party of young Creole nobles are playing *monté*. Before them he causes to be performed a comedy of a refined nature, more likely to appeal to their tastes and feelings than the grim drama enacted in the street. Its object is to expose the vices and weakness of Ferdinand VII, and to convince the Creoles of his unworthiness to reign over them. We are grievously tempted to extract, but must resist for want of space. The performance is near its close when it is interrupted by the alguazils. The actors escape, but the young noblemen find themselves deeply compromised by having witnessed this treasonable exhibition, and are condemned, as a punishment for their offence, to serve in the army. Amongst them is Manuel, Count St. Jago's nephew, who is in love with the viceroy's sister-in-law; and he, being Spanish in his sympathies, chooses to go to Spain and serve against the French rather than enter the Mexican army under Calleja. His adventures upon his journey to the coast are such, however, as to compromise him to the rebel cause. He falls in with Guerero, from whose lips he receives an animated account of Hidalgo's insurrection, its rise, progress, and suppression. Mr. Sealsfield has based this account, and most of the strictly historical parts of his book, upon the works of Robinson and Mier, but he introduces many details, gathered probably during his own visit to Mexico, and his nervous style gives the charm of novelty to the whole. A fight in the mountains between a squadron of Spanish dragoons and a party of half-armed patriots, terminates in the defeat of the former, to whom the Indians show no quarter. Don Manuel, who, by the warmth of his indignation at the cruelty of the Spaniards, has been betrayed into using his arms against them, endeavors to stop the carnage.

"It was in vain: his voice was drowned by the cries of fury of the Indians. At that moment the vesper bells of Cholula were heard to ring, and those of the villages of the plain chimed in with a harmony indescribably soothing.

"'*Ave Maria!*' murmured the Indians. '*Ave Maria!*' repeated Metises and Zambos; and all, friends and foes, let their blood-dripping hands fall, sank their wild and furious glances to the earth, and whilst they mechanically seized and kissed the medals of the Virgin of Guadalupe that hung around their necks, they commenced praying in loud monotonous tones, '*Ave Maria! audi nos peccadores!*'

"And, as though the sound of the bells were commands from on high, these furious men bowed their heads, uplifted and folded their

hands, and, kneeling upon the carcases of their slain foes, implored, in humble formula, forgiveness for themselves and for their enemies.

"Over valley and plain the shades of evening had spread themselves; in the barrancas it was already night; but the mountains of the Sierra Madre still glowed in flame color, the majestic, snow-covered peaks blazing, like mighty beacons, in unspeakable glory and splendor. Suddenly flocks of vultures and eagles arose and drew near, their hoarse cries mingling with the groans of the dying and sobs of the wounded, and completing the horrible sublimity of the scene. The last note of the bells tolled out: the Indians arose, gazed at each other for a moment in lowering silence, and then, without a word, threw themselves upon the remaining Spaniards with a rage and rapidity that seemed scarcely human. In a few seconds not one of the dragoons drew the breath of life. To a man they had been strangled and stabbed by their vindictive and pitiless foes."

Even from such brief scraps as these may be gathered evidence of great power, both picturesque and dramatic. We do not propose to go into further details of the plot of the 'Viceroy,' which can hardly be said to be brought to a wind-up, excepting as regards certain political manœuvres of Count St. Jago, crowned with complete success. But the common forms of romance-writing, the *obligato* deaths and marriages at the close of a third volume, may well be dispensed with in this instance. We have here far better than the ordinary routine of story-telling—a living and moving panorama of Mexico passes before our eyes as we turn these pages. The luxury and lavish magnificence of the Spanish rulers, their gilt abodes, and pride of birth, and inexpressible contempt and loathing for the colored races, or *gente irrazionale*, as they called them, the fawning subserviency of some of the Creoles, the brooding impatience of their yoke which others felt, but rarely dared to show; the stubborn, dogged half-breeds; the Indians, gentle and submissive, till spurred by inhuman cruelties to an outbreak of desperate ferocity; the *Leperos*, lazzaroni of the New World, half-naked, and for the most part imbecile, sunk in squalor, filth, and misery; such are a portion of the figures whom Mr. Sealsfield displays upon his well-filled and vivid canvass. Nor is he less successful in his delineation of inanimate nature. From the 'Viceroy,' and from his other Mexican book, 'South and North,' we have gathered a clearer notion of the scenery and configuration of the country, its lakes and mountains, forests and barrancas, than we had obtained from all the works we had previously read on the subject. But of this more hereafter. We pause to make a final extract of a scene upon the Paseo Nuevo, or public promenade of the city of Mexico. The Paseo, a double alley of poplars, extending from the south-western extremity of the capital to the bridge over the Chalco canal, a distance of a couple of miles, is crowded with the carriages of the Creole ladies, with pedestrians and horsemen. A group of the latter, consisting of Spanish officers, have halted by the side of the road, and are indulging in loud and insolent comments on the appearance of the ladies.

"'*Carajo!*' suddenly exclaimed one of the black-bearded crew, a fiery little ensign, as he gave his horse the spur, and galloped after a coach containing two ladies, one of whom, judging from the graceful outline of her elegantly dressed form, possessed no ordinary attractions. The young officer's sudden movement drew the attention of his comrades and of the public, and both began, although after a different fashion, to make their remarks upon it.

"'*Demonio!*' cried the officers.

"'*Abajo!*' 'shame!' muttered the crowd, in low, deep tones.

"'Adelante, Lopez!' cried several officers.

"'Viva el conquistador!' shouted others, encouragingly.

"'By my soul, bold as a Navarrese!' exclaimed one.

"'Say, rather, saucy as an Andalusian,' replied another, 'for Don Lopez Matanza has the honor to be a born Andalusian.'

"'From the country which the archangel Gabriel himself visited,' laughed a third.

"This witty conversation was suddenly interrupted by a loud scream of indignation and terror proceeding from the carriage in which the two ladies sat, and to which the ensign had galloped up with all the external gallantry of a Spaniard, and the insolence of a privileged profligate. For one moment a stillness like that of death reigned in the Paseo, whilst thousands of heads were turned, and thousands of necks stretched out, in the direction whence the cry came, and then, as the cause gradually became known, the carriages all stopped, and riders and walkers galloped and pressed in hundreds round the coach whose occupant had been outraged. In an instant the presumptuous officer was surrounded by an innumerable throng, forming a compact mass round him and the carriage. At the same time a murmur arose which at first had a character of timidity, but soon became louder and more threatening. As yet no hand had been lifted against the audacious insulter of Mexican womanhood, when suddenly the terrible words 'Down with the tyrants!' echoed through the crowd. A

hundred hands were raised, and the unfortunate ensign disappeared from off his horse. The other officers, who had come up in all haste, in vain endeavored with drawn swords to force their way to their comrade.

"'Señoria, for the mother of God's sake!' exclaimed an old Spanish hidalgo to a colonel, who stood a little apart, absorbed in the contemplation of a brilliant phaëton, which now rapidly ascended the Paseo, and apparently unmindful of what had passed—'Señoria!' screamed the hidalgo, 'only think what insolence! one of your officers, the very honorable Ensign Don Lopez Matanza, of the regiment of Saragossa, as I believe, condescended to favor the Señorita Zuniga with his attentions, and to offer her a salutation which any countess in Mexico should feel honored to receive, and the shameless girl—'

"'By my soul, Don Abasalo Agostino Pinto, you are a fool!' replied the colonel, spurring his horse, and dashing into the thick of the crowd, which at the same moment divided, in order to give passage to the phaëton and its four Andalusian horses, and to escape the swords of the six life-guardsmen who preceded the vehicle. Strangely enough, a few seconds saw the crowd dispersed in wonderful order and silence in the side alleys, and the viceroyal equipage was able to draw up unimpeded beside the carriage in which the insulted ladies sat.

"'What is all this?' inquired one of two ladies who occupied the phaëton.

"'A piece of gallantry carried rather too far, as I understand,' replied the colonel, 'and of which my ensign, Don Lopez Matanza, has been guilty.'

"'We are inexpressibly grieved, dear señoras,' continued the lady, in melodious, but somewhat imperious tones, 'and intreat you for a while to consider our carriage as yours.' And whilst she leaned over with enchanting grace towards the ladies, two richly liveried attendants lifted the terrified and half-fainting Creole out of her coach, and placed her in the phaëton beside their mistress, who bowed to the officers, and then, with the gracious smile of a queen, continued her progress along the Paseo.

"For a moment the eyes of the colonel followed the proud beauty, and then turned their gaze upon the Creoles, who again rode, drove, and walked about as if nothing in the least unusual had occurred.

"'Strange! upon my honor,' said he to his neighbor; 'but where is Ensign Don Lopez Matanza? Don Martinez, you will take away his sword for three days. Where is Ensign Don Lopez Matanza?' repeated the colonel in a louder tone. He had disappeared, and his horse with him.

"'Where is Don Lopez Matanza?' exclaimed all the officers.

"'Seek him behind the fountain,' cried voices in the distance.

"'*Jesus Maria!*' '*Todos diablos!*' '*Santa Virgen!*' shouted and screamed the officers.

"The unlucky Spaniard lay behind the fountain, stone dead, his breast pierced with numerous stiletto thrusts. Certain blue marks upon his throat plainly told that he had first been strangled and then stabbed.

"'They have twisted his neck like a young hound,' cried Don Pinto.

"'Señores,' said the colonel, softly and gravely, 'our brother has sought his fate. These despised Creoles begin to discover their shame. Beware of quickening their perceptions.'

"'*Madre de Dios!*' murmured a captain; 'in broad, bright daylight, and in the face of thousands, they have throttled him like a dog!'

"'Such deeds alarm me,' said the colonel; 'they are sparks which may easily grow into a blaze. Once more, señores—prudence!'

"A picket of troops that had been stationed a thousand paces off, on the bridge over the Chalco canal, now came up; the colonel gave the necessary orders, and, after seeing the corpse laid upon a bier formed of muskets, rode down the Paseo. The other officers followed the body of their murdered comrade."

We have spoken of Mr. Sealsfield's writings in terms of very high praise, and reflection does not induce us to retract one syllable of the commendation bestowed. Maturely considered, our verdict is that he is one of the most remarkable writers of his class now living. His works are invaluable acquisitions to German literature, both on account of their intrinsic worth and interest, and as likely to stimulate a fresher and more natural tone amongst the present school of German novelists. He deals in the real and the true, not in mysticism and sickly sentiment. Whilst lauding the merits of his writings, we are not however blind to their defects. The former are, a deep knowledge of human nature, character skilfully drawn, dialogue spirited and dramatic, description of a high order, incidents agreeable and often striking. His failings are an utter negligence in the carrying out of his plots, occasional inconsistencies and omissions, such as writers of the present day rarely hazard, and, in some instances, wildness and incoherency of style. At times he seems to throw the reins upon the neck of his imagination, which carries him Heaven knows where, but certainly far beyond the ken of his reader. This is especially the case in his last publication, 'South and North,' a narrative of an adventurous ramble through Mexico, accomplished by a party of Americans. We refer the reader to the seventeenth chapter for a fine sample of the powerfully rhapsodical. The travellers bivouac in a swamp, and are attacked by the mus-

quito fever. The chapter was written, we should think, during a paroxysm of that distressing malady, or under the influence of a pipe of opium. But this same book, although extravagant and of little interest as a whole, contains passages as fine as any thing that Mr Sealsfield has written or that we have read. He is never more happy than in the description of scenery. It is easy to babble about green fields, and the merest scribblers reckon thereupon for filling up considerable portions of their drowsy post octavos, but between such babbling and the vivid picturesqueness, strength of diction, and happiness of expression, which place a fine landscape, an aboriginal forest, the incalculable vegetable luxuriance of a Texian prairie, or the tropical glories of a Mexican barranca, before the reader's eyes in the mellow, sunny coloring of a Claude, or with the savage boldness of a Salvator, lies a chasm both deep and wide. Let us see on which side of the gulf Mr. Sealsfield stands. Hear him describe a sunrise in Southern Mexico:

"Wrapped in our mantles, we watched the last stars that yet lingered palely in the heavens. Suddenly the eastern sky grew light, and a bright point appeared, like a fallen star floating between heaven and earth—but yet no star, its hue was too ruddy. We still gazed in silence, when a second fiery spot showed itself in the neighborhood of the first, which now grew and increased, and became like a flaming tongue, licking round the silver summits of the snow-crowned hills, and then descending, as the flames in a burning village creep from roof to walls. And as we looked, five, ten, twenty mountain peaks became bathed in the same rosy fire, which spread with lightning swiftness, like a banner of flames, from hill-top to hill-top. Scarce five minutes had elapsed since the high mountains, wrapped in their dull pale shroud of snow, had shown dim and frosty in the distance, and now both they and their smaller brethren flamed forth like mighty beacons or lava-streaming volcanoes, bringing to our minds, in all its living truth, the word of Him who said, 'Let there be light, and there was light.' Above, all was bright and glorious day; below, gloomy sullen night. Here and there, floods of radiance were poured in through the clefts of the mountains, and where they penetrated, a strange contest ensued. The shades of darkness seemed to live, and move, and engage in desperate struggle with the intrusive sunbeams that broke and dispersed them, chasing them up the wooded heights, and rending them asunder like cobwebs, so that suddenly and as by enchantment were disclosed the deep indigo blue of the tamarinds and chicazopotes, lower down, the bright green of the sugar fields, lower still, the darker tints of the nopal gardens, then the ultramarine and gold, and green, and white, and bright yellow of the orange and citron groves, and finally the lofty fan and date palms, and the splendid banana, all covered with millions of dewdrops that glittered and sparkled like countless diamonds and rubies."—*Süden und Norden*, vol. i., p. 177.

And further on:

"From out of the distant background the silver dome of the star of Mexican mountains towered into the heavens, one vast field of frosted silver, detaching itself from the deep azure of the sky as from a dark blue ocean. More to the right, but nearer, the cliffs of the Senpoaltepec, with their granite terraces, and gables, and towers, rose in fantastic groups to a height of twelve thousand feet. But at the foot of this mighty world of snow and mountain, swimming in all the colors of the rainbow, were hedges of banana and palm, dividing sugar, and cotton, and nopal fields, sprinkled with citron, and orange, and fig trees of gigantic height, twice as high as our northern oaks; every tree a hothouse, a pyramid, a huge nosegay, covered to the distance of a hundred feet from the ground, with flowers and blossoms, with dendrobiums, paulinias, bignonias, and convolvulus. And then pomegranate gardens, and chicazopotes, and chirimoyas, and strawberry trees, the whole valley one vast garden, but such a garden as no northern imagination could even faintly picture."—*Süden und Norden*, vol. i., p. 210.

Yet one more extract of a similar class:

"This valley of Oaxaca has about the same right to be styled a valley that our Alleghanys would have to be called bottoms. We should call it a chain of mountains, although here it is looked upon as a valley, in comparison with the far higher mountains that rise out of it and surround it as with a frame. And truly a magnificent frame they are, with their varieties of light, and shade, and color, here looking like dead gold, then like the same metal in a state of fiery solution, and then again darkening into a deep, rich, golden bronze. Below, the bright and dark green, and crimson and purple, and violet and yellow, and azure and dazzling white of myriads of flowers, and the prodigious palms, far more than a hundred feet high, their majestic turbans rising like sultans' heads above the luxuriant tree and vegetable world! And then the mahogany trees, the chicazopotes, and in the barrancas the candelabra-like cactus, and higher up the knotted and majestic live oak. A perpetual change of plants, trees, and temperature. For five hours have we ridden, and have changed our climate nearly as often, passing from the *tierra templada*, the temperate zone, into the *tierra caliente* and *muy caliente*, the hot and torrid. Just now we are roasted with heat, the sweat bursting from

every pore, as we move through an entirely new world of plants and animals. Borax, and mangroves, and ferns as lofty as trees, and trees like church towers, springing out of the aboriginal forest far higher even than the colossal mahogany. And then the exotic animals that we see around us—black tigers—we have stumbled upon at least a dozen of the cowardly, sneaking brutes—and iguanas, three feet long, and squirrels twice as large as those in the States, and ocelotls, and wild boars, and cojotes—although these latter are to be found every where—and grinning apes of every size and species. And yonder, standing out white and bright from the deep-blue heavens and bronze-colored rocks, is the village of Quidricovi."—*Süden und Norden*, vol. ii., p. 184.

Similar passages abound in the book whence these are taken. Allowing for the disadvantage of a translation, and the difficulty of rendering the full richness of the original German, they will be admitted to display great descriptive power, as well as a keen perception and poetical appreciation of the beauties of external nature.

The most conspicuous feature in the 'Cabin-book,' which, as the name hints, contains a string of stories told in the cabin of a steamer, is an animated account of the Texian revolution, its causes, progress, and ultimate triumph. Mr. Sealsfield's narrative of battles and marches could not be more graphic had he himself taken share in them. We know not whether this was the case, although from his evidently erratic and adventurous propensities we should not be surprised to learn that he had made the campaign, and that those are his own adventures that he puts into the mouth of a young American settler in Texas. After a very few skirmishes, the steady courage and terrible marksmanship of the Texians seem to have inspired their antagonists with a wholesome terror; and although the exultation of the former at their early and easy successes was soon damped by their terrible reverses at the forts of Goliad and the Alamo—where thirteen hundred men, the flower of the Texian army, were sacrificed—the prudence of Houston and the tenacity of his soldiers again changed the fortune of the war, and the final victory of San Jacinto and capture of Santa Anna established the independence of Texas. Conquerors and their partisans do not willingly detract from the merit of their achievements by taxing the vanquished with utter cowardice and incapacity, and Mr. Sealsfield extols the desperate courage displayed by a portion of the Mexicans in the abovenamed battle, which was, in fact, a surprise, followed, as we have always understood, and as other writers on the subject have asserted, by the instantaneous and panic flight of the whole of Santa Anna's army. On the other hand, he gives some laughable instances of their poltroonery in previous encounters, when opposed but to a tithe of their numbers. The Dons, although numerically and in discipline far superior to the backwoodsmen pitted against them, who had little notion of military tactics, and fought, for the most part, each man 'on his own hook,' yet labored under some disadvantages. Not the least of these appears to have been the quality of their ammunition. Charcoal-dust cartridges, and muskets 'made to sell,' both proceeding, we are told, from British manufactures, were picked up and curiously examined by the Texians after a fight upon the banks of the Salado, during which they had had reason to feel astonished at their own seemingly miraculous invulnerability to a heavy fire. And as the Mexicans, out of respect for the superior qualities of their opponents' weapons, usually fired at extreme musket-range, and sometimes a trifle beyond, it is no wonder that the Texian loss was reckoned by units, when that on the other side amounted to hundreds.* The cavalry, whose sabres, upon the level prairie, ought to have told with terrible effect against the irregular array of the Texians, behaved with conspicuous cowardice, and when they were brought up to a charge, their officers were picked off, and the men retired in confusion.

"We saw the officers furiously gesticulating, brandishing their sabres, and torturing their horses with the spur, till the irritated animals reared and plunged, and sprang into the air, all four feet off the ground. It is fair to say, that the officers showed far more pluck than we had given them credit for. Two squadrons had charged us, and lost two-thirds of their officers; but those who had been spared, nothing daunted by their comrades' fall, used

* "The loss of the Mexicans (during the siege and capture by the Texians of St. Antonio de Bexar, in December, 1835) consisted in 740 dead, a few men slightly wounded, who marched away with General Cos, and a large number whose hurts were severe, and who remained behind under care of our surgeons. Our loss amounted to six dead, twenty-nine wounded who went into hospital, and a few others who were not sufficiently hurt to prevent their going into quarters in the town. The disproportion is so enormous as to be almost incredible, but in most of the actions of that war, the killed of the Mexicans were to those of the Texians as one hundred to one."—H. Ehrenberg's 'Fahrten und Schicksale eines Deutschen in Texas,' pp. 73.

every exertion again to bring their men to the scratch. At last there appeared a chance of their accomplishing it, in a most original and thoroughly Mexican manner. They rode on alone for about a hundred yards, then stopped and looked back at their men, as much as to say, 'Thus far you may come with whole skins.' Then they galloped back again, and tried to get the men on. Each repetition of this manœuvre brought the reluctant dragoons thirty or forty paces forward, when they again halted as by common consent. Again the officers scampered forward, and then back to their squadrons to persuade them to a further advance. And in this way these valiant fighting men were lured to within a hundred and fifty yards of our position."

But only to be again repulsed and completely routed. Considering that Mexican horsemen, especially those of Santa Fé and Louis Potosi, are perhaps the finest in the world, and that their sabre blades, albeit not forged at Damascus or Toledo, could not be liable to the same objections as the Brummagem cartridges, such pusillanimity on the part of disciplined masses, when opposed in the open field to a mere handful of riflemen, is truly inconceivable. We should suspect high coloring, but for the corroborative evidence afforded by other accounts of the war. The military virtues of the Mexicans appear to be limited to prancing on parades, issuing proclamations ridiculously bombastic, and asserting defeats to be victories, with an audacity of lying unparalleled even in the annals of bulletins. However superior their numbers, the only battles they can hope to gain are those in which they shall be opposed to greater cowards than themselves. Such it would probably not be easy to find.

To-day, when the United States are attempting to vindicate, by the glittering but hollow argument of the sword, their unjustifiable aggression upon a neighbor's territory, details of the contest for Texian independence acquire fresh interest. They afford data whence to judge of the probable duration and issue of the present struggle. Not that such data are in reality wanted. 'There needs no ghost to tell us' that the degenerate descendants of Spaniards and Indians can never be a match for the powerful offshoots of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Mexican troops, it is said, have improved during the last few years in discipline and equipment, their cavalry are notoriously first-rate horsemen, and the army they can at once bring into the field far outnumbers the disposable force of their opponents. But all these advantages avail not against the cool resolute courage of the Americans.* It seems the destiny of the Spanish-American nations, who all in their turn have displayed bravery and soldiership when fighting for independence, to sink, that once obtained, into thorough dastards, incapable of standing their ground against any foreign foe, and retaining but just sufficient courage to cut each other's throats in domestic broils and squabbles. The Mexicans are evidently unable to hold their own, and if the United States, as a nation, chose it, and supposing always that Europe would permit such dismemberment, other provinces of Mexico might with little difficulty be absorbed into the Union. Doubtless, the mountains and climate would bother the Yankees; it would take time to habituate an Anglo-American population to Mexican fevers and temperature; but the swamps and miasmata and agues of Louisiana and Florida, are no bad preparation for those of more southerly latitudes. Moreover, the love of change and desire to keep moving, would, we believe, reconcile American squatters to the climate of Tartarus itself. For it is not by direct attacks and open hostilities that Brother Jonathan prosecutes his schemes of conquest and aggrandizement, but by the slower and surer plan that has already succeeded in Texas. Emigration to the coveted province is encouraged, and goes on till the settlers think themselves strong enough to refuse obedience to the laws of the country where they have been unsuspectingly allowed to establish themselves. If force is made use of to subdue the turbulent intruders, they set up a howl of outraged liberty, and shout across the frontier to their kin and cousins; then men and arms are forthwith sent to assist them in dispossessing the tyrants, who dare to assert their right to their own. This was the case with Texas; this would have been the case, forty years ago, with Louisiana, had not its cession by the Spaniards to the French, and its sale by the latter to the United States, rendered such arbitrary violence unnecessary. But the plan was in

* Since this was written, intelligence from America has abundantly confirmed these opinions. With advantages of numbers and position that would have enabled men possessed of the slightest courage and conduct to annihilate or capture the whole of General Taylor's army, the Mexicans have allowed themselves to be ignominiously beaten and dislodged. Greater impotency and cowardice were never displayed, even by the generals and soldiers of Mexico.

a forward state. American agents were at work, and American squatters were daily building their block-houses upon Louisianian territory, block-houses which they sturdily defended when the feeble government of the colony strove to dispossess them. Mr. Sealsfield is a zealous defender of the encroaching and restless spirit that causes the Americans to overstep, on all sides, the limits of their vast territory, as the scum of a foaming beverage overflows the brim of a cup which it does not one quarter fill. We find one Nathan, a squatter in Louisiana during the Spanish dominion, demonstrating, more to his own satisfaction than to ours, the propriety of such inundations. He compares Louisiana to a fertile field, the scanty American settlers to seed-corn, and the Spanish government to the heavy clods of earth that overlay and encumber the latter. But the seeds are too mighty for the clods, which in the course of nature are broken through, and dispersed, and annihilated. Were there, then, no fields left in the States, where seedy gentlemen might plant themselves without plucking up a neighbor's landmark? Doubtless there were, and are, but it is convenient to have a rubbish-heap, out of one's own limits, where worthless or noxious matters may be thrown. And after a while, the gentlemen who, having been guilty of fraudulent bankruptcy, or forgery, or of bowie-knifing a newspaper editor, have run the country, and wandered into Texas or some other frontier district, declare themselves patriots, horribly oppressed and ill-treated, and implore assistance to enable them to keep the land they have unlawfully usurped. Unfortunately, Mr. Nathan finally shows that it is no abstract love of humanity, no philosophical desire that the most fruitful territory should be peopled by the most industrious races, that had induced him to pitch his tent in Louisiana, and bully the poor-spirited Spaniards and Creoles. When the province is made over to the United States, whose authorities take possession and proceed to a regular distribution and sale of the lands, he levants into Texas, to seek a country where there are no sheriffs and no laws. We can easily understand such characters having a wholesome dread of a sheriff, or, at least, of his delegate. 'Who would have to do with the law?' says Nathan's son. 'Better to cope with Spanish musketeers than with the law.' And therefore Nathan, a good type of his class, having done what he could towards wresting Louisiana from its owners, moves forward, a staunch pioneer, to recommence the game west of the Sabine. 'Liberty and Property,' we understand, is a favorite rallying cry of the Americans. We presume it to mean their own liberty, and other people's property. But they may some day find that so nefarious a maxim cannot, under all circumstances, be acted upon with impunity.

From the London Quarterly Review.

MILES ON THE HORSE'S FOOT.

The Horse's Foot, and how to keep it sound; with Illustrations. By William Miles, Esq. Exeter, 1846.

A LIVELY French artist, wishing to exhibit English character, drew a Milor and Miladi during their honeymoon: they have ridden out together; she is thrown, her horse having stumbled, to whose nose his master applies her smelling-bottle, while the victim of the *faux pas* lies fainting by herself. Passing these natural consequences of our selling wives like mares at Smithfield, Mr. Miles considers bad farriery as an important item in indifferent husbandry. 'For the want of a nail the shoe was lost; for the want of a shoe, the rider was tost:' and how this is to be prevented is shown in his book, which all good men, married or bachelors, who love sound horse-flesh, should purchase.

The author, after serving his country in the Life Guards, was wounded and taken prisoner by hussars. Such is the fortune of war, from which neither Mars nor Majors are exempt. His occupation was not however gone, when, like Othello, he bade farewell to plumed troops: buried in happy retirement, near the cathedral of Exeter, he retained his love for neighing steeds, as Virgil's cavalry officers when ghosts in Elysium kept up their stable-duty—

'Quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.'

Here our Miles emeritus, possessing a good stud of his own, and enjoying the confidence of his equestrian friends, never wanted four-footed subjects to practice on: not content with theory, he did not mould his sabre into a ploughshare or metaphor, but forged it into horseshoes himself, after the fashion of Mr. Borrow on the great

Northern road, or Portia's Neapolitan prince, who could 'not only talk of his horse, but shoe him himself;' and his highness did well, for actual experiment alone conduces to sound conclusion and safe calceolation, which latter, like cookery in the diplomat, constitutes the essence of the *Hippiatrist*—Heaven save the mark—as the *ferrier*, the iron working farrier of yore, is called in new-fangled nomenclature. In vain may professors forge ponderous phraseology, eupodology, hippopathology, &c. &c. until ostlers speak Greek; to make horseshoes of iron is the sum of the modern veterinary craft; all the rest is leather and prunella. The shoe is their difficulty and the horse's weal or woe. The ancients never nailed to the feet of animals those coverings which they well knew the use of as occasional protections; and, we believe, fixtures made of unyielding metal were first fastened to the expanding hoof of English horses by William the Conqueror, whose death, a manifest judgment, was caused by the stumble of his foot-wounded steed. The name *De Ferrers* was assumed by his master of horseshoes, whose noble descendant, free from the false shame of Hippiatrists, still proudly charges his supporter with a horseshoe-argent, the *canting* badge of this chivalresque ancestor.

Mr. Miles, rightly considering the foot to be the important organ of a quadruped destined to go, and the shoe the thing which either makes or mars the foot, has limited his investigations (for the present only, we trust) to these two prominent points, which he has completely mastered, and is indeed a Flavius Vegetius *Renatus*—for so was named the Roman soldier and gentleman who, some 1500 years ago, wrote the first amateur treatise on veterinary art. Our author combines a clear head with a kind heart and a vein of quiet humor; he handles with equal dexterity hammer and scalpel, pen and pencil, paint-brush and engraver's tools: working and writing with a firm hand, his language is so plain that those even who ride, may read and understand. As there is no charlatanerie in his system, there is no technical jargon in his explanations: nay, he publishes so purely for the 'information of the uninformed,' that his treatise may be safely laid on any dragoon mess-table. Although scarlet is not our color, yet pleasant is a gentle canter on breezy elastic downs, and salutary the constitutional jog in shady lanes, where goosequill and Albemarle-street are forgotten, and we owe to the horrors of a sudden stumble the comfort of 'Miles on the Horse's Foot.'

This portion of the quadruped, because it outwardly seems to be one solid block, thicker than a tandem-driver's head, and made, therefore, to be battered without mercy on roads as hard, contains a mechanism inside that is no less exquisite than those mainsprings of grace which are enclosed in the Cinderella slipper of Taglioni.

The horny case is lined with thin plates, that are at once elastic and devoid of sensation; thus concussion is broken, and blows are not felt. By this admirable combination of solidity and elasticity, the given and most difficult mechanical problem, to wit, the moving a heavy body with great velocity, is solved. The exterior defensive casing is called the '*crust*' in England, and the '*wall*' in France, where men are unrivalled in making phrases, fortifications, and puffs. This crust is thickest at the fronts of the fore-feet, where the first and greatest shocks are received; and is thinnest—for nature does nothing in vain—at the heels, where expansion, not resistance, is required. The ground-surface of the foot is composed of the sensitive sole, which is endued with a power of descent and ascent, according to the pressure on it from above, and of the *frog*, a spongy but less finely organized substance, which swells at the back part; bulby and well defined in the unshod colt, 'it is converted,' says Mr. Miles, 'by the mischievous interference of art—*i. e.*, repeated bad shoeing—into a mere apology for a frog.' He descants on the varieties with the gusto of a French epicure. The subject is important: how indeed can a horse be expected to jump if his frog be inactive? This obvious reflection induced Mr. Coleman of the 'College' to devise a 'patent artificial frog,' and a 'patent grasshopper shoe,' with which hunters were to clear six-barred gates; but both inventions unfortunately broke down, amid grins broader than those provoked by the professor's rhyming namesake.

The exact use of the frog, an open question among professional authors, is left so by our amateur: who shall decide when horse-doctors disagree? All, however, are of accord that its functions are most important, although none can tell what they are. The name frog is a corruption from *frush*—*i. e.* the *fourche* (furca) of the French, for which the German equivalent is *gabel*, not *frosh*, their bonâ fide frog; the ancient term

χελιδων had also reference to the fork-like form of the swallow's tail; our unmeaning frog, and its disease, the running thrush (frush), when translated into *grenouille*, and *merle courante*, occasion doubtful mirth to the parfait marechal of France.

Be the names and uses of the frog what they may, the horny wall of the hoof protects three bones in its interior—the coffin, coronet, and navicular: the former is let down to the point of the hoof, and represents the first bone of the great toe of the human foot; more correctly speaking, the whole foot of the horse is one toe; the action will be understood by comparing it to that of the fore-finger of our hand, the knee doing the functions of the wrist; a nail driven into this coffin renders a horse dead lame. Nature has placed the second bone, the coronet, on the top of this coffin, as is done at august funerals. The third bone, the navicular, is placed midway behind the two others; although very small, 'being only 2¼ inches long in a horse of 16 hands high,' it often bears his whole weight, and from doing all the hard work is the 'navie' of the locomotive concern; it rests on a cushion that is interposed between it and the frog, and which is softer than those eider-down pillows on which Cornish miners dream of the reduction of duties on feathers; a tendon passes under the navicular, whose pulley action is facilitated by the secretion of a natural grease. The slightest injury causes inflammation; and 'a speck in the bone no larger than a pin's head produces a lameness that defies human art.' Neptune therefore, veterinarily speaking, was right, when in creating the horse marine, he substituted a tail for the hind legs, by which a pair of these ticklish naviculars were avoided.

Julius Cæsar, if Pliny and Suetonius write truth, rejoiced in a steed who had human fore-feet, which probably were booted like his grooms. Another Augustan horse-fancier buskined the feet of his favorite nag with plates of silver; while Poppea, the extravagant wife of Nero, used gold for her mules. Caligula made a consul of his horse—a job, beyond doubt, since modern authorities find asses to answer equally for such onerous employment. Be that as it may, classical farriery, when the agricultural mind was instructed in hexameters, is a trifle too poetical for practical men of this prosaic age of iron; and an ordinary quadruped naturally requires double attention, since the greater the number of feet, the greater the chances of risk from accident or ignorance. A four-footed beast that has not one leg to stand upon is not likely to lead to much breaking of the tenth commandment.

'There is, however,' says our author, 'perhaps no word in the English language which in its true signification implies *so much* and in its usual one means *so little*, as the epithet "sound" when applied to horses' feet. The *great latitude extended to the meaning of words in horse-dealing transactions* has shorn it of every attribute which gave it value, until it conveys no other guarantee than this, that the horse is not palpably lame in one foot only: for if he chance to be lame in both fore-feet, the pain of allowing the weight to rest upon either will cause him to pass it as quickly as possible from one to the other, and not only save him from condemnation, but most probably gain for him the reputation of being a quick stepper.'—p. 42.

Beware, nevertheless, of hinting, however delicately, that a gentleman's horse's feet are unsound, since the indignation of the owner is almost as sure to be aroused thereby as if you suspected his wife; yet, although the fact need not be mentioned, whenever there is inflammation in the foot, no horse will stand on it; and '*pointing*,' in all its varieties, is a sure indication of an attempt to relieve the navicular joint, and to shift the seat of pain. It is not a 'trick,' as the dealer will say; for a horse is too sensible a beast to inconvenience his whole frame—he never plays any tricks on himself, not even a frolicsome bit of 'bishoping' or exhilarating 'figging.'

The progress of disease in the foot is almost imperceptible, and the development of lameness gradual; the spur of a brutal rider and the natural courage of a generous animal will cause much pain to be borne without flinching, but endurance has its limits: first the step is shortened, then the ground is struck less forcibly—yet yield at last he must in the unequal struggle of Nature against iron; and after sinking his head and neck to remove their weight from the feet, down he comes, decidedly lame, to the surprise of his master, who, from never suspecting the growing evil, overlooks the real cause, and attributes the casualty to some recent accident; 'My stupid groom,' &c. Mr. Miles considers warranties, certificates, &c., to be excellent papers wherewith to light cigars; his earnest advice to a gentleman who has just bought a horse is, to set perseveringly to work by good shoeing, a loose box, and plenty of exercise, to endeav-

or to *make him sound;* and those who follow his suggestions will at least have the best chance of attaining this consummation devoutly to be wished for.

In shoeing a horse properly, which requires two good hours, and is very seldom done, three points require consideration: the previous preparation of the feet, the form of the shoe, and the manner of fastening it on. As a general rule, a horse should never be shod in his own stable, but always taken to the forge, where, if the shoe does not fit, it can be altered, which cannot be done at home, where the foot must be fitted to the shoe. Many foolish farriers put the foot in order, as they call it, by rounding it, which they fancy looks pretty. This they effect by cutting away the hoof of young colts, and pinching their feet like those of Chinese ladies, until they can scarcely walk. Where nature perseveres in one form, man, whether making shoes of iron or satin, cannot easily amend the shape. If the horse's foot be fettered, its expansion is circumscribed, by which elasticity is lost and unsoundness originated. The first step before putting on a new shoe is the taking off the old one; the nails must be gently drawn out, which requires as much tact as in managing those of the foot human; all wrenching off, all dragging them violently through the crust, distresses the patient, who struggles to get free as a man does from a rough chiropodist. Forcible extraction injures the laminæ of the hoof, which, if once separated, never reunite, but form 'shaky places,' at which good farriers quake. The shoe once off, the edges of the hoof are to be rasped, and the sole pared out, as a thick one impedes the descent of the coffin bone. An operator errs oftener by removing too little than too much—the frog excepted, although from its being cut as easily as Gruyere cheese, and its then looking so smooth and clean, 'it requires more philosophy than falls to the share of most smiths to resist the temptation to slice away.' Mr. Miles, after defining country farrier experience to be an 'untiring perseverance for years in one unvaried plan,' and that generally a mistaken one, observes that when gentlemen are contented to remain without knowledge, smiths who shoe by rote may be excused—for, after all, they neither wear the shoes nor ride the horse. The wonder is truly that the owner, however learned and dainty as regards his own calceolation, on which the comfort of walking depends, remains indifferent to that of the animal by which he is carried. A good master ought to be able to direct what should be done, and to know if it be well done, which he never will accomplish without some inkling of farriery. The 'far-spread prejudice of opening out the heels, and carving the frog into shape at every shoeing,' horrifies our kind author, who never would allow the knife to approach it; for what is sport to the farrier is death to the frog. This elastic organ, when bared of its thin covering texture, cannot stand the dry hard road, but shrivels up and cracks, while the edges wear into exfoliations called 'rags,' which a tidy smith cuts away because unsightly. Their separation should be left to nature, for the frog casts off these worn-out teguments as a snake does his old skin, or a child his first tooth; when a new one formed behind is ready to take its place.

The form of the shoe is a question of great consequence to the horse, and of not less difference of opinion among men: it has perplexed the mind veterinarian from Solleysel, the father of the art, down to the 'College;' nor can any general rule be laid down, or any standard pattern given, since every horse has his own particular foot, just as every farrier has his own pet conundrum. A wise smith will be governed by the circumstances of every individual case, and will endeavor to make his artificial protection conform as nearly as possible to the model set before him by nature—that guide who never leads astray. The varieties of horseshoes in the 'books,' the 'panton,' the 'expanding,' the 'paratrite,' &c., exceed those in the shops of Hoby and Melnotte. Mr. Miles has carefully considered the works of his predecessors, and being a thorough master of the anatomy of the horse's foot, has produced, by a judicious selection of the best points of each, coupled with his own original invention, a result which leaves nothing to be desired. His shoes, however, will be better understood by one glance at his engraved specimens than by pages of letter-press; suffice it therefore to say that the prevalent notion, that shoes cannot be too light, is an error. Horses, except at Astley's, are not required to dance; and an ounce more or less, which makes too little difference in weight either to strain or weary the back sinews, prevents a shoe bending, and affords greater protection to the sole and frog. The shoes should be of equal thickness throughout, with a flat ground surface, as those with high heels, which asinine smiths make in imitation of

their own, are dangerously absurd. The toe, which ought to be raised, is thus lowered, and nature's plan reversed, who elevates the point in order to avoid obstructions. The web should be wide, and of the same width throughout, instead of being pinched in because the Vulcan operator 'likes to see the shoe well set off at the heels.' This is both unphilosophical and detrimental; it deceives the eye of man and injures the foot of the horse. 'The *outer* edge of the foot rests on the *inner* edge of the shoe, and the remaining width of the web projects beyond the hoof;' so that a master who thinks his horse has a good open foot, only has to be proud of a bad open shoe, which both conceals deformities underneath and 'invites with open arms a bad road to come and do its worst.' The heels are made bare just where the navicular joint is the most exposed; and if that be inflamed, what must the agony be when the unprotected foot treads on a sharp flint? The horse 'falls suddenly lame,' or 'drops as if he had been shot,'—'phrases in much too common use to require explanation;' and small is the pity which the suffering animal meets with from man; who having first destroyed the use of his victim's feet, abuses him because he cannot go; and imputes 'grogginess' to him as a crime, as if he were in liquor like a groom, and not in agony.

The errors of a vicious shoe, and the merits of a good one, are set forth by Mr Miles in several drawings which he has lithographed himself. By placing the two specimens in odious comparison, the *reductio ad absurdum* is complete. He was enabled to offer this treat to the public by having most fortunately purchased a horse in Devonshire with four genuine Damnonian shoes, in which all possible defects were concentrated. The originals are nailed over his stable door, to the terror of every witch, farrier, and old woman in the west of England. *A propos de bottes*, when a shoe is properly forged, there is no danger in applying it so hot to the hoof as to burn the crust, since irregularities of the surface are thus discovered and easily removed. In fixing, or putting on the shoe, it should rest only on the horny rim of the hoof; it must not press on the sole, and thus cramp its springy operation; or encumber the heels, where the crust is the thinnest and the power of expansion the greatest. As to the very important manner of fastening it on, and number of nails to be used, Mr. Miles, wishing to ascertain with *how few* this could be effected, began with seven for the fore-feet and eight for the hind ones, which he gradually reduced to five and six. This limited number has been found to answer perfectly, and our author's views were entirely corroborated by an intelligent and practical bagsman whose life is spent on horseback, and by the veterinary surgeon of a dragoon regiment accustomed to escort the Queen at tip-top pace. Thin small nails are the best, as making the smallest holes in the crust; they should be driven into the outer quarter, where the crust is the thickest, and not forced in too high, but with the points brought out as soon as possible, and clenched down broadly, and then not too neatly rasped away, which weakens their hold. The heels and inside quarters are to be left free. The misery and destruction entailed on horses by nailing their shoes on both sides of the feet are entirely obviated by this simple system of one-sided nailing, which is unquestionably the discovery that does most honor to modern farriery; accordingly its adoption is pressed upon all owners and lovers of the noble animal, by Mr. Miles, with arguments that must carry conviction to all who have heads. This grand specific diminishes at once the continual struggle between the expansion of the foot and the contraction of the iron. Thus fitted on, the shoe becomes a real comfort and protection to the wearer, instead of being a torment and incumbrance, and the foot is left nearly in a state of nature. From the ease which this gives the animal, one-sided nailing will often cure the habit of 'cutting,' or of spoiling his silk stockings, as old Solleysel terms this uncomfortable trick.

It is also the surest method of preventing corns, which are the curse of the stable, and, if Mr. Eisenberg's testimonials be not mere puffs, of the house of lords. These corns, white in the feet of noblemen, are, it may be remarked, red in those of horses, being the result of lacerated inflamed blood-vessels; for what is called a 'corn,' being in fact a bruise, is produced by pressure from the heels of the coffin-bone, which itself suffers from loss of expansive power in the hoof, since Nature, who abhors sinecures worse than Joseph Hume, never continues the same measure of effective reparation to structures which are not employed, that she does to those constantly occupied in their allotted tasks.

The *corn* in the horse as well as his mas-

ter arises from tight shoes, and the crying evil is best remedied by taking them off, and letting the patient stand all day on wet sawdust in a loose box; this answers every purpose of turning him out to grass, without any exposure to colds, accidents, or the organic injuries which arise from over-distention of the stomach and bowels. Under all circumstances, the shoes should be removed every two or three weeks, according to the work done on them; when the heads of the nails are worn away the shoe gets insecure, and will rattle whenever a screw is loose: quiet is the test of efficient machinery in nations as well as in individuals, whatever Messieurs Polk and Thiers may predicate to the contrary.

Mr. Miles condemns the mode in which the plates or shoes of racers are fastened on, in which eight and nine nails are frequently used for fear of "casting." No foot, human or equine, can expand in a tight shoe; and the horse declines, and very properly, throwing his whole weight with all his heart into his feet. The Derby course is a mile and a half in length; to accomplish which requires 330 good race-strides, of 24 feet each; the loss of one inch on each stride gives 9 yards and 6 inches:

'But suppose the loss to be 4 inches upon each stride, which it is much more likely to be, then it would amount to 36 yards 2 feet, or 13 lengths; which is fully enough to raise a cry of "foul play," "the horse is amiss," &c. Now, no jockey in the world, however frequently he may have ridden a horse, can so exactly measure his stride as to be enabled to detect a deficiency of one 72nd part of it, which 4 inches would be, much less could he detect the 288th part, which 1 inch would be: so that he never could make himself acquainted with the real cause of so signal and unexpected a defeat, and the whole matter would remain involved in mystery, casting suspicion and distrust on all around.'—p. 35.

Unfortunately, the high-mettled racer, who wears the shoe and knows where it pinches, has not the gift of speech like Dean Swift's Houynims. The horse has this deficiency in common with the baby, whence farriers find their cavalry quite as difficult to manage as physicians do their infantry, who cannot explain symptoms.

The falling off of speed which is often observed between a horse's 'last gallop' and the race, may be accounted for by his having taken his gallop in his *old* shoes, to which the feet were accustomed, while the race was run in *new* ones, firmly nailed on from head to heel, effectually 'making him quite safe,' by putting it out of the range of possibility that he should ever be enabled to 'get into his best pace.' Mr. Miles recommends three-quarter plates, which should be fastened on by no more than six nails, and these placed only between the outer heel and the inner toe. This is well worth Lord George Bentinck's consideration, whenever, his present race being over, the kind stars permit him to exchange the corrupt atmosphere, tricks, and politics of St. Stephen's for the fresh-aired downs of Newmarket, where, says Mr. Bracy Clarke, in his luminous Podopthora, 'wealth, learning often, and horses, do go hand-in-hand.' Note also this wrinkle for fox-hunters:—never, when the season is over, let the horses' feet remain cramped up in short hunting-shoes, but relieve them by longer ones, just as the rider exchanges his top-boots for slippers: an easy shoe—blessings on the man who invented it—comforts a groggy, overhunted horse as much as it does a gouty, overhaunched mayor.

Mr. Miles, duly estimating the advantages of freedom of motion, had long converted his stable-stalls into boxes, from a dislike to seeing his hobby-horses treated worse than wild beasts, who at least are allowed to traverse their den. Loose boxes are too generally left untenanted because no horse happens to be an invalid; yet they are more useful to sound animals than even to sick ones, since prevention of disease is better than its cure. The poor beast, cribbed, cabined, and confined, chained to his rack, and tortured by being unable to change position, is put for hours to the stocks, and condemned to the hard labor of having nothing to do—which destroys dandies and bankrupt commissioners. The prisoner suffers more from long standing still than from any trotting on the hardest road—it is the rest, not the work, that kills; and still more, when the pavement of the stall is uphill, which, as his legs are of equal length, and not like a cameleopard's, is at once painful and injurious; he meets the difficulty by standing on his hind toes in order to equalize the weight, and thereby strains his tendons and gets 'perched.' The floor should be perfectly level and paved with granite slabs, which should drain themselves by having herring-bone gutters cut in them, as nothing is more fatal to the eyes of horses than the ammonia so usually generated under them. A box so arranged is not merely a luxury to a horse

and mare, but as absolute a necessary as one at the Haymarket is to a lord and lady. Nature is ever our surest guide. The animal when grazing in a field never is quiet a second; frog and sole are always on the move, and therefore in good condition, because they regularly perform their functions; the cushion of the navicular is never there absorbed as it is in an idle stall. If the brains of learned men are liable to be dried up under similar circumstances of *otium cum pinguitudine*, the soles of irrational creatures necessarily must fare worse; turn the same animals into loose boxes, and the slightest tap on the corn-bin will occasion at least fifty wholesome expansions of every sensitive organ.

Mr. Miles gives working plans of the simple contrivance by which he converted a four-stalled stable into one of three boxes. This suppression of supernumerary stalls was effected by shifting the divisions. A tripartite arrangement is far preferable to solitary confinement, for horses are curious, social animals; they love their neighbors, and like to see what they are at, as much as county families do, whose pews adjoin in their parish church. The best partition is brick noggin, which should be cased with boarding, and surmounted with iron rails; the separation should be carried highest near the manger, in order to prevent the company from watching each other at meals—a thing which is not only unmannerly, but injurious to health. Each hopes to get some of his neighbor's prog, and is also afraid of his neighbor getting some of his; insomuch that the best-bred horse, even when next to a pretty filly, invariably bolts his feed—just as a Yankee senator does at a boarding-house table d'hôte, although Fanny Butler sits at his side. Dyspepsia is the sure result of this imperfect mastication.

One word only on diet. The groom will persist in treating his horse like a Christian, which, in his theology, consists in giving him as much too many feeds as he does to himself; but shoes are not more surely forged on anvils than diseases are in the stomach both of beasts and men who make themselves like them. Nature contrives to sustain health and vigor on a precarious, stinted supply, since it is not what is eaten but what is digested that nourishes. Her system should be imitated in quantity and quality; she regulates the former according to the length of the day and the amount of work required to be done, and bids the seasons, her handmaids, vary the latter by a constant change in the bill of fare. Her primitive sauces are air and exercise, and her best condiment, however shocking to the nerves of Monsieur Ude, is mud; more pecks of real dirt are eaten by quadrupeds who graze in the fields, than are of moral dirt by your biped parasites who make love to my lord's eyebrow and soup-tureen. Provide, therefore, your nice nags with their cruet and salt-cellar, by placing in each manger a large lump of rock-salt and chalk, to which, when troubled with indigestion or acidity, they will as surely resort as the most practised London diners-out do to their glaubers and potash; nor will they often require any other physic. If a bucket of water be placed always in their reach, they will sip often, but never swill themselves out to distention, which they otherwise are "obligated to do" (like their valet) whenever liquor comes in their way, in order to lay in a stock like the camels, who reason on the uncertainty of another supply.

Boxes, however beneficial to horses, are unpopular with prejudiced grooms, who have an instinctive dread of improvements which do not originate with themselves; and although in truth few classes are more ignorant of the philosophy and ologies of the horse than stable folk, yet, in common with all who handle ribbons or horse-flesh, they have jockied themselves into the credit of being the knowing ones *par excellence;* accordingly such servants, especially if old ones and treasures, generally rule and teach their masters, for gentlemen pique themselves vastly on connoisseurship of pictures and horses, and are shy of asking questions which imply ignorance. The whole genus groom has an antipathy to any changes which give them more work; they particularly dislike, when they have 'cleaned' their charges, to see them lie down, 'untidy' and 'dirty' themselves again; they sneer at what they call 'finding mares-nests;' and pretend that horses eat their beds, as the pious Æneas and his friends did their tables. But Mr. Miles has invented a remedial muzzle for these gross feeders, of which he gives us an engraving. Boxes again are ruinous to the veterinary surgeon, who fees grooms, since they do away with the great cause of profitable grogginess. These gentry are jealous of amateur farriery, and abhor any revelations to the uninitiated of family secrets in plain intelligible English. Mr. Miles cannot ex-

pect to be popular in the west, a latitude which imports rather than exports wise men; the horse-doctor shudders lest disease, death, and himself should be set aside, by every man—*Milite duce*—becoming his own farrier. So thought the pupils of Abernethy, after his publication to the world of the panacea blue pill: 'but take courage, gentlemen,' said he, 'not one of your patients will ever follow my advice.' Mr. Miles, however, like the Oriental hakim, prefers exercise to mercurial treatment—'the best physician is a horse, the best apothecary an ass.' Exercise, combined with cleanliness, is meat, drink, and physic for horse and groom; although the latter loves rather to lurk in the larder, and never curries his own Roman-cemented carcase—and thinks, reasoning from his own sensations, that no harm is done to a horse by not going out until his legs begin to swell. A regular daily walking-exercise of two hours is the smallest possible quantity to ensure health; while three or four are much better.

'When masters remember that the natural life of a horse is from thirty-five to forty years, and that three-fourths of them die, or are destroyed, under twelve years' old—used up—with scarcely a foot to go upon; I take it,' says Mr. Miles, 'that they will be very apt to transfer their sympathies from the groom, and his trouble, to their own pockets and their horses' welfare.'—p. 41.

Yet, were it not for the wise provision of nature which causes legs to swell after inaction, and the overlively exuberance of antics by which a fresh horse exhibits his schoolboy exultation of being let loose and getting out of the stable—probably even less than the present poor pittance of exercise would be given by idle grooms and timid masters.

The horny wall of the horse's foot is apt to get dry and brittle in a hot stable, where temperature ought to range from 56° to 60°. Dry straw, coupled with excess of heat, produces cracks in the crust, the natural effects of overbaking; this is counteracted by grease and moisture, using the first first—which is an axiom—in order to prevent evaporation. Mr. Miles furnishes the receipt of an ointment which he has found to succeed admirably. In hot summer days the feet should be tied up in a cloth, and occasionally plunged into buckets of cool water; beware, however, of washing the feet too soon after exercise, as it checks perspiration and induces fever; clean them when cool, and rub the hock and pasterns dry with the hand—the best of towels; a stopping also at night of fresh cow-dung keeps the frog moist and sweet.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

GEORGE HERIOT.

Memoirs of George Heriot: with the History of the Hospital, founded by him in Edinburgh; and an account of the Heriot Foundation Schools. By William Steven, D. D. Edinburgh: Bell and Bradfute. 1845.

The magnificent endowment of Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, is one of the few works of the kind with which it is possible for us entirely to sympathize. Pure benevolence seems to have been the sole motive influencing the founder. There was no base superstition seeking to propitiate heaven by posthumous good works—there was no lurking revenge against the natural inheritors of property, endeavoring to hide itself from the eye of conscience, by assuming the disguise of public charity. Heriot was a man whose religion seems to have excluded superstition, it was the direct and honest expression of a mind at peace with itself and others—it was the religion of a man of vigorous understanding, and whose best mental power was singular good sense. The institution which he planned, and which was carried into effect in strict conformity with his wishes, was one for the support and education of the children of men of the rank to which he himself belonged—the burgesses of Edinburgh.

It is fortunate that the great historian and poet of Scotland found other means of communicating with the public, than in the formal narratives which used to be called history and poetry, till he more than all others recalled the public mind to something more truthful than the solemn inanities of Watson and sons—the embalmers of Philip the Second, and poor Mary of Scots. Absolute oblivion seemed the lot of all. Every thing peculiar—feature—mind—age, was lost from view. The books were read by the young as a dreary task. The solemn and monotonous music—the gradual "decline and fall" of every sentence had no un-

pleasing effect on the drowsy ears of elderly gentlemen and ladies, and there is something composing in the equal flow of style, which gives no prominence to one thought or act or sentiment. George Heriot was little likely to come even by accident into any of these India rubber books. The tomb had closed over him for more than two centuries. The history of the House of Stuart had been written over and over. The name of Heriot, though it seemed natural that it should occur, was never introduced, (indeed the private life of James himself or his family seem scarcely the subject of occasional mention,) when the silence was broken by the voice of the magician, and Heriot stood forth in Scott's fairy-tales of truth, as in life. Who has forgotten him as he stands out in the fortunes of Nigel?

"The stranger's dress was, though grave, rather richer than usual, his paned hose were of black velvet, lined with purple silk, which garniture appeared at the slashes. His doublet was of purple cloth, and his short cloak of black velvet, to correspond with his hose; and both adorned with a great number of small silver buttons, richly wrought in filigree. A triple chain of gold hung round his neck; and in place of a sword or dagger, he wore at his belt an ordinary knife for the purpose of the table, with a small silver case, which appeared to contain writing materials. He might have seemed some secretary or clerk, engaged in the service of the public, only that his low, flat, and unadorned cap, and his well blacked shining shoes, indicated that he belonged to the city. He was a well-made man, about the middle size, and seemed firm in health, though advanced in years. His looks expressed sagacity and good humor; and the air of respectability which his dress announced was well supported by his clear eye, ruddy cheek, and grey hair. He used the Scottish idiom in his first address, but in such a manner that it could hardly be distinguished whether he was passing on his friend a sort of jocose mockery, or whether it was his own native dialect, for his discourse had little provincialism."—*Fortunes of Nigel*, vol. i. p. 29.

Heriot's family were of respectable rank and position. They claimed descent from a family of the same name of some antiquity in East Lothian. Agnes Heriot, of the Lothian family, was mother to George Buchanan, the historian. The grandfather of our Heriot was the first of the family who settled in Edinburgh. His son and grandson were goldsmiths—then the most important trade that existed, for your goldsmith was the only banker. The dealing in money at that time was not, as in ours, a direct and exclusive branch of business. The state of the laws in most countries of Europe, and the feeling against the name of usury entertained by those who had no objection to inordinate profits in any admitted branch of business, rendered it impossible that it should be so, and Heriot, who in process of time became goldsmith and jeweller to James the Fifth of Scotland and his queen, was the person to whom, in all exigences—and the exigencies were of every-day occurrence—the royal pair resorted for money.

The trade of goldsmith had, in Scotland, been classed with that of the "hammermen,"* or common smiths. When the goldsmiths were first practically separated from the "hammermen" does not appear; but they obtained a separate charter of incorporation from the town council in 1581, and this charter was confirmed by James the Sixth, in 1586, the year in which Heriot commenced business.

In mercantile life especially, good fortune is another name for good conduct; and though Dr. Steven records a popular story of Heriot's purchasing in the ballast of a foreign vessel a quantity of gold dust at a nominal price, he wisely treats it as mere fiction. Absurd stories of the kind are for ever told, as if people took a pleasure in discrediting honest industry. Heriot married early, and during his father's life—the united fortune of himself and his wife, expressed in English money of our day, was £214 11s. 8d., and this was the capital with which he commenced business for himself. His residence was in the Fishmarket-close, Edinburgh. His first shop or "buith" was attached to St. Giles's Cathedral, at the *Lady's* Steps, at the east corner of the Church. He afterwards moved to the West End of the Cathedral. The booths or shops were called *kraams*, a Dutch word, signifying a temporary shop at a fair. In 1597, he was declared jeweller to Anne of Denmark, consort of James the Sixth. Anne was a good customer. The gift of diamond-rings to her favorites was quite a passion with her. And when she wanted money, Heriot's was the hand to supply it, which he generally did on getting her to pledge her jewels as security. James was sometimes a party to these dealings of his dearest "queen and bedfellow," as he calls her in one order for payment to Heriot.

* Charter of that corporation, 1483.

In 1601, Heriot was appointed jeweller to the king. As goldsmith and cashier to both their majesties, Heriot had a great deal to do, and an apartment was assigned him at the palace of Holyrood. In the ten years immediately preceding James's accession to the throne of England, Heriot's bills for the queen's jewels alone amounted to £50,000.

James's accession to the crown of England was a great day for Heriot. His bills for jewelry to the court and to the principal nobles have been preserved, and are quoted in this memoir in greater detail than is necessary. Heriot himself removed to London, and we find him "dwelland foreneant the New Exchange."

About this time his first wife died; and there is reason to believe that two sons, the only children of the marriage, perished at sea. In five years after, he married Alice Primrose, a daughter of the Primrose from whom the Roseberry family were descended. Several years of continued prosperity followed. There was no issue of Heriot's marriage, and George bethought himself of what was to become of his increasing wealth. He made what he regarded as a proper provision for the child of his only sister, and then, "in imitation of the publick, pious, and religious work, founded within the city of London, called Christ's Hospital," he left his property to be applied to the building and endowing a similar institution, for the education and support of orphans of decayed burgesses and freemen of Edinburgh.

After making these arrangements, Heriot soon died.

There was a portrait of Heriot by Vansomer. It does not appear to have been preserved; but a copy of it by a Scottish artist is now in the Council-room of the Hospital:—

"This picture represents Heriot apparently in the vigor of life, habited in the court dress of the time, with a richly embroidered mantle, and an ample lawn ruff or collar. The fair hair that overshades the thoughtful brow and calm calculating eye, with the cast of humor on the lower part of the countenance, are all indicative of the genuine Scottish character, and well distinguish a personage fitted to move steadily and wisely through the world, with a strength of resolution to ensure success, and a disposition to enjoy it."—No. 37.

The institution which has preserved his name, "is," says Scott, "one of the proudest ornaments of Edinburgh, and is equally distinguished for the purposes of the institution and the excellence of the administration."

We have before stated the object of the institution. Its due administration is guarded by a clause in the founder's will which, in the event of mal-administration, gives the whole funds to the University of St. Andrew's.

To two of his friends, Dr. Robert Johnstone, of the house of Newby in Annandale, and Dr. Balcanquel, was entrusted by Heriot the special charge of his affairs after his death. Balcanquel was born at Edinburgh in 1586. He had been a fellow of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and in 1624, James gave him the deanery of Rochester. Johnstone was a barrister or advocate of some kind or other; and wrote a Latin history of his own times, more often praised than read. But, author and lawyer as he was, he was also an honest man, and his first act in the trust was relieving it from threatened litigation, by effecting some compromise with the niece of Heriot, who could not be brought to understand the reasonableness of her uncle's disposition of his property. There appears to have been no delay in the effort to call in the funds, for in the year but one after Heriot's death, the trustees commenced their purchase of grounds in the neighborhood of Edinburgh. Some confusion and consequent misrepresentation arose from the blunder of an accountant, who mistook pounds Scots for pounds sterling. The sum actually received was £23,625 10s. 3½d. In 1627, the ground on which the hospital stood was purchased, and in the same year a ship was freighted with timber from Norway for the buildings. Inigo Jones is believed to have furnished the plan, and on the first of July, 1628, the first stone was laid. The accounts were so carefully kept, that there could be no difficulty in ascertaining, if it were at any time felt an object to do so, the name of the person by whom any particular ornament was executed, and what he got for his work.* The master masons

* "From the treasurer's book of disbursements in *Scottish* money, for the year 1632, the following extraordinary particulars are derived:—

"March 24 To the wemen that drew in the cairt, at redding [clearing] the fownd, xxxiiij s.
To the 2 workmen that callit the cairt, iii lib. xij s.
—— 31 To the 6 wemen that drew in the cairt, xxxiiij s.
To the men that keipis thame, iii lib. xij s.

were paid ten shillings weekly, and had also £8 10s. a-year.

A description of the building, chiefly borrowed from Telford's article on architecture in Brewster's Encyclopædia, will probably interest our readers more than any other selection we could make from the volume:—

"A general description of the building, conformable to the original design, will naturally be expected in this place. George Heriot's Hospital is a commanding edifice, consisting of one square court, encompassed with buildings. It has—as shown in the *frontispiece* to this volume—projecting turrets at the external angles, and a square tower over the entrance, which is carried up to double the height of the rest of the building, and finished with a cupola. The windows have pediments over them; some of these are pointed, some semicircular, and open in the middle. The entrance archway has coupled Doric columns with fully enriched entablature; but this is broken by heavy trusses, having grotesque Gothic ornaments. Immediately above the archway are twisted Corinthian columns; the whole of the centre front is crowned and surrounded by minute sculptures. On entering the court, and immediately above the centre archway, stands a fine statue of the Founder. The interior of the square, which is about thirty-two yards by thirty, has arcades on the east and north sides, and towers at the four angles, in which are stairs. The windows of three sides have pilasters and regular sculptured ornaments over them. In the upper row, on the north or entrance side, in the middle of the sculpture over the windows, there are small niches, with busts in them. On the south side is the chapel, with large Gothic windows: but the entrance door has small coupled Corinthian columns, with a semi-circular pediment over each pair. There are upwards of two hundred windows in the hospital, and, strange to say, no one is precisely the same as the other. Notwithstanding this ingenious variety, even an experienced eye would not at first discover this singular freak of the architect. 'We know,' says Sir Thomas Telford, to whom we have been chiefly indebted for the preceding description, 'of no other instance in the works of a man of acknowledged talents, where the operation of changing styles is so evident. In the chapel windows, although the general outlines are fine Gothic, the mouldings are Roman. In the entrance archways, although the principal members are Roman, the pinnacles, trusses, and minute sculptures partake of the Gothic. The outlines of the whole design have evidently been modelled on the latter style of the baronial castellated dwelling. It forms one of the most magnificent features of this singular city, and is a splendid monument of the munificence of one of its citizens."—p. c. 3.

Balcanquel's name does not often again occur in the records of the hospital. He was supposed to have been consulted in Charles's efforts to introduce the English form of Church government into Scotland. He became Dean of Durham, but was soon proclaimed an incendiary, and had to fly. He died in Wales, in the year 1645.

Laud had assisted at the coronation in Scotland of Charles, and he interested himself in the prosperity of the institution. But Laud's power for good or evil soon ceased, and the civil distractions of the period interrupted every thing that the trustees were doing, or had proposed to do. Johnstone, whose heart was in the work, had hoped before his death to have seen the hospital opened for the reception of scholars. He died without having his wish accomplished, leaving a large property of his own to purposes similar in kind to that of Heriot's.

The governors of Heriot's Hospital, as owners of the lands of Broughton, held baronial courts for fully a century, and capital crimes were occasionally tried before them.

During the time occupied in building the hospital, and while nothing could be done for the proper objects of Heriot's bounty, the trustees felt themselves justified in giving small pensions to relatives of Heriot. In 1650 the building was nearly completed, and was first occupied by a visiter on whom

April 7	To the 6 women that drew the red,	xxii s.
June 2	To the gentlewemen that oulk [week]	xxii s.
	For 6 shakells to the wemeinis hands, with the cheingeis to thame, pryce of the piece xxiiijs. is	vii lib. iiij s.
	Mair for 14 loks for their wastis and thair hands, at vi s. the piece, is	iiij lib. iiij s.
	For ane quhip to the gentlewemen in the cairt,	xij s

"We hope that no one, on perusing the above, will conclude, that, in Scotland, females were *generally* put to such servile and shocking work in the seventeenth century. These *women* and *gentlewomen*, we have no doubt, were hardened offenders, upon whom every kind of Church censure had been fruitlessly expended. There being then no bridewells or houses of correction, it seems probable that the magistrates, whose jurisdiction extended even to hanging, and drowning in the North Loch, had tried the effect of public exposure by sending these culprits to clear the foundation for the hospital. To prevent their escape, locks and shackles had been used in the scandalous manner noticed in the treasurer's account."—p. 61.

its governors little counted. Cromwell was destined to visit them, when he

"To peace and truth his glorious way had ploughed,
And on the back of crowned Fortune proud
Had reared God's trophies, and his work pursued:
While Derwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbarfield resound his praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath."

It is probable that the governors of Heriot's thought that Oliver had as little right to the high praises given him by puritan John, as to the hospital itself in which he stabled his troopers, and to which, after seizing it unceremoniously by the right of the strongest, he put forward other claims. "Heriot," quoth Cromwell, "was a naturalized Englishman, and had acquired his fortune in England. He had no right to bequeath it to Scotland—[we do not see the consequence of this reasoning, Oliver; it sounds like what Newman calls logical sequence]—and at all events the revenue has been applied contrary to the founder's orders, and therefore belongs to the parliament of England!" Well argued, heroic soldier! There is something to be said in praise of robbery when it assumes this high tone. Thou, too, shalt have thine admirers!

Oliver's stormy hour, however, passed away. More lands were bought. All was again prosperous, and on the 13th of April, 1659, thirty boys were elected on the foundation. On the same day, the first "schoolmaster" was elected. New brooms sweep clean, and the first act of the governors was creditable. There were three candidates, whom they examined in grammar and arithmetic. One of the candidates was a relative of Heriot's—"He was a weak professor of both" [grammar and arithmetic]. The two others were equal, and in these circumstances a preference was given to one who had the good fortune to be a "*burgess's bairn*." The dress of the boys was "sad-russet cloth doublets, breeches, and stockings, hose and gown of the same color, with black hats and strings."

Anniversary sermons are preached on what is called Heriot's day (the 27th of June). The first was by Robert Douglas, a remarkable man, who had been a chaplain in Gustavus Adolphus's army. Gustavus said of him—"There goes a man that, for wisdom, might be a counsellor to any king in Europe; for gravity, moderator to any assembly in the world; and for his skill in military affairs, might be general of any army."

The Heriot gardens were a fashionable promenade. The governors took care from the first that they should present some of the advantages of a botanic garden. Some fear of the plants being stolen by florists is suggested, and endeavored to be guarded against; but we suppose all such regulations are vain. Pennant, writing in 1769, tells us that these gardens "were formerly the resort of the gay, and there the Scottish poets often laid, in their comedies, the scenes of intrigue."

An amusing story is told of the boys of Heriot's Hospital, in 1682. The Earl of Argyle was in this year convicted of high treason, for refusing the test oath without certain qualifications. The Heriot boys ordered their watch dog to take the test, and offered him the paper. When he refused, they rubbed it over with butter. He then licked off the butter, but spat out the paper. They empannelled a jury, tried him for treason, and hanged him.

In 1741, Whitfield visited Edinburgh, and went to Heriot's Hospital. He is said to have wrought a great change on the boys in the institution. However this be, the record of his visit states the Heriot's Hospital boys to have been the worst boys in the town—a fact not unlikely, for we believe that no anxiety on the part of trustees or governors can ever be of the same use as the ceaseless vigilance of the parental eye. Much may be done for children in these public institutions, but more than is possible to be effected may also be expected. The fagging (or, as it was called, the garring) system prevailed till within the last twenty years to a fearful extent. It would appear that some of the appointments of masters were of weak, obstinate, well meaning men; that to this the insubordination of the boys was to be referred. "The depraving influence of one ill-judged appointment may have extended its consequences not only over the duration of a single incumbency, but over every succeeding period. Something, of course, must be referred to the imperfect civilization of the period." In 1752, cock fighting was prohibited. In 1756 a master was solemnly deposed on account of his unfitness for his office.

In 1759, the governors of the hospital had a matter of some difficulty to manage. It

was one of those cases in which honest and obstinate men might easily be supposed never to come to an agreement. The whole of the ground to the north of the city, on which the new town of Edinburgh stands, was the property of the hospital, and it was sold by the trustees to the city. The prodigious increase of value of this property which was anticipated, and which has since been realized to an extent far surpassing all anticipation, made a transaction, in which the magistrates of the city acting as sellers on one side (for they, as such magistrates, were governors of the hospital), and purchasers on the other, one of great delicacy. The act was represented as a dishonest sacrifice of the property of the institution. This clearly was a mistake, for in the hands of the institution it could be worth comparatively little; but it led to litigation, and it was not till after some time that a right to sell was established.

In 1762, John Erskine returned to the institution the sum given him for an anniversary sermon, which he preached, requesting that it might be expended in the purchase of religious and moral treatises for the boys. In this gift originated the library.

In 1835, it was found that there was a surplus fund, and on the motion of Duncan M'Laren, Esq., one of the magistrates of Edinburgh, a part of this surplus revenue was applied "to the erection of schools for the education of such burgesses' sons as cannot be admitted into the hospital." Infant and juvenile schools were established in the several districts of the city. The payment of the masters and mistresses was made to depend, in part, on the number of pupils attending. Within a fortnight after the first school was opened, the applications for admission were seven hundred, though the number to be received was limited by the government to two hundred and fifty. The children eligible are: first, children in poor circumstances of deceased burgesses and freemen of Edinburgh; second, children of such burgesses and freemen as are not sufficiently able to maintain them; and, thirdly, children of poor citizens of Edinburgh, residing within the royalty.

Of these schools the plan seems admirable, and the success, as far as we have the means of judging, perfect. They are connected with the hospital, not only by being under the management of the same governors, but by the head master of the hospital being the inspector of all the Heriot schools. Of the latter, we believe, the whole expense is not more than £3000 a year. Two governors—one lay, one clerical—are each fortnight obliged to inspect the schools in addition to the weekly visits of the head master of the hospital; and written reports are made of the results of these visits half-yearly. There is no charge for education, and not only are school requisites supplied, but each school is furnished with a valuable library. The gratuitous education of the poor will compel a higher order of education for the rich. The masters of the juvenile schools are persons highly qualified; and their remuneration is, considering the average income of parochial teachers in Scotland, liberal in the extreme. The salary is £140 a year. The masters are assisted by apprentice-teachers—an exceedingly well-conceived part of the system, and which almost wholly gets rid of the plan of monitors, prefects, &c. These younger assistants are bound to act as apprentice-teachers for three years. They are paid three shillings and sixpence a-week for the first year; four shillings and sixpence during the second, and six shillings for the third. When the apprentice-teachers are selected from the boys educated at the hospital, they are bound for five years, and in addition to their weekly pay, receive £10 a year. The school is divided into five sections; four are taught by apprentices—the fifth by the head master. The apprentice-teachers receive lessons themselves each evening in the more advanced branches of instruction.

We cannot find room to give the calculations from which Dr. Steven has satisfied himself that the average expense of each child to the institution is, as nearly as possible, £1. This is exclusive of what is to be calculated for building, repairs, &c., of the school in which they are educated. When these expenses are added, the average amounts to about £1 13s. 6d., or sevenpence halfpenny a week.

We regret that we have not room to dwell at greater length on this exceedingly important volume. In Ireland, and at this moment, the instruction it gives is such, that we think any persons connected with education not availing themselves of the information it gives, are neglecting a positive duty. We have done all that it was possible for us to do, consistent with the space that we can give to this article, to select and condense what we regard as most useful; but it is impossible in the compass of a few pages to do more than refer to many things, of which the great practical value

cannot be exhibited except by entering into minute detail. To Dr. Steven, the public, and more especially such of the public as take an interest in the great question of education, owe a deep debt of gratitude.

From Tait's Magazine.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS"

PERHAPS the leading authors of the age may be divided into three classes. *1st*, Those who have written avowedly and entirely for the few. *2dly*, Those who have written principally for the many. And, *3dly*, Those who have sought their audience in both classes, and have succeeded in forming, to some extent, at once an exoteric and an esoteric school of admirers. Of the first class, Coleridge and Wordsworth are the most distinguished specimens. Scott and Dickens stand at the head of the second; and Byron and Bulwer are *facile principes* of the third. Both these last named writers commenced their career by appealing to the sympathies of the multitude; but by and bye, either satiated by their too easy success, or driven onward by the rapid and gigantic progress of their own minds, they aimed at higher things, and sought, nor sought in vain, a more select audience. Byron's mind, in itself essentially unspeculative, was forced upwards upon those rugged and dangerous tracts of thought, where he has gathered the rarest of his beauties, by intimacy with Shelley, by envious emulation of his Lake contemporaries, and, above all, by the pale hand of his misery, unveiling to him heights and depths in his nature and genius, which were previously unknown and unsuspected, and beckoning him onward through their grim and shadowy regions. He grew, at once, and equally, in guilt, misery, and power. An intruder too, on domains, where some other thinkers had long fixed their calm and permanent dwelling, his appearance was the more startling. Here was a dandy discussing the great questions of natural and moral evil; a *roué* in silk stockings meditating suicide, and mouthing blasphemy on an Alpine rock; a brilliant and popular wit and poet, setting Spinoza to music, and satirizing the principalities and powers of heaven, as bitterly as he had done the bards and reviewers of earth. Into those giddy and terrible heights where Milton had entered a permitted guest, in privilege of virtue; where Goethe had walked in like a passionless and prying cherub, forgetting to worship in his absorbing desire to know; and on which Shelley was wrecked and stranded, in the storm of his fanatical unbelief; Byron is upborne by the presumption and the despair of his mental misery. Unable to see through the high walls which bound and beset our limited faculties and little life, he can at least dash his head against them. Hence, in "Manfred," "Cain," "Heaven and Earth," and "The Vision of Judgment," we have him calling upon the higher minds of his age to be as miserable as he was, just as he had in his first poems addressed the same sad message, less energetically, and less earnestly, to the community at large. And were it not unspeakably painful to contemplate a noble mind engaged in this profitless "apostleship of affliction," this thankless gospel of proclamation to men, that because they are miserable, it is their duty to become more so; that because they are bad, they are bound to be worse; we might be moved to laughter by its striking resemblance to the old story of the fox who had lost his tail.

In the career of Bulwer, we find a faint yet traceable resemblance to that of Byron. Like him, he began with wit, satire, and persiflage. Like him, he affected, for a season, a melodramatic earnestness. Like him, he was at last stung into genuine sincerity, and shot upwards into a higher sphere of thought and feeling. The three periods in Byron's history, are distinctly marked by the three works, "English Bards," "Childe Harold," and "Cain." So "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," and "Zanoni," accurately mete out the stages in Bulwer's progress. Minor points of resemblance might be noted between the pair. Both sprang from the aristocracy; and one, at least, was prouder of what he deduced from Norman blood, than from nature. Bulwer, like Byron, is a distinguished dandy. Like him, too, he has been separated from his wife. Like him, he is liberal in his politics. And while Byron, by way of doing penance, threw his jaded system into the Greek war, Bulwer has with better result leaped into a tub of cold water!

Point and brilliance are at once perceiv-

ed to be the leading qualities of Bulwer's writing. His style is vicious from excess of virtue, weak from repletion of strength. Every word is a point, every clause a beauty, the close of every sentence a climax. He is as sedulous of his every stroke, as if the effect of the whole depended upon it. His pages are all sparkling with minute and insulated splendors; not suffused with a uniform and sober glow, nor shown in the reflected light of one solitary and surpassing beauty. Some writers peril their reputation upon one long difficult leap, and it accomplished, walk on at their leisure. With others, writing is a succession of hops, steps, and jumps. This in general is productive of a feeling of tedium. It teases and fatigues the mind of the reader. It is like crying perpetually upon a hearer, who is attending with all his might, to attend more carefully. It at once wearies and provokes, insults the reader, and betrays a fear of conscious weakness on the part of the author. If in Bulwer's writings we weary less than in others, it is owing to the artistic skill with which he intermingles his points of humor with those of sententious reflection or vivid narrative. All is point: but the point perpetually varies from gay to grave, from lively to severe; including in it raillery and reasoning, light dialogue and earnest discussion, bursts of political feeling and raptures of poetical description; here a sarcasm, almost worthy of that "*inspired monkey*," Voltaire, and there a passage of pensive grandeur, which Rousseau might have written in his tears. To keep up this perpetual play of varied excellence, required at once great vigor, and great versatility of talents: for Bulwer never walks through his part, never proses, is never tame, and seldom indeed substitutes sound for sense, or mere flummery for force and fire. He generally writes his best; and our great quarrel, indeed, with him is, that he is too uniformly erect in the stirrups, too conscious himself of his exquisite management, of his complete equipment, of the speed with which he devours the dust; and seldom exhibits the careless grandeur of one who is riding at the pace of the whirlwind, with perfect self-oblivion, and with perfect security.

Bulwer reminds us less of an Englishman Frenchified, than of a Frenchman partially Anglicized. The original powers and tendencies of his mind, his eloquence, wit, sentiments, and feelings, his talents and his opinions, his taste and style, are those of a modern Frenchman. But these, long subjected to English influences, and long trained to be candidates for an English popularity, have been modified and altered from their native bent. In all his writings, however, you breathe a foreign atmosphere, and find very slight sympathy with the habits, manners, or tastes of his native country. Not Zanoni alone, of his heroes, is cut off from country, as by a chasm, or if held to it, held only by ties which might with equal strength bind him to other planets: all his leading characters, whatever their own pretensions, or whatever their creator may assert of them, are in reality citizens of the world, and have no more genuine relation to the land whence they spring, than have the winds, which linger not over its loveliest landscapes, and hurry past its most endeared and consecrated spots. Eugene Aram is not an Englishman; Rienzi is hardly an Italian. Bulwer is perhaps the first instance of a great novelist obtaining popularity without a particle of nationality in his spirit, or in his writings. We do not question his attachment to his own principles in his native country; but of that tide of national prejudice, which Burns says, "shall boil on in his breast till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest," he betrays not one drop. His novels might all have appeared as translations from a foreign language, and have lost but little of their interest or verisimilitude. This is the more remarkable, as his reign exactly divides the space between that of two others, who have obtained boundless fame, greatly in consequence of the very quality, in varied forms, which Bulwer lacks. Scott's knowledge and love of Scotland, Dickens' knowledge and love of London, stand in curious antithesis to Bulwer's intense cosmopolitanism, and ideal indifference.

Akin to this, and connected either as cause or as effect with it, is a certain dignified independence of thought and feeling, inseparable from the motion of Bulwer's mind. He is not a great original thinker; on no one subject can he be called profound, but on all, he thinks and speaks for himself. He belongs to no school either in literature or in politics, and he has created no school. He is too proud for a Radical, and too wide-minded for a Tory. He is too definite and decisive to belong to the mystic school of letters; too impetuous and impulsive to cling to the classical; too lib-

eral to be blind to the beauties of either. He has attained, thus, an insulated and original position, and may be viewed as a separate, nor yet a small estate, in our intellectual realm. He may take up for motto, "*Nullius jurare addictus in verba magistri;*"—he may emblazon on his shield Desdichado. Some are torn, by violence, from the sympathies and attachments of their native soil, without seeking to take root elsewhere; others are early transplanted, in heart and intellect, to other countries; a few, again, seem born, rooted up, and remain so for ever. To this last class we conceive Bulwer to belong. In the present day, the demand for earnestness, in its leading minds, has become incessant and imperative. Men speak of it as if it had been lately erected into a new test of admission into the privileges alike of St. Stephens and of Parnassus. A large and formidable jury, with Thomas Carlyle for foreman, are diligently occupied in trying each new aspirant, as well as *backspeiring* the old, on this question: "Earnest or a sham? Heroic or hearsay? Under which king, Bezonian, speak, or die." Concerning this cry for earnestness, we can only say, *en passant*, that it is not, strictly speaking, new, but old; as old, surely, as that great question of Deborah's to recreant Reuben,—"Why abodest thou among the sheep-folds to hear the bleating of the flocks?" or that more awful query of the Tishbite's,—"How long halt ye between two opinions?" That it is, in theory, a robust truth; and sometimes, in application, an exaggeration and a fallacy; and that, unless preceded by the words "enlightened" and "virtuous," earnestness is a quality no more intrinsically admirable, nay, as blind and brutal, as the rush of a bull upon his foeman, or as the foaming fury of a madman. Bulwer is not, we fear, in the full sense of the term, an earnest man: nay, we have heard of the great modern prophet of the quality, pronouncing him the most thoroughly false man of the age; and another, of the same school, christens him "a double distilled scent-bottle of cant." In spite of this, however, we deem him to possess, along with much that is affected, much, also, that is true, and much that is deeply sympathetic with sincerity, although no devouring fire of purpose has hitherto filled his being, or been seen to glare in his eye. And, as we hinted before, his later writings exhibit sometimes in mournful and melancholy forms,—a growing depth and truth of feeling. Few, indeed, can even sportively wear, for a long time, the yoke of genius, without its iron entering into the soul, and eliciting that cry which becomes immortal.

Bulwer, as a novelist, has, from a compound of conflicting and imported materials, reared to himself an independent structure. He has united many of the qualities of the fashionable novel, of the Godwin philosophical novel, and of the Waverley tale. He has the levity and thoroughbred air of the first; much of the mental anatomy and philosophical thought which often overpower the narrative in the second; and a portion of the dramatic liveliness, the historical interest, and the elaborate costume of the third. If, on the other hand, he is destitute of the long, solemn, overwhelming swell of Godwin's style of writing, and of the variety, the sweet, natural, and healthy tone of Scott's, he has some qualities peculiar to himself,—point, polish—at times a classical elegance—at times a barbaric brilliance, and a perpetual mint of short sententious reflections,—compact, rounded, and shining as new-made sovereigns. We know no novelist from whose writings we could extract so many striking sentences containing fine thoughts, chased in imagery, "apples of gold in pictures of silver." The wisdom of Scott's sage reflections is homely but commonplace; Godwin beats his gold thin, and you gather his philosophical acumen rather from the whole conduct and tone of the story, and his commentary upon it, than from single and separate thoughts. Dickens, whenever he moralizes, in his own person, becomes insufferably tame and feeble. But it is Bulwer's beauty that he abounds in fine, though not far gleams of insight; and it is his fault that sometimes, while watching these, he allows the story to stand still, or to drag heavily, and sinks the character of novelist in that of brilliant essay-writer, or inditer of smart moral and political apothegms. In fact, his works are too varied and versatile. They are not novels or romances so much as compounds of the newspaper article, the essay, the political squib, the gay and rapid dissertation; which, along with the necessary ingredients of fiction, combine to form a junction, without constituting a true artistic whole.

Reserving a few remarks upon one or two other of his works till afterwards, we recur to the three which seem to typify the stages of his progress; "Pelham," "Eugene

Aram," and "Zanoni." "Pelham," like "Anastasius," begins with a prodigious affectation of wit. For several pages the reading is as gay and as wearisome as a jest-book. You sigh for a simple sentence, and would willingly dig even for dulness as for hid treasure. The wit, too, is not an irrepressible and involuntary issue, like that from the teeming brain of Hood; it is an artificial and forced flow; and the author and his reader are equally relieved, when the clear path of the tale at length breaks away from the luxuriant shrubbery in which it is at first buried, and strikes into more open and elevated ground. It is the same with "Anastasius;" but "Pelham," we must admit, does not reach those heights of tenderness, of nervous description, and of solemn moralizing, which have rendered the other the prose "Don Juan," and something better. It is, at most, a series, or rather string, of clever, dashing, disconnected sketches; and the moral problem it works out seems to be no more than this, that, under the corsets of a dandy, there sometimes beats a heart.

In "Eugene Aram," Bulwer evidently aims at a higher mark; and, in his own opinion, with considerable success. We gather his estimate of this work from the fact that he inscribes a labored and glowing panegyric on Scott with the words, "The Author of Eugene Aram." *Now*, probably he would exchange this for "The Author of Zanoni." Nor should we, at least, nor, we think, the public, object to the alteration. "Eugene Aram" seems, to us, as lamentable a perversion of talent as the literature of the age has exhibited. It is one of those works in which an unfortunate choice of subject neutralizes eloquence, genius, and even interest. It is with it as with the "Curse of Kehama," and the "Cenci," where the more splendid the decorations which surround the disgusting object, the more disgusting it becomes. It is, at best, deformity jewelled and enthroned. Not content with the native difficulties of the subject—the triteness of the story—its recent date—its dead level of certainty—the author has, in a sort of daring perversity, created new difficulties for himself to cope withal. He has not bid the real pallid murderer to sit to his pencil, and trusted for success to the severe accuracy of the portraiture. Him he has spirited away, and has substituted the most fantastic of all human fiends, resembling the more hideous of heraldic devices, or the more unearthly of fossil remains. Call him rather a graft from Godwin's Falkland upon the rough reality of the actual "Eugene Aram;" for the worst of the matter is, that, after fabricating a being entirely new, he is compelled, at last, to clash him with the old pettifogging murderer, till the compound monstrosity is complete and intolerable. The philosopher, the poet, the lover, the sublime victim fighting with "more devils than vast hell can hold," sinks, in the trial scene, where precisely he should have risen up like a "pyramid of fire," into a sophister so mean and shallow, that you are reminded of the toad into which the lost archangel dwindled his giant stature. The morality, too, of the tale, seems to us detestable. The feelings with which you rise from its perusal, or, at least, with which the author seems to wish you to rise, are of regret and indignation, that, for the sin of an hour, such a noble being should perish, as if he would insinuate the wisdom of quarrel (how vain!) with those austere and awful laws, by which moments of crime expand into centuries of punishment! It is not wonderful that, in the struggle with such self-made difficulties, Bulwer has been defeated. The wonder is, that he has been able to cover his retreat amid such a cloud of beauties; and to attach an interest almost human, and even profound, to a being whom we cannot, in our wildest dreams, identify with mankind. The whole tale is one of those hazardous experiments which have become so common of late years, in which a scanty success is sought at an infinite peril; like a wild-flower, of no great worth, snatched, by a hardy wanderer, from the very jaws of danger and death. We notice in it, however, with pleasure, the absence of that early levity which marked his writing, the shooting germ of a nobler purpose, and an air of sincerity fast becoming more than an air.

In saying that "Zanoni" is our chief favorite among Bulwer's writings, we consciously expose ourselves to the charge of paradox. If we err, however, on this matter, we err in company with the author himself; and, we believe, with all Germany, and with many enlightened enthusiasts at home. We refer, too, in our approbation, more to the spirit than to the execution of the work. As a whole, as a broad and brilliant picture of a period, and its hero, "Rienzi" is perhaps his greatest work, and "that shield he may hold up against all his enemies." "The Last Days of Pompeii,"

on the other hand, is calculated to enchant classical scholars, and the book glows like a cinder from Vesuvius, and most gorgeously are the reelings of that fiery drunkard depicted. The "Last of the Barons," again, as a cautious, yet skillful filling up of the vast skeleton of Shakspeare, is attractive to all who relish English story. But we are mistaken, if in that class who love to see the Unknown, the Invisible, and the Eternal, looking in upon them, through the loops and windows of the present; whose footsteps turn instinctively toward the thick and the dark places of the "wilderness of this world;" or who, by deep disappointment or solemn sorrow, have been driven to take up their permanent mental abode upon the perilous verge of the unseen world, if "Zanoni" do not, on such, exert a mightier spell, and to their feelings be not more sweetly attuned, than any other of this writer's books. It is a book not to be read in the drawing-room, but in the fields—not in the sunshine, but in the twilight shade—not in the sunshine, unless indeed that sunshine has been saddened, and sheathed by a recent sorrow. *Then* will its wild and mystic measures, its pathos, and its grandeur, steal in like music, and mingle with the soul's emotions; till, like music, they seem a part of the soul itself.

No term has been more frequently abused than that of religious novel. This, as commonly employed, describes an equivocal birth, if not a monster, of which the worst and most popular specimen, is "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," where a perfect and perfectly insipid gentleman goes out in search of, and succeeds in finding a perfect and perfectly insipid lady. It is amusing to see how its authoress deals with the fictitious part of her book. Holding it with a half shudder, and at arm's-length, as she might a phial of poison, she pours in the other and the other infusion of prose criticism, common-place moralizing, sage aphorism, &c., till it is fairly diluted down to her standard of utility and safety. But a religious novel, in the high and true sense of the term, is a noble thought: a parable of solemn truth, some great moral law, written out as it were in flowers: a principle, old as Deity, wreathed with beauty, dramatized in action, incarnated in life, purified by suffering and death. And we confess that to this ideal, we know no novel in this our country, that approaches so nearly as "Zanoni." An intense spirituality, a yearning earnestness, a deep religious feeling, lie like the "soft shadow of an angel's wing," upon its every page. Its beauties are not of the "earth earthy." Its very faults, cloudy, colossal, tower above our petty judgment-seats, towards some higher tribunal.

Best of all is that shade of mournful grandeur which rests upon it. Granting all its blemishes, the improbabilities of its story, the occasional extravagancies of its language, let it have its praises for its pictures of love and grief, of a love leading its votary to sacrifice stupendous privileges, and reminding you of that which made angels resign their starry thrones for the "daughters of men;" and of a grief, too deep for tears, too sacred for lamentation, the grief which he increaseth that increaseth knowledge, the grief which not earthly immortality, which death only can cure. The tears which the most beautiful and melting close of the tale wrings from our eyes, are not those which wet the last pages of ordinary novels: they come from a deeper source; and as the lovers are united in death, to part no more, triumph blends with the tenderness with which we witness the sad yet glorious union. Bulwer, in the last scene, has apparently in his eye the conclusion of the "Revolt of Islam," where Laon and Laone, springing in spirit from the funeral pile, are united in a happier region, in the "calm dwellings of the mighty dead," where on a fairer landscape rests a "holier day," and where the lesson awaits them, that

> "Virtue though obscured on earth, no less
> Survives all mortal change, in lasting loveliness."

Amid the prodigious number of Bulwer's other productions, we may mention one or two "dearer than the rest." The "Student," from its disconnected plan, and the fact that the majority of its papers appeared previously, has seemed to many a mere published portfolio, if not an aimless collection of its author's study-sweepings. This, however, is not a fair or correct estimate of its merits. It in reality contains the cream of Bulwer's periodical writings. And the *New Monthly Magazine*, during his editorship, approached our ideal of a perfect Magazine; combining as it did impartiality, variety, and power. His "Conversations with an Ambitious Student in ill health," though hardly equal to the dialogues of Plato, contain many rich meditations and criticisms, suspended round a

simple and affecting story. The word "ambitious," however, is unfortunate; for what student is not, and should not be ambitious? To study, is to climb "higher still, and higher like a cloud of fire." Talk of an ambitious chamois, or of an ambitious lark, as lief as of an ambitious student. The allegories in the "Student," strikes us as eminently fine, with glimpses of a more creative imagination, than we can find in any of his writings, save "Zanoni." We have often regretted, that the serious allegory, once too much affected, is now almost obsolete. Why should it be so? why should not more heads be laid down upon John Bunyan's pillow, to see more visions and dream more dreams? Shall truth no more have its mounts of transfiguration? Must Mirza no more be overheard in his soliloquies? And is the road to the "Den" lost for ever? We trust, we trow not. In the "Student," too, occurs his far-famed attack upon the anonymous in periodical writing. We do not coincide with him in this. We do not think that the use of the anonymous either could or should be relinquished. It is, to be sure, in some measure, relinquished, as it is. The tidings of the authorship of any article of consequence, in a Review or Magazine, often now pass with the speed of lightning, through the literary world, till it is as well known in the book-shop of the country town, or the post-office of the country village, as in Albemarle or George Street.

But, in the first place, the anonymous forms a very profitable exercise for the acuteness of our young critics, who become, through it, masters in the science of internal evidence, and learn to detect the fine Roman hand of this and the other writer, even in the strokes of his t's, and the dots of his i's. Besides, secondly, the anonymous forms for the author an ideal character, fixes him in an ideal position as it were, projects him out of himself; and hence many writers have surpassed themselves, both in power and popularity, while writing under its shelter. So with Swift, in his "Tale of a Tub;" Pascal, Junius, Sydney Smith, Isaac Taylor, Walter Scott; Addison, too, was never so good as when he put on the short face of the *Spectator*. Wilson is never so good, as when he assumes the glorious *alias* of Christopher North. And, thirdly, the anonymous, when preserved, piques the curiosity of the reader, mystifies him into interest; and, on the other hand, sometimes allows a bold and honest writer, to shoot folly, expose error, strip false pretension, and denounce wrong, with greater safety and effect. A time may come, when the anonymous will require to be abandoned: but we are very doubtful if that time has yet arrived.

In pursuing, at the commencement of this paper, a parallel between Byron and Bulwer, we omitted to note a stage, the last in the former's literary progress. Toward the close of his career, his wild shrieking earnestness, subsided into Epicurean derision. He became dissolved into one contemptuous and unhappy sneer. Beginning with the satiric bitterness of "English Bards," he ended with the fiendish gaiety of "Don Juan." He laughed at first that he "might not weep;" but ultimately this miserable mirth drowned his enthusiasm, his heart, and put out the few flickering embers of his natural piety. The deep tragedy dissolved in a "poor pickle herring," yet mournful farce. We trust that our novelist will not complete his resemblance to the poet, by sinking into a satirist. 'Tis indeed a pitiful sight that, of one who has passed the meridian of life and reputation, grinning back in helpless mockery, and toothless laughter, upon the brilliant way which he has traversed, but to which he can return no more. We anticipate for Bulwer a better destiny. He who has mated with the mighty spirit, which had almost reared again the fallen Titanic form of republican Rome; whose genius has travelled up the Rhine, like a breeze of music, "stealing and giving odor;" who in "Paul Clifford," has searched some "dark bosoms," and not in vain, for pathos and for poetry; who in "England and the English," has cast a rapid but vigorous glance upon the tendencies of our wondrous age; who, in his verse, has so admirably pictured the stages of romance in Milton's story; who has gone down a "diver lean and strong," after Schiller, into the "innermost main," lifting with a fearless hand the "veil that is woven with Night and with Terror;" and in "Zanoni" has essayed to relume the mystic fires of the Rosicrucians, and to reveal the dread secrets of the spiritual world; must worthily close a career so illustrious. May the clouds and mists of detraction, against which he strove so long, not fail, (to use the words of Hall), "to form, at evening, a magnificent theatre for his reception, and to surround with augmented glories the luminary which they cannot hide!"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LAST RECOLLECTIONS OF NAPOLEON.

History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena. By General Count Montholon. 2 vols. London: Colburn.

There are few things more striking than the analogy in civil and physical changes of the world. There have been in the history of man periods as distinctive as in the history of nations. From these periods society and nations have alike assumed new aspects, and the world has commenced a new career. The fall of the Roman Empire was the demarcation between the old world and the new. It was the moral deluge, out of which a new condition of man, new laws, new forms of Religion, new styles of thought, almost a totally new configuration of human society, were to arise. A new settlement of the civil world took place: power absorbed by one race of mankind was to be divided among various races; and the development of principles of government and society, hitherto unknown, was to be scarcely less memorable, less unexpected, or less productive, than that voyage by which Columbus doubled the space of the habitable globe.

The Reformation was another mighty change. It introduced civil liberty into the empire of tyranny, religion into the realm of superstition, and science into the depths of national ignorance. The French Revolution was the last, and not the least powerful change within human experience. Its purpose is, like its operation, still dubious. Whether it came simply for wrath, or simply for restoration—whether, like the earthquake of Lisbon, it came only to destroy, and leave its ruins visible for a century to come; to clear the ground of incumbrances too massive for the hand of man, and open the soil for exertions nobler than the old, must be left to time to interpret. But there can be no question, that the most prominent agency, the most powerful influence, and the most dazzling lustre, of a period in which all the stronger impulses of our being were in the wildest activity, centred in the character of one man, and that man—Napoleon.

It is evidently a law of Providence, that all the great changes of society shall be the work of individual minds. Yet when we recollect the difficulty of effecting any general change, embracing the infinite varieties of human interests, caprices, passions, and purposes, nothing could seem more improbable. But it has always been the course of things. Without Charlemagne, the little principalities of Gothic Europe would never have been systematized into an empire;—without Luther, what could have been the progress of the Reformation?—without Napoleon, the French Revolution would have burnt itself out, vanished into air, or sunk into ashes. He alone collected its materials, combined them into a new and powerful shape, crowned this being of his own formation with the imperial robe, erected it in the centre of Europe, and called the nations to bow down before a new idol, like the gods of the Indian known only by its mysterious frown, the startling splendor of its diadem, and the swords and serpents grasped in its hands.

That the character of Napoleon was a singular compound of the highest intellectual powers with the lowest moral qualities, is evidently the true description of this extraordinary being. This combination alone accounts for the rapidity, the splendor of his career, and the sudden and terrible completeness of his fall. Nothing less than pre-eminent capacity could have shot him up through the clouds and tempests of the Revolution into the highest place of power. A mixture of this force of mind and desperate selfishness of heart could alone have suggested and sustained the system of the Imperial wars, policy, and ambition; and the discovery of his utter faithlessness could alone have rendered all thrones hopeless of binding him by the common bonds of sovereign to sovereign, and compelled them to find their only security for the peace of Europe in consigning him to a dungeon. He was the only instance in modern history of a monarch dethroned by a universal conviction; warred against by mankind, as the sole object of the war; delivered over into captivity by the unanimous judgment of nations; and held in the same unrelaxing and judicial fetters until he died.

It is another striking feature of this catastrophe, that the whole family of Napoleon sank along with him. They neither possessed his faculties, nor were guilty of his offences. But as they had risen solely by him, they perished entirely with him. Future history will continually hover over this period of our annals, as the one which most resembles some of those fabrications of the Oriental genius, in which human

events are continually under the guidance of spirits of the air; in which fantastic palaces are erected by a spell, and the treasures of the earth developed by the wave of a wand—in which the mendicant of this hour is exalted into the prince of the next; and while the wonder still glitters before the eye, another sign of the necromancer dissolves the whole pageant into air again. Human recollection has no record of so much power, so widely distributed, and apparently so fixed above all the ordinary casualties of the world, so instantly and so irretrievably overthrown. The kings of earth are not undone at a blow; kingdoms do not change their rulers without a struggle. Great passions and great havoc have always preceded and followed the fall of monarchies. But the four diadems of the Napoleon race fell from their wearers' brows with scarcely a touch from the hand of man. The surrender of the crown by Napoleon extinguished the crowns actually ruling over millions, and virtually influencing the whole Continent. They were extinguished, too, at the moment when the Imperial crown disappeared It had no sooner been crushed at Waterloo, than they all fell into fragments, of themselves;—the whole dynasty went down with Napoleon into the dungeon, and not one of them has since returned to the world.

The name of General Count Montholon is well known to this country, as that of a brave officer, who, after acquiring distinguished rank in the French army by his sword, followed Napoleon to St. Helena; remained with him during his captivity; and upon his death was made the depository of his papers, and his executor. But his own language, in a letter dated from the Castle of Ham in June, 1844, gives the best account of his authority and his proceedings.

"A soldier of the Republic, a brigadier-general at twenty years of age, and minister-plenipotentiary in Germany in 1812 and 1813, I could, like others, have left memoirs concerning the things which I saw; but the whole is effaced from my mind in presence of a single thing, a single event, and a single man. The thing is Waterloo; the event, the fall of the Empire; and the man, Napoleon."

He then proceeds to tell us, that he shared the St. Helena captivity for six years; that for forty-two nights he watched the dying bed of the ex-monarch; and that, by Napoleon's express desire, he closed his eyes. But to those duties of private friendship were affixed official services, which looked much more like tyranny than the tribute of personal regard, and which we should think must have worn out the patience, and tried the constitution, of the most devoted follower of this extraordinary captive.

Napoleon, though apparently contemptuous of the opinions of mankind, evidently felt the strongest anxiety to make out a favorable statement for himself. And all his hours, except the few devoted to exercise on horseback and to sleep, and to his meals; were employed in completing the narrative which was to clear up his character to mankind.

During the last years passed in St. Helena, Napoleon sent for the Count every night at eleven o'clock, and continued dictating to him until six in the morning, when he went into the bath, dismissing the Count with—"Come, my son, go and repose, and come to me again at nine o'clock. We shall have breakfast, and resume the labors of the night." At nine he returned, and remained with him till one, when Napoleon went to bed. Between four and five, he sent for the Count again, who dined with him every day, and at nine o'clock left him, to return at eleven.

The world little knew the drudgery to which these unfortunate followers of the Ex-Emperor were thus exposed, and they must all have rejoiced at any termination of a toil so remorseless and so uncheering.

Napoleon was fond of the Turkish doctrine of fatality. Whether so acute a mind was capable of believing a doctrine so palpably contradicted by the common circumstances of life, and so utterly repugnant to reason, can scarcely be a question; but with him, as with the Turks, it was a capital doctrine for the mighty machine which he called an army. But the Count seems to have been a true believer. He, too, pronounces, that "destiny is written," and regards himself as being under the peculiar influence of a malignant star, or, in his own words: "In fact, without having sought it, my destiny brought me into contact with the Emperor in the Elysée Bourbon, conducted me, without my knowing it, to the shores of Boulogne, where honor imposed upon me the necessity of not abandoning the nephew of the Emperor in presence of the dangers by which he was surrounded. Irrevocably bound to the misfortunes of a

family, I am now perishing in Ham; the captivity commenced in St. Helena."

Of Count Montholon, it must be acknowledged, that he was unstained by either the vices or the violences which scandalized Europe so frequently in the leaders of the French armies. He appears to have been at all times a man of honorable habits, as he certainly is of striking intelligence. But we have no faith in his doctrine of the star, and think that he would have acted much more wisely if he had left the stars to take care of themselves, avoided the blunder of mistaking the nephew of Napoleon for a hero and a genius, and stayed quietly in London, instead of risking himself with an invasion of valets to take the diadem off the most sagacious head in Europe.

The narrative commences with the return of Napoleon to Paris after his renown, his throne, and his dynasty were alike crushed by the British charge at Waterloo. He reached Paris at six in the morning of the 21st. It is now clear that the greatest blunder of this extraordinary man was his flight from the army. If he had remained at its head, let its shattered condition be what it might, he would have been powerful, have awed the growing hostility of the capital, and have probably been able to make peace alike for himself and his nation. But by hurrying to Paris all was lost: he stripped himself of his strength; he threw himself on the mercy of his enemies; and palpably capitulated to the men who, but the day before, were trembling under the fear of his vengeance.

Nobleness of heart is essential to all true renown; and perhaps it is not less essential to all real security. Napoleon, with talents which it is perfectly childish to question, though the attempt has been made since the close of his brilliant career, wanted this nobleness of heart, and through its want ultimately perished. Of the bravery of him who fought the splendid campaigns of Italy, and of the political sagacity of him who raised himself from being a subaltern of artillery to a sovereign of sovereigns, there can be no doubt. But his selfishness was so excessive that it occasionally made both contemptible, and gave his conduct alike the appearance of cowardice, and the appearance of infatuation. His flight from Egypt, leaving his army to be massacred or captured, disgraced him in the face of Europe. His flight from Russia, leaving the remnant of his legions to be destroyed, was a new scandal; but hitherto no evil had been produced by this gross regard of self. The penalty, however, must be paid. His flight from the army in Belgium, leaving it without counsel or direction, to be crushed by a victorious enemy, was the third instance of that ignoble preference of his own objects which had characterized and stained his Egyptian and Russian career. But retribution was now come, and he was to be undone. The slaughter of Waterloo had been tremendous, but it was not final. The loss of the French army had been computed at forty thousand men, killed, wounded, and dispersed. He had come into the field with seventy-two thousand men, independent of Grouchy. He had thus thirty thousand remaining. Grouchy's force of thirty thousand was still untouched, and was able to make its way to Paris. In addition to these sixty thousand, strong garrisons had been left in all the fortresses, which he might without difficulty have gathered upon his retreat. The Parisian national guard would have augmented this force, probably, on the whole, to one hundred thousand men. It is true that the allied Russian and Austrian forces were on the frontier. But they had not yet moved, and could not prevent the march of those reinforcements. Thus, without reckoning the provincial militia of France, or calculating on a *levée en masse*, Napoleon within a fortnight might have been at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men, while the pursuing army could not have mustered half the number. He would thus have had time for negotiating; and time with him was every thing. Or let the event be what it might, the common sense of the Allies would have led them to avoid a direct collision with so powerful a force fighting on its own ground under the walls of the capital, and knowing that the only alternatives were complete triumph or total ruin.

Count Montholon makes a remark on the facility with which courtiers make their escape from a fallen throne, which has been so often exemplified in history. But it was never more strikingly exemplified than in the double overthrow of Napoleon. "At Fontainbleau, in 1814," says the Count, "when I hastened to offer to carry him off with the troops under my command, I found no one in those vast corridors, formerly too small for the crowd of courtiers, except the Duke of Bassano and two aides-de-camp." His whole court, down to his Mameluke and valet, had run off to Paris,

to look for pay and place under the Bourbons. In a similar case in the next year, at the Elysée Bourbon, he found but two counts and an equerry. It was perfectly plain to all the world but Napoleon himself that his fate was decided.

There certainly seems to have been something in his conduct at this period that can scarcely be accounted for but by infatuation. His first act, the desertion of his army, was degrading to his honor, but his conduct on his arrival was not less degrading to his sagacity. Even his brother Lucien said that he was blinded with the smoke of Waterloo. He seems to have utterly lost that distinct view and fierce decision which formerly characterized all his conduct. It was no more the cannon-shot or the thunder-clap, it was the wavering of a mind suddenly perplexed by the difficulties which he would once have solved by a sentence and overwhelmed by resistance—which he would have once swept away like a swarm of flies. The leader of armies was crushed by a conspiracy of clerks, and the sovereign of the Continent was sent to the dungeon by a cabal of his own slaves.

While Napoleon was thus lingering in the Elysée Bourbon, the two chambers of the Legislature were busily employed between terror and intrigue. The time was delicate, for the Bourbons and the Allies were approaching. But on the other hand, the fortunes of Napoleon might change; tardiness in recognizing the Bourbons might be fatal to their hopes of place, but the precipitancy of abandoning Napoleon might bring their heads under the knife of the guillotine. All public life is experimental, and there never was a time when the experiment was of a more tremulous description.

At length they began to act; and the first precaution of the Chamber of Deputies was to secure their own existence. Old Lafayette moved a resolution, that the man should be regarded as a traitor to the country who made any attempt to dissolve the Chamber. This was an obvious declaration against the authority of the Empire. The next motion was, that General Beker should be appointed commandant of the guard ordered to protect the Legislature. This was a provision against the mob of Paris. The Legislature was now safe from its two prominent perils. In the mean time, Napoleon had made another capital blunder. He had held a council of the ministers, to which he proposed the question, whether he should proceed in person to the Chamber of Deputies, and demand supplies, or send his brothers and ministers to make the communication. Three of the ministers approved of his going in person, but the majority disapproved of it—on the plea of its being a dangerous experiment, in the excited state of the public passions. If Napoleon had declined this counsel, which arose from either pusillanimity or perfidy, it is perfectly possible that he might have silenced all opposition. The known attachment of the troops, the superstition connected with his fortunes, the presence of the man whom they all so lately worshipped, as the Indians worship the serpent for the poison of its fang, might have produced a complete revulsion. Napoleon, too, was singularly eloquent—his language had a romantic splendor which captivates the artificial taste of the nation; and with an imperial figure before them, surrounded with more powerful incidents than the drama could ever offer, and threatening a fifth act which might involve the fate of France and Europe, the day might have finished by a new burst of national enthusiasm, and the restoration of Napoleon to the throne, with all his enemies in the Legislature chained to its footstool.

But he sent his brother Joseph to the Chamber of Peers, and received the answer to his mission next morning, in a proposal which was equivalent to a demand for his abdication.

A council of ministers was again held on this proposal. The same three who had voted for his presence in the Chamber, now voted for his rejection of the proposal. The majority, however, were against them. Napoleon yielded to the majority. He had lost his opportunity—and in politics opportunity is every thing. He had now nothing more to lose. He drew up an acknowledgment of his abdication; but appended to it the condition of proclaiming his son, Napoleon Second, emperor of the French. This was an artifice, but it was unworthy even of the art of Napoleon. He must have been conscious that the Allies would have regarded his appointment as a trick to ensure his own restoration. His son was yet a child; a regent must have been appointed; Napoleon would have naturally been that regent; and in six months, or on the first retreat of the Allies, he would as naturally have re-appointed himself emperor. The trick was too shallow for his sagacity, and it was impossible to hope that

it could have been suffered by the Allies. Yet it passed the Chamber, and Napoleon Second was acknowledged within the walls. But the acknowledgment was laughed at without them; the Allies did not condescend to notice it; and the Allies proceeded to their work of restoration as if it had never existed. In fact, the dynasty was at an end; a provisional government was appointed, with Fouché at its head, and the name of Napoleon was pronounced no more.

Count Montholon gives a brief but striking description of the confusion, dismay, and despair, into which Waterloo had thrown the Bonapartists. He had hurried to the Elysée a few hours after the arrival of Bonaparte from the field. He met the Duke of Vicenza coming out, with a countenance of dejection, and asked him what was going on. "All is lost," was the answer. "You arrived to-day, as you did at Fontainbleau, only to see the emperor resign his crown. The leaders of the Chambers desire his abdication. They will have it; and in a week Louis XVIII. will be in Paris. At night on the 19th, a short note in pencil was left with my Swiss, announcing the destruction of the army. The same notice was given to Carnot. The last telegraphic dispatch had brought news of victory; we both hastened to the Duke of Otranto; he assured us with all his cadaverous coldness that he knew nothing. He knew all, however, I am well assured. Events succeeded each other with the rapidity of lightning; there is no longer any possible illusion. All is lost, and the Bourbons will be here in a week."

The Count remained forty-eight hours at the palace. The fallen Emperor had now made up his mind to go to America, and the Count promised to accompany him. A couple of regiments, formed of the workmen of the Faubourg St. Germain, marching by the palace, now demanded that Napoleon should put himself at their head, and take vengeance on his enemies. But he well knew the figure which the volunteers of the mob would make in front of the bayonets which had crushed his guard at Waterloo, and he declined the honor of this new command. A few courtiers, who adhered to him still, continued to talk of his putting himself at the head of the national force. But Waterloo had effectually cured him of the passion for soldiership, and he constantly appealed to his unwillingness to shed the blood of Frenchmen. It was at least evident that he intended to tempt the field no more, but after being the cause of shedding the blood of two millions of the people, his reserve was romantic.

The Count was sent to dismiss the volunteers, and they having performed their act of heroism, and offered to challenge the whole British army, were content with the glory of the threat, and heroically marched home to their shops.

But Montholon, on returning again, addressed Napoleon on the feasibility of attacking Wellington and Blucher, with the battalions of the Messrs. Calicot, upon which the Ex-Emperor made the following solemn speech: "To put into action the brute force of the masses, would without doubt save Paris, and ensure me the crown, without having recourse to the horrors of a civil war. But this would be also to risk the shedding of rivers of fresh blood. What is the compressive force which would be sufficiently strong to regulate the outburst of so much passion, hatred, and vengeance? No, I never can forget one thing, that I have been brought from Cannes to Paris in the midst of cries for blood, 'Down with the priests!' 'Down with the nobles!' I would rather have the regrets of France than possess its crown."

There is no country in the world, where Napoleon's own phrase, that from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, is more perpetually and practically realized than in France. Here was a man utterly ruined, without a soldier on the face of the earth, all but a prisoner, abandoned by every human being who could be of the slightest service to him, beaten in the field, beaten on his own ground, and now utterly separated from his remaining troops, and with a hundred thousand of the victors rushing after him, hour by hour, to Paris. Yet he talks as if he had the world still at his disposal, applauds his own magnanimity in declining the impossible combat, vaunts his own philosophy in standing still, when he could neither advance nor retreat, and gives himself credit as a philanthropist, when he was on the very point of being handed over to the enemy as a prisoner. Some unaccountable tricks of a lower description now began to be played on the goods and chattels of the Elysée Bourbon. A case containing snuff-boxes adorned with portraits set in diamonds, was laid by Bertrand on the mantel-piece. He accidentally turned to converse with General Montholon at the window. Only one person entered the

room. The Count does not give his name, —he was evidently a person of rank. On turning to the mantel-piece again, the case was gone.

One of the ministers had brought some negotiable paper to the amount of several millions of francs into the Emperor's chamber. The packet was placed under one of the cushions of the sofa. Only one person, and that one a man of rank who had served in Italy, entered the chamber. Napoleon went to look for the money, calculated a moment, and a million and a half of francs, or about £60,000 sterling, had been taken in the interim. Those were times for thievery, and the plunderers of Europe were now on the alert, to make spoil of each other. The Allies were still advancing, but they were not yet in sight; and the mob of Paris, who had been at first delighted to find that the war was at an end, having nothing else to do, and thinking that, as Wellington and Blucher had not arrived within a week, they would not arrive within a century, began to clamor *Vive l'Empereur!* Fouché and the provisional government began to feel alarm, and it was determined to keep Napoleon out of sight of the mob. Accordingly they ordered him to be taken to Malmaison; and on the 25th, towards nightfall, Napoleon submissively quitted the Elysée, and went to Malmaison. At Malmaison he remained for the greater part of the time, in evident fear of being put to death, and in fact a prisoner.—Such was the fate of the most powerful sovereign that Europe had seen since Charlemagne. Such was the humiliation of the conqueror, who, but seven years before, had summoned the continental sovereigns to bow down to his footstool at Erfurth; and who wrote to Talma the actor these words of supreme arrogance —"Come to Erfurth, and you shall play before a pit-full of kings."

From this period, day by day, a succession of measures was adopted by the government to tighten his chain. He was ordered to set out for the coast, nominally with the intention of giving him a passage to America. But we must doubt that intention. Fouché, the head of the government, had now thrown off the mask which he had worn so many years. And it was impossible for him to expect forgiveness, in case of any future return of Napoleon to power. But Napoleon, in America, would have been at all times within one-and-twenty days of Paris. And the mere probability of his return would have been enough to make many a pillow sleepless in Paris. We are to recollect, also, that the English ministry must have been perfectly aware of the arrest of Napoleon; that St. Helena had been already mentioned as a place of security for his person; and that if it was essential to the safety of Europe—a matter about which Fouché probably cared but little; it was not less essential to the safety of Fouché's own neck,—a matter about which he always cared very much, that the Ex-Emperor should never set foot in France again.

The result was, an order from the minister at war, Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl, couched in the following terms. We give it as a document of history.

"General, I have the honor to transmit to you the subjoined decree, which the commission of government desires you to notify to the Emperor Napoleon: at the same time informing his majesty, that the circumstances are become imperative, and that it is necessary for him immediately to decide on setting out for the Isle of Aix. This decree has been passed as much for the safety of his person as for the interest of the state, which ought always to be dear to him. Should the Emperor not adopt the above-mentioned resolution, on your notification of this decree, it will then be your duty to *exercise the strictest surveillance*, both with a view of preventing his majesty from leaving Malmaison, and of guarding against any attempt upon his life. You will station guards at all the approaches to Malmaison. I have written to the inspector-general of the gendarmerie, and to the commandant of Paris, to place such of the gendarmerie and troops as you may require at your disposal.

"I repeat to you, general, that this decree has been adopted solely for the good of the state, and the personal safety of the Emperor. Its prompt execution is indispensable, as the future fate of his majesty and his family depends upon it. It is unnecessary to say to you, general, that all your measures should be taken with the greatest possible secrecy.

(Signed) "PRINCE OF ECKMUHL,
Marshal and Minister of War."

Those documents, which have now appeared, we believe, for the first time authentically, will be of importance to the historian, and of still higher importance to the moralist. Who could have once believed that the most fiery of soldiers, the most subtle of statesmen, and the proudest of sovereigns, would ever be the subject of a rescript like the following? It begins with an absolute command that "Napoleon Bonaparte" (it has already dropped the emperor) "shall remain in the roads of the Isle

of Aix till the arrival of passports." It then proceeds:—"It is of importance to the well-being of the state, which should not be indifferent to him, that he should remain till his fate, and that of his family, have been definitively regulated. French honor is interested in such an issue; but in the mean time every precaution should be taken for the personal safety of Napoleon, and that he must not be allowed to leave the place of his present sojourn.

(Signed) "THE DUKE OF OTRANTO.
"THE PRINCE OF ECKMUHL."

A similar document was issued to General Beker signed by Carnot and Caulaincourt. Court Montholon remarks, with sufficient justice, on the signature of Caulaincourt to this paper, that the Emperor would have been extremely astonished to see that name subscribed to a letter in which he was called Napoleon—if any thing could have astonished the former exile of Elba, and the future exile of St. Helena.

This must have been a period of the deepest anxiety to the imperial prisoner. He evidently regarded his life as unsafe; thought that he discovered in the project of his journey a determination to throw him either into the hands of assassins or of the French king, and formally announced his refusal to leave Malmaison "until informed of his fate by the Duke of Wellington." He was now reduced to the lowest ebb. He acknowledged himself powerless, hopeless, and utterly dependent on the will of his conqueror. The bitterness of heart which dictated such words must have been beyond all description. He was now abandoned by the few who had followed him from the Elysée.

But time was pressing; Wellington was advancing with rapid steps, and there was a possibility that he might capture Napoleon at Malmaison. Troops were sent to burn the neighboring bridge, and precautions were taken to prevent the catastrophe. A division of the army coming from the Vendée halted before the palace, and insisted on seeing Napoleon, and on being led by him to battle. This was rhodomontade, with the advanced troops of the whole army now within sight of Paris. But it was enough to betray him into the absurdity of proposing to try another chance for his crown. Beker was despatched to Paris to try the effect of this communication. Fouché gave for answer, the simple fact that the Prussians were advancing on Versailles. The sitting of the provisional government would have been worth the hand of a great painter. Fouché, after sharply rebuking the general for bringing in his proposal from Malmaison, made him sit down at his side, while he wrote a peremptory and decided refusal. Carnot was walking gloomily up and down the room. Caulaincourt, Baron Quinette, and General Grenier, sat silently around the table. Not a word was uttered except by the Duke of Otranto. The general received his dispatch and departed. On passing through the anti-rooms, he found them filled with generals and high civil officers, who all expressed but one opinion on the necessity of getting rid of Napoleon. "Let him set off, let him go," was the universal cry. "We can undertake nothing for either his personal good or Paris." There was now no alternative. Napoleon must either remain and fall into the hands of Louis XVIII., who had already proclaimed him a traitor and an outlaw, or he must try to make his escape by sea. On the 29th of June, at five o'clock in the evening, he entered the carriage which was to convey him to the coast, leaving Paris behind, to which he was never to return alive, but to which his remains have returned in a posthumous triumph twenty-six years after, on the 15th of September, 1840.

On his arrival at Rochfort, all the talent of the French for projects was immediately in full exercise. Never were there so many castles in the air built in so short a time. Proposals were made to smuggle the prisoner to the United States in a Danish merchant vessel, in which, in case of search, he was to be barrelled in a hogshead perforated with breathing holes.

Another project was, to put him on board a kind of fishing-boat manned by midshipmen, and thus escape the English. A third project proposed, that the two French frigates anchored under the guns of the Isle of Aix should put to sea together; that one of them should run along side Captain Maitland's ship, and attack her fiercely, with the hope of distracting her attention, even with the certainty of being destroyed, while the other frigate made her escape with Napoleon on board. This is what the French would call a *grande pensée*, and quite as heroic as any thing in a melodrama of the Porte St. Martin. But the captain of the leading frigate declined the distinction, and evidently thought it not necessary that he and his crew should be blown out of the

water, as they certainly would have been if they came in contact with the Bellerophon; so this third project perished.

After a few days of this busy foolery, the prisoner, startled by new reports of the success of the Allies every where, and too sagacious not to feel that the hands of the French king might be the most dangerous into which the murderer of the Duc D'Enghein could fall; looking with evident contempt upon the foolish projects for his escape, and conscious that his day was come, resolved to throw himself into the hands of Captain Maitland, the commander of the Bellerophon, then anchored in Basque roads. On the night of the 10th, Savary and Las Cases were sent on board the English ship to inquire whether the captain would allow a French or neutral ship, or the frigates with Napoleon on board, to pass free?—Captain Maitland simply answered, that he had received no orders except those ordinarily given in case of war; but that he should attack the frigates if they attempted to pass; that if a neutral flag came in his way, he would order it to be searched as usual. But that, in consequence of the peculiar nature of the case, he would communicate with the admiral in command.

A circumstance occurred on this occasion, which brought M. Las Cases into no small disrepute afterwards. The captain hospitably asked Las Cases and Savary to lunch with him, and, while at table, inquired whether they understood English. He was answered that they did not; and the captain, though of course relying upon the answer, made his observations in English to his officers, while he addressed the Frenchman in his own tongue. It was afterwards ascertained that Las Cases, who had been an emigrant for some years in England, understood English perfectly. Nothing could be therefore more pitiful than his conduct in suffering the captain to believe that he was ignorant on the subject, and thus obtain a confidence to which he had no right. The circumstance, as Count Montholon says,—'was afterwards made a bitter reproach against Las Cases; the English charging him with a violation of honor; because, as they affirmed, he had positively declared that he was unacquainted with their language, when the question was put to him at the commencement of the conference. This, however," says Count Montholon, "is not correct." And how does he show that it is not correct? "The question," says he, "was put collectively, that is, to both alike, and Savary alone answered in the negative." Of course the answer was understood collectively, and comprised M. Las Cases as well as M. Savary. In short, the conduct was contemptible, and the excuse not much better. Las Cases, of course, should not have allowed any other person's word to be taken, when it led to a delusion. It is *possible* that Savary was unacquainted with his companion's knowledge of English—though when we recollect that Savary was minister of police, and that Las Cases was about the court of Napoleon, it is difficult to conceive his ignorance on the subject. But in all instances, there could be no apology for his fellow-Frenchman's sitting to hear conversations of which he was supposed, on the credit of Savary's word, and his own silence, to comprehend nothing.

It happily turns out, however, that all this *dexterity* had only the effect of blinding the parties themselves.

"This mystification and piece of diplomatic chicanery"—we use the language of the volume—"proved, in fact, rather detrimental than useful; for, no doubt, the information thus gained by *surprise* from Captain Maitland and his officers, contributed to induce the Emperor to decide on surrendering himself to the English." The captain was too honorable a man to think of practising any chicane on the subject; but if the two *employés* overreached themselves, so much the better.

But events now thickened. On the 12th, the Paris journals arrived, announcing the entrance of the Allies into Paris, and the establishment of Louis XVIII. in the Tuileries! All was renewed confusion, consternation, and projects. On the next day Joseph Bonaparte came to the Isle of Aix, to propose the escape of his fallen brother in a merchant vessel from Bordeaux, for America, and remain in his place. This offer was generous, but it could scarcely be accepted by any human being, and it was refused. But delay was becoming doubly hazardous. It was perfectly possible that the first measure of the new government would be an order for his seizure, and the next, for his execution. On that evening he decided to accept the offer of the *chasse-marées*, to go on board before morning, and trust to the young midshipmen and chance for his passage across the Atlantic.

We know no history more instructive than these "last days" of a fugitive Emperor. That he might have escaped a week

before, is certain, for the harbor was not then blockaded; that he might have made his way among the channels of that very difficult and obstructed coast, even after the blockade, is possible; that he might have found his way, by a hundred roads, out of France, or reached the remnant of his armies, is clear, for all his brothers escaped by land. But that he still hesitated—and alone hesitated; that this man—the most memorable for decision, famed for promptitude, for the discovery of the true point of danger, daring to the height of rashness, when daring was demanded—should have paused at the very instant when his fate seemed to be in his own hand, more resembles a preternatural loss of faculty than the course of nature. His whole conduct on the shore of France is to be equalled only by his conduct among the ashes of Moscow,—it was infatuation.

Again the man of decision hesitated; and at four in the morning General Lallemand and Las Cases were sent on board the Bellerophon under the pretext of waiting for the admiral's answer, but in reality to ascertain whether the captain would express *officially* any pledge or opinion relative to Napoleon's favorable reception in England; which Las Cases had conceived him to express in his conversation with his officers, and of which this M. Las Cases was supposed not to have understood a syllable.

Captain Maitland's answer was distinct and simple. It was, "that he had yet received no information, but hourly expected it; that he was authorized to receive Napoleon on board, and convey him to England, where, according to his own opinion, he would receive all the attention and respect to which he could lay any claim." But, to prevent all presumption on the subject, adding—"I am anxious that it should be well understood, that I am expressing only my personal opinion on this subject, and have in no respect spoken in the name of the government, having received *no* instructions from either the admiralty or the admiral."

It is almost painful to contemplate these scenes. What agonies must have passed through the heart of such a man, so humbled! What inevitable contrasts of the throne with the dungeon! What sense of shame in the humiliation which thus placed him at the disposal of his own few followers! What sleepless anxiety in those midnight consultations, in those exposures to public shame, in this sense of utter ruin, in this terrible despair! If some great painter shall hereafter rise to vindicate the pencil by showing its power of delineating the deepest passions of our nature, or some still greater poet shall come to revive the day of Shakspeare, and exhibit the tortures of a greater Macbeth, fallen from the highest elevation of human things into a depth of self-reproach and self-abasement to which all the powers of human language might be pale,—what a subject for them were here!

The theatrical habits of the French are singularly unfortunate for a nation which assumes to take an influential rank in the world. They deprive them of that capacity for coping with real things which is essential to all substantial greatness. With them the business of the world must be all melodrame, and the most common-place, or the most serious actions of life, must be connected with scene-shifting, trap-doors, and the mimic thunders of the stage. Napoleon was now in a condition the most deeply calculated to force these stern realities of life on the mind. Yet even with him all was to be dramatic; he was to throw himself on the clemency of his conqueror, like one of the heroes of Corneille. England was to stand in admiration of his magnanimous devotedness. The sovereign was to receive him with astonishment and open arms, and, after an embrace of royal enthusiasm, he was to be placed in secure splendor, cheered by the acclamations of a people hastening to do him homage. In this false and high-colored view of things, he wrote the famous and absurd note, in which he pronounced himself another Themistocles, come to sit by the hearth of the British people. A manlier, because a more rational view of things, would have told him that a war, expressly begun with a determination to overthrow his dynasty, could not be suffered to conclude by giving him the power of again disturbing the world—that his utter faithlessness prohibited the possibility of relying on his pledges—the security of the Bourbon throne absolutely demanded his being finally disabled from disturbing its authority—England owed it to her allies to prevent a repetition of the numberless calamities which his reign had inflicted upon Europe, and owed it to herself to prevent all necessity for the havoc of a new Waterloo.

The national passion for a *coup de théâtre* rendered all this knowledge of no avail, and he flung himself at the feet of the Prince

Regent, with the flattering phraseology of claiming protection "from the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of his enemies."

The step was now taken. On the 15th of July, at daybreak, he left the Isle of Aix, and entered one of the boats which was to convey him on board the Bellerophon. He had still a parting pang to undergo. As he looked round the shore, a white flag was flying on all the ships and batteries. All the rest of this curious narrative has been already given to the world. We have no desire to repeat the details.

Count Montholon, in his fondness for excitement, here states that a privy council was held on the question, whether the terms of the Congress of Vienna prevented England from giving up Napoleon to the vengeance of Louis XVIII., adding, that "the dispatches of the Duke of Wellington urged them to adopt bloody and terrible determinations." This we utterly disbelieve; and, if we required additional reasons for our disbelief, it would be in the Count's telling us that the energetic opposition of the Duke of Sussex alone prevented the delivery of the prisoner—there not being perhaps any prince, or any individual of England, less likely to have weight in the councils of the existing government.

Without presuming to trace the steps of Providence, it is natural and not unwise to follow them in those leading transactions which give a character to their times, or which complete events decisive of the fates of eminent men or nations. One of the most characteristic and abhorred acts of the entire life of the French Emperor, was his imprisonment of the English who were travelling in his country at the commencement of his reign. The act was the most treacherous within human record—it was perfidy on the largest scale. Europe had been often scandalized by breaches of political faith, but the agents and the sufferers were sovereigns aad nations. But in this instance the blow fell upon individuals with the most sudden treachery, the most causeless tyranny, and the most sweeping ruin. Twelve thousand individuals, travelling under the protection of the imperial laws, wholly incapable of being regarded by those laws as prisoners, and relying on the good faith of the government, were seized as felons, put under duress, separated from their families in England, suddenly deprived of their means of existence, stopped in the progress of their professions, plundered of their property, and kept under the most vigilant surveillance for eleven years.

The retribution now fell, and that retribution exactly in the form of the crime by which it was drawn down. We give a few extracts of the document by which Napoleon protested against his detention, as a most complete, though unconscious indictment against his own act eleven years before.

Protest at sea on board the Bellerophon, August, 1815—"In the face of God and man, I solemnly protest against the injury which has been committed upon me, by the violation of my most sacred rights, in forcibly disposing of *my person and liberty*.

"I came freely on board the Bellerophon, and *am not a prisoner*,—I am the *guest of England*.

"I presented myself in good faith, and came to place myself under the protection of the laws of England. As soon as I set my foot on board the Bellerophon, I felt myself on the soil of the British people. If the orders issued by the government to receive myself and my suite were merely intended as a snare, then they have *forfeited their bond*. If such an act were really done, it would be in vain for England in future to speak of her faith, her laws, and her liberty.

"She pretended to offer *the hand of hospitality* to an enemy, *and when he had trusted to her fidelity*, she immolated him."

If the *detenus* at Verdun, and scattered through the various fortresses of France, had drawn up a petition against the desperate act which had consigned them to captivity, they might have anticipated the language with which Napoleon went to the dungeon, that was never to send him back again amongst mankind.

There was but one preliminary to his departure now to take place. It was the execution of an order from the Government to examine the baggage in the strictest manner, and to require the surrender of all money or jewels of value in the possession of Napoleon and his suite. Necessary as this act was, for the prevention of bribery, and attempts to escape from St. Helena, not for any undue seizure of private property, for a most ample allowance was already appointed by the government for the expenses of the prisoner, this duty seems to have been most imperfectly performed. As the Count tells us, "the grand-marshal gave up 4000 Napoleons, as constituting the Emperor's chest. We kept secret about 400,000

francs in gold—from three to four hundred thousand francs in valuables and diamonds, and letters of credit for more than four million of francs." Whether this immense sum was overlooked by the extraordinary negligence of those whose duty it was to fulfil the orders of government, or whether their search was baffled, the narrative does not disclose. But there can be no question that the suite were bound to deliver up all that they possessed; and there can be as little question that with such sums of money at his disposal, Napoleon's subsequent complaints of poverty were ridiculous, and that the subsequent sale of his plate to supply his table was merely for the purpose of exciting a clamour, and was charlatanish and contemptible.

We pass rapidly over the details of the voyage. Napoleon spent a considerable part of his time on the quarter-deck, took opportunities of conversing affably with the officers, and even with the crew. On one occasion, after some conversation with the master, he invited him to dine at the admiral's table. The master declined the invitation, as a sin against naval etiquette. "Oh! in that case," said Napoleon, "you must come and dine in my own cabin." The admiral, however, had the good sense to tell Napoleon, that any one invited by him to the honor of sitting at his table, was, by that circumstance alone, placed above all rule of etiquette, and that the master should be welcome to dinner next day. This conduct, of course, made him very popular on board; but the chief interest of these important volumes is in the conversation which he held from time to time with the officers, and especially in the long details of his military and imperial career, which he dictated at St. Helena, and which make the true novelty and value of the work. In one of those conversations which he had with them, he referred emphatically to his own efforts to make France a great naval power. "Unfortunately," said he, "I found nobody who understood me. During the expedition to Egypt, I cast my eyes on Decrés. I reckoned on him for understanding and executing my projects in regard to the navy. I was mistaken; his passion was to form a police, and to find out, by means of the smugglers, every web which your ministers, or the intriguers of Hartwell, were weaving against me. He had no enlarged ideas; always the spirit of locality and insignificant detail—paralysing my views." He then proceeded to state the hopeless condition of the French navy when he assumed the throne. The navy of Louis XVI. was no longer in existence; the Republic possessed but four ships of the line; the taking of Toulon, the battle of the river Jenes in 1793—of Rochefort in 1794, and finally, the battle of Aboukir, had given the death-blow to the navy. "Well, notwithstanding the disaster of Trafalgar, which I owe entirely to the disobedience of Admiral Villeneuve, I left to France one hundred ships of the line, and 80,000 sailors and marines, and all this in a reign of ten years." The truth is, that the attempt to make the French navy was one of the pre-eminent blunders of Napoleon. France is naturally a great military power, but her people are not maritime. England is not naturally a great military power, but her people are maritime. France has an immense land frontier which can be defended only by a land force. England has no land frontier at all. The sea is her only frontier, and it, of course, can be defended only by a fleet. A fleet is not a necessary of existence to France. A fleet is a necessary of existence to England. It is therefore self-evident that France only wastes her power in dividing it between her fleet and her army; and may be a great power, without having a ship; while England is compelled to concentrate her strength upon her fleet, and without her fleet must be undone. Thus the law of existence, which is equivalent to a law of nature, gives the naval superiority to England. There are symptoms in France at the present day, of falling into Napoleon's blunder, and of imagining the possibility of her becoming the naval rival of England. That she may build ships is perfectly possible, and that she may crowd them with a naval conscription is equally possible. But the first collision will show her the utter folly of contending with her partial strength against the power on which England rests her defence—a struggle between a species of volunteer and adventurous aggression, and the stern and desperate defence in which the safety of a nation is supremely involved.

On crossing the Line, the triumph of Neptune was celebrated in the usual grotesque style. The Deity of the Sea requested permission to make acquaintance with Napoleon, who received him graciously, and presented him with five hundred Napoleons for himself and the crew, upon which he was rewarded with three cheers, and "Long live the Emperor Napoleon!"

On the 16th of October, 1815, the Northumberland cast anchor in the roads at St. Helena. The Count remarks that the 17th, the day on which he disembarked, reminded him of a disastrous day. It was the anniversary of the last day of the battle of Leipsig. If distance from all the habitable parts of the globe were to be the merits of Napoleon's prison, nothing could have been more appropriate than the island of St. Helena. It was two thousand leagues from Europe, twelve hundred leagues from the Cape, and nine hundred from any continent. A volcanic rock in the centre of the ocean.

In the month of April, the frigate Phaeton anchored in the roads, having the new governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, with his family, on board. Sir Hudson is now where neither praise nor blame can reach him, but the choice was unfortunate in the very point for which probably he had been chosen;—he had been colonel of the Corsican regiment in our service, had served much in the Mediterranean, and had already been (as far as we remember) the object of Napoleon's bitterness in some of his Italian manifestoes. There can be no doubt that the mildest of governors would have been no favorite with the prisoner of Longwood. But in the present instance Napoleon's blood boiled at the idea of being placed under the jurisdiction of the colonel of the Corsican rangers; and he, accordingly, took every opportunity of exhibiting his indignation—a sort of feeling which, in a foreigner, and especially one of southern blood, always amounts to fury.

We pass over a multitude of minor circumstances, though all characteristic, and all invaluable to the historian of the next century; but which would retard the more interesting conversations of the extraordinary captive. On the communication of the convention signed at Paris in August, 1815, declaring him the prisoner of the four allied powers, and the announcement of the commissioners under whose charge he was to be placed, Napoleon burst out into a passionate remonstrance, which, however, he addressed only to the people around him. On those occasions he always adopted that abrupt and decisive style which in a Frenchman passes for oracular.

"The expenses of my captivity will certainly exceed ten millions of francs a-year. It has not been the will of fate that my work should finish by effecting the social re-organization of Europe." He then ran into his old boasting of his probable triumph in his great collision with the British army. "At Waterloo I ought to have been victorious—the chances were a hundred to one in my favor; but Ney, the bravest of the brave, at the head of 42,000 Frenchmen, suffered himself to be delayed a whole day by some thousands of Nassau troops. Had it not been for this inexplicable inactivity, the English army would have been taken *flagrante delicto*, and annihilated without striking a blow. Grouchy, with 40,000 men, suffered Bulow and Blucher to escape from him, and finally, a heavy fall of rain had made the ground so soft that it was impossible to commence the attack at daybreak. Had I been able to commence early, Wellington's army would have been trodden down in the defiles of the forest before the Prussians could have had time to arrive. It was lost without resource. The defeat of Wellington's army would have been peace, the repose of Europe, the recognition of the interests of the masses and of the democracy."

Napoleon was always fluent on this subject; but the only true matter of surprise is, that so clever a personage should have talked such nonsense. In the first place, he must have known that Ney with his 40,000 men had been soundly beaten by about half that number, and was thus unable to move a step beyond Quatre-Bras. In the next, that Grouchy, instead of suffering the Prussians to escape him, was gallantly fought by their rear-guard, was unable to make any impression whatever on them, and if he had not made his escape in the night, would unquestionably have been crushed to pieces the next day; and thirdly, as to the English armies being saved by the rain, the Duke of Wellington fought the French from eleven in the forenoon till seven in the evening without being driven an inch from the ground. If the French could not beat him in eight hours, they could not beat him in as many days. It was not until seven in the evening that the Prussian guns were heard coming into the field. Even then they were a mile and a half from Wellington's position. The British then charged, swept the French before them, Napoleon himself running away amongst the foremost, leaving 40,000 of his troops on the field or in the hands of the enemy. It would have been much wiser to have said not a syllable upon the battle, or much manlier to have acknowledged that he was more thoroughly beaten than he had

ever seen an army beaten before; and that with 72,000 French veterans in the field, he had been routed and ruined by 25,000 British, three-fourths of whom had never fired a shot before in their lives.

We have from time to time some curious acknowledgments of the political treacheries which formed the actual system of Napoleon's government, whether consular or imperial. On dictating a note relative to St. Domingo to Count Montholon, he elucidated this policy in the most unequivocal manner. It will be remembered that, on the peace of Amiens, he had sent out a powerful fleet and an army of thirty thousand men to the West Indies. It will also be remembered, that in reply to the remonstrance of the British government, who naturally looked on so formidable an armament with considerable suspicion, the First Consul disclaimed in the most solemn manner all sinister views, pronounced, with every appearance of sincerity, that his sole object was the subjection of a French island then in revolt, and when this object was effected his whole purpose would be accomplished. But in St. Helena, where candor cost nothing, he amply acknowledged the treachery. "I had two plans," said he, "for St. Domingo. The first was that of acknowledging the power of the blacks, making Toussaint L'Ouverture governor, and in fact, making St. Domingo a West Indian vice-royalty. This plan was my favorite, and why? The French flag would acquire a great development of power in the American waters, and a variety of expeditions might have been undertaken against Jamaica and all the Antilles, and against South America, with an army of thirty thousand blacks trained and disciplined by French officers."

We are to remember that at this time he was at peace with both England and Spain, whose territories he was thus about to dismember; for we cannot believe that the affairs of St. Domingo were suffered greatly to occupy his mind. In the busy days from Marengo to the loss of Egypt, and the conclusion of peace, he had intended to have raised an universal negro insurrection in our islands. Upon the colors of his negro army he was to have inscribed "Brave blacks, remember that France alone recognizes your liberty"—which would have been, in fact, a manifesto, calling upon all the negroes of the West Indies to revolt without delay. But the negroes of St. Domingo, having formed plans of liberty for themselves, dispatched one of their colonels with a demand of independence. The chance, therefore, of invading Jamaica through their means was extinguished at once, and France was punished by the loss of her greatest colony for ever.

In a conversation with Colonel Wilkes, the ex-governor, on taking his leave, he told him that India had been constantly an object of his policy—that he had constantly assailed it by negotiations, and would have reached it by arms, had he been able to come to an understanding with the Emperor of Russia on the partition of Turkey. He then talked of his constant wish for peace—a declaration which the colonel probably received with a smile; and next disclosed a transaction, which, on any other authority, would have been incredible, but which amounted to perhaps the boldest and broadest piece of bribery ever attempted with a distinguished minister.

While the French army was still on the right bank of the Elbe, the offer of the Austrian mediation was brought by Prince Metternich, demanding, as a preliminary, the abandonment of the great German fortresses which still remained in French hands.

"I said to Metternich, with indignation," are the words of this singular conference—"Is it my father-in-law who entertains such a project? Is it he who sends you to me? How much has England *given you*, to induce you to play this game against me? Have I not done enough for your fortune? It is of no consequence—be *frank*—what is it *you wish?* If *twenty millions* will not satisfy you, say *what you wish?*"

He adds, that on this scandalous offer of corruption, Metternich's sudden sullenness and total silence recalled him to a sense of what he had just expressed, and that thenceforth he had found this great minister wholly impracticable. Who can wonder that he did so, or that the offer was regarded as the deepest injury by a man of honor? But Napoleon's conception of the matter, to the last, was evidently not that he had committed an act of bribery, but that he had "mistaken his man." "It was," as Fouché observed, "*worse* than a crime, it was a *blunder*."

One of the absurdities of the crowd who collected anecdotes of Napoleon, was a perpetual affectation of surprise that he should not have terminated his imprisonment by his own hand. He was conscious

of the imputation, and it seems to have formed the occasional subject of his thoughts. But his powerful understanding soon saw through the sophistry of that species of dramatic heroism, by which a man escapes "with a bare bodkin" all the duties and responsibilities of his being.

"I have always regarded it," said he, "as a maxim, that a man exhibits more real courage by supporting calamities, and resisting misfortunes, than by putting an end to his life. Self-destruction is the act of a gambler who has lost all, or that of a ruined spendthrift, and proves nothing but a want of courage."

The attempts to prove that Napoleon wanted personal intrepidity were at all times childish. His whole career in his Italian campaigns was one of personal exposure, and from the period when he rose into civil eminence, he had other responsibilities than those of the mere general. His life was no longer his own; it was the keystone of the government. Whether as consul or as emperor, his fall would have brought down along with it the whole fabric on which the fate of so many others immediately depended. It is, however, certain, that his courage was not chivalric, that no gallant fit of glory ever tempted him beyond the necessary degree of peril, and that he calculated the gain and loss of personal enterprise with too nice a view as to the balance of honor and advantage. A man of higher mind—an emperor who had not forgot that he was a general, would never have deserted his perishing army in Poland; an emperor who had not forgot that he was a soldier, would never have sent his Imperial guard, shouting, to massacre, and stayed himself behind. But to expect this devotion of courage is to expect a spirit which Napoleon never exhibited; and which is singular among the military exploits of the south. Napoleon might have commanded at Platea, but he would never have died at Thermopylæ.

In days like ours, which begin to familiarize men with the chances of political convulsion, it may be well worth while to listen to the conceptions of one who better knew the nature of the French Revolution than perhaps any among the great actors of the time. Napoleon was sitting by his fireside, in St. Helena, on the 3d of September:—

"To-day," said he, "is the anniversary of a hideous remembrance, the St. Bartholomew of the French Revolution—a bloody stain, which was the act of the Commune of Paris, a rival power of the Legislature, which built its strength upon the *dregs of the passions of the people.* * * We must acknowledge, that there has been no political change without a fit of popular vengeance, as soon as, *for any cause whatever*, the mass of the people *enter into action.* * * General rule:—*No social revolution without terror!* Every revolution is in principle a *revolt*, which time and success ennoble and render legal; but of which terror has been one of the *inevitable phases.* How, indeed, can we understand, that one could say to those who possess fortune and public situations, 'Begone, and leave us your fortunes and your situations,' without first intimidating them, and rendering any defence impossible? The Reign of Terror began, in fact, on the night of the 4th of August, when privileges, nobility, tithes, the remains of the feudal system, and the fortunes of the clergy, were done away with, and *all those remains of the old monarchy* were thrown to the people. Then only did the people understand the Revolution, because they gained something, and wished to keep it, even at the expense of blood" This language is memorable It ought to be a lesson to England. Napoleon here pronounces, that the great stimulant of political revolution is public robbery. Privileges may be the pretence, but the real object is plunder; and the progress of reason may be alleged as the instrument, but the true weapon is terror. In England, we are preparing the way for a total change. The groundwork of a revolution is laid from hour to hour; the Aristocracy, the Church, the landed proprietors, are made objects of popular libel, only preparatory to their being made objects of popular assault. The League has not yet taken upon it the office of the Commune of Paris, nor have the nobles, the clergy, and the bankers, been massacred in the prisons; but when once the popular passions are kindled by the hopes of national plunder, the revolution will have begun, and then farewell to the constitution. The habits of England, we willingly allow, are opposed to public cruelty; and in the worst excesses, the France of 1793 would probably leave us behind. But the principle in every nation is the same—the possessors of property will resist, the plunderers of property will fight; conflicting banners will be raised, and, after desperate struggles, the multitude will be the masters of the land.

There can be nothing more evident, than that some of the leaders in these new movements contemplate the overthrow of the monarchy. There may be mere dupes in their ranks, the spirit of money-making may be the temper of others; but there are darker minds among them which scarcely condescend to conceal their intentions. The presidentship of a British republic would be not without its charms for the demagogue; and the bloody revolution of 1641 might rapidly find its still more sanguinary counterpart in the revolution of the nineteenth century. We have the history in the annals of France, and the commentator is the "child and champion of Jacobinism"—Napoleon.

His impression that revolution always fixed its especial object in plunder, found another authority in one of the peculiar agents of public disturbance. "Barrère," said Napoleon, "affirmed, and truly, *Le peuple bat monnaie sur la place Louis XV.* ("The people coin money in the square of Louis XV.")—alluding to the guillotine, which enriched the treasury by the death of the nobles, whose wealth became the property of the nation.

He proceeded with equal decision and truth: "A revolution is always, whatever some may think, one of the greatest misfortunes with which the Divine anger can punish a nation. It is the scourge of the generation which brings it about; and for a long course of years, even a century, it is the misfortune of all, though it may be the advantage of individuals."

Napoleon spent the chief portion of his time in dictating the recollections of his government, and general defences of his conduct. Those dictations were sometimes written down by Montholon, and sometimes by Las Cases. But in November, 1816, an order was issued for the arrest of Las Cases, and his dismissal from the island, in consequence of his attempting to send, without the knowledge of the governor, a letter to Prince Lucien, sowed up in the clothes of a mulatto. This arrest made a prodigious noise among the household of Napoleon, and was turned to good advantage in England, as an instance of the cruelty of his treatment. Yet it seems perfectly probable that the whole was a trick of the Ex-emperor himself, and a mere contrivance for the purpose of sending to Europe Las Cases as an agent in his service.

The security of Napoleon's imprisonment was essential to the peace of Europe; and no precaution could be justly regarded as severe, which prevented an outbreak so hazardous to the quiet of the world. Among those precautions, was the strictest prohibition of carrying on any correspondence with Europe, except through the hands of the governor. The whole household were distinctly pledged to the observance of this order, and any infraction of it was to be punished by instant arrest and deportation from the island.

An order had been sent from England to reduce the number of the household by four domestics; and it seems not improbable that Napoleon's craft was suddenly awakened to the prospect of establishing a confidential intercourse with the faction whom he had left behind. But the four domestics were obviously inadequate to this object, and some person of higher condition was necessary. Las Cases some time before had attempted to send a letter to Europe by the mulatto. The fellow had been detected, and was threatened with a flogging if he repeated the experiment; yet it was to this same mulatto that Las Cases committed another letter, which the mulatto immediately carried to the governor, and Las Cases was arrested in consequence. Napoleon was instantly indignant, and vented his rage against the cruelty of the arrest, at the same time expressing his scorn at the clumsiness of Las Cases in delivering his letter to so awkward a messenger. But whatever might be his pretended wonder at the want of dexterity in the Count, it was exceeded by his indignation at the conduct of the governor. "Longwood," he writes in a long and formal protest against his detention, "is wrapped in a veil which he would fain make impenetrable, in order to hide *criminal* conduct. This peculiar care to conceal matters gives room to suspect the most *odious intentions*." This was obviously a hint that the governor's purpose was to put him secretly to death: a hint which neither Napoleon nor any other human being could have believed.

But in alluding to the arrest of the Count, he touches closely on the acknowledgment of the intrigue.

"I looked through the window," he said, "and saw them taking you away. A numerous staff pranced about you. I imagined I saw some South Sea Islanders dancing round the prisoners whom they were about to devour!" After this Italian extravaganza, he returns to his object.

"Your services were necessary to me. You alone could read, speak, and understand English. Nevertheless, I request you, and in case of need, command you, to require the governor *to send you to the Continent*. He *cannot refuse*, because he has no power over you, except through the voluntary document which you signed. It would be great *consolation to me* to know that you were on your way to more happy countries."

This letter was carried by Bertrand to the governor for Las Cases, and "the wished for effect was produced on Sir Hudson Lowe, as soon as he saw the terms in which the Emperor expressed his regret." We are fairly entitled to doubt the sincerity of the wish; for on Sir Hudson's offering to let Las Cases remain at Longwood, a new obstacle instantly arose,—the Count declared that "to remain was utterly impossible;" his honor was touched; he absolutely must go; or, as Count Montholon describes this happy punctilio,—"Unfortunately, Las Cases, influenced by extreme susceptibility of honor, thought himself *bound to refuse* the governor's offer. He felt himself too deeply outraged by the insult; he explained this to the grand-marshal, and we were obliged to renounce the hope of seeing him again." Then came the finale of this diplomatic farce. "It was in vain that the emperor sent Bertrand and Gourgaud to persuade him to renounce his determination; *he was resolved to leave the island*; and on the 29th of December, 1816, he quitted St. Helena."

We have but little doubt that the whole was mystification. The gross folly of sending a secret dispatch by the same man of color who had been detected by the governor, and threatened with punishment for the attempt to convey a letter; the bustle made on the subject at Longwood; the refusal of Las Cases to comply with Napoleon's request to remain, which, if it had been sincere, would have been equivalent to a command; and the conduct of Las Cases immediately on his arrival in Europe, his publications and activity, amply show the object of his return. But a simple arrangement on the governor's part disconcerted the whole contrivance. Instead of transmitting Las Cases to Europe, Sir Hudson Lowe sent him to the Cape; where he was further detained, until permission was sent from England for his voyage to Europe. On his arrival, Napoleon's days were already numbered, and all dexterity was in vain. We have adverted to this transaction chiefly for the credit which it reflects on the governor. It shows his vigilance to have been constantly necessary; it also shows him to have been willing to regard Napoleon's convenience when it was possible; and it further shows that he was not destitute of the sagacity which was so fully required in dealing with the *coterie* at Longwood.

Napoleon's habits of dictating his memoirs must have been formidable toil to his secretaries. He sometimes dictated for twelve or fourteen hours, with scarcely an intermission. He spoke rapidly, and it was necessary to follow him as rapidly as he spoke, and never to make him repeat the last word. His first dictation was a mere revival of his recollections, without any order. The copy of his first dictation served as notes to the second, and the copy of this second became the subject of his personal revision; but he, unfortunately for his transcribers, made his corrections almost always in pencil, as he thus avoided staining his fingers—no woman being more careful in preserving the delicacy of her hands.

Those dictations must be regarded as the studied defences of Napoleon against the heavy charges laid against his government.

We have now given a general glance at the career of the French Emperor, as exhibited to us in these Recollections. He strikingly showed, in all the details of his government, the characteristics of his own nature. Impetuous, daring, and contemptuous of the feelings of mankind, from the first hour of his public life, his government was, like himself, the model of fierceness, violence, and disregard of human laws. Whatever was to him an object of ambition, was instantly in his grasp; whatever he seized was made the instrument of a fresh seizure; and whatever he possessed he mastered in the fullest spirit of tyranny. He was to be supreme; the world was to be composed of *his* soldiers, his serfs, courtiers, and tools. The earth was to be only an incalculable population of French slaves. There was to be but one man free upon the globe, and that man Napoleon.

We find, in this romance of power, the romance of his education. It has been often said, that he was Oriental in all his habits. His plan of supremacy bore all the stamp of Orientalism—the solitary pomp, the inflexible will, the unshared

power, and the inexorable revenge. The throne of the empire was as isolated as the seraglio. It was surrounded by all the strength of terror and craft, more formidable than battlements and bastions. Its interior was as mysterious as its exterior was magnificent; no man was suffered to approach it but as a soldier or slave; its will was heard only by the roaring of cannon; the overthrow of a minister, the proclamation of a war, or the announcement of a dynasty crushed and a kingdom overrun, were the only notices to Europe of the doings within that central place of power.

But, with all the genius of Napoleon, he overlooked the true principles of supremacy. All power must be pyramidal to be secure. The base must not only be broad, but the gradations of the pile must be regular to the summit. With Napoleon the pyramid was inverted—it touched the earth but in one point; and the very magnitude of the mass resting upon his single fortune, exposed it to overthrow at the first change of circumstances.

Still, he was an extraordinary being. No man of Europe has played so memorable a part on the great theatre of national events for the last thousand years. The French Revolution had been the palpable work of Providence, for the punishment of a long career of kingly guilt, consummated by an unparalleled act of perfidy, the partition of Poland. The passions of men had been made the means of punishing the vices of government. When the cup was full, Napoleon was sent to force it upon the startled lips of Prussia, Austria, and Russia. The three conspirators were crushed in bloody encounters—the capitals of the three were captured—the provinces of the three were plundered—and the military pride of the three was humiliated by contemptuous and bitter conditions of peace.

But, when the destined work was done, the means were required no more. When the victims were broken on the wheel, the wheel and the executioner were alike hurried from the sight of man. The empire of France was extinguished by the same sovereign law which had permitted its existence. The man who had guided the empire in its track of devastation—the soul of all its strength, of its ambition, and its evil—was swept away. And as if for the final moral of human arrogance, France was subjected to a deeper humiliation than had been known in the annals of national reverses since the fall of Rome; and the ruler of France was plunged into a depth of defeat, a bitterness of degradation, an irreparable ruin, of which the civilized world possesses no example. His army destroyed in Russia by the hand of Him who rules the storm—the last forces of his empire massacred in Belgium—his crown struck off by the British sword—his liberty fettered by British chains—the remnant of his years worn away in a British dungeon, and his whole dynasty flung along with him into the political tomb, were only the incidents of the great judicial process of our age. The world has been suffered to return to peace; while the sepulchre of this man of boundless but brief grandeur, has been suffered to stand in the midst of that nation which most requires the great lesson—that ambition always pays for its splendor by its calamities; that the strength of a nation is in the justice of its councils; and that he "who uses the sword shall perish by the sword!"

Colonization of the Holy Land.—A society has recently been formed, entitled *The British and Foreign Society for Promoting the Colonization of the Holy Land.* The Committee of Management contains many names of distinction—as Lord Albert Conygham; Mr. Ewart, M.P.; Major Marten; the Rev. Stephen Isaacson; F. O. Fliebner, of Leipsic; Mr Aglionby, M.P.; Mr. Buckingham; the Rev. T Dale, canon of St. Paul's; Dr. Von Esser, Brussels; Monsieur Albert, Paris; Henri Everard, Heidelberg; &c. The object of this society is to turn the attention of England to the Holy Land, as a most desirable country for colonizing. Its peculiar situation, so accessible by the Mediterranean; its fine climate, and fertile districts; its location on the way, as a sort of half-way resting-place, towards our Indian territories; its desirableness, as forming a bulwark against the progress of Russia, invited by the weakness of Turkey. It is argued that there is a growing and now very general desire amongst the Jews to return thither; and that in many parts of the world there are large classes of Jews who are purely agriculturists, and therefore just the people to flourish there; that, whereas some years ago there were but about 2000 Jews resident in Palestine, there are now about 40,000. This society, however, does not propose to promote the removal merely of Jews there, but of English or other Europeans. Many high authorities are quoted amongst our travellers and journalists, as the *Times* and the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, as earnest advocates for this measure. We shall endeavor to give a more extended notice of this striking association in an early number of our journal.

(From the Edinburgh Review.)

THE LONG PARLIAMENT AND SIR SIMONDS D'EWES.

1. *A Journal of the Parliament begun November 3d, Tuesday, anno Domini* 1640, *anno* 16*mo Caroli Regis. By Sir Simonds D'Ewes, Bart. Harleian MSS.* 162 *to* 166. *Brit. Mus.*
2. *The Autobiography and Correspondence of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, Bart.* Edited by J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq. Two vols. 8vo. London: 1845.

We think that it might help to forward useful purposes, if we should succeed in fixing the attention of our readers, for a short time, upon that memorable company of English gentlemen, which assembled at Westminster on Tuesday the 3d of November, 1640. History has assigned to them collectively the name of the 'Long Parliament;' and prejudice and ignorance have given to the majority of them, as individuals, other appellations less just and less agreeable: but time will relax even the adhesiveness of slander, and to its gentle influence we will leave them, whilst we endeavor to recall a few of the scenes and incidents in which they were engaged. An authority, too long overlooked, enables us to do so, with more particularity than any of those who have hitherto written upon the subject.

The Long Parliament proceeded to business on the 7th of November, 1640. Within a very few days afterwards, troops of horsemen, bearing petitions for redress of grievances, flocked into London, even from far distant countries;* and grave, sober men descanted with solemn earnestness upon many enormities in Church and State. Some poured out their lamentations over the attempts made in high places to 'evaporate and dispirit the power of religion, by drawing it out into solemn, specious formalities; into obsolete antiquated ceremonies new furbished up:' others were indignant that all of 'the religion' were branded under the name of Puritans, so that 'whosoever squares his actions by any rule, either divine or human, he is a Puritan; whosoever would be governed by the King's laws, he is a Puritan; he that will not do whatsoever other men would have him do, he is a Puritan.'† Others, again, affected by more wordly considerations, exclaimed against 'the great and intolerable burden of ship-money,'* the imposition of which, at the mere pleasure of the crown, made 'the farmers faint, and the plough to go heavy;'† against coat and conduct money; against the compulsory demand for arms,—people being threatened,—'if you will not send your arms, you shall go yourselves;' and against the giant, the monster grievance of at least seven hundred Monopolies. 'These,' it was said, 'like the frogs of Egypt, have gotten possession of our dwellings, and leave scarce a room free from them. They sup in our cup, they dip in our dish, they sit by our fire; we find them in the dye-vat, wash-bowl, and powdering-tub; they share with the butler in his box; they have marked and sealed us from head to foot. They will not bate us a pin. We may not buy our own clothes without their brokage.'‡ The House was appealed to for justice against the great oppressions practised in Ireland; against the cruelties of the Star-Chamber; the open breaches of the privileges of Parliament, the illegal canons, the *Et cetera* Oath; the subserviency of the Judges who had overthrown the Law; the harshness of the Bishops who had forgotten the Gospel.§ Every member, as he rose, added his quota of complaint to the general mass; and as the sum-total of grievances gradually increased, the speakers glanced to the 'Achitophels' and 'Hamans' out of whose misdoings the mighty accumulation of wrongs had arisen.

The first blow was struck at the greatest of them all. Strafford was suddenly impeached and committed to the Tower; and this was done, and many Committees which were appointed to consider the grievances brought to notice, were all actively at work, in less than a week,—a proof of predetermination and preparedness altogether unparalleled in the history of popular movements.

A Fast-Day, with a general reception of the Lord's Supper in Westminister Abbey, followed; and thus we are brought on to Thursday the 19th of November. If we could look down upon the House as it appeared between eight and nine o'clock in the morning of that Thursday, we should see a considerable number of diligent members already congregated.

Prayers have been said. Speaker Lent-

* Whitelocke's *Memorials*, 38.
† Nalson, i. 452.

* *Ib.* 505. † *Ib.* 507.
‡ Nalson, i. 508. § *Ib.* p. 511.

hall, a Barrister of small practice, returned for Gloucester, and very unexpectedly thrown into the position of the First Gentleman of England, is seated in a comfortable cushioned receptacle, surmounted by the Royal Arms. The House is sitting in St. Stephen's chapel,—a long narrow chamber of the fourteenth century, with a western entrance, and a large eastern window; in advance of the middle of which, at the distance of some few feet, stands the Speaker's Chair. The members are seated on rows of benches placed parallel to the walls of the Chapel, and rising, as in an amphitheatre, from an open space in the centre of the floor. We pass into the House by an avenue between rows of benches, and under a Members' Gallery, the ascent to which is by a 'ladder' placed at the southern, or right hand corner of the House as we enter. Under the gallery sits the 'learned' Selden, one of the representatives for the University of Oxford, and Maynard—'honest Jack Maynard'—a lawyer who had suddenly risen into eminence, under the auspices of Noy, the framer of the writ for ship-money. Maynard was now stepping into a good deal of the practice of his deceased patron; but it was not until politics had aided his professional advancement, that his gains, upon one circuit, amounted to the then unparalleled, and, in the estimation of a rival practitioner, almost incredible sum of £700. Maynard sat for Totness. As we advance beyond the gallery, we pass, on our right hand, the usual seat of Pym, one of the members for Tavistock, and the recognised leader of the popular party. On the floor of the House, at some little distance in front of the Speaker's Chair, stands the Clerk's Table, at which are seated, facing the entrance, Henry Elsyng, whose name shortly afterwards flew all over the three kingdoms, as the authenticator of parliamentary mandates, and who is ridiculed in Hudibras as *Cler Parl. Dom. Com.*; and, on his left hand, John Rushworth, the compiler of the 'Historical Collections,' who had been recently admitted Clerk-Assistant. At the upper end of the front bench, on the Speaker's tight, sits the elder Vane, treasurer of the King's household; and on the same side of the House, Sir Edward Herbert the Solicitor-General, Sir Thomas Jermyn, Sir Benjamin Rudyard, Sir John Evelyn, Sir Harry Mildmay, Strode, St John,—soon to succeed Herbert as Solicitor-General,—and Alderman Pennington. On the opposite benches were Henry Martin, Waller the Poet, Miles Corbet, and Sir Thomas Bowyer; Sir Arthur Hazlerig and Holborn usually sat in the gallery. These are all the Members whose accustomed places we have been able to ascertain; but the subsequent proceedings on that very morning, prove, that there were then assembled Hampden, Digby, Hyde, Falkland, Culpepper, Bagshaw, Deering, Grimston, Hollis, Nathaniel Fiennes, Sir John Hotham, and several others of celebrated name.

And now, a grave and somewhat stately gentleman, having taken the oaths in the adjoining apartment, before Sir Gilbert Gerrard, the Lord Steward's Deputy, is ushered into the House. He is introduced to the Speaker by Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston, one of the members for Suffolk, and a distinguished leader amongst the Puritans. The new member is just thirty-eight years of ago,—a man of formal precise demeanour; quite self-possessed and self-satisfied. He takes his seat on the front bench, on the left hand of the Speaker, just opposite the end of the Clerk's table, with an evident determination to enter into the business before the House. He gives a nod of recognition to 'old Cage,' Bailiff of Ipswich, and one of the members for that borough, who is sitting just behind him; and also to 'Squire Bence,' a merchant of that county who was returned for Aldborough: and then, drawing out pen, ink, and paper, commences Note-taking. This action reveals that he is near-sighted, and apparently has lost the sight of one eye.

The business before the Hosue related to a contested return for Great Marlow. Maynard was reporting from a Committee, that the question turned upon the right to vote of certain Almsmen. The House was divided in opinion whether they should have voices or no. Up starts the new member,—dilates, after the frequent style of maiden speeches, upon the birth-right of the subjects of England, and moves 'that the poor should have a voice.' At a subsequent period of the same day, St. John moved for a Committee, to examine certain records appropriate to the case of the Earl of Strafford. Nothing could be more fortunate for the maiden member. Records were his peculiar study and delight. He hastened to confide his attachment to Mr. Speaker,—quoted 46 Edw. III. Rot. 2. No. 43, as a precedent in St. John's favor,—and was rewarded by the House, which was then, as it is now, always ready to derive

amusement from the gratification of any strange taste of an honorable member, by being put upon St. John's Record Committee.

A more promising commencement of a parliamentary career has seldom been known; and whilst the honorable member plied his task of Note-taking, no doubt the questions ran round the House, 'Who is he? What is he member for?' To many of our readers the answer will convey but little information. 'It is Sir Simonds D'Ewes, member for Sudbury.' In vain stands he chronicled in the *Biographia Britannica*, and other similar Collections, the compilers of which have from time to time been guilty of

> 'The fond attempt to give a deathless lot
> To names ignoble, born to be forgot.'

His name arouses no echo in the hearts of those who read it; it is not a name to conjure with; and therefore all attempts to preserve it from the inevitable doom have necessarily failed. And yet he was a man of some consideration in his own day; and it is essential to our present purpose that we should convey to our readers some impression of his character.

In order to do so we must go back to about the year 1575, when Richard Simonds and Paul D'Ewes were Chamber-fellows in the Middle Temple. Simonds, who was much the elder of the two, was a jovial merry man, of little eminence as a lawyer, but with sufficient practice to produce a competent, if not a considerable income. He married respectably, purchased an estate at Coxden in the parish of Chardstock, in Dorsetshire, spent his vacations there, (for in those days lawyers slept between term and term,) maintained a liberal hospitality, kept a cellar well stocked with 'cider, strong beer, and several wines;' and had moreover one only child, a daughter, whom he loved, as Polonius says, 'passing well.' Paul D'Ewes was a man of a very different character. He also was bred to the Bar, but his talent lay in the discovery of profitable investments for the patrimony which he inherited from his citizen-father. In his hands money made money; and it was his delight to watch it, and to encourage it, whilst in the act of accumulation. Preferring the safe to the pursuit of the brilliant, he abandoned the chances of legal practice, and sunk his fortune in the purchase of the office of one of the six Clerks in the Court of Chancery, worth at that time, about £1700 *per annum*. Being thus established for life, he married the only daughter of his old Chamber-fellow, Richard Simonds,—then of the age of fourteen; he himself being probably nearly three times that age. Simonds D'Ewes was the eldest son of that marriage, and was born at Chardstock on the 18th December 1602. Until his eighth year, he was brought up by his grand-parents, and was the spoiled child of an affectionate grandmother, and the pet and pride of his jovial grandfather. In 1611 both those worthy people died; and Master Simonds was transferred to the care of his money-loving father, and of an amiable pious mother, who was a convert and a disciple of the celebrated Gifford of Malden. D'Ewes saw but little of her, for she died in 1618, before his education was completed; but that little sufficed to fix in his mind the seeds of her deep religious feelings. Affection for her memory became the medium by which his heart was opened, to receive the deep things of Puritanical divinity.

His father destined him for the profession which himself had deserted, and, by a great abuse, he was entered of the Middle Temple when in his ninth year; so that nine years afterwards, when he first went into Commons, he found himself, stripling as he was, 'Ancient' to above two hundred members of the Inn. During his legal studies, he suffered many things from the penuriousness of his father; whose income from his office, and from acquired property, was now near upon £3000 *per annum*. As his son's guardian, he had received the considerable personal estate which old Mr. Simonds had bequeathed to his grandson; but all went into one common stock,—the young Templar being kept for years without a study, and upon a very insufficient allowance, which it was not always easy to obtain. When he complained, he was answered by alarming threats of a young wife and disinheritance. His only enjoyment was derived from his Commons in the Temple, which in those days was a kind of substitute for a Club.

In the meanwhile, his natural genius began to develope itself. He discovered, to use his own words, 'that records, and other exotic monuments of antiquity, were the most *ravishing and satisfying* part of human knowledge;' he also discovered, that his surest refuge from the discomforts occasioned by his father's parsimony, was to be found in a monied wife. To the Common

Law, then, he gave a mere occasional glance; but to the double pursuit of Records, and Heiresses, he devoted himself with intense and passionate seriousness. Still, his father's crotchety and uncertain disposition, and his hankering after a second wife, stood in the young lawyer's way. He therefore cast about to find 'some *good and ancient widow* every way fit for his father to marry;' and having discovered such a lady in the person of Dame Elizabeth Denton, the childless widow of Sir Anthony Denton, a Kentish knight, he managed, with much ado, to fix his wavering father, whose fancy tended towards a younger helpmate; but ultimately, on a wet and gusty morning in March 1622-3, the young Templar, dressed out in all his summer braveries, descended with the ancient couple to the old Crypt Church of St. Faith's, under St. Paul's, where, to his great joy and comfort, the marriage was duly solemnized. Shortly afterwards, he was called to the Bar, and his allowance was raised by his father from £60 to £100 *per annum*; upon coming into which 'plentiful annuity' he laid the foundation of his valuable Library; and leisurely pursued his ravishing studies, and his search after some lady who might 'enrich his posterity with good blood,'—knowing it, he says, 'to be the greatest honor that can betide a family to be often linked into the female inheritrices of ancient stocks.' It was indeed D'Ewes's strongest passion to be thought a gentleman. He was perpetually dreaming of mighty ancestors, dwelling long ages ago in Zealand;—Geerardts and Adrians, whom he talked about until he came to believe in their past existence, and marry them to great heiresses, and hunt through records to find them out. His greatest grief arose out of the fact, that their noble stock had suffered 'sad and overclouded interruptions;'—that is, that poverty had condemned some of them to hide their beams behind shop-counters, and carry on the humbler occupations of life, as if the D'Eweses had been no better than other men. This had been the case even with D'Ewes's own grandfather. He ardently longed to restore his family from their degradation; 'and seeing,' he says, 'the Divine Providence had blessed my father with a wife that was the heir of her father's estate and surname, I did not doubt but He would in mercy vouchsafe me the like happiness.' His wish was gratified. A lady was discovered; not 'a penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree,' but an heiress with a something in hand, and an ample estate in reversion, after the decease of her father's widow. She was a cousin of D'Ewes's religious friend and instructor, Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston. Her descent from William Peccatum who is mentioned in Domesday-Book, was imagined, to the satisfaction of D'Ewes; and on the 24th October 1626, after the usual match-making disputation, he was married, at the age of twenty-four, to Anne Clopton, only daughter and heiress of Sir William Clopton of Kentwell in Suffolk, who was of the mature age of thirteen years and a half! Upon his marriage D'Ewes quitted the Temple; procured the distinction of Knighthood, and devoted himself almost entirely to his 'Dear,' as he ordinarily terms his lady, and to the study of records; assisting the one to draw out a catalogue of infallible signs, from which she might assure herself that she was one of the elect, and accumulating transcripts and compiling pedigrees from the other. The death of his father, on the 14th March 1631, put D'Ewes into possession of a considerable estate; and his station and importance in the County of Suffolk were shortly afterwards increased, by his wife's coming into possession of her inheritance. D'Ewes used his wealth to increase his Library and went on studying Records, and amassing materials for various historical works, until withdrawn from literature into public life, by being appointed High-Sheriff of Suffolk, in the year 1639. Before this, however, he had finished his very useful compilation of *The Journals of all the Parliaments during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth;* but which was not published till after his death; when it was given to the world, in a folio volume, under the Editorship of his nephew, Paul Bowes, of the Middle Temple. We have seen copies of this really valuable compilation, dated in 1682, 1693, and 1708; but whether these dates indicate new editions, or only new title-pages, we are not authoritatively informed.

The appointment just mentioned opened a new scene to his ambition. He felt strongly the troubles of the time. In his office of Sheriff he was brought into practical acquaintance with the great public grievances under which the nation labored; and in an humble petition to the Council, he even ventured to bring before their notice certain records which went to prove

the illegality of 'ship-money.' But the members of the Council were most ungrateful to the Antiquary. Under the influence of 'that little busy wheel,' as he terms Archbishop Laud, they replied in letters 'terrible, and threatening like thunder and lightning,' and turned him over to the Star-Chambor; where records and precedents were never very much regarded. D'Ewes was thus added to the army of Martyrs, and with his feelings of opposition to Arminian innovations, and illegal taxation excited by a sense of personal injury, he became anxious to try the effect of his records in Parliament. Failing in an attempt upon a borough in the west of England, he appealed to Sudbury, and, having been elected, returned himself in his capacity of Sheriff.

At the opening of the Parliament, he had not received his official discharge from his Shrievalty; and therefore did not immediately take his seat; but he came up to London with his Record Collections, his MSS, and his transcripts,—the artillery with which he was to carry on the war. He first established himself in lodgings in Millbank Lane; and soon afterwards in 'Goat's Alley, a little beyond the White Lion Tavern, near Palace Yard,'—an obscure retreat close to the House. In his study there, we may imagine him, industriously groping for records applicable to an anticipated debate, or writing home to his 'Dear,' bulletins of his wonderful achievements. On that very 19th November 1640, when we have seen him take his seat with so much distinction, he reported his proceedings to her thus:—'I spake thrice this morning in the House, and, at my second speech, vouched a record.' The 'vouching of a record' was indeed D'Ewes's vocation; and let no one imagine that it was a vocation without its use, especially in days like those. Questions of most tremendous moment were in agitation;—questions which extended even to the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep, out of which the existing government arose. How few men are there in any generation who can look at such questions with a steady eye! The multitude are dazzled and blinded by the brilliancy of the more than sunlight which surrounds great principles. But, concentrate a portion of that brilliancy in a precedent, and every man, even the meanest, can look upon it, and follow its guidance, and steer by it.

For many months, the men of the Long Parliament were glad to have D'Ewes's records and precedents, even at the price of submitting to his continual displays of egregious vanity, and self-satisfaction. And so he went on, day by day, constant in his attendance, always ready to talk, often talking the merest nonsense in the world, in a pompous grandiloquent way, altogether ludicrous; and, during all that time he kept up that practice of taking Notes, which he had commenced at his first entering into the House. In spite of the inconvenience arising from defective sight, still he persevered,—paper upon his knee, and ink hanging from his buttonhole, making History by a minute record of every thing that took place around him. These Notes present us with a complete picture of the House in its ordinary proceedings; and a chronicle of the important businesses which were transacted during a period of several years. For some part of the time, they have been copied and written out in a narrative form, in a respectable hand; in other places, we have nothing but the rough jottings down of D'Ewes's own pen. At first, when we begin to read them, all is obscurity, as dull and dense as that which overclouds the pages of Rushworth, Nalson, and the Journals; but as we go on, the mist gradually grows less dense,—rays of light dart in here and there, illuminating the palpable obscure; and in the end, after much plodding, and the exercise of infinite patience, we may come to know the Long Parliament as thoroughly as if we had sat in it.

The members assembled at eight o'clock, and proceeded immediately to prayers. After the discovery of Waller's plot, in June 1643, and the taking of the Covenant in the following September, various alterations were made by old Francis Rous in the accustomed form of prayer. In addition to the Spanish Invasion, and the Gunpowder Treason, the escape from which was formerly commemorated, there was now added a thanksgiving for 'our deliverance from a wicked plot and conspiracy of divers persons of the court, city of London, and this House; tending to the destruction of the Parliament, city, and kingdom, and of that which ought to be most dear unto us, the true religion.' Prayer was then offered; 'that every one of us may labor to show a good conscience to thy Majesty, a good zeal to thy word, a loyal heart to our now gracious King Charles, and a Christian love to our country and commonwealth; and that, according to our intention expressed

in our oath and covenant, we may endeavor every one to amend his own way, and show forth a real thankfulness in a holy life, and in serving and pleasing Thee, who hast given such great deliverances to us. There followed a supplication that his Majesty might be blessed in the conversion of the Queen, and in his hopeful issue, and that he and that assembly might again be united.

After a time, the early attendance of members began to slacken. Even after prayers, Mr. Speaker was occasionally fain to sit for some time near the Chair, 'expecting company.' Several contrivances were adopted to overcome this remissness. At one time, a roll of members was called over; and at another it was ordered that whoever did not come at eight o'clock, and be at prayers, should pay a fine of one shilling. On the first morning after this order was made, there was an excellent attendance. The House was full, but prayers could not be read—Mr. Speaker himself was not there. At a quarter before nine, in he walked. Prayers over, plausible Sir Harry Mildmay congratulated the House upon the good effect of yesterday's order; 'and said to the Speaker, that he did hope that hereafter he would come in time; which made the Speaker throw down twelve pence upon the table. Divers spake after him; and others, as they came into the House, did pay each his shilling to the Serjeant. 'I spake,' said D'Ewes, whose father stirred within him at the sight of a shilling paid unnecessarily, 'to the orders of the House, that the order made yesterday was to fine "*after*" prayers; and therefore you cannot—(addressing the Speaker)—be subject to pay; and, for coming in a little after eight, that was no great difference. Although I spake truly, the Speaker, having cast down his shilling, would not take it up again.' On the day following, another little scene took place on the same score. There were about forty members present at prayers, and it was ordered that the fines of yesterday and to-day should be given to Dr. Leighton, the sufferer in the Star-Chamber, who was in great distress. A petition was then begun to be read:—'Some coming in and refusing to pay whilst the aforesaid petition was reading, divers called out to them to pay, and so interrupted the clerk's assistant who was reading it. Mr. John Hotham stood up and said, that the time appointed for men yesterday by the order was at eight, and that the chimes for that hour went, just as he came into the House. But the Speaker telling of him that prayers being past, he must pay, and he still refusing, it was put to the question, ruled affirmatively, and ordered accordingly. Whereupon he took his shilling and threw it down upon the ground; at which some called him to the bar, others that he should withdraw, and the Speaker, standing up, did sharply reprove him for that action as being a contempt to the House, which caused him, as I conceive, a little after to withdraw out of the House, though he returned again this forenoon.'*

The shilling fine was soon given up; but another rule adopted in this parliament attained a firmer footing. On the 26th November 1640, there was a long dispute as to who should speak; many members stood up at one time, each claiming precedence, and each backed by his friends. The confusion became intolerable. Some rule preventing such discord in future became indispensable; and at last, as D'Ewes tells us, the House determined for Mr. White, and 'the Speaker's eye' was adjudged to be the rule in future.

From prayer-time the House sat until noon; after which no new motion could be made without leave. After a time, afternoon sittings became frequent, and at last permanent. When the House made a general order for sitting in the afternoon, D'Ewes remarked, that he would not oppose it; but he hoped, that all men would be pleased to sit, and not the greater part to depart to Hyde Park plays, and bowling-greens, and then to leave the burthen of all business upon some four score of us, which was the cause we often met to little purpose.'

D'Ewes was a close observer and recorder of the movements of the Speaker's hat,—a counter of *congées* and reverences. He could tell to a hair's-breadth the very place to which every stranger should be admitted into the House, according to his degree; where the mace should be found at any given moment of time; who might be covered and who not; who should sit in a chair with arms, and who in one without arms; and who should stand and who should kneel, and what is the symbolical difference between a black rod and a white one. Such minute particularity is always amusing, and adds to the pictorial effect of the writer's description, even when it has no higher use, which it often has. Thus,

* *Harl. MS.* 163, fo. 476 a.

to give an example: when Lord Keeper Finch was to be admitted into the House to make an apology or defence of his conduct, in procuring the extra-judicial opinions of the Judges in favour of ship-money, 'it was disputed whether he should come in here like others, to sit with his hat on—as once the Earl of Southampton did, and others did that came to confer here—or stand bareheaded as other petitioners did, and further, whether he should sit or stand. In the end, D'Ewes tells us it was

—"Agreed he should have a chair, and to leave it to his own discretion to sit or stand. So a chair was set on the left side of the House, a little above the bar, and so he was called in. The serjeant came in before him, and he brought the purse with the great seal in it himself, and having made three reverences he laid the purse on the chair and stood by it, leaning his left hand on it, and so he made a long and well-composed speech. But before he began to speak, the Speaker, sitting in his chair with his hat on, said to him, &c. He afterwards told him, Your Lordship may sit down if you please. But he spake standing, and so having ended his speech, after a reverence made, took up the purse and departed. The serjeant stood all the time by him, on his right hand, with his mace on his right shoulder."

'After his departure divers spake; and it was the general sum of all of them he had rather aggravated than mitigated his crimes by his speech. . . . Some spoke to find him guilty of treason, others to defer the question. Mr. Perd spoke exceeding well to shew that this denying to put the vote of treason was to blow up the Parliament without gunpowder. . . . . To the first question, that the Lord Keeper is guilty of high treason and other misdemeanours, there were only two or three "Noes." To the second, to send up to the Lords to accuse him, all said "Aye," and not one "No;" but being past twelve o'clock, we understood the Lords were risen.' *

The appearance in the House of another great offender is thus chronicled, under the date of November 2, 1644:—

'The chief work of this day was the coming in of the Archbishop [Laud] to the House of Commons, whom Alderman Pennington brought in about ten of the clock, to hear Mr. Samuel Brown, a lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, and a member of the House of Commons, to sum up his charge against him. He first kneeled at his coming in at the bar, and was then bidden to stand up by the Speaker, and a chair without arms being set for him, he was afterwards admitted to sit down, and made use of a pen and ink to take notes as Mr. Brown summed up his charge against him, which consisted of two general heads. . . . At my coming in I found Mr. Brown summing up the charge, who continued speaking near upon half an hour in my hearing. Then the clerk read some of the special heads of accusation to him. Then Brown spake again, and urged other matters against him. The Archbishop wrote all the while without spectacles, reasonable fair, he being about seventy years old; which caused in me much admiration. The serjeant stood by him on his right hand all the while, without the bar, with his mace on his left shoulder. The Speaker then told him, that he had heard his charge summed up against him, and if he had any desire to make any defence, the House was willing to hear him. The Archbishop then standing up, without any change of countenance, or show of fear, and bowing himself, first acknowledged that Mr. Brown in urging his charge against him had dealt fairly with him, and then shewed that the charge was long, himself old, and his memory short, and his late troubles and sufferings great, and therefore desired that some convenient [time] may be appointed him, that he may be heard to give a satisfactory answer, and that he had drawn up a petition which he desired to read to the House. Whereupon the Speaker wished him to withdraw, which he did, and the House, upon debate, resolved that he should have liberty to read what he desired. Then being called in again, he read his petition without spectacles, which was to desire the House to grant him time to answer and to hear his evidence.' *

For a considerable time D'Ewes and his records were treated with great respect. He put himself forward in the House as a zealous assistant of the movement party; helped them to precedents against Strafford; led on the prosecution against Dr. Cosin; offered himself as one of the sureties to the city for £1000 upon the first advance to pay the armies in the north; found a precedent for a city-guard when that notion was first started; brought against ship-money the old precedents he had formerly sent to the Council; advocated the restoration of the parliamentary franchise to the decayed boroughs; spoke strongly against the canons of 1640 and the *Et cetera* oath; and all this within the first week after he took his seat. It is no wonder that a man who could thus exert himself was received with favour by a party as yet unacquainted with its own strength; notwithstanding the pedantry of his speeches, and the frequent inapplicability of his records. Sometimes

* *Harl. MS.* 162, fo. 90 a.

* *Harl. MS.* 166, fo. 152

indeed, he brought his record knowledge to bear in very odd ways. Thus, when Sir Arthur Hazlerig first introduced the bill for settling the militia, a great uproar ensued. 'Many cried, "Away with it!" and others, "Cast it out?"' Sir John Culpepper said, 'That he wondered that the gentleman in the gallery should bring in such a bill.' Sir Thomas Barrington wished that it might be rejected. Strode and D'Ewes spoke in favor of it; but many members 'used very violent expressions against it. Mr. Thomas Coke said, that one Hexey in the Parliament *in anno* 20 Richard II. brought in a bill against the King's prerogative of far less consequence than this, and was therefore condemned as a traitor. Mr. Mallory said, that he thought this bill was fit to burned in Westminster Palace Yard, and the gentleman to be questioned that brought it in. Some excepted against Mr. Mallory's speech, and thought it fit to be questioned; but Mr. Strode said, he thought Mr. Mallory's speech in some sort excusable, because it was occasioned by the speech of a gentleman who sat near him, viz. Mr. Coke, who had once before cited a dangerous precedent in this House; whereupon, after a little dispute, the said Mr. Coke having explained himself, but that not satisfying the House, was commanded to withdraw.'

In the mean time, D'Ewes rushes out of the House to his lodging in Goat's Alley—turns over his papers, searches out Hexey's precedent, finds that the bill he introduced was not for the curtailment of the prerogative, but to interfere with the private expenses of the King; and that, although Hexey was declared guilty of treason, he was immediately afterwards pardoned upon the intercession of the Prelates. Back comes D'Ewes to the House in the full-blown dignity of exclusive information; and remarks with condescending compassion, that the gentleman now withdrawn was a young man, and a man of hope, and therefore he desired that he should not be too much disheartened; that he thought him more punishable for misreciting than for citing; and then he went into the question of the applicability of the case of Hexey; and concluded, 'That the greatest censure I would have laid upon this gentleman is, that he would cite no more records till he had studied them better; at which divers of the House laughed;' and Coke was called in and admonished 'how he did allege or apply precedents' in future.

Such instances, and there were several such, but we have not space to dwell upon them, with D'Ewes's invincible self-possession and command of temper, and a faculty of giving utterance to little witticisms of that kind which 'gentle dullness' loves, gave him a certain station and prominence. The leaders of the House occasionally complimented him. Hampden acknowledged himself a convert to D'Ewes's arguments in favor of the right of Seaford to return burgesses. Old Sir Harry Vane, pointing towards D'Ewes's vacant seat, regretted the absence of the gentleman who was so well versed in records. Sir Robert Pye, on another occasion, 'stood up,' says D'Ewes, 'and did me that undeserved honor as to desire that the House would assent to this part of the proviso, seeing that learned gentleman who was so well skilled in records—and then he looked on me—had shewed, &c.' Sir William Litton, and another member, further inflated his self-importance by assuring him, that the House could not well spare him.

On his own part, D'Ewes never neglected any possible avenue to popularity. He took the protestation willingly. He offered to be bound for £2000 when the city hesitated about advancing money; and, stirred up by Goodwyn's pulpit drum, and the horrors of the Irish rebellion, he volunteered a subscription of £50 per annum towards maintaining the Irish war. He had written down his offer, and chanced to show the paper to Mr. Walter Long, who delivered it to the Speaker; 'at which,' says D'Ewes, 'I, blushing, would have hindered the reading of it, but divers called to have it read;' and so it was read, and the Speaker and the House eulogized the blushing patriot; and Hampden moved that it should be entered on the Journals as 'a great public service.' So also he was ready on all occasions to talk, vouch records, or come to the rescue on behalf of any member of his party. We will quote an instance which occurred on the 9th February 1640-1, upon a debate respecting the Bishops.

'Sir John Strangways rose up and spake on their behalf, saying, if we made a parity in the church, we must at last come to a parity in the commonwealth; and that the bishops were one of the three estates of the kingdom, and had voice in Parliament. Mr. Cromwell stood up next and said, he knew no reason of these suppositions and inferences which the gentleman had made that last spake. Upon this

divers interrupted him, and called—To the bar. Mr. Pym and Mr. Hollis thereupon spake to the orders of the House, that if the gentleman had said any thing that might offend, he might explain himself in his place. I also spake to the order of the House, and showed that I had been often ready to speak against the frequent calling men to the bar in this House upon trivial questions. For to call a member to the bar here is the highest and most supreme censure we can exercise within these walls; for it is a rending away a part from our body; because if once a member amongst us is placed at yonder bar—then I looked towards it—he ceaseth to be a member. I could not better compare it than to excommunication, &c. I therefore moved, that if any man hereafter should, without just cause, call another to the bar, that he might be well fined. So, after I had spoken, Mr. Cromwell went on and said—he did not understand why the gentleman that last spoke [*i. e.* to the main question] should make an inference of parity from the church to the commonwealth, nor that there was any necessity of the great revenues of bishops. He was more convinced, touching the irregularity of bishops, than ever before; because, like the Roman hierarchy, they would not endure to have their condition come to a trial.'

But it was not in the nature of things that this wonderful unanimity should last long. D'Ewes's demands upon the homage and the patience of the House were excessive; and his appetite for adulation, ever craving and insatiable, increased by what it fed upon. He became a glutton, a very horse-leech, in his importunity for highly-seasoned compliments to his erudition, and humble submission to the authority of his records. The first indication of a difference of opinion between D'Ewes and his friends occurred on the 23d December, 1640. On that day D'Ewes, who a fortnight before had contended against the granting of any subsidies, in which the popular party was overruled, now supported the grant of four subsidies, upon the ground of making 'the plaster as big as the sore.'

The next cause of dissension was the Triennial Bill, brought in by 'Mr. William Stroud, a young man;' the second reading being moved by 'Mr. Cromwell.' Clarendon tells us, that this bill 'found an easy passage through both Houses, and by the 'King had an equal reception.' D'Ewes states in one of his letters, that the King was extremely troubled at it, 'as Sir Henry Mildmay, the master of the jewel-house, told me; nay, I was informed this day from Mr. Henry Percy, brother to the Earl of Northumberland [afterwards a leader in the army plot], that he heard the King say, that he would never pass this bill whilst he had life.'

About the same time we find D'Ewes involved in a dispute with Pym; which turned upon the antiquarian question of whether the two Houses of Lords and Commons anciently sat together or not. Coke's opinion was adduced in favor of the affirmative tradition. D'Ewes controverted the authority of the legal sage; and safely offered to go a hundred miles a-foot to see any authority to that effect. Pym, being unable to gratify the ardent Antiquary, wisely endeavored to keep him to the main subject in debate, which was the settlement of a subsidy bill in a committee. But D'Ewes, once roused, could split straws with any one. He must needs raise the whole question of Episcopacy, upon the occurrence in the bill of the words 'Lords Spiritual.' That point being put aside by Pym, the Clerk's assistant went on reading the bill without any more dispute, till he came to that part where the University of Cambridge was placed before Oxford; and then the Oxford men cried out to have that ranked in the first place. The Cambridge men cried out 'No, no!' and D'Ewes, who had been twelve months at St. John's, rushed into the breach in defence of *alma mater;*—offering to prove 'out of exotic and rare monuments remaining yet only in ancient and rare manuscripts, not known to many,' that 'Cambridge was a renowned city at least five hundred years before there was a house of Oxford standing, and whilst brute beasts fed or corn was sown, on that place where the same city is now seated.' His speech on this occasion,—one of his greatest displays,—was printed.

This speech was D'Ewes's culminating point. From that time, the bickerings between him and the popular leaders became more frequent. The House began to be tired of, and to laugh at him; the Speaker resented his perpetual interference in trifles; Martin and Strode subjected him to their rough horse-play; and he himself was terrified at the strong measures which were necessary to maintain the House in the position which it had assumed, and to the maintenance of which he was pledged by many votes. The parliamentary declaration to the city, in July 1642, brought the bickering to a climax, which must be given in D'Ewes's own words. It occurred on Saturday, the 23d of July, 1642.

'I withdrew out of the house about twelve of the clock, and returned a little while after. This long, impertinent, and dangerous declaration was then read through, and one was speaking to it as I came into the House. Divers fiery spirits then called "to the Question;" and the Speaker was standing up to put it, which made me ask him, sitting near him, what question he meant to put? He answered me, whether it should pass or not. Whereupon I stood up and spake in effect following. being extremely provoked at their unjust and violent proceeding.' [Here follows a speech, in which D'Ewes advocates a second reading, and alleges that great part of the proposed declaration is to be found in a pamphlet already in print; adding, that 'in one place it doth lay a scandal on Queen Elizabeth's reign.'] 'I have entered this speech at large, so far as I could call it to memory; that so posterity to come may see, that when those furious spirits of the House of Commons were irritated with my freedoms of expression, that had for about four months last past resisted, and often also alone, without being seconded by any (who were most of them overawed, as the king hath well set out in some of his late declarations and answers), their bitter and irreverential language towards his majesty, and their fierce and hot preparations for a civil war, they took this frivolous and unjust occasion to call in question what I said at this time. The first fiery tongue that fell upon me was one Mr. William Strode, a notable profaner of the Scriptures, and a man doubtless void of all truth of piety, whose vanity I had several times of late reproved publickly; and he said, that I had offered wrong to the committee whom the House had entrusted, in laying an accusation upon them, as if they had transcribed this declaration out of a pamphlet in print, and desired that I might explain myself. Whereupon I stood up and said, that I had not alleged that the committee had taken it out of a pamphlet in print, but that it was in a pamphlet in print, &c. But notwithstanding the just apology I had made, divers of the violent and fiery spirits called upon me to withdraw; and one Mr. Carew, my formerly seeming friend, Mr. Nathaniel Fiennes, and Mr. Denzil Hollis, a proud ambitious man, took other frivolous exceptions at what I had said, which I thought not worth the answering, but rather chose to withdraw into the committee chamber, although Mr. Waller stood up and offered to speak against my withdrawing. Divers cried that I should not withdraw, and some catched at my cloak to stay me, as I went along towards the committee chamber. After I was withdrawn, these fiery spirits, though I had always concurred with them, hoping that their profession of religion, at least of some of them, was unfeigned, and oftentimes held up their cause ever since the beginning of Parliament, except in the matter of the triennial bill, and their last four months' violent preparation for a civil war, grew ashamed to execute their malice against me to the full, which at first I verily believed they had intended; for I expected nothing less than that, being caused unjustly to withdraw, they would either have sent me prisoner to the Tower, or discomposed me out of the House. But God, who restrained the devil in the case of Job, did so far overawe them, as though the said Strode and Hollis, and one Mr. Henry Martin, whom I had once or twice brought off in the House, being questioned, for indiscreet words which deserved a reproof far better than mine, did vent their scurrilous and windy wit upon me; yet the House agreed to have me speedily called down again, and to express an acknowledgment in my place for what I had said, and that the Speaker should admonish me for it. Being thereupon called down to my place, and standing up, the Speaker told me that the House took offence at what I had said, and therefore expected from me that I should acknowledge my fault and my sorrow for it; but I knowing the integrity and uprightness of mine own heart, and how unjustly I had been questioned, spake in effect following:—[That he was very sorry for the *manner* of delivery, &c.] Having thus spoken I sat down in my place, and did put on my hat; whereupon that firebrand Strode, who had first taken exception, stood up and said, that he was altogether unsatisfied with what I had done, for I had rather justified myself in what I had delivered than acknowledged any fault; in which his malicious heart did dictate mightily indeed to his tongue. But Mr. Nat. Fiennes stood up, and did very nobly express himself, saying, that I had done enough, &c.; so the said Strode's malicious motion came to nothing. The Speaker then spoke to me again, and I stood up, and told me that the House took it worse from me, "in respect of my great learning and knowledge"—such were the words he used—that I should speak any thing which might trench upon the actions of a committee, than they would have done from another man, &c.; and so I sat down again in my place, and continued there till the House rose. . . . This horrible ingratitude for all my services, and injustice towards me, proceeding from divers who professed religion, made me resolve to leave off further writing and speaking in the House, and to come as seldom amongst them as I could; seeing liberty of speech was taken away, hoping to spend my time much better upon my invaluable studies. Nay, divers of these men, forgetting the solemn protestation they had made before God to preserve the privileges of Parliament, would have excused this injury done unto me, by affirming that they did it only to be merry with me; others, who abhorred this action of theirs, observed, that by my vindicating and justifying myself after my return from the committee chamber, they received more dishonor by questioning me, than if they had been silent. ——' *

* *Harl. MS.*, 163, fo. 676, b.

A proceeding which did such violence to D'Ewes's self-esteem, destroyed for a time all his interest in parliamentary business. Thenceforth he went to the House late, sat there silent and chagrined, and stole away early. In his estimation, all freedom of debate, all chance of accommodation with the King—every thing was lost, on that fatal Saturday. Malice and faction became triumphant. The men whom D'Ewes had previously followed, almost implicitly, were discovered to be 'hot and fiery spirits;' Henry Martin was 'a fiery heathen;' Glyn 'a swearing profane fellow;' John Gurdon 'a violent, ignorant man, Henry Martin's ape;' and young Pye, a son of that Sir Robert whose praise had lately been so delightful in the ears of D'Ewes, was found to be 'a more simple fellow even than his father.' Thenceforth, D'Ewes's Diary became a *Jeremiad;* no longer the register of the great achievements of the Record Member—the ample chronicle of all he said and did, and how others flattered him—but a sorrowing and fragmentary memorial of the misdeeds of erring profligates, ruined by the rejection of their Mentor. Grieved and wounded by their ingratitude, D'Ewes shrouded himself in dignified sorrow, and sat by, a mere spectator of the great Drama that was playing out around him—save only when the course of events rendered it necessary for him either to relinquish his seat, or to lay aside for a moment his stern magnanimous reserve. An instance of that kind occurred in August 1642.

The King having set up his standard, and the Parliament placed their troops under the command of the Earl of Essex, a royal proclamation was issued, declaring the parliamentary general to be a traitor. The House of Lords passed a vote, pledging the members of that assembly to maintain the Earl of Essex with their lives and fortunes; and at a conference between the two Houses, this resolution was communicated to the Commons, with a desire for their concurrence. D'Ewes tells us that the Earl of Essex, being present at the Conference, stood up and said, 'That he had not undertaken the command out of any ambition, and that, far from being disheartened by the king's proclamation, he should proceed with greater courage and alacrity.' He added, 'That neither should he be afraid to meet a great man that was to be opposed against him; by which,' says D'Ewes, 'he meant the Marquis of Hertford, who had married the Earl of Essex's sister, had several children by her, and was like to be heir to the Earl of Essex himself, who had no children.'

The following details regarding the proceedings of the 'hot spirits' are not a little striking:—

'Divers of the members of the House of Commons,' proceeds D'Ewes, 'being returned from the conference, notwithstanding it was so late, yet caused the door to be presently shut, so as those that would come in might, but no one could go out; and then the report being made, divers of the hotter spirits were not content to pass the vote which the Lords had passed, in a fair, ordinary, and parliamentary way, by one general question to which every man might have freely given his "Aye" or "No" without fear; but contrary to the protestation, and contrary to all precedent, forced every man to answer particularly whether they would venture and hazard their lives and fortunes with the Earl of Essex, Lord General. And whereas one Mr. Jesson, one of the burgesses for Coventry, being an ancient man, did only desire a little time to consider of it before he gave his answer, they would not permit that, but compelled him to answer presently, whereupon he, not being satisfied in his conscience, gave his "No." At which these hot spirits taking great distaste, the Speaker, unworthy of himself and contrary to the duty of his place, fell upon him with very strange language for giving his No; and when the poor man, terrified with the displeasure he saw was taken against him, would have given his 'Aye,' they would not permit him to do that neither. Sir Guy Palmes and Mr. Fettyplace were so overawed by Mr. Jesson's misfortune as they answered "Aye" without any further debate, and so did many others who came dropping in from dinner, not knowing what had been done, and was doing in the House. Nay, they were not satisfied with this vote, but agreed to have a Covenant drawn which every man should be engaged in, and so a committee was named to that end.'*

D'Ewes at first evaded this dangerous Obligation, and absented himself from the House for several days, in the hope that he might thus escape it altogether. But that was impossible. On the 27th August, Henry Martin drew the attention of the House to the circumstance, that there were several members present who had not made the declaration of adherence to Essex. Glyn, who had been formerly absent, immediately led the way with a cordial 'Aye,' and was followed by the younger Vane,

* *Harl. MS.* 164, fo. 1060 b.

Sir William Armin, Sir William Morley, and several others. At length it came to the turn of Sir Thomas Bowyer, who was sitting next to D'Ewes, on his right hand. He said that he agreed with the declaration, in as far as it was consistent with his oath of allegiance to the King. The Speaker had already declared that every member should give an unqualified answer; and when Sir Thomas Bowyer resumed his seat, there was a great outcry of 'Withdraw! Withdraw!' He rose as if to comply, but D'Ewes entreated him to remain, and he resumed his seat. The Speaker then told him, that if he were not satisfied to give 'his single "Aye," he might give his "No."' He instantly did so. The House seemed upon the very verge of an uproar, when D'Ewes was appealed to by several members around him.

'I stood up,' records the indignant martyr-member, 'being the first time I had done so since the unjust proceedings against me on Saturday the 23d July last past, and I said, that I saw the p rticulars for the defence of which I was to declare myself were all conjoined, and therefore I might very well give my "Aye" to it, which I did. At which some snarling spirits began to take exception; but the Speaker, conceiving to himself how he had overdone his work on the said 23d July, stood up and said, that I had answered as fairly and fully as possibly could be desired, and that he himself had given his Aye in the same notion; and thereupon the House slighted those begun cavils, and I sat still.

'Sir Thomas Bowyer hearing what I had said, stood up again, desiring the favor of the House that he might not be surprised upon the sudden, this question being new to him; and that now, understanding from what had been last spoken, (by which he meant what I had answered,) that all those particulars were taken in a conjoined sense, he was ready to give his Aye for it, and so he did; which was accepted, though Mr. Strode and one or two more opposed it.'*

"It is thus that with its 'conjoined sense,' and its 'non-natural sense,' and suchlike pitiful quibbles, sophistry has evaded the force of solemn obligations, in all ages of the world.

The conclusion of D'Ewes's Notes respecting the departure of Essex upon his daring service, presents him to us, as treating his masters of the Commons in a very bluff and unceremonious manner. His eloquence was evidently to be found in his sword rather than in his tongue.

* *Harl. MS.* 163, fo. 688.

'The greater part of the House went up to the Painted Chamber, conceiving . . . that the Earl of Essex would have made some set speech at his departure . . . But the Lords coming out with the said Earl a little after the committee of the House of Commons had placed themselves, he stood up and spoke only these words . . . "My Lords, You have employed me about a service which I am very willing to undertake, and therefore I desire to know what you will please to command me;" and so, putting on his hat, made an end of speaking; and the company soon after departed, thinking this message somewhat ridiculous, that the Lords should send a solemn message for the members of the House of Commons to meet them in the Painted Chamber, because the said Earl might take his leave of them; and then, in that which he did speak, he did only apply himself to the Lords, and not so much as take notice of the House of Commons, or name them, which it seems was the reason that, as soon as the House of Commons was set, the Lords sent down a message . . . . that if the Speaker or any of the members of the House of Commons would be pleased to come and take their leaves of the said Earl of Essex, at Essex House in the afternoon, he would be very ready to give them entertainment . . . and the House rising soon after, the Speaker and divers of the members of the House of Commons went into the court of wards to the said Earl, who, being then taking of Tobacco, did salute them with his hat in one hand, and the Pipe in the other.

'He went through London between two and three o'clock, going from Essex House with about three hundred horse, the trained bands of London standing in the streets, the pikemen on one side and the musqueteers on the other, to guard him as he went along; and, to make the solemnity the greater, he passed through Fleet Street, and so up Ludgate Hill into Cheapside, and so to Bishopgate, and so crossed over Moorfields up to Islington, and there, a little after he was past the Artillery Garden, lighted off his horse, and went into his coach with six horses, and having coaches layed by the way for him, went this night to Dunstable, thirty miles from London, in his way to Northampton, whither he got the next day, a great part of his army attending him there; and, amongst other particulars, he caused to be carried along with him his coffin and winding-sheet, and funeral escutcheons ready drawn.' *

The once busy D'Ewes, hovering silently over this tumultuous scene, rather than mixing with it, still continues his melancholy record of whatever comes under his notice; and especially, with something of a fellow feeling, of whatever happens to members, who, like himself, chanced to fall out of favor with the 'fiery spirits.' There were

* *Harl. MS.* 163, fo. 710 b.

many such instances. When Sir John Culpepper was sent from the King with a message to the House, D'Ewes gives the following account of his reception. After a debate as to the way in which he should be called in, the Sergeant was sent out for him, with the mace.

'Whether he were surprised with fear or astonishment, or the unexpectedness of his calling in, I know not; he followed the serjeant in, almost as speedily as he could return back again, and being come to the bar, and there standing bareheaded, looked so dejectedly as if he had been a delinquent rather than a member of the House, a privy counsellor, or a messenger from his Majesty. The Speaker, then sitting in his chair, and keeping his hat on, said, "Sir John Culpepper," without styling him Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer, "the House understands that you have a message from his Majesty, which they give you liberty to perform." Whereupon he said only, that his Majesty had sent by him a message in writing, which he had ready to deliver to them, and so delivered it. And then the Speaker wished him to withdraw, which he did accordingly.' *

Other appearances in the House, far more humiliating than that of Sir John Culpepper, are recorded by D'Ewes. Waller's conduct on his several examinations, in connexion with his plot, is very fully described—particularly his miserable, abject mien and aspect, before that very Assembly which had been many a time delighted by his eloquence, and enlivened by his wit. Such was the effect of his appearance upon his old associates, that many of them could not forbear shedding tears. Hotham, the man who had refused to admit his sovereign into Hull, was still more overpowered with grief; but in both, there was a mixture of sycophancy. Waller practised subtle adulation, whilst 'he expressed in his tone and gesture the lowest degree of a dejected spirit.' Hotham wept with such intensity and passion, 'as to deprive him of the very faculty of speaking, and he often struck his right hand upon the bar where he leaned, holding a walking-staff in his left, so as the Speaker, perceiving in what case he was, bade him withdraw.' And yet D'Ewes records of this same man:—

'Mr. Pym then moved, that whereas it had been ordinarily reported that Sir John Hotham could discover something of his transporting money, he desired that he might be called in again, and the question asked of him.' This was accordingly done. 'At which, looking on Mr. Pym, who sat next the bar on his right hand, he said in a fawning, flattering way, 'What! I, sir! I say any thing of Mr Pym! Truly I do not know whether you speak to me in jest or earnest, for I know nothing of it, more nor less.' The Speaker then asked, whether he had not formerly said that he did know? "No truly, sir," answered he; "for if I had said so, I had told a famous lie." At this latter carriage of his, all that wished him well were more ashamed than at his former."

D'Ewes had many other troubles besides those which resulted from the failure of his parliamentary career. In July 1641, his wife was attacked with smallpox, following hard upon a confinement, and died on the 27th of that month, during his absence in London, and under circumstances extremely distressing. His grief was acute but transient. They had had many children, but she left no son surviving. The desire of perpetuating his noble name was too deeply rooted in the heart of Sir Simonds to allow him to remain long a widower. Guided by the same motives which influenced his former choice, he selected Elizabeth, daughter and coheiress, with only one sister, of Sir Henry Willoughby of Risley in Derbyshire. They were married on the 20th September, 1642; and on the afternoon of that same day, D'Ewes had the pleasure of introducing his bride to Mr. Speaker, who met them walking amongst the fashionables in St. James's Park.

This second match was quickly followed by another attack upon D'Ewes, in the House of Commons, which we must allow him to describe. It is under the date of Thursday, 22d Se tember, 1642.

'I came in between 10 and 11 . . . The Speaker delivered in a letter which had been lately sent him by Sir Roland St. John, Sir John Dryden, and others of the committee at Northampton, in which they sent an examination of one Roan . . . in which he confessed that he was employed in Staffordshire by Lieutenant-Colonel D'Ewes, to raise men for the regiment of Colonel Bolls. . . The House made some little stand at the clerk's pronouncing my brother's name; but the Speaker told them that it was my brother, and I acknowledged it; and the particulars having been read, the House was ready to lay it aside, but that Mr Henry Martin, who had long affected an infamous fame to make fiery and indiscreet motions, stood up and desired, that I being brother to him who raised men against the parliament, might declare what I would do for the defence of the parliament. After I had

* *Harl. MS.* 163 fo. 680 b.

sitten a pretty while, I stood up and said, that perhaps he who last spake might have a brother subject to error as well as myself (and he had a brother that was a very debauched spendthrift); but that neither himself nor I could be called to answer for our brother's faults, and that, if it had been in my power to dissuade him from going on this expedition, he had not been there now amongst them. And for my declaring myself, I should be ready as soon as I knew how much of mine own I can be master of, to declare myself in such way as to give satisfaction to this House. But one Glyn, a lawyer who had long sided with the fiery spirits, and Sir William Armin, said that this was no satisfactory answer; whereupon divers near me desiring me to declare myself, I stood up again and spake in effect following. . . . "For Mr Glyn he cannot know the state of my affairs, and for the other gentleman who said the county in which my estate lies is in as good condition as any county in England, it is indeed very true that we do as yet enjoy quiet there; but my tenants do learn wariness from other places, and pay little rent, and I may truly say that for near upon two years that I have served in this House, and that with much diligence till I have had some diversion of late, (viz. in prosecuting my second blessed match,) I have scarce looked into mine own estate, or know much more of it than he doth. I shall therefore desire liberty to retire into the country for a month or two to get in my estate." That I would freely give them L.40 down presently, and would enlarge it according as I could get in that which belonged to me. I thought I should have given full content by this free offer; but some of the fiery spirits, grown into a real envy against me, because of the late great marriage God had vouchsafed me, . . . began to cavil at my proffer; and Sir Robert Harley had so little wit as to desire that I should declare what I would do, [which occasioned a further discussion, in which Glyn, Sir William Armin, and Sir Harbottle Grimstone took part, and,] in the issue, my offer was neither accepted nor rejected . . . only I still pressing the House for liberty to go into the country, the Speaker told them, that I had married a fair lady, and therefore they had great reason to give me leave to accompany her into the country . . . This motion also . . . was neither granted nor rejected.'

On the 11th of October Sir Gilbert Gerrard renewed these motions on D'Ewes's behalf; and 'some of the fiery spirits being absent,' obtained for him the desired permission to retire for a month into Suffolk. The difficulty he had found in procuring this accustomed liberty, gives proof of the suspicion with which he was regarded. He had become, indeed, a constant opponent of the parliamentary leaders, and there never was a man who was less able to contend discreetly. His opposition was a disputatious, quarrelsome altercation, which annoyed without frustrating, and disposed his adversaries to take advantage of every opportunity for retaliation. The position of his brother, no doubt, added to the jealousy which his own conduct inspired, but that cause of quarrel was soon removed. This promising soldier, 'a young man,' says Clarendon, 'of notable courage and vivacity,' was wounded in the attack upon Caversham bridge during the siege of Reading; and, being removed into the town, died there 'very cheerfully.' The news instantly produced another, and a very unfeeling attack upon D'Ewes in the House. Mr. John Gurdon, one of the representatives for Ipswich, and member of a family between which and that of D'Ewes there had been a long-standing friendship, assailed him in a way which he declares to have been as ungrateful, 'in respect of some particular obligations from him to me,' as it was certainly in bad taste, if not, as he terms it, 'barbarous.' Gurdon would have had D'Ewes instantly called to account for his brother's estate—some £4000 or £5000 of ready money, as he alleged, besides lands—saying that the money would come very fitly to be sent for supply to the Lord Fairfax. Thus called upon, D'Ewes stood up, and 'though,' as he says, 'the business was very sudden and unexpected to him, being newly clad with a sad and mournful habit,' his crafty wit supplied him instantly with a miserable evasion. By assuring the House that his brother died in his bed at Reading, he would have led them to believe that he had not been killed in arms against the parliament. 'If,' he continued with more truth, 'you will take his property from me by force and violence, so you may deprive me also of the rest of my estate.' The greater part of the House was satisfied, and several exclaimed, 'God forbid we should take any thing away which was given you!' The Speaker echoed this sentiment, but Gurdon still persisted, exclaiming several times aloud, 'I am sure he died a traitor to the parliament?'—Clownish words, says D'Ewes; but which the House so far regarded as to refer the matter to the Committee of Sequestration; notwithstanding his declaration that although his brother had once had £4000 or £5000, he had spent it all in foreign travel, and had left only fifteen shillings in ready money. Before the Sequestrators, D'Ewes's adroitness did not forsake him. 'I told them that I

had one word to trouble them with concerning myself. That I was lately unhappy in the death of a brother, who had left me his sole executor, with only fifteen shillings. If it be taken from me, it concerns this gentleman near me, (viz. Sir Ralph Verney, who stood next me on my left hand, whose father, Sir Edmund Verney, being knight-marshal and bearing the King's standard, was slain at Edgehill,) and some members also of your Lordships' house, (for Earls Holland and Manchester were then present at the Committee;) whereupon Earl Holland asked me who it was had, so little wit to move such a thing.' D'Ewes merely remarked that it had been moved, and so got off scot-free.

One cannot wonder that a man whose heart had long been cold to the Parliament cause, and who was thus badgered in the House, should lose all interest in its proceedings. He removed from Goat's Alley to Great Russell Street, cultivated the acquaintance of Archbishop Usher, who was then Lecturer at Covent-Garden Church, fell back upon his Antiquarian studies, amassed MSS., planned great historical works, and attained the consummation of his wishes, in the birth of a thriving boy. His Parliamentary Notes descend only to November 1645, but he continued in the House until December 1648. He was then excluded by Colonel Pride and the army. His death took place on the 18th April, 1650.

It is principally—though not entirely, witness his before mentioned *Journals of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*—as a member of the Long Parliament, and as a taker of Notes of its memorable Sayings and Doings, that Sir Simonds D'Ewes is worthy of being had in remembrance; and our chief object in presenting our readers with a sketch of his character, is to direct public attention to those Notes. We are not acquainted with any Historical Memorials of that momentous period, that can be at all compared with them in point of importance; and yet they remain unpublished—inaccessible to all but the frequenters of the reading-room of the British Museum; illegible to those not acquainted with the manuscript characters of the period; and subject to all the chances to which the information contained in one single copy of a work is ever liable. The extracts which we have given, exhibit the nature of the historical materials and anecdotes to be found in them; but of these they present only an imperfect idea, and insignificant portion; for we have strung together only those which are the most nearly connected with the Collector. There is not, however, a man of any parliamentary importance during that ever memorable period, whose character they do not strikingly illustrate. Cromwell, Hampden, Pym, Strode, Martin—all the leaders without exception—and many other persons who exercised an influence in that House for which the world has not yet given them credit, are here brought before us times out of number—in their very habits as they lived—and with a reality which we seek in vain in any of the other memorials of that period. A man of D'Ewes's character would of course chronicle many things which it would have been well to let die; but, in spite of his trifling, and his verbose semi-legal phraseology, and his prejudices, which were violent, he has written down on these blotted sheets, facts and circumstances which, if published, would do more towards making known the real history of the times, and the characters and motives of the men who overturned the Monarchy, than any publication yet given to the world.*

* It is not a little surprising that so valuable a Repertory should not yet, in one way or another, have seen the light. The funds of our private Publishing Societies would have been far better employed in printing this Diary than upon hundreds of such Pieces as some of them have published. It forms five volumes of the *Harleian Manuscripts*, No. 162 to No. 165, preserved in the *British Museum*; and it is quite distinct from the *Autobiography* of D'Ewes, (in the same collection, No. 646,) lately published, and whose title is given at the head of this Article. The *Autobiography*, which comes down only to 1636, certainly contains some curious passages, but, as a whole, it is exceedingly uninteresting. It would, however, have been of greater historical value, had it been more intelligently and carefully Edited.

If every thing here below happened as thou couldst wish, in every particular, even the most minute, and fulfilled the least as well as the greatest of thy desires, thou wouldst gain nothing but the awakening of a greater desire not to be gratified by any thing earthly.

TRAVELLING LETTERS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Rome *(continued)*.

Availing ourselves of a part of the quiet interval between the termination of the Carnival and the beginning of the Holy Week: when every body had run away from the one, and few people had yet begun to run back again for the other: we went conscientiously to work, to see Rome, And, by dint of going out early every morning, and coming back late every evening, and laboring hard all day, I believe we made acquaintance with every post and pillar in the city, and the country round; and, in particular, explored so many churches that I abandoned that part of the enterprise at last, before it was half finished, lest I should never, of my own accord, go to church again, as long as I lived. But, I managed, almost every day, at one time or other, to get back to the Coliseum, and out upon the open Campagna, beyond the tomb of Cecilia Metella.

We often encountered, in these expeditions, a company of English Tourists, with whom I had an ardent, but ungratified longing, to establish a speaking acquaintance. They were one Mr. Davis, and a small circle of friends. It was impossible not to know Mrs. Davis's name, from her being always in great request among her party, and her party being every where. During the Holy Week, they were in every part of every scene of every ceremony. For a fortnight or three weeks before it, they were in every tomb, and every church, and every ruin, and every Picture Gallery; and I hardly ever observed Mrs. Davis to be silent for a moment. Deep under-ground, high up in St. Peter's, out on the Campagna, and stifling in the Jews' quarter, Mrs. Davis turned up, all the same. I don't think she ever saw any thing, or ever looked at any thing; and she had always lost something out of a straw hand-basket, and was trying to find it, with all her might and main, among an immense quantity of English half-pence, which lay, like sands upon the seashore, at the bottom of it. There was a professional Cicerone, always attached to the party (which had been brought over from London, fifteen or twenty strong, by contract), and if he so much as looked at Mrs. Davis, she invariably cut him short by saying, "There, God bless the man, don't worrit me! I don't understand a word you say, and shouldn't if you was to talk till you was black in the face!" Mr. Davis always had a snuff-colored great-coat on, and carried a great green umbrella in his hand, and had a slow curiosity constantly devouring him, which prompted him to do extraordinary things, such as taking the covers off urns in tombs, and looking in at the ashes as if they were pickles—and tracing out inscriptions with the ferrule of his umbrella, and saying, with intense thoughtfulness, "Here's a B you see, and there's a R, and this is the way we goes on in; is it!" His antiquarian habits occasioned his being frequently in the rear of the rest; and one of the agonies of Mrs. Davis, and the party in general, was an ever-present fear that Davis would be lost. This caused them to scream for him, in the strangest places, and at the most improper seasons. And when he came, slowly emerging out of some Sepulchre or other, like a peaceful Ghoule, saying, "Here I am!" Mrs. Davis invariably replied, "You'll be buried alive in a foreign country, Davis, and it's no use trying to prevent you!"

Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and their party, had, probably, been brought from London in about nine or ten days. Eighteen hundred years ago, the Roman legions under Claudius, protested against being led into Mr. and Mrs. Davis's country, urging that it lay beyond the limits of the world.

Among what may be called the Cubs or minor Lions of Rome, there was one that amused me mightily. It is always to be found there: and its den is on the great flight of steps that lead from the Piazza di Spagna, to the church of Trinita del Monte. In plainer words, these steps are the great place of resort for the artists' "Models," and there they are constantly waiting to be hired. The first time I went up there, I could not conceive why the faces seemed familiar to me; why they appeared to have beset me, for years in every possible variety of action and costume; and how it came to pass that they started up before me in Rome, in the broad day, like so many saddled and bridled nightmares. I soon found that we had made acquaintance, and improved it, for several years, on the walls of various Exhibition Galleries. There is one old gentleman, with long white hair and an immense beard, who, to my knowledge, has gone half through the catalogue of the Royal Academy. This is the venerable, or

patriarchal model. He carries a long staff: and every knot and twist in that staff I have seen, faithfully delineated, innumerable times. There is another man in a blue cloak, who always pretends to be asleep in the sun (when there is any) and who, I need not say, is always very wide awake, and very attentive to the disposition of his legs. This is the *dolce far' niente* model. There is another man in a brown cloak, who leans against a wall, with his arms folded in his mantle, and looks out of the corners of his eyes: which are just visible beneath his broad, slouched hat. This is the assassin model. There is another man, who constantly looks over his own shoulder, and is always going away, but never goes. This is the haughty, or scornful model. As to Domestic Happiness, and Holy Families, they should come very cheap, for there are lumps of them all up the steps; and the cream of the thing, is, that they are all the falsest vagabonds in the world, especially made up for the purpose, and having no counterparts in Rome or any other part of the habitable globe.

My recent mention of the Carnival reminds me of its being said to be a mock mourning (in the ceremony with which it closes), for the gaieties and merry-makings before Lent; and this again reminds me of the real funerals and mourning processions of Rome which, like those in most other parts of Italy, are rendered chiefly remarkable to a Foreigner, by the indifference with which the mere clay is universally regarded, after life has left it. And this is not from the survivors having had time to dissociate the memory of the dead from their well-remembered appearance and form on earth; for the interment follows too speedily after death, for that: almost always taking place within four-and-twenty hours, and, sometimes, within twelve.

At Rome, there is the same arrangement of pits in a great, bleak, open, dreary space, that I have already described as existing in Genoa. When I visited it, at noonday, I saw a solitary coffin of plain deal: uncovered by any shroud or pall, and so slightly made, that the hoof of any wandering mule would have crushed it in: carelessly tumbled down, all on one side, on the door of one of the pits—and there left, by itself, in the wind and sunshine. "How does it come to be left here?" I asked the man who showed me the place. "It was brought here half an hour ago, Signor," said. I remembered to have met the procession, on its return: straggling away at a good round pace. "When will it be put in the pit?" I asked him. "When the cart comes, and it is opened to-night," he said. "How much does it cost to be brought here in this way, instead of coming in the cart?" I asked him. "Ten scudi," he said (about two pounds, two-and-sixpence, English). "The other bodies, for whom nothing is paid, are taken to the church of the Santa Maria della Consolázione," he continued, "and brought here, altogether, in the cart at night." I stood, a moment, looking at the coffin, which had two initial letters scrawled upon the top; and turned away, with an expression in my face, I suppose, of not much liking its exposure in that manner: for he said, shrugging his shoulders with great vivacity, and giving a pleasant smile, "But he's dead, Signore, he's dead. Why not?"

Among the innumerable churches, there is one I must select for separate mention. It is the church of the Ara Cœli, supposed to be built on the site of the old Temple of Jupiter Feretrius: and approached, on one side, by a long steep flight of steps, which seem incomplete without some group of bearded soothsayers on the top. It is remarkable for the possession of a miraculous Bambíno, or wooden doll, representing the Infant Saviour: and I first saw this miraculous Bambíno, in legal phrase, in manner following, that is to say:

We had strolled into the church one afternoon, and were looking down its long vista of gloomy pillars (for all these ancient churches built upon the ruins of old temples, are dark and sad), when the Brave came running in, with a grin upon his face that stretched it from ear to ear, and implored us to follow him, without a moment's delay, as they were going to show the Bambíno to a select party. We accordingly hurried off to a sort of chapel, or sacristy, hard by the chief altar, but not in the church itself, where the select party, consisting of two or three Catholic gentlemen and ladies (not Italians), were already assembled: and where one hollow-cheeked young monk was lighting up divers candles, while another was putting on some clerical robes over his coarse brown habit. The candles were on a kind of altar, and above it were two delectable figures, such as you would see at an English fair, representing the Holy Virgin and St. Joseph, as I suppose, bending in devotion over a wooden box or coffer, which was shut

The hollow-cheeked monk, number One, having finished lighting the candles, went down on his knees, in a corner, before this set-piece; and the monk number Two, having put on a pair of highly-ornamented and gold-bespattered gloves, lifted down the coffer, with great reverence, and set it on the altar. Then, with many genuflexions, and muttering certain prayers, he opened it, and let down the front, and took off sundry coverings of satin and lace from the inside. The ladies had been on their knees from the commencement; and the gentlemen now dropped down devoutly, as he exposed to view a little wooden doll, in the face very like General Tom Thumb, the American Dwarf: gorgeously dressed in satin and gold lace, and actually blazing with rich jewels. There was scarcely a spot upon its little breast, or neck, or stomach, but was sparkling with the costly offerings of the Faithful. Presently, he lifted it out of the box, and carrying it round among the kneelers, set its face against the forehead of every one, and tendered its clumsy foot to them to kiss—a ceremony which they all performed, down to a dirty little ragamuffin of a boy who had walked in from the street. When this was done, he laid it in the box again: and the company, rising, drew near, and commended the jewels in whispers. In good time, he replaced the coverings, shut up the box, put it back in its place, locked up the whole concern (Holy Family and all) behind a pair of folding-doors, took off his priestly vestments, and received the customary "small charge;" while his companion, by means of an extinguisher fastened to the end of a long stick, put out the lights, one after another. The candles being all extinguished, and the money all collected, they retired, and so did the spectators.

I met this same Bambíno, in the street, a short time afterwards, going, in great state, to the house of some sick person. It is taken to all parts of Rome for this purpose, constantly; but I understand that it is not always as successful as could be wished, for, making its appearance at the bedside of weak and nervous people in extremity, accompanied by a numerous escort, it not unfrequently frightens them to death. It is most popular in cases of child-birth, where it has done such wonders, that if a lady be longer than usual in getting through her difficulties, a messenger is dispatched, with all speed, to solicit the immediate attendance of the Bambíno. It is a very valuable property, and much confided in—especially by the religious body to whom it belongs.

I am happy to know that it is not considered immaculate, by some who are good Catholics, and who are behind the scenes, from what was told me by the near relation of a Priest, himself a Catholic, and a gentleman of learning and intelligence. This Priest made my informant promise that he would, on no account, allow the Bambíno to be borne into the bed-room of a sick lady, in whom they were both interested. "For," said he, "if they (the monks) trouble her with it, and intrude themselves into her room, it will certainly kill her." My informant accordingly looked out of the window when it came, and with many thanks, declined to open the door. He endeavored, in another case of which he had no other knowledge than such as he gained as a passer-by at the moment, to prevent its being carried into a small unwholesome chamber, where a poor girl was dying. But, he strove against it unsuccessfully, and she expired while the crowd were pressing round her bed.

Among the people who drop into St. Peter's at their leisure, to kneel on the pavement, and say a quiet prayer, there are certain schools and seminaries, priestly and otherwise, that come in, twenty or thirty strong. These boys always kneel down in single file, one behind the other, with a tall grim master, in a black gown, bringing up the rear: like a pack of cards arranged to be tumbled down at a touch, with a disproportionately large Knave of clubs at the end. When they have had a minute or so at the chief altar, they scramble up, and filing off to the chapel of the Madonna, or the sacrament, flop down again in the same order; so that if any body *did* stumble against the master, a general and sudden overthrow of the whole line must inevitably ensue.

The scene in all the churches is the strangest possible. The same monotonous, heartless, drowsy chaunting, always going on; the same dark building, darker from the brightness of the street without; the same lamps dimly burning; the self-same people kneeling here and there; turned towards you, from one altar or other, the same priest's back, with the same large cross embroidered on it; however different in size, in shape, in wealth, in architecture, this church is from that, it is the same thing still. There are the same dirty beggars stopping in their muttered prayers to beg;

the same miserable cripples exhibiting their deformity at the doors; the same blind men, rattling little pots like kitchen pepper-castors, their depositories for alms; the same preposterous crowns of silver stuck upon the painted heads of single saints and Virgins in crowded pictures, so that a little figure on a mountain has a head-dress bigger than the temple in the foreground, or adjacent miles of landscape; the same favorite shrine or figure, smothered with little silver hearts and crosses, and the like, the staple trade and show of all the jewels; the same odd mixture of respect and indecorum, faith and phlegm; kneeling on the stones, and spitting on them, loudly; getting up from prayers to beg a little, or to pursue some other worldly matter; and then kneeling down again, to resume the contrite supplication at the point where it was interrupted. In one church, a kneeling lady got up from her prayers, for a moment, to offer us her card, as a teacher of music; and, in another, a sedate gentleman, with a very thick walking-staff, arose from his devotions to belabor his dog, who was growling at another dog, and whose yelps and howls resounded through the church, as his master quietly relapsed into his former train of meditation—keeping his eye upon the dog, at the same time, nevertheless

Above all, there is always a receptacle for the contributions of the Faithful, in some form or other. Sometimes, it is a money-box, set up between the worshipper and the wooden life-size figure of the Redeemer; sometimes, it is a little chest for the maintenance of the Virgin; sometimes, an appeal on behalf of a popular Bambíno; sometimes, a bag at the end of a long stick, thrust among the people here and there, and vigilantly jingled by an active Sacristan; but there it always is, and, very often, in many shapes in the same church, and doing pretty well in all. Nor is it wanting in the open air—the streets and roads—for, often as you are walking along, thinking about any thing rather than a tin canister, that object pounces out upon you from a little house by the wayside, and on its top is painted, "For the Souls in Purgatory;" an appeal which the bearer repeats a great many times, as he rattles it before you, much as Punch rattles the cracked bell which his sanguine disposition makes an organ of.

And this reminds me that some Roman altars of peculiar sanctity, bear the inscription, "Every mass performed at this altar, frees a soul from Purgatory." I have never been able to find out the charge for one of these services, but they should needs be expensive. There are several Crosses in Rome too, the kissing of which, confers indulgences for varying terms. That in the centre of the Coliseum, is worth a hundred days; and people may be seen kissing it, from morning to night. It is curious that some of these crosses seem to acquire an arbitrary popularity; this very one among them. In another part of the Coliseum there is a cross upon a marble slab, with the inscription, "Who kisses this cross shall be entitled to Two hundred and forty days' indulgence." But I saw no one person kiss it ,though, day after day, I sat in the arena and saw scores upon scores of peasants pass it, on their way to kiss the other.

To single out details from the great dream of Roman Churches, would be the wildest occupation in the world. But St. Stefano Rotondo, a damp mildewed vault of an old church in the outskirts of Rome, will always struggle uppermost in my mind, by reason of the hideous paintings with which its walls are covered. These represent the martyrdoms of saints and early Christians; and such a panorama of horror and butchery no man could imagine in his sleep, though he were to eat a whole pig, raw, for supper. Grey-bearded men being boiled, fried, grilled, crimped, singed, eaten by wild beasts, worried by dogs, buried alive, torn asunder by horses, chopped up small with hatchets: women having their breasts torn with iron pincers, their tongues cut out, their ears screwed off, their jaws broken, their bodies stretched upon the rack, or skinned upon the stake, or crackled up and melted in the fire: these are among the mildest subjects. So insisted on, and labored at, besides, that every sufferer gives you the same occasion for wonder as poor old Duncan awoke in Lady Macbeth, when she marvelled at his having so much blood in him.

There is an upper chamber in the Mamertine prisons, over what is said to have been—and very possibly may have been—the dungeon of St. Peter. This chamber is now fitted up as an oratory, dedicated to that saint; and it lives, as a distinct and separate place, in my recollection, too. It is very small and low-roofed; and the dread and gloom of the ponderous, obdurate old prison are on it, as if they had come up in a dark mist through the floor. Hanging on

the walls, among the clustered votive offerings, are objects, at once strangely in keeping, and strangely at variance with the place—rusty daggers, knives, pistols, clubs, divers instruments of violence and murder, brought here, fresh from use, and hung up to propitiate offended Heaven: as if the blood upon them would drain off in consecrated air, and have no voice to cry with. It is all so silent and so close, and tomb-like; and the dungeons below are so black, and stealthy, and stagnant, and naked; that this little dark spot becomes a dream within a dream: and in the vision of great churches which come rolling past me like a sea, it is a small wave by itself, that melts into no other wave, and does not flow on with the rest.

It is an awful thing to think of the enormous caverns that are entered from some Roman churches, and undermine the city. Many churches have crypts and subterranean chapels of great size which, in the ancient time, were baths, and secret chambers of temples, and what not; but I do not speak of them. Beneath the church of St. Giovanni and St. Paola, there are the jaws of a terrific range of caverns, hewn out of the rock, and said to have another outlet underneath the Coliseum—tremendous darknesses of vast extent, half-buried in the earth and unexplorable, where the dull torches, flashed by the attendants, glimmer down long ranges of distant vaults branching to the right and left, like streets in a city of the dead; and show the cold damp stealing down the walls, drip-drop, drip-drop, to join the pools of water that lie here and there, and never saw, and never will see, one ray of the sun. Some accounts make these the prisons of the wild beasts destined for the amphitheatre; some, the prisons of the condemned gladiators; some, both. But the legend most appalling to the fancy is, that in the upper range (for there are two stories of these caves) the early Christians destined to be eaten at the Coliseum Shows, heard the wild beasts, hungry for them, roaring down below; until, upon the night and solitude of their captivity, there burst the sudden noon and life of the vast theatre crowded to the parapet, and of these, their dreaded neighbors, bounding in!

Below the church of San Sebastiano, two miles beyond the gate of San Sebastiano, on the Appian way, is the entrance to the catacombs of Rome—quarries in the old time, but afterwards the hiding-places of the Christians. These ghastly passages have been explored for twenty miles; and form a chain of labyrinths, sixty miles in circumference.

A gaunt Franciscan friar, with a wild bright eye, was our only guide, down into this profound and dreadful place. The narrow ways and openings hither and thither, coupled with the dead and heavy air, soon blotted out, in all of us, any recollection of the track by which we had come; and I could not help thinking, "Good Heaven, if in a sudden fit of madness he should dash the torches out, or if he should be seized with a fit, what would become of us!" On we wandered, among martyrs' graves: passing great subterranean vaulted roads, diverging in all directions, and choked up with heaps of stones, that thieves and murderers may not take refuge there, and form a population under Rome, even worse than that which lives between it and the sun. Graves, graves, graves; graves of men, of women, of their little children, who ran crying to the persecutors, "We are Christians! We are Christians!" that they might be murdered with their parents; Graves with the palm of martyrdom roughly cut into their stone boundaries, and little niches, made to hold a vessel of the martyrs' blood; Graves of some who lived down here, for years together, ministering to the rest, and preaching truth, and hope, and comfort, from the rude altars, that bear witness to their fortitude at this hour; more roomy graves, but far more terrible, where hundreds, being surprised, were hemmed in and walled up: buried before Death, and killed by slow starvation.

"The Triumphs of the Faith are not above ground in our splendid churches," said the friar, looking round upon us, as we stopped to rest in one of the low passages, with bones and dust surrounding us on every side. "They are here! Among the Martyrs' Graves!" He was a gentle, earnest man, and said it from his heart; but when I thought how Christian men have dealt with one another; how, perverting our most merciful religion, they have hunted down and tortured, burnt and beheaded, strangled, slaughtered, and oppressed each other: I pictured to myself an agony surpassing any that this Dust had suffered with the breath of life yet lingering in it, and how these great and constant hearts would have been shaken—how they would have quailed and drooped—if a fore-knowledge of the deeds that professing Christians would commit in the Great Name for which they died, could

have rent them with its own unutterable anguish, on the cruel wheel, and bitter cross, and in the fearful fire.

Such are the spots and patches in my dream of churches, that remain apart, and keep their separate identity. I have a fainter recollection, sometimes, of the relics; of the fragment of the pillar of the Temple that was rent in twain; of the portion of the table that was spread for the Last Supper; of the well at which the woman of Samaria gave water to Our Saviour; of two columns from the house of Pontius Pilate; of the stone to which the Sacred hands were bound, when the scourging was performed; of the gridiron of Saint Lawrence, and the stone below it, marked with the frying of his fat and blood; these set a shadowy mark on some cathedrals, as an old story or a fable might, and stop them for an instant, as they flit before me. The rest is a vast wilderness of consecrated buildings of all shapes and fancies, blending one with another; of battered pillars of old pagan temples dug up from the ground, and forced, like giant captives, to support the roofs, of Christian churches; of pictures, bad, and wonderful, and impious, and ridiculous; of kneeling people, curling incense, tinkling bells, and sometimes (but not often) of a swelling organ; of Madonne, with their breasts struck full of swords, arranged in a half-circle like a modern fan; of actual skeletons of dead saints, hideously attired in gaudy satins, silks, and velvets trimmed with gold: their withered crust of skull adorned with precious jewels, or with chaplets of crushed flowers; sometimes, of people gathered round the pulpit, and a monk within it stretching out the crucifix, and preaching fiercely; the sun just streaming down through some high window on the sail-cloth stretched above him and across the church, to keep his high-pitched voice from being lost among the echoes of the roof. Then my tired memory comes out upon a flight of steps, where knots of people are asleep, or basking in the light; and strolls away among the rags, and smells, and palaces, and hovels, of an old Italian street.

On one Saturday morning (the eighth of March), a man was beheaded here. Nine or ten months before, he had waylaid a Bavarian countess, travelling as a pilgrim to Rome—alone and on foot, of course—and performing, it is said, that act of piety for the fourth time. He saw her change a piece of gold at Viterbo, where he lived; followed her; bore her company on her journey for some forty miles or more, on the treacherous pretext of protecting her; attacked her, in the fulfilment of his unrelenting purpose, on the Campagna, within a very short distance of Rome, near to what is called (but what is not) the Tomb of Nero; robbed her; and beat her to death with her own pilgrim's staff. He was newly married, and gave some of her apparel to his wife; saying that he had bought it at a fair. She, however, who had seen the pilgrim-countess passing through their town, recognized some trifle as having belonged to her. Her husband then told her what he had done. She, in confession, told a priest; and the man was taken, within four days after the commission of the murder.

There are no fixed times for the administration of justice, or its execution, in this unaccountable country; and he had been in prison ever since. On the Friday, as he was dining with the other prisoners, they came and told him he was to be beheaded next morning, and took him away. It is very unusual to execute in Lent; but his crime being a very bad one, it was deemed advisable to make an example of him at that time, when great numbers of pilgrims were coming towards Rome, from all parts, for the Holy Week. I heard of this on the Friday evening, and saw the bills up at the churches, calling on the people to pray for the criminal's soul. So, I determined to go, and see him executed.

The beheading was appointed for fourteen and a half o'clock, Roman time: or a quarter before nine in the forenoon. I had two friends with me; and as we did not know but that the crowd might be very great, we were on the spot by half-past seven. The place of execution was near the church of San Giovanni decollàto (a doubtful compliment to St. John the Baptist) in one of the impassable back streets without any footway, of which a great part of Rome is composed—a street of rotten houses, which do not seem to belong to any body, and do not seem to have ever been inhabited, and certainly were never built on any plan, or for any particular purpose, and have no window-sashes, and are a little like deserted breweries, and might be warehouses but for having nothing in them. Opposite to one of these, a white house, the scaffold was built. An untidy, unpainted, uncouth, crazy-looking thing of course: some seven feet high, perhaps: with a tall, gallows-shaped frame rising above it, in which was the knife, charged

with a ponderous mass of iron, all ready to descend, and glittering brightly in the morning-sun, whenever it looked out, now and then, from behind a cloud.

There were not many people lingering about; and these were kept at a considerable distance from the scaffold, by parties of the Pope's dragoons. Two or three hundred foot-soldiers were under arms, standing at ease in clusters here and there: and the officers were walking up and down in twos and threes, chatting together, and smoking cigars.

At the end of the street was an open space, where there would be a dust-heap, and piles of broken crockery, and mounds of vegetable refuse, but for such things being thrown any where and every where in Rome, and favoring no particular sort of locality. We got into a kind of wash-house, belonging to a dwelling house on this spot; and standing there, in an old cart, and on a heap of cart-wheels piled against the wall, looked through a large grated window, at the scaffold, and straight down the street beyond it, until, in consequence of its turning off abruptly to the left, our perspective was brought to a sudden termination, and had a corpulent officer, in a cocked hat, for its crowning feature.

Nine o'clock struck, and ten o'clock struck, and nothing happened. All the bells of all the churches rang as usual. A little parliament of dogs assembled in the open space, and chased each other, in and out among the soldiers. Fierce-looking Romans of the lowest class, in blue cloaks, russet cloaks, and rags uncloaked, came and went, and talked together. Women and children fluttered, on the skirts of the scanty crowd. One large muddy spot was left quite bare, like a bald place on a man's head. A cigar merchant, with an earthen pot of charcoal ashes in one hand, went up and down, crying his wares. A pastry-merchant divided his attention between the scaffold and his customers. Boys tried to climb up walls, and tumbled down again. Priests and monks elbowed a passage for themselves among the people, and stood on tiptoe for a sight of the knife; then went away. Artists, in inconceivable hats of the middle-ages, and beards (thank Heaven!) of no age at all, flashed picturesque scowls about them from their stations in the throng. One gentleman (connected with the fine arts I presume) went up and down in a pair of Hessian-boots, with a red beard hanging down on his breast, and his long and bright red hair, plaited into two tails, one on either side of his head; which fell over his shoulders in front of him, very nearly to his waist, and were carefully entwined and braided! Eleven o'clock struck; and still nothing happened. A rumor got about, among the crowd, that the criminal would not confess; in which case, the priests would keep him until the Ave Maria (sunset); for it is their merciful custom never finally to turn the crucifix away from a man at that pass, as one refusing to be shriven, and consequently a sinner abandoned of the Saviour, until then. People began to drop off. The officers shrugged their shoulders and looked doubtful. The dragoons, who came riding up below our window, every now and then, to order an unlucky hackney-coach or cart away, as soon as it had comfortably established itself and was covered with exulting people (but never before), became imperious and quick-tempered. The bald place hadn't a straggling hair upon it; and the corpulent officer, crowning the perspective, took a world of snuff.

Suddenly, there was a noise of trumpets. "Attention!" was among the foot-soldier's instantly. They were marched up to the scaffold and formed round it. The dragoons galloped to their nearer stations too. The guillotine became the centre of a wood of bristling bayonets and shining sabres. The people closed round nearer, on the flank of the soldiery. A long straggling stream of men and boys, who had accompanied the procession from the prison, came pouring into the open space. The bald spot was scarcely distinguishable from the rest. The cigar and pastry-merchants resigned all thoughts of business, for the moment, and abandoning themselves wholly to pleasure, got good situations in the crowd. The perspective ended, now, in a troop of dragoons. And the corpulent officer, sword in hand, looked hard at a church close to him, which he could see, but we, the crowd, could not.

After a short delay, some monks were seen approaching to the scaffold from this church; and above their heads, coming on slowly and gloomily, the effigy of Christ upon the cross, canopied with black. This was carried round the foot of the scaffold, to the front, and turned towards the criminal, that he might see it to the last. It was hardly in its place, when he appeared on the platform, bare-footed: his hands bound: and with the collar and neck of

his shirt cut away almost to the shoulder. A young man—six-and-twenty—vigorously made, and well-shaped. Face pale; small dark moustache; and dark brown hair.

He had refused to confess, it seemed, without first having his wife brought to see him; and they had sent an escort for her, which had occasioned the delay.

He immediately kneeled down, below the knife. His neck fitting into a hole, made for the purpose, in a cross plank, was shut down, by another plank above; exactly like the pillory. Immediately below him, was a leathern bag. And into it his head rolled instantly.

The executioner was holding it by the hair, and walking with it round the scaffold, showing it to the people, before one quite knew that the knife had fallen heavily, and with a rattling sound.

When it had travelled round the four sides of the scaffold, it was set upon a pole in front—a little patch of black and white, for the long street to stare at, and the flies to settle on. The eyes were turned upward, as if he had avoided the sight of the leathern bag, and looked to the crucifix. Every tinge and hue of life had left it in that instant. It was dull, cold, livid, wax. The body also.

There was a great deal of blood. When we left the window, and went close up to the scaffold, it was very dirty; one of the two men who were throwing water over it, turning to help the other lift the body into a shell, picked his way as through mire. A strange appearance was the apparent annihilation of the neck. The head was taken off so close, that it seemed as if the knife had narrowly escaped crushing the jaw, or shaving off the ear; and the body looked as if there were nothing left above the shoulder.

Nobody cared, or was at all affected. There was no manifestation of disgust, or pity, or indignation, or sorrow. My empty pockets were tried, several times, in the crowd immediately below the scaffold, as the corpse was being put into its coffin. It was an ugly, filthy, careless, sickening spectacle; meaning nothing but butchery beyond the momentary interest, to the one wretched actor. Yes! Such a sight has one meaning and one warning. Let me not forget it. The speculators in the lottery, station themselves at favorable points for counting the gouts of blood that spirt out, here or there; and buy that number. It is pretty sure to have a run upon it. The body was carted away in due time, the knife cleansed, the scaffold taken down, and all the hideous apparatus removed. The executioner: an outlaw *ex officio* (what a satire on the Punishment!) who dare not, for his life, cross the Bridge of St. Angelo but to do his work: retreated to his lair, and the show was over.

At the head of the collections in the palaces of Rome, the Vatican, of course, with its treasures of art, its enormous galleries, and staircases, and suites upon suites of immense chambers, ranks highest and stands foremost. Many most noble statues, and wonderful pictures, are there; nor is it heresy to say that there is a considerable amount of rubbish there, too. When any old piece of sculpture, dug out of the ground, finds a place in a gallery because it *is* old, and without any reference to its intrinsic merits: and finds admirers by the hundred, because it is there, and for no other reason on earth: there will be no lack of objects, very indifferent in the plain eyesight of any one who employs so vulgar a property, when he may wear the spectacles of Cant for less than nothing, and establish himself as a man of taste for the mere trouble of putting them on.

I unreservedly confess, for myself, that I cannot leave my natural perception of what is natural and true, at a palace-door, in Italy or elsewhere, as I should leave my shoes if I were travelling in the East. I cannot forget that there are certain expressions of face, natural to certain passions, and as unchangeable in their nature as the gait of a lion, or the flight of an eagle. I cannot dismiss from my certain knowledge, such common-place facts as the ordinary proportions of men's arms, and legs, and heads; and when I meet with performances that do violence to these experiences and recollections, no matter where they may be, I cannot honestly admire them, and think it best to say so; in spite of high critical advice that we should sometimes feign an admiration, though we have it not.

Therefore, I freely acknowledge that when I see a Jolly young Waterman representing a cherubim, or a Barclay and Perkins's Drayman depicted as an Evangelist, I see nothing to commend or admire in the performance, however great its reputed Painter. Neither am I partial to libellous Angels, who play on fiddles and bassoons, for the edification of sprawling monks apparently in liquor. Nor to those Monsieur Tonsons of galleries, Saint Francis

dan Siant Seb astian; both of whom I submit should have very uncommon and rare merits, as works of art, to justify their compound multiplication by Italian Painters.

It seems to me, too, that the indiscriminate and determined raptures in which some critics indulge, is incompatible with the true appreciation of the really great and transcendent works. I cannot imagine, for example, how the resolute champion of undeserving pictures can soar to the amazing beauty of Titian's great picture of the Assumption of the Virgin at Venice; or how the man who is truly affected by the sublimity of that exquisite production, or who is truly sensible of the beauty of Tintoretto's great picture of the Assembly of the Blessed in the same place, can discern in Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, in the Sistine chapel, any general idea, or one pervading thought, in harmony with the stupendous subject. He who will contemplate Raphael's masterpiece, the Transfiguration, and will go away into another chamber of that same Vatican, and contemplate another design of Raphael, representing (in incredible caricature) the miraculous stopping of a great fire by Leo the Fourth—and who will say that he admires them both, as works of extraordinary genius—must, as I think, be wanting in his powers of perception in one of the two instances, and, probably, in the high and lofty one.

It is easy to suggest a doubt, but I have a great doubt whether, sometimes, the rules of art are not too strictly observed, and whether it is quite well or agreeable that we should know beforehand, where this figure will be turning round, and where that figure will be lying down, and where there will be drapery in folds, and so forth. When I observe heads inferior to the subject, in pictures of merit, in Italian galleries, I do not attach that reproach to the Painter; for I have a suspicion that these great men, who were, of necessity, very much in the hands of monks and priests, painted monks and priests a great deal too often. I frequently see, in pictures of real power, heads quite below the story and the painter: and I invariably observe that those heads are of the Convent stamp, and have their counterparts among the Convent inmates of this hour; so, I have settled with myself that, in such cases, the lameness was not with the painter, but with the vanity and ignorance of certain of his employers, who would be apostles—on canvass, at all events.

The exq uisite grace and beauty of Canova's statues; the wonderful gravity and repose of many of the ancient works in sculpture, both in the Capitol and the Vatican; and the strength and fire of many others; are, in their different ways, beyond all reach of words. They are especially impressive and delightful, after the works of Bernini and his disciples, in which the churches of Rome, from St. Peter's downward, abound; and which are, I verily believe, the most detestable class of productions in the wide world. I would infinitely rather (as mere works of art) look upon the three deities of the Past, the Present, and the Future, in the Chinese Collection, than upon the best of these breezy maniacs; whose every fold of drapery is blown inside-out; whose smallest vein or artery, is as big as an ordinary fore-finger; whose hair is like a nest of lively snakes; and whose attitudes put all other extravagance to shame. Insomuch that I do honestly believe, there can be no place in the world where such intolerable abortions, begotten of the sculptor's chisel, are to be found in such profusion, as in Rome.

There is a fine collection of Egyptian antiquities, in the Vatican; and the ceilings of the rooms in which they are arranged, are painted to represent a star-light sky in the Desert. It may seem an odd idea, but it is very effective. The grim, half-human monsters from the temples, look more grim and monstrous underneath the deep dark blue; it sheds a strange uncertain gloomy air on every thing—a mystery adapted to the objects; and you leave them, as you find them, shrouded in a solemn night.

In the private palaces, pictures are seen to the best advantage. There are seldom so many in one place that the attention need become distracted, or the eye confused. You see them very leisurely; and are rarely interrupted by a crowd of people. There are portraits innumerable, by Titian, and Rembrandt, and Vandyke; heads by Guido, and Domenichino, and Carlo Dolci; various subjects by Correggio, and Murillo, and Raphael, and Salvator Rosa, and Spagnoletto—many of which it would be difficult, indeed, to praise too highly, or to praise enough; such is their tenderness and grace; their noble elevation, purity, and beauty.

The portrait of Beatrice di Cenci, in the Palazzo Berberini, is a picture almost impossible to be forgotten. Through the transcendent sweetness and beauty of the

face, there is a something shining out, that haunts me. I see it now, as I see this paper, or my pen. The head is loosely draped in white; the light hair falling down below the linen folds. She has turned suddenly towards you; and there is an expression in the eyes—although they are very tender and gentle—as if the wildness of a momentary terror, or distraction, had been struggled with and overcome, that instant; and nothing but a celestial hope, and a beautiful sorrow, and a desolate earthly helplessness remained. Some stories say that Guido painted it, the night before her execution; some other stories, that he painted it from memory, after having seen her, on her way to the scaffold. I am willing to believe that, as you see her on his canvass, so she turned toward him, in the crowd, from the first sight of the axe, and stamped upon his mind a look which he has stamped on mine as though I had stood beside him in the concourse. The guilty palace of the Cenci: blighting a whole quarter of the town, as it stands withering away by grains: had that face, to my fancy, in its dismal porch, and at its black blind windows, and flitting up and down its dreary stairs, and growing out of the darkness of its ghostly galleries. The History is written in the Painting: written, in the dying girl's face, by Nature's own hand. And oh! how in that one touch she puts to flight (instead of making kin) the puny world that claim to be related to her, in right of poor conventional forgeries!

I saw in the Palazzo Spada, the statue of Pompey; the statue at whose base Cæsar fell. A stern, tremendous figure! I imagined one of greater finish: of the last refinement: full of delicate touches: losing its distinctness, in the giddy eyes of one whose blood was ebbing before it, and settling into some such rigid majesty as this, as Death came creeping over the upturned face.

The excursions in the neighborhood of Rome are charming, and would be full of interest were it only for the changing views they afford, of the wild Campagna. But, every inch of ground, in every direction, is rich in associations, and in natural beauties. There is Albano, with its lovely lake and wooded shore, and with its wine, that certainly has not improved since the days of Horace, and in these times hardly justifies his panegyric. There is squalid Tivoli, with the river Anio diverted from its course, and plunging down, headlong, some eighty feet in search of it; with its picturesque Temple of the Sibyl, perched high on a crag; its minor waterfalls glancing and sparkling in the sun; and one good cavern yawning darkly, where the river takes a fearful plunge and shoots on, low down under beetling rocks. There, too, is the Villa d'Este, deserted and decaying among groves of melancholy pine and cypress trees, where it seems to lie in state. Then, there is Frascati, and on the steep above it, the ruins of Tusculum, where Cicero lived, and wrote, and adorned his favorite house (some fragments of it may yet be seen there), and where Cato was born. We saw its ruined amphitheatre on a grey dull day, when a shrill March wind was blowing, and when the scattered stones of the old city lay strewn adout the lonely eminence, as desolate and dead as the ashes of a long extinguished fire.

One day, we walked out, a little party of three, to Albano, fourteen miles distant; possessed by a great desire to go there, by the ancient Appian way, long since ruined and overgrown. We started at half past seven in the morning, and within an hour or so, were out upon the open Campagna. For twelve miles, we went climbing on, over an unbroken succession of mounds, and heaps, and hills, of ruin. Tombs and temples overthrown and prostrate; small fragments of columns, friezes, pediments; great blocks of granite and marble; mouldering arches, grass-grown and decayed; ruin enough to build a spacious city from; lay strewn about us. Sometimes, loose walls, built up from these fragments by the shepherds, came across our path; sometimes, a ditch between two mounds of broken stones, obstructed our progress; sometimes, the fragments themselves, rolling from beneath our feet, made it a toilsome matter to advance; but it was always ruin. Now, we tracked a piece of the old road, above the ground; now, traced it, underneath a grassy covering, as if that were its grave; but all the way was ruin. In the distance, ruined aqueducts went stalking on their giant course along the plain; and every breath of wind that swept towards us, stirred early flowers and grasses, springing up, spontaneously, on miles of ruin. The unseen larks above us, who alone disturbed the awful silence, had their nests in ruin; and the fierce herdsmen, clad in sheepskins, who now and then scowled out upon us from their sleeping nooks, were housed in ruin. The aspect

of the desolate Campagna in one direction, where it was most level, reminded me of an American prairie; but what is the solitude of a region where men have never dwelt, to that of a Desert, where a mighty race have left their foot-prints in the earth from which they have vanished; where the resting-places of their Dead, have fallen like their Dead; and the broken hour-glass of Time is but a heap of idle dust! Returning, by the road, at sunset; and looking, from the distance, on the course we had taken in the morning, I almost felt (as I had felt when I first saw it, at that hour) as if the sun would never rise again, but looked its last, that night, upon a ruined world.

To come again on Rome, by moonlight, after such an expedition is a fitting close to such a day. The narrow streets, devoid of footways, and choked, in every obscure corner, by heaps of dung-hill rubbish, contrast so strongly, in their cramped dimensions, and their filth, and darkness, with the broad square before some haughty church; in the centre of which, a hieroglyphic-covered obelisk, brought from Egypt in the days of the Emperors, looks strangely on the foreign scene about it; or perhaps an ancient pillar, with its honored statue overthrown, supports a Christian saint: Marcus Aurelius giving place to Paul, and Trajan to St. Peter. Then, there are the ponderous buildings reared from the spoliation of the Coliseum, shutting out the moon, like mountains: while here and there, are broken arches and rent walls, through which it gushes freely, as the life comes pouring from a wound. The little town of miserable houses, walled, and shut in by barred gates, is the quarter where the Jews are locked up nightly, when the clock strikes eight—a miserable place, densely populated, and reeking with bad odors, but where the people are industrious and money-getting. In the day-time, as you make your way along the narrow streets, you see them all at work: upon the pavement, oftener than in their dark and frowzy shops: furbishing old clothes, and driving bargains.

Crossing from these patches of thick darkness, out into the moon once more, the fountain of Trevi, welling from a hundred jets, and rolling over mimic rocks, is silvery to the eye and ear. In the narrow little throat of street beyond, a booth, dressed out with flaring lamps, and boughs of trees, attracts a group of sulky Romans round its smoking coppers of hot broth, and cauliflower stew; its trays of fried fish, and its flasks of wine. As you rattle round the sharply-twisting corner, a lumbering sound is heard. The coachman stops abruptly, and uncovers, as a van comes slowly by, preceded by a man who bears a large cross; by a torch-bearer; and a priest: the latter chanting as he goes. It is the Dead Cart, with the bodies of the poor, on their way to burial in the Sacred Field outside the walls, where they will be thrown into the pit that will be covered with a stone to-night, and sealed up for a year.

But whether, in this ride, you pass by obelisks, or columns: ancient temples, theatres, houses, porticoes, or forums; it is strange to see, how every fragment, whenever it is possible, has been blended into some modern structure, and made to serve some modern purpose—a wall, a dwelling-place, a granary, a stable—some use for which it never was designed, and associated with which it cannot otherwise than lamely assort. It is stranger still, to see how many ruins of the old mythology: how many fragments of obsolete legend and observance: have been incorporated into the worship of Christian altars here; and how, in numberless respects, the false faith and the true are fused into a monstrous union.

From one part of the city, looking out beyond the walls, a squat and stunted pyramid (the burial-place of Caius Cestius) makes an opaque triangle in the moonlight. But, to an English traveller, it serves to mark the grave of Shelley too, whose ashes lie beneath a little garden near it. Nearer still, almost within its shadow, lie the bones of Keats, "whose name is writ in water," that shines brightly in the landscape of a calm Italian night.

The Holy Week in Rome is supposed to offer great attractions to all visitors; but, saving for the sights of Easter Sunday, I would counsel those who go to Rome for its own interest, to avoid it at that time. The ceremonies, in general, are of the most tedious and wearisome kind; the heat and crowd at every one of them, painfully oppressive; the noise, hubbub, and confusion, quite distracting. We abandoned the pursuit of these shows very early in the proceedings, and betook ourselves to the Ruins again. But, we plunged into the crowd for a share of the best of the sights; and what we saw, I will describe to you.

At the Sistine chapel, on the Wednes

day, we saw very little, for by the time we reached it (though we were early) the besieging crowd had filled it to the door, and overflowed into the adjoining hall, where they were struggling, and squeezing, and mutually expostulating, and making great rushes every time a lady was brought out faint, as if at least fifty people could be accommodated in her vacant standing-room. Hanging in the doorway of the chapel, was a heavy curtain, and this curtain, some twenty people nearest to it, in their anxiety to hear the chanting of the Miserere, were continually plucking at, in opposition to each other, that it might not fall down and stifle the sound of the voices. The consequence was, that it occasioned the most extraordinary confusion, and seemed to wind itself about the unwary, like a Serpent. Now, a lady was wrapped up in it, and couldn't be unwound. Now, the voice of a stifling gentleman was heard inside it, beseeching to be let out. Now, two muffled arms, no man could say of which sex, struggled in it as in a sack. Now, it was carried by a rush, bodily overhead into the chapel, like an awning. Now, it came out the other way, and blinded one of the Pope's Swiss Guard who had arrived, that moment, to set things to rights.

Being seated at a little distance, among two or three of the Pope's gentlemen, who were very weary and counting the minutes—as perhaps His Holiness was too—we had better opportunities of observing this eccentric entertainment, than of hearing the Miserere. Sometimes there was a swell of mournful voices that sounded very pathetic and sad, and died away into a low strain again; but that was all we heard.

At another time, there was the Exhibition of the Relics in Saint Peter's, which took place at between six and seven o'clock in the evening, and was striking, from the cathedral being dark and gloomy, and having a great many people in it. The place into which the relics were brought, one by one, by a party of three priests, was a high balcony near the chief altar. This was the only lighted part of the church. There are always a hundred and twelve lamps burning near the altar, and there were two tall tapers besides, near the black statue of St. Peter; but these were nothing in such an immense edifice. The gloom, and the general upturning of faces to the balcony, and the prostration of true believers on the pavement, as shining objects, like pictures or looking-glasses, were brought out and shown, had something effective in it, despite the very preposterous manner in which they were held up for the general edification, and the great elevation at which they were displayed; which one would think rather calculated to diminish the comfort derivable from a full conviction of their being genuine.

On the Thursday, we went to see the Pope convey the Sacrament from the Sistine chapel, to deposite it in the Capella Paolina, another chapel in the Vatican;—a ceremony emblematical of the entombment of the Savior before His Resurrection. We waited in a great gallery with a great crowd of people (three-fourths of them English) for an hour or so, while they were chanting the Miserere, in the Sistine chapel again. Both chapels opened out of the gallery; and the general attention was concentrated on the occasional opening and shutting of the door of the one for which the Pope was ultimately bound. None of these openings disclosed any thing more tremendous than a man on a ladder, lighting a great quantity of candles; but at each and every opening there was a terrific rush made at this ladder and this man, something like (I should think) a charge of the heavy British cavalry at Waterloo. The man was never brought down, however, nor the ladder; for it performed the strangest antics in the world among the crowd—where it was carried by the man, when the candles were all lighted; and finally it was stuck up against the gallery wall, in a very disorderly manner, just before the opening of the other chapel, and the commencement of a new chant, announced the approach of his Holiness. At this crisis, the soldiers of the guard, who had been poking the crowd into all sorts of shapes, formed down the gallery: and the procession came up, between the two lines they made.

There were a few choristers, and then a great many priests, walking two and two, and carrying—the good-looking priests at least—their lighted tapers, so as to throw the light with a good effect upon their faces: for the room was darkened. Those who were not handsome, or who had not long beards, carried *their* tapers any how, and abandoned themselves to spiritual contemplation. Meanwhile, the chanting was very monotonous and dreary. The procession passed on, slowly, into the chapel, and the drone of voices went on, and came on, with it, until the Pope himself appeared,

walking under a white satin canopy, and bearing the covered Sacrament in both hands; cardinals and canons clustered round him, making a brilliant show. The soldiers of the guard knelt down as he passed; all the bystanders bowed; and so he passed on into the chapel: the white satin canopy being removed from over him at the door, and a white satin parasol hoisted over his poor old head, in place of it. A few more couples brought up the rear, and passed into the chapel also. Then, the chapel door was shut; and it was all over; and everybody hurried off headlong, as for life or death, to see something else, and say it wasn't worth the trouble.

I think the most popular and most crowded sight (excepting those of Easter Sunday and Monday, which are open to all classes of people) was the Pope washing the feet of Thirteen men, representing the twelve apostles, and Judas Iscariot. The place in which this pious office is performed, is one of the chapels of St. Peter's, which is gaily decorated for the occasion; the thirteen sitting "all of a row," on a very high bench, and looking particularly uncomfortable, with the eyes of Heaven knows how many English, French, Americans, Swiss, Germans, Russians, Swedes, Norwegians, and other foreigners, nailed to their faces all the time. They are robed in white; and on their heads they wear a stiff white cap, like a large English porter-pot, without a handle. Each carries in his hand, a nosegay, of the size of a fine cauliflower; and two of them, on this occasion, wore spectacles: which, remembering the characters they sustained, I thought a droll appendage to the costume. There was a great eye to character. St. John was represented by a good-looking young man. St. Peter, by a grave looking old gentleman, with a flowing brown beard; and Judas Iscariot by such an enormous hypocrite (I could not make out, though, whether the expression of his face was real or assumed) that if he had acted the part to the death, and had gone away and hanged himself, he would have left nothing to be desired.

As the two large boxes, appropriated to ladies, at this sight, were full to the throat, and getting near was hopeless, we posted off, along with a great crowd, to be in time at the Table, where the Pope, in person, waits on these Thirteen; and after a prodigious struggle at the Vatican staircase, and several personal conflicts with the Swiss guard, the whole crowd swept into the room. It was a long gallery hung with drapery of white and red, with another great box for ladies (who are obliged to dress in black at these ceremonies, and to wear black veils), a royal box for the King of Naples, and his party; and the table itself, which, set out like a ball supper, and ornamented with golden figures of the real apostles, was arranged on an elevated platform on one side of the gallery. The counterfeit apostles' knives and forks were laid out on that side of the table which was nearest to the wall, so that they might be stared at again, without let or hindrance.

The body of the room was full of male strangers; the crowd immense; the heat very great; and the pressure sometimes frightful. It was at its height when the stream came pouring in, from the feet-washing; and then there were such shrieks and outcries, that a party of Piedmontese dragoons went to the rescue of the Swiss guard, and helped them to calm the tumult.

The ladies were particularly ferocious, in their struggles for places. One lady of my acquaintance was seized round the waist, in the ladies' box, by a strong matron, and hoisted out of her place; and there was another lady (in a back row in the same box) who improved her position by sticking a large pin into the ladies before her.

The gentlemen about me were remarkably anxious to see what was on the table; and one Englishman seemed to have embarked the whole energy of his nature in the determination to discover whether there was any mustard. "By Jupiter there's vinegar!" I heard him say to his friend, after he had stood on tiptoe an immense time, and had been crushed and beaten on all sides. "And there's oil!! I saw them distinctly in cruets! Can any gentleman, in front there, see mustard on the table? Sir, will you oblige me! *Do* you see a Mustard-Pot?"

The apostles and Judas appearing on the platform, after much expectation, were marshalled, in line, in front of the table, with Peter at the top; and a good long stare was taken at them by the company, while twelve of them took a long smell at their nosegays, and Judas—moving his lips very obtrusively—engaged in inward prayer. Then, the Pope, clad in a scarlet robe, and wearing on his head a skull-cap of white satin, appeared in the midst of a crowd of Cardinals and other dignitaries,

and took in his hand a little golden ewer, from which he poured a little water over one of Peter's hands, while one attendant held a golden basin; a second, a fine cloth; a third, Peter's nosegay, which was taken from him during the operation. This his Holiness performed, with considerable expedition, on every man in the line (Judas, I observed to be particularly overcome by his condescension); and then the whole Thirteen sat down to dinner. Grace said by the Pope. Peter in the chair.

There was white wine, and red wine; and the dinner looked very good. The courses appeared in portions, one for each apostle: and these being presented to the Pope, by Cardinals upon their knees, were by him handed to the Thirteen. The manner in which Judas grew more white-livered over his victuals, and languished, with his head on one side, as if he had no appetite, defies all description. Peter was a good, sound old man, and went in, as the saying is, "to win;" eating every thing that was given him (he got the best: being first in the row) and saying nothing to anybody. The dishes appeared to be chiefly composed of fish and vegetables. The Pope helped the Thirteen to wine also; and, during the whole dinner, somebody read something aloud, out of a large book —the Bible, I presume—which nobody could hear, and to which nobody paid the least attention. The Cardinals, and other attendants, smiled to each other, from time to time, as if the thing was a great farce; and if they thought so, there is little doubt they were perfectly right. His Holiness did what he had to do, as a sensible man gets through a troublesome ceremony, and seemed very glad when it was all over.

The Pilgrims' Suppers: where lords and ladies waited on the Pilgrims, in token of humility, and dried their feet when they had been well washed by deputy: were very attractive. But of all the many spectacles of dangerous reliance on outward observances, in themselves mere empty forms, none struck me half so much as the Scala Santa, or Holy Staircase, which I saw several times, but to the greatest advantage, or disadvantage, on Good Friday.

This holy staircase is composed of eight-and-twenty steps, said to have belonged to Pontius Pilate's house, and to be the identical stairs on which Our Savior trod, in coming down from the judgment-seat. Pilgrims ascend it, only on their knees. It is steep; and, at the summit, in a chapel, reported to be full of relics; into which they peep through some iron bars, and then come down again, by one of two side staircases, which are not sacred, and may be walked on.

On Good Friday, there were, on a moderate computation, a hundred people, slowly shuffling up these stairs, on their knees, at one time; while others, who were going up, or had come down—and a few who had done both, and were going up again for the second time—stood loitering in the porch below, where an old gentleman in a sort of watch-box, rattled a tin cannister, with a slit in the top, incessantly, to remind them that he took the money. The majority were country-people, male and female. There were four or five Jesuit priests, however, and some half-dozen well-dressed women. A whole school of boys, twenty at least, were about half-way up—evidently enjoying it very much. They were all wedged together, pretty closely; but the rest of the company gave the boys as wide a berth as possible, in consequence of their betraying some recklessness in the management of their boots.

I never, in my life, saw any thing at once so ridiculous, and so unpleasant, as this sight—ridiculous in the absurd incidents inseparable from it; and unpleasant in its senseless and unmeaning degradation. There are two steps to begin with, and then a rather broad landing. The more rigid climbers were along this landing on their knees, as well as up the stairs; and the figures they cut, in their shuffling progress over the level surface, no description can paint. Then, to see them watch their opportunity from the porch, and cut in where there was a place next the wall! And to see one man with an umbrella (brought on purpose, for it was a fine day) hoisting himself, unlawfully, from stair to stair! And to observe a demure lady of fifty-five or so, looking back, every now and then, to assure herself that her legs were properly disposed!

There were such odd differences in the speed of different people, too. Some got on, as if they were doing a match against time; others stopped to say a prayer on every step. This man touched every stair with his forehead, and kissed it; that man scratched his head all the way. The boys got on brilliantly, and were up and down again before the old lady had accomplished her half dozen stairs. But most of the Penitents came down, very sprightly and fresh,

as having done a real good substantial deed which it would take a good deal of sin to counterbalance; and the old gentleman in the watch-box was down upon them with his cannister while they were in this humor, I promise you.

As if such a progress were not in its nature inevitably droll enough, there lay, on the top of the stairs, a wooden figure on a crucifix, resting on a sort of great iron saucer: so ricketty and unsteady, that whenever an enthusiastic person kissed the figure, with more than usual devotion, or threw a coin into the saucer, with more than common readiness, (for it served in this respect as a second or supplementary cannister,) it gave a great leap and rattle, and nearly shook the attendant lamp out: horribly frightening the people further down, and throwing the guilty party into unspeakable embarrassment.

On Easter Sunday, as well as on the preceding Thursday, the Pope bestows his benediction on the people, from the balcony in front of St. Peter's. This Easter Sunday was a day so bright and blue: so cloudless, balmy, wonderfully bright: that all the previous bad weather vanished from the recollection in a moment. I had seen the Thursday's Benediction dropping damply on some hundreds of umbrellas, but there was not a sparkle then, in all the hundred fountains of Rome—such fountains as they are!—and on this Sunday morning, they were running diamonds. The miles of miserable streets through which we drove (compelled to a certain course by the Pope's dragoons: the Roman police on such occasions) were so full of color, that nothing in them was capable of wearing a faded aspect. The common people came out in their gayest dresses; the richer people in their smartest vehicles; Cardinals rattled to the church of the Poor Fishermen in their state carriages; shabby magnificence flaunted its threadbare liveries and tarnished cocked hats, in the sun; and every coach in Rome was put in requisition for the Great Piazza of St. Peter's.

One hundred and fifty thousand people were there, at least! Yet there was ample room. How many carriages were there, I don't know; yet there was room for them too, and to spare. The great steps of the church were densely crowded. There were many of the Contadini from Albano (who delight in red) in that part of the square; and the mingling of bright colors in the crowd, was beautiful. Below the steps, the troops were ranged. In the magnificent proportions of the place, they looked like a bed of flowers. Sulky Romans, lively peasants from the neighboring country, groups of pilgrims from distant parts of Italy, sight-seeing foreigners of all nations, made a murmur in the clear air, like so many insects; and high above them all, plashing and bubbling, and making rainbow colors in the light, the two delicious fountains welled and tumbled bountifully.

A kind of bright carpet was hung over the front of the balcony; and the sides of the great window were bedecked with crimson drapery. An awning was stretched too, over the top, to screen the old man from the hot rays of the sun. As noon approached, all eyes were turned up to this window. In due time, the chair was seen approaching to the front, with the gigantic fans of peacock's feathers, close behind. The doll within it (for the balcony is very high) then rose up, and stretched out its tiny arms, while all the male spectators in the square uncovered, and some, but not by any means the greater part, kneeled down. The guns upon the ramparts of the Castle of St. Angelo proclaimed, next moment, that the benediction was given; drums beat; trumpets sounded; arms clashed; and the great mass below, suddenly breaking into smaller heaps, and scattering here and there in rills, was stirred like party-colored sand.

What a bright noon it was, as we rode away! The Tiber was no longer yellow, but blue. There was a blush on the old bridges, that made them fresh and hale again. The Pantheon, with its majestic front, all seamed and furrowed like an old face, had summer light upon its battered walls. Every squalid and desolate Hut in the Eternal City (bear witness every grim old palace, to the filth and misery of the plebeian neighbor that elbows it, as certainly as Time has laid its grip on its Patrician head!) was fresh and new with some ray of the sun. The very prison in the crowded street, a whirl of carriages and people, had some stray sense of the day, dropping through its chinks and crevices; and dismal prisoners who could not wind their faces round the barricading of the blocked-up windows, stretched out their hands, and clinging to the rusty bars, turned *them* towards the overflowing street: as if it were a cheerful fire, and could be shared in, that way.

But, when the night came on, without a

cloud to dim the full moon, what a sight it was to see the Great Square full once more, and the whole church, from the cross to the ground, lighted with innumerable lanterns, tracing out the architecture, and winking and shining all round the colonnade of the piazza! And what a sense of exultation, joy, delight, it was, when the great bell struck half-past seven—on the instant—to behold one bright red mass of fire soar gallantly from the top of the cupola to the extremest summit of the cross, and, the moment it leaped into its place, become the signal of a bursting out of countless lights, as great, and red, and blazing as itself, from every part of the gigantic church; so that every cornice, capital, and smallest ornament of stone, expressed itself in fire; and the black, solid groundwork of the enormous dome seemed to grow transparent as an egg-shell!

A train of gunpowder, an electric chain—nothing could be fired more suddenly and swiftly, than this second illumination; and when we had got away, and gone upon a distant height, and looked towards it two hours afterwards, there it still stood, shining and glittering in the calm night like a jewel! Not a line of its proportions wanting; not an angle blunted; not an atom of its radiance lost.

The next night—Easter Monday—there was a great display of fireworks from the castle of St. Angelo. We hired a room in an opposite house, and made our way to our places, in good time, through a dense mob of people choking up the square in front, and all the avenues leading to it; and so loading the bridge by which the castle is approached, that it seemed ready to sink into the rapid Tiber below. There are statues on this bridge (execrable works), and, among them, great vessels full of burning tow were placed, glaring strangely on the faces of the crowd, and not less strangely on the stone counterfeits above them.

The show began with a tremendous discharge of cannon: and then, for twenty minutes, or half an hour, the whole castle was one incessant sheet of fire, and labyrinth of blazing wheels of every color, size, and speed; while rockets streamed into the sky, not by ones or twos, or scores, but hundreds at a time. The concluding burst—the Girandola—was like the blowing up into the air of the whole massive castle, without smoke or dust.

In half an hour afterwards, the immense concourse had dispersed; the moon was looking calmly down upon her wrinkled image in the river, and half a dozen men and boys, with bits of lighted candle in their hands, moving here and there, in search of any thing worth having, that might have been dropped in the press, had the whole scene to themselves.

By way of contrast, we rode out into old ruined Rome, after all this firing and booming, to take our leave of the Coliseum. I had seen it by moonlight before (I never could get through a day without going back to it), but its tremendous solitude, that night, is past all telling. The ghostly pillars in the Forum; the triumphal arches of Old Emperors; those enormous masses of ruin which were once their palaces; the grass-grown mounds that mark the graves of ruined temples; the stones of the Via Sacra, smooth with the tread of feet in ancient Rome; even these were dimmed, in their transcendent melancholy, by the dark ghost of its bloody holidays, erect and grim; haunting the old scene; despoiled by pillaging Popes and fighting Princes, but not laid; wringing wild hands of weed, and grass, and bramble; and lamenting to the night in every gap and broken arch—the shadow of its awful self, immovable!

As we lay down on the grass of the Campagna, next day, on our way to Florence, hearing the larks sing, we saw that a little wooden cross had been erected on the spot where the poor Pilgrim Countess was murdered. So we piled some loose stones about it, as the beginning of a mound to her memory, and wondered if we should ever rest there again, and look back at Rome.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE AGE OF PITT AND FOX.

The Age of Pitt and Fox. By the Author of 'Ireland and its Rulers.' In 3 volumes. Vol. I. 8vo. London: T. C. Newby, 1846.

FEW periods of our history are more interesting or instructive than that embraced in the work before us. It is sufficiently distant for us to judge of its actors and events with a good degree of impartiality, and yet near enough to engage our sympa-

thies, and to exercise the influence of present and living interests. Some other periods are invested with deeper importance, and present specimens of our common nature, of a higher and nobler mould. This is pre-eminently the case with the times of the Long Parliament and the Commonwealth; but that era stands apart from all others in our history, having qualities of its own which eschew comparison, and for the most part stand out in contrast, with all which preceded or have followed. The age of Pitt and Fox has a distinctive interest, which is greatly derived from the character of its chief actors, and the crisis it constituted in the history of parties. Their talents were singularly varied, yet of the highest order, and their personal history had few points in common. The son of the Earl of Chatham, ending his career as the idol of the Tories and the sworn enemy of reform; Charles James Fox ejected from the North administration, and becoming the eloquent champion of popular rights; whilst Edmund Burke, in some respects superior to both, renouncing his earlier position and friendships, entered into alliances as hostile to his reputation as they were injurious to the progress of liberty throughout Europe. In the contests of that day, however, the highest element of statesmanship is wanted. It is but occasionally that we meet with the nobler spirit which so frequently appeared in the Long Parliament, where the personal was merged in the public, the partisan in the patriot, where an honest consecration to the welfare of the many became the rule, and constituted the end of senatorial labors. Personal ambition, or party feuds, make up for the most part the history. It is a gladiatorial scene which we witness,—the struggles of faction rather than of principle, the vehemence and passion of selfish combatants, rather than the co-operation of enlightened intellects to work out the salvation of nations.

No illusion can be more perfect than that which has been practised on the young intellect of England. To dispel it is no grateful task, but to do so is absolutely needful in order that the true lesson of history should be learnt. We have been accustomed to connect great names with immortal principles, and our admiration of the latter has been associated, by a natural law, with the former. There was little, however, in the spirit and inward purposes of the men to warrant this. They were of the earth, earthy, with views as secular and selfish as the other politicians by whom they were surrounded. Burke was probably one of the purest of his class, but his passions were too vehement, and his judgments too treacherous and hasty, to allow of his being regarded with the confiding admiration which is inspired by the highest class of statesmen. Whilst we listen to the splendid oratory of Fox, unrivalled in his powers of debate, we unconsciously worship the speaker as the anointed oracle of truth. But a moment's reflection and our worship ceases. There is nothing to sustain our faith. The evidences of deep earnestness are wanting, even the ordinary and outward marks of consistency are absent. The actor is more visible than the man. The party leader rather than the self-sacrificing patriot is the image which remains before the mind. The elements of moral greatness were wanting, and his life, therefore, notwithstanding his splendid powers, failed to accomplish its proper vocation. A gambler and a debauchee, he failed to carry along with him the confiding trust of the popular mind, by which alone he could hope to make way against the stolid obstinacy of the king, and the violent prejudices of an ignorant and besotted squirearchy. Thus it has ever been in English history, and though in particular cases we may regret the result, we do not, on the whole, wish it were otherwise Despotic ministers may work out their designs whatever be their character, but the advocates of popular freedom can triumph only by transparent integrity and deep earnestness. These are the elements of their power, without which they will be like Samson shorn of his strength. It would be easy to name living senators of liberal views, and of more than average talent, who yet fail to make any impression on the country, because there is no faith in the deep seriousness of their advocacy. It was so with Fox and his associates, though the fascination of his manners, the splendor of his gifts, and the fearful tragedies which marked the period of his public life, gave him, probably, greater power than was ever possessed by any other popular statesman similarly constituted. What might have been the result had he associated the elements of moral with those of intellectual greatness, it is not for us to say. We have our opinion on this point, and when occasion requires shall be free to express it.

The work which has given occasion to these remarks—of which the first volume

only has yet appeared—is the production of a clever man, completely acquainted with the times described. It is somewhat too sketchy for our taste, and is deficient in what, for want of a better name, we will term the philosophy of the subject. The standard of public morality applied is, moreover, in some cases exceedingly lax, and the style is loose and inaccurate. Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the work is both attractive and useful. It may be read with advantage by all classes, and may serve as a good introduction to the history of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The period embraced is that which intervened between the close of the American and the commencement of the Peninsular war; and the objects kept in view throughout, and which it is designed to illustrate, are; the nature of the English government, in practice, as distinguished from the technical constitution of law books; the characters and principles of the illustrious men who presided over English affairs; the influence of the French Revolution; and the legislative independence of Ireland. The present volume embraces only a very brief period, and commences with the fall of Lord North's administration in March, 1782. The immediate occasion of this event was the disasters of the American war, which had gradually increased the Whig minorities, until they became too powerful to allow the court favorite longer to retain office. From the year 1775, upwards of one hundred millions had been expended, thirteen colonies, besides several West India and other islands had been lost, and an exhausting war with America, France, Spain, and Holland, was being waged. It was, therefore, obviously quite time, that the obstinacy of the king should be overruled by the popular branch of the legislature, and the minister who had servilely lent himself to the crown should be driven from office.

The party which succeeded was that of the Whigs, and no slight difficulty was experienced in inducing the monarch to recall them to his councils. Nothing but the necessity of the case overcame his reluctance, and, as we shall presently see, he retained them no longer than that necessity lasted. The part acted by the Whigs in 1688 had placed them in a commanding position, and given them a long tenure of office; occasionally, indeed, interrupted in its earlier period, but ultimately settling down to something like a monopoly of civil trusts and emoluments. A knowledge of this fact is essential to an accurate estimate of English history from the period of the Revolution to the accession of George III. The following extract will aid the intelligent reader, in tracing out the threads of a narrative, which exhibits both the glory and the weakness of Whiggism.

'The Whig party had acquired great historical lustre by their overthrow of the Stuarts in the seventeenth century. They had originated the Revolution of 1688: their schemes were sanctioned by the Tories, and that great historical event had been accomplished by the union of both parties. But the burthen of maintaining the Revolution was thrown upon the Whigs. The adherents of the exiled family were formidable in number and influence, and down to the period of 1748, it was not impossible for enterprising statesmen to have effected a counter-revolution. Many of the Tories aided the Jacobites, and the fear of 'Popery alone deterred a large portion of the nation from championing the ancient Dynasty. In addition to the difficulty of supporting a new family upon the throne, the Whigs were embarrassed by the characters of the two first Georges. They had no qualities of insinuation, and were in many respects unsuited for England; they were formal and pedantic in their notions, and did not properly feel their glory as British kings. On the other hand, the rashness and incapacity of the Stuart Pretenders dispirited the Tories, and nullified their schemes. And from the landing of King William at Torbay, in 1688, down to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, the success of the Revolution wavered, and the great cause of rational and constitutional liberty would have been lost, but for the skill and happy sagacity of Sir Robert Walpole. Thus the services which the Whigs had rendered to the monarchy, gave them a claim to the respect and confidence of the king; but like all political parties they stretched their claims too far, and they evidently thought that the Revolution of 1688 had destroyed the prerogative of the sovereign to rule without responsible advisers, but had also created a privilege for the Whigs to advise the crown in perpetuity.'—vol. i. pp. 7, 8.

Such was the political state of this party when George III. ascended the throne in 1760. The young king, then in his twenty-third year, determined to break through the restraints under which his predecessors had been held, and to assert for the crown, the right reserved to it by the constitution, of choosing its own advisers. His early associates had been opposed to the interests of the Whigs, whose haughty bearing and neglect of the genius and busi-

ness capacity of 'new men' contributed much to the success of his policy. 'The great revolution families' were astonished at the temerity of the monarch. Their long possession of office had engendered the notion of its being their right. They constituted an oligarchy, popular in their theory, but despotic and corrupt in their rule; overshadowing the throne only to divide amongst themselves the spoils of the state. To their dictation the young monarch refused to submit, and on this point he was clearly right. The great mass of the community felt with him, and had his subsequent selection been wise, had the ministers chosen been men of large capacity and patriotic views, intent on the wise conduct of national affairs and the true interests of both king and people, George III. would have been entitled to the lasting gratitude of his subjects. That this was not the case we need scarcely remark. Sufficient proof of the fact is furnished by the downfall of the North administration, under circumstances of peculiar ignominy, in 1782.

The cabinet which succeeded took its name from the Marquis of Rockingham, its nominal head. It was composed of two divisions, known as the Rockingham and the Shelburne Whigs, and all its chief offices, excepting the chancellorship, which the king insisted on Lord Thurlow retaining, were distributed amongst the aristocratic members of the party. The following sketch of the two sections which composed this administration, furnishes the secret of its short-lived existence. A house so divided was not likely to stand long against the determined hostility of the king.

'Lord Rockingham's followers were what might be called the family compact Whigs—representing the principles of prescriptive Whiggery. Lord Shelburne's faction had originally been formed by Lord Chatham, and affected to act independently of party ties—they were Whigs of progression, and stoutly combated the leading article of the Rockingham creed—'that the great Revolution families should govern England.' One party was an oligarchy with a historical fame, and confederated under hereditary leaders;—its Russells—Cavendishes—and Bentincks, and a swarm of minor Whig families being all bound together by ancient recollections—habitual intercourse—and family alliances. They formed a vast junto, of great ambition and prodigious power. Their politics had been elaborately digested into a system by the genius of Burke, who gave them a political code, and who furnished them with a variety of maxims, and general principles so happily expressed as to seem suited for the Rockingham creed alone. They were ready to defend the theory of monarchy, and were desirous of keeping the sovereign their creature. They were eager to espouse the popular cause, provided the people were ready to remain their clients. They wished to introduce into political life, new men of genius, who were to exhibit their talents, adorn the party, but should not aspire to sitting in the Cabinet.

'The Shelburne party, on the other hand, cherished the tenets of Whiggery, but it applied them after a different fashion from the Rockingham school. They thought that England should be governed by a much larger and even more formidable junto than the great Revolution families; they cordially acknowledged the existence of a power, which was only superciliously recognized by the Rockingham Whigs; in short, the Shelburne party thought that the true idea of the Revolution of 1688, was that the English public should govern, and not a collection of great families. The supporters of the Shelburne system distinguished between a public and a populace, as they discriminated between a Whig party, and a faction of families. Laughing at the divine right of kings, they spurned the principle that the Dukes of Bedford and Devonshire should parcel out the empire between them. They thought that the king had a right to choose his ministers from the host of public men in parliament, and they boldly claimed the right of men of commanding talent to sit in the cabinet, even though fortune had not given them ancestors, 'who (in the graceful catchwords of the Rockinghams) had bled with Hampden in the field, or died with Sydney on the scaffold.' They went to the king's closet, as his ministers; they did not comport themselves as his masters, or demean themselves (Like Lord North and his colleagues) as if they were his servants. A manly sovereign would not be thrown upon his metal by the Shelburne system of politics, nor would a despotic monarchy select his tools from men bred in that school. To both king and people their conduct was more truly respectful than that of the Rockingham party.'—*Ib.* pp. 21—23.

Charles James Fox, then 'in the flush of his popularity, and political fame,' was one of the secretaries of state, whilst Edmund Burke, infinitely his superior in morals, and inferior to none of his contemporaries in the gigantic splendors of his intellect, was assigned only the subordinate office of paymaster of the forces. The one was the son of Lord Holland, the other an Irish gentleman of slender means and of no family influence, and in this fact the secret of their disproportionate reward is found.

'Were a man in this country,' remarks the most recent biographer of Burke, 'of great capacity and attainments, though of little influence or fortune, such for instance as Mr. Burke himself was, deliberately to choose his side in politics as he would a profession—that is, for the advantages it is likely to bring—he would, probably, not be a Whig. That numerous and powerful body is believed to be too tenacious of official consequence to part with it to talents alone, and too prone to consider high rank, leading influence, and great family connexion, rather than abilities of humble birth, as of right entitled to the first offices of government. They are willing, indeed, to grant emolument, but not to grant power, to any other than lawyers, who do not materially interfere with their views on the chief departments of government; an opinion which, notwithstanding the profession of popular principles, is believed to have made them sometimes unpopular in the great market of public talent, and to have driven many useful allies into the ranks of the Tories.*

Both Fox and Burke belonged to the Rockingham faction, and the *Correspondence* of the latter, recently published, clearly reveals the want of harmony and consequent lack of confidence, amongst the leaders of the administration. The death of Lord Rockingham, which occurred in the following July, led to the premiership of Lord Shelburne, under whom both Fox and Burke declined to serve. Several members, however, of the former cabinet remained in office, and considerable business talent was secured in the adhesion of William Pitt, who held the chancellorship of the exchequer, and was loud in his profession of reform principles. It will be remembered that Lord Shelburne's was the most popular section of the Whig party. They were in fact the movement party of their day, the Whig-radical division of the liberal host. Yet to this party did the second William Pitt belong, the man whose name was speedily to become the terror of the friends of liberty, and the confidence and hope of despotism, throughout Europe. Such are the changes which we witness in the course of human affairs—

Tempora mutantur
Et nos cum illis mutamur.

In this respect the future prime minister of George III., who was to lead the crusade against European freedom, was greatly in advance of Burke, by whose timely conversion his nefarious designs were to be so powerfully aided. The reformers of the period before us, like those of most other days, were of two kinds, of whom Lord Shelburne and John Wilkes may be taken as types. The former headed the party which represented the views of Lord Chatham, who, in moving an address to the king, in 1770, expressed the opinion that 'an additional number of knights of the shire ought to be added as a balance against the weight of several corrupt and venal boroughs, which, perhaps,' he remarked, 'could not be lopped off entirely without the hazard of a public convulsion!' Wilkes, on the other hand, felt no scruple, and observed no limits. Headstrong, selfish, and venal, he viewed every thing in reference to his own base interests, acting the bully, or the hypocrite, just as he deemed it most likely to advance his sinister designs. The blunders of his enemies gave him great advantage by which he was not slow to profit, but the fame and the influence of the demagogue is necessarily brief, and Wilkes lived to inherit the contempt and neglect which he so well merited. Our author has gone out of his way to indulge in much loose declamation—we might use a more significant term—purporting to be a description of the Radical Reform Class of the past fifty years. There is an irritability and want of discrimination in his allusions to this class for which it would be difficult to account, were it not customary with writers who can palliate the dishonesty of Charles James Fox, in signing, as is alleged, his name in favor of vote by ballot, annual parliaments, and other sweeping changes, 'merely from a careless desire of humoring the popular party,' to throw suspicion on the motives and to impeach the conduct of the more upright and consistent friends of liberty. We give the following as a sample, simply cautioning our readers against estimating the writer's impartiality, or judgment, by it. The good taste it evinces is on a par with its discrimination.

'To the exertions of Wilkes and Tooke, aided by the license of the London rabble, is to be traced the birth of that spirit of false democracy, which under various names duped thousands; and disturbed English society for the succeeding sixty years. One picture of the tribunes of that licentious party answers for their character and purposes at all periods of their history. What knaves! what slanderers of England and its institutions! and side by side with the charlatans and adventurers, what vain and futile theorists, imbecile in devising good, influential in aggravating evils! The aristocratic gambler, driven to politics

* Prior, p. 233.

from his craving for excitement; the notorious profligate, declaiming in favor of political purity; the vain dreamer, the fantastic schemer, the puerile theorist, seeking food for their vanity in public notoriety, or hoping by popular connexions to impart strength to their weak abilities: such are the leaders who periodically return for the disturbance and delusion of the untaught and neglected masses, who smoulder in the purlieus of our great towns. With them are mixed, perchance, some antiquarian dotard, who sees perfection in the parchment constitutions of former ages. His honest folly contrasts with the coarse ambition of the bloated aldermen seeking to buy popular applause at so much *per* shout. And hearken to yon briefless barrister, advertising his fluency of vituperation, while 'hear hims' are cried by the quack, who has risen into bad eminence by calumniating the faculty, or by the clergyman, whose vices have deprived him of his parish! Such are the prominent figures of that grovelling school of reform, founded by Wilkes and Horne Tooke, and continued to later generations, by their equally vicious, but far more contemptible successors. For in truth the polluted characters of the tribunes of the British populace did more for half a century to retard the growth of a true public spirit, and to confirm the power of an oligarchy, than the government of Mr. Pitt, or the eloquence of Mr. Canning, to strengthen and uphold the borough system. It was the lives of the leaders, and not the purposes of their party, which for so many years made Radical a synonyme for rascal. And of all the deceivers of the multitude, none were more worthy of grave censure than the aristocratic libertines, who laughed in their orgies over the success of their efforts in popular delusion.'—*Ib.* p. 72—74.

That there were bad men then, as now, we doubt not—men who traded in patriotism and laughed at the confidence they inspired; but that this was the case with the majority, or even with a large proportion, of those who thought or acted for the people, at the eventful period referred to, we unhesitatingly deny. In private morals, even the worst of this class scarcely sunk below Fox and Sheridan, whilst the great body of them were infinitely their superiors. But so it has ever been. The vices of the great are glossed over and forgotten, whilst those of the people are magnified and repeated *ad nauseam*. The only effectual cure for this is in the people having writers of their own. History has hitherto been in the hands of the aristocracy, and it has told only a one-sided tale. Let us have fair play, and we shrink not from the comparison. We can scarcely refrain from smiling when we read such rigmarole as the following. A man must have large confidence in the ignorance or gullibility of his readers, to have penned it.

'But though the representative system required reform, its evils were exaggerated. This was found to be the case when men began to reason about the remedy. A large park—a small mound of earth—a castle in ruins—were severally represented by a pair of members, but large towns had no spokesmen in the House of Commons. That was the evil; yet what was to be the remedy? Was England to be placed under the tyranny of a multitudinous constituency? Was the country to be cut up into rectangular districts, and the number of the population taken as the standard of elective right? To these questions the common sense of the country answered in the negative. Many thought, not unreasonably, that the rotten boroughs had their advantages. Men of talent; lawyers of character and political promise; country gentlemen of public spirit greater than their private fortunes; intelligent merchants, who had no local connexions, and whose probity recoiled from the purchase of a few hundred pauper-electors; men of leisure and refined habits, averse to the electioneering chicane, tumult, and obloquy attendant on large constituencies: these various classes of men were enabled to enter public life through rotten boroughs, and to preserve their mental independence free from degrading bondage to popular fanaticism.'—*Ib.* p. 75.

The same want of discrimination and candor is visible in our author's allusions to the American colonies. A blind and unheeding attachment to things 'as they are,' leads him to misapprehend the character of the colonists, and to attribute to them qualities of which they were wholly destitute. This is the more discreditable as sufficient time for reflection has been allowed, and candid men of all parties are now united in opinion, that if ever a justification of resistance was made out, it existed clearly in the case of the American States. If our author's theory is to be admitted, the loss of our American colonies is another of the obligations conferred upon us by our Established Church. No forethought, or forbearance, would have sufficed to prevent the catastrophe. The infatuation of successive cabinets was not requisite, nor the palpable violation of guaranteed rights required. The same result must have ensued, though at a period somewhat more remote, from the operation of causes inherent in 'the dissenting and puritanical spirit' prevalent amongst the colonies. The following brief passage explains our au-

thor's theory, and does discredit to his understanding.

'In losing the American colonies, England had to bear that which was certain to occur. For there were many reasons why the American colonists must, in the course of things, have revolted from the mother country. A dissenting and puritanical spirit swayed their minds, and influenced their manners. They left England sour and discontented, and absence from the mother country did not soften their angry feelings. Their religion and politics were equally adverse to all submission of mind and opinion, and they were not satisfied with merely dissenting, but they were fanatically anxious to force their neighbors into their way of thinking. Their manners partook of their religion. Rigid and severe, they had no community of feeling with the social ideas of the English people. Those things which have drawn forth the love and veneration of the English nation were never regarded by them with attachment and pride. In short, there was no moral union between England and the colonies. Thus their separation was certain to occur, inasmuch as the colonists inherited the energy and perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon race.'—*Ib.* p. 128.

We turn from these exceptionable matters to pursue the course of the history. Lord Shelburne's administration was assailed by the united forces of Lord North and of Mr. Fox. The opposition of the former was natural, that of the latter factious and selfish. The Tory minister was to be calculated on as an opponent, but the hostility of the popular leader served to bring his own sincerity into doubt, and to induce the belief that his public life was swayed by personal ambition and spleen, rather than by an enlightened regard to the national welfare. He had frequently denounced Lord North as an incapable and vicious minister, 'the most infamous of mankind,' 'as the great criminal of the state, whose blood must expiate the calamities he had brought upon his country:' 'a man with whom, if he should ever act, he would be content to be thought for ever infamous.' With such a man, unchanged in spirit and principles, were Fox and his Whig associates content to enter into a league offensive and defensive. Over the base recklessness of the procedure, he attempted to throw the veil of a generous forgiveness.' 'It is neither wise nor noble,' he said in his defence, 'to keep up animosities for ever. It is neither just nor candid to keep up animosity, when the cause of it is no more. It is not my nature to bear malice, or to live in ill-will. My friendships are perpetual, my enmities are not so.' The public, however, were not misled. They saw through the sophism, and, as Mr. Wilberforce remarked, expected from the unnatural coalition 'a progeny stamped with the features of both parents, the violence of the one party, and the corruption of the other.' The coalition which ensued was the great blot on the public reputation of Fox, and did more than any other event to damage, at a subsequent period, his nobler efforts against the military crusade, which the monarch commanded, and William Pitt preached. On the meeting of parliament, in December 1782, it was computed that Fox numbered about ninety followers, Lord North one hundred and twenty, and the minister one hundred and forty, the rest being unattached. In an early division Lord North voted with the ministers, and Mr. Fox was left in a small minority. This lesson was not without its effect, and what followed is thus recorded.

'But in the ensuing January, fresh endeavors were made to bring Fox and North together. Some of the partizans of the former were most anxious that such a junction should take place. Seeing that Fox was in a small minority, Burke approved of the junction. So far as he was concerned, there was not very much inconsistency in allying himself with Lord North. They were both opposed to parliamentary reform, and Burke adhered to aristocratic opinions, while Fox avowedly committed himself to popular principles. And in the actual state of the case, Burke thought every attempt should be made to crush Lord Shelburne. He thought that the minister would prove the mere creature of the sovereign, and that a party should be formed for taking the practical management of the public affairs out of the hands of King George and his creatures. He favored, therefore, the idea of the coalition. Such was not the case with Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was just at that time rising into political eminence. He strongly disapproved of the idea. Remarkably shrewd, with great common sense, and leading a life which brought him into contact with various classes of society, he was well calculated for a barometer of the political atmosphere. He had great knowledge of effect, and he perceived that the proposed junction would not satisfy the public. He strenuously dissuaded Fox from thinking of it. But Lord John Townshend, one of the wits and ornaments of the Foxite party, took great pains to accomplish it. Lord Loughborough also approved of the proposition. By joining with North, Fox would gain numbers to his standard, and on the elevation of Lord North

to the Upper House, upon old Lord Guildford's death, Fox would be the recognized leader of a host of members in the Lower House. On the other hand, by junction with Fox, who was so popular, Lord North would be relieved from the odium under which he labored. Such was the manner in which the coalitionists reasoned.'—*Ib.* pp. 132—134.

Prior maintains that Burke was a reluctant party to the coalition, strongly objecting to it at first, and yielding eventually only in compliance with the earnest solicitations of Fox. No evidence of this, however, is adduced, and the presumption of the case is opposed to it. In his *Correspondence* it is referred to in the genuine spirit of party tactics, and with a morality of which in other matters he would have been ashamed. Speaking of his party, he says, and this appears to have been deemed a sufficient vindication, 'Without that junction, they could have no chance of coming in at all.'* On the 17th of February, 1783, the two statesmen occupied the same bench, and their followers spoke and voted as one party. The minister was, consequently, left in successive minorities, and immediately resigned. What followed is thus described.

'The king was in great embarrassment. He saw nothing but a prospect of humiliation, and struggled hard against what he looked on as a disgrace. He tried to make a ministry through Earl Gower; and next, he tried with the Duke of Portland and Lord North, on condition that Thurlow should remain Chancellor, to which Fox would not consent; and he then tendered the Treasury to Pitt. Never was a more dazzling offer made to a young man; never was a tempting honor more judiciously declined. Pitt, though naturally elated by the brilliant compliment, thought that he would have to fight the coalition at great disadvantage, from the course pursued by Lord Shelburne in resigning. For it was one thing to resist the confederacy without succumbing, and it was quite another thing to oppose it as a minister after the rapid fall of Shelburne. With wary sagacity he resolved to bide his time.

'Again the king had recourse to Lord North, who at once declared that he could do nothing without his ally. The king disliked Fox more than ever, as he had displayed such audacity in making the coalition. The insulting language with which in former years Fox had spoken of his character, might have been pardoned to the license of a young orator, but how could a manly sovereign endure such domineering authority as that with which Fox menaced him? The audacity of Fox's purpose, more than the violence of his language, roused King George to make every effort to secure his independence. But it was in vain. Shelburne had not the required firmness to deliver his king; Lord North was pledged to Fox. Again on the 24th of March, the king for the second time implored Pitt to become first minister, but Pitt firmly declined. And thus the king, on the 5th of April, 1783, was compelled to receive the Duke of Portland, the nominee of Charles Fox, as first lord of the treasury.'—*Ib.* pp. 156, 159.

Thus was formed the celebrated coalition ministry, which did more to damage the reputation of public men than any event since the pension and peerage of the elder Pitt. 'From the moment,' says Bishop Watson, 'this coalition was formed, I lost all confidence in public men. In the Foxite Whigs coalescing with the Tories to turn out Lord Shelburne, they destroyed my opinion of their disinterestedness and integrity. I clearly saw, that they sacrificed their public principles to private intrigue, and their honor to ambition.'

But one feeling prevailed throughout the nation. Men of all classes, and of every shade of opinion, were disgusted, and it was not long before the popular leader saw that he had lost his way. His support of Mr. Pitt's annual motion on reform, which was opposed by Lord North, failed to recover his popularity; and when, on the discussions respecting the Indian bill, the personal views of the monarch were used to influence the votes of the Upper House, he failed of the support which alone would have sustained him against the influence of the court. On the 18th of December, the two ministers were dismissed without the ceremony of a personal interview. Their talents and parliamentary strength availed them nothing against the king, for the country acquiesced in their defeat, and did not conceal its satisfaction at the due punishment of their selfish and tortuous policy. An important lesson is taught by this passage of our parliamentary history, and we trust that our own times will bear it in mind. In public, as in private life, 'honesty is the best policy!' An opposite course may answer a temporary purpose, but woe be to the statesman who relies upon it for permanent reputation or profit. Fox never recovered from the injury it inflicted. It revealed the weakness of his character, and was an insuperable barrier to the confidence which he afterwards solicited, and by which he might possibly

* Burke's Correspondence, iii. 14.

have defeated the despotic policy of his opponent.

William Pitt was immediately created First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and might well have been daunted by the imposing array against him.

'The Foxites could scarcely believe Pitt serious in his intention of encountering them. On the 17th, Fox had delivered a stirring invective against Pitt and his party. 'What man,' cried he, 'who has the feelings, the honor, the spirit, or the heart of a man, would, for any official dignity or emoluments whatever, stoop to such a condition, as that which the honorable gentleman (Pitt) proposes to occupy. Boys, without judgment, experience of the sentiments, suggested by a knowledge of the world, or the amiable decencies of a sound mind, may follow the headlong course of administration thus precipitately, and vault into the seat while the reins of government are placed in other hands, but the minister who can bear to act such a dishonorable part, and the country that suffers it, will be mutual plagues and curses to each other.'—*Ib.* pp. 193, 194.

The young premier, however, was equal to the occasion, and though left in a minority on various divisions, was sustained by the confidence of the king and the nation. To the policy of William Pitt we need not express our hostility. It was founded on apostacy, gathered strength under the shadow of the prerogative, and would probably have succeeded amongst any other people in extinguishing the love of freedom. Inveterately hostile to liberty, it constituted the rallying point and the hope of the whole family of European despots, whilst to our own country it was productive of a thousand evils still bitterly felt amongst us. At first unassuming and moderate, it afterwards proceeded with giant's strides, making fear its rule, and arbitrary power the object of its worship. It would betoken little candor, however, if we did not admit the ability, fortitude, and skill, with which he addressed himself to his mission. His adversary had placed himself in a false position, and was, consequently, exposed without defence, or shelter, to the raking fire directed against him. Hated by the king, and mistrusted by the people, Fox had no hope but in his present parliamentary majority, and that was hourly threatened by the prospect of a dissolution. The feeling of the country—though not probably in its full extent—was known to both Fox and Pitt, and the confidence of the latter in the result of a general election, encouraged him to persevere notwithstanding the successive defeats he encountered. Fourteen divisions occurred between the 12th of January and the 8th of March, the dates and numbers of which were as follows:—

Jananry	12th.	232	to	193	majority	39
	—	196	to	142	ditto	54
	16th.	205	to	184	ditto	21
	23rd.	222	to	214	ditto	8
February	2nd.	223	to	204	ditto	19
	3rd.	211	to	187	ditto	24
	16th.	186	to	157	ditto	29
	18th.	208	to	196	ditto	12
	20th.	197	to	177	ditto	20
	—	177	to	156	ditto	21
	27th.	175	to	168	ditto	7
March	1st.	201	to	189	ditto	12
	5th.	171	to	162	ditto	9
	8th.	191	to	190	ditto	1

Ib. p. 225.

The last of these divisions was the final victory of the coalition. Parliament was dissolved, and the general election of 1784 gave a large majority to the king.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

POPULAR ZOOLOGY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

CERTAIN TOURISTS.—OF THE INCENTIVES TO TRAVEL.—Mighty as is the rush from England when the season is over, to strange localities, yet all are not influenced by the same motives. Many save up at home for nine months of the year, to squander abroad the other three; many more go off to pull in their expenditure. Some go —there are really invalids—for health; others, hypochondriacs, to see whether the foreign doctors cannot find out something really the matter with them; others go to write books, and others to make sketches; but by far the greater proportion travel from motives of popular imitation, known commonly as fashion. Take the members of a family in whatever circle you please, and you will find, that however high they may themselves carry their heads, there is somebody whom they look up to, and studiously endeavor to imitate in every particular of their domestic or family existence. This feeling extends both ways in the scale of so-

ciety, affecting every link of the great chain. Let us attempt to show, in a series of graduated examples, how it sends every body travelling, as soon as the curtain of the opera has descended upon the last twinkling feet of the ballet,—the last speech has provoked cheers of crowing within the walls of St. Stephen's,—and the last grand *reunion* of the season has collected the long lines of private and lamped carriages along the sides of Piccadilly and the streets that *debouche* into it.

Rank the First.—The Countess of Princeton is an acknowledged leader of the aristocratic circle. Her name is always amongst the ladies-patronesses of the most exclusive *reunions*, and the list of royal and patrician guests at her parties occupies half a column of the Morning Post. She has one or two daughters; the second, Lady Blanche Rosebud, is very beautiful, and the Right Honorable Viscount Hampton has paid her some attention during the season. He is young and handsome, and very rich. So that when it is ascertained Lord Hampton is going in his yacht—the finest in the R. Y. C.—to Naples, Lady Princeton settles to go there as well, in the hopes that a twilight lounge in an orange grove, or a sleepy cruize along the bay, with the not unimportant accessories of skies, climate, and general associations, may bring about a proposal, and so we soon read amongst the departures 'The Earl and Countess of Princeton and Lady Blanche Rosebud, from Belgrave House, for Naples.'

Rank the Second.—Lady Winfield reads the above paragraph, and forthwith determines to go abroad. Sir John Winfield is only a knight, but of tolerably good family; and his possessions and interest are so great in a county, of which it is in contemplation to start Hampton as a representative at the next election, that the Countess of Princeton finds it polite to notice the family. Hence they are invited to the entertainments at Belgrave House, and the brilliant *fetes* at the velvet-lawned, river-washed villa at Twickenham. Hence the Countess herself presented the pretty trembling Amy Winfield at court. *Par consequence* Lady Winfield imitates the Princetons in every thing; not servilely, but still she imitates them; and when she finds that they are going to Naples, and hears further that they will return through Switzerland to Baden, she determines to go to the latter place, and be thrown in their way without the appearance of hunting them up; and she knows furthermore that this will annoy The Haggis, a great Scotch chieftain, whose family turn up their noses even more than nationally at the Winfields, but, nevertheless, have not the *entree* at Belgrave house, and are going to Baden also. For in every rank of life there is a Mrs. Grundy; each sphere has its 'Browns' to astonish; and so, in a day or two afterwards, there is another fashionable departure in the Morning Post, and the world learns that the Winfields are gone to Baden.

Rank the Third.—Mr. and Mrs. Brown Holland visit Lady Winfield. Their names were formerly Mr. and Mrs. Holland, but somebody left them some money and the name; and it is difficult to tell which they were most pleased with. Whereon they left Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, and took such a house, one of the most elegant in the new city that has risen out of the ground between the Edgeware Road and the Bayswater tea gardens—all Louis Quatorze and candelabra. And they took some new friends with the house,—the Counts Patchouli and Corazza, and Colonel Grab of the Spanish Infantry, and other distinguished persons, including crowds of scarecrow men in mustachios, whom nobody knew, and with whom their parties were always overdone. The Winfields are the great people, however, of their acquaintance, and they determine upon following them at once to Baden, making no attempt to conceal the manner in which they imitate them, but thus expressing the sincerest flattery.

Rank the Fourth.—The Higgs's are retired tradesfolks, and live at one of those houses at Clapham which you always see lighted up coming home from the Derby. Our friends above notice them because Mrs. Higgs's carriage is at times very convenient for Mrs. Brown Holland to go about in; and Mrs. Higgs is too happy to lend it, in return for the patronage the lady bestows on the Higgs' girls generally. These are three daughters who have all been educated at Miss Burton's, at Boulogne, and so speak French very well; and as soon as Mrs. Higgs finds that the Hollands are going out of town, she tells Mr. Higgs that it is absolutely incumbent upon them to go too. Mr. Higgs does not at first see the

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he then turned to me, and afterwards flung himself into the chair she had quitted, and gazed with a painful intentness upon me; he was young and nobly handsome, so he naturally had his day dream, and the world, and worldliness, were alike forgotten in the thoughts that rushed through his impetuous mind. One moment a dark frown shadowed his brow, which some sunny thought instantly dispelled; anon it returned, and was again chased away by a bright triumphant smile. What were his thoughts? I could well guess! he sat thus entranced until the twilight shut him from my sight, and I saw no more, but I heard his plaintive sighs.

Maria Leslie, the being I represent, was an only child, born to inherit great beauty, and large possessions; she was kindly loved by her parents, who could not behold in her the slightest fault; she was admired by all who came within the magic circle of her charms, for the brightness of her beauty so dazzled the hearts of her beholders, that they could scarcely think it possible that aught of evil could be so enshrined.'

Vanity was her besetting sin. As a child her little coquetries and vanities were only smiled at by all, as being exceedingly droll: the continual praises of menials, and the fond indulgence of her parents, who laughed at her little womanish ways, when but yet a girl, had drawn her from society of children like herself, and made her ape the manners of grown up people; she was a little actress!

She was about eighteen when I was made the almost living likeness of her, by the young and enthusiastic painter, who had much better have bestowed his love upon me, for I was all his own, and would always have remained the same; I was indeed superior to my original, for beneath my beauty a cold heart was not hidden; all her love was engrossed by herself, and consequently she had none to bestow on others; day after day did the young painter stand by her easel, and endeavor to infuse some of his soul into hers, and rouse her to excel in the most glorious of arts, but in vain; her vanity prompted her only to seek ac-[illegible]mplishments of an easier cast, that should [illegible]zle and enchant others; she found that [illegible]nquer in the painter's mystery and [illegible]g, was not so easy; it must be a [illegible] that can ever woo any of the sis-[illegible]th hopes of success. With di-[illegible]s you must never kneel at

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Pallid grew the cheek, and more brilliant the lustre of the eyes, as month after month rolled on, and found him still by his pupil's side; his steps became languid, his smile dejected, and art seemed no longer the object of his enthusiasm.

One early dawn he stood in the gallery, and with careful hand made a copy of me, but this was done stealthily, and in secret. Foolish boy! he bore it to his humble roof, with bright visions of future glory, to embitter his hours with vain and feverish thoughts over the counterpart of his destroyer.

Unavailingly did he struggle with his better feelings, but the strong passion of youth is not easily mastered; yet often did he resolve to break his dishonorable thraldrom, but when she bestowed on him a bewitching smile, how soon his resolution was broken, and how soon he became again her willing slave.

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One evening when twilight gradually put an end to their labors, during which her almost tenderness towards him had made the hours fly like minutes, they sat near to each other watching the calm blush of the evening sky giving place to the silvery hue of the rising moon. A dangerous moment for those who love! Thoughts at such moments are raised far, far above the sordid things of the earth, and the world's weight seems lifted from the heart to give full play to its purest feelings.

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necessity, but is obliged at last to consent, and Paris is determined on. They do not know much about Baden, and are not to be trusted a great way by themselves in the German language. Besides Mrs. Holland persuades them from going there, as she does not altogether wish the Winfields to see how intimate she is with the Higgs's, and tells them that there is very little amusement at any of the German baths. So they finally settle upon Paris, by Mrs. Brown Holland's recommendation to an excellent hotel, stopping a little while at Capecure for the purpose of bathing.

RANK THE FIFTH.—Whilst Mr. Higgs was in trade Mr. Startin was his head confidential clerk; and in consequence of this, Mr. and Mrs. Startin, who live at Islington, and have more children than even married clerks in general are surrounded by, are asked once a year to dine with the Higgs's, the party being arranged for the purpose. Be sure that the Hollands are not amongst the guests on this occasion. Well, the Higgs' girls take Mrs. Startin into their room, and are quite affable, and show her the hot-house, and give her some flowers, and play new polkas to her, and ask her where she is going this year. To which Mrs. Startin answers she don't exactly know, nor indeed does she, for with her little family a change is not so easily managed; but this puts it into her head that she ought to go somewhere, and so when she leaves at night with Mr. Startin, in a cab, which will be dismissed at the Elephant and Castle for the Islington omnibus, she tells them that they must really go out of town, or else 'it will seem so strange!' Within ten days they are all at Ramsgate—a start rendered more speedy by the complaint of Mrs. Startin that that nasty pain has returned to her chest, and she is certain that nothing but warm sea-bathing will remove it.

RANK THE SIXTH.—In the counting house, where Mr. Startin at present presides, is a junior clerk, Mr. Tiddy. He lives somewhere up very high behind Crosby Hall, and dines at Bucklersbury during the week, and on Sundays often strides up to Islington where he finds a knife and fork at Mr. Startin's table, always laid down for him; and in the evening he takes the children for a walk along the New River. He believes in the family to the fullest extent, and pays the utmost deference to Mr. Startin's opinion in every thing; so that when he finds that they are going out of town, he intimates that he ought to go as well. But as leave of absence is difficult for minor clerks to procure, Mr. Tiddy can only go within an hour or two of Mincing Lane, and therefore he takes a moderate bedroom at Gravesend, looking forward still to Sunday, for a glimpse of the sea, when he contrives to pay a visit to the Startins at Ramsgate, not a little gratified at showing them that he also can have a holiday.

And by these and similar influences, are the autumnal tourists determined, acting upon each other's opinions in such regular gradations, from the proudest to the humblest, that with very little difficulty a perfect 'House-that-Jack-built' rhyme might be formed upon their migrations.

OF THE CONVENTIONAL TOURIST.—There is another class distinct from the ranks we have just enumerated, and that is composed of the tourists, who travel, not from any particular enjoyment that it gives them, but because they think it proper to do so; just as people go to the Ancient Concerts. Mr. Julius Praps may be taken as a type of this class: we will describe him.

As August approacheth, he sayeth that he hath an invitation to shoot over ten thousand acres of moor, but that it is a bore, and he meaneth to travel. He letteth his mustachios grow thereby, and buyeth a hand-book, a knapsack, and a pair of shoes; he ordereth a blouse, and pervadeth London after passports. He also getteth a journal, and a solid sketch-book: but after the first week he useth neither; and thus he starteth for Boulogne, on his way to Switzerland and Italy.

At Boulogne he seeth much novelty, not having been on the continent before. He speaketh frightful French, but in his innocence thinketh it the thing; he drinketh much brandy, because it is cheap, and also claret, and well nigh getteth drunk. Being green abroad, he describeth a diligence that he hath seen, as a wonderful thing, to the company at the *table d'hote*, and sayeth that it is droll to hear the children speak French; both of which things have been frequently done before. He maketh a purchase of a pair of large fur gloves, not that he wanteth them, but he is struck with the novelty and price; and afterwards he knoweth not what to do with them.

He taketh a place in the *coupe* because

it is genteel, and looketh with disdain upon the 'bad style of men' that love the *banquette*, nor doth he continue with them, when they stop for dinner at Abbeville.

At Paris he goeth to Meurice's, or Lawson's, and seeth the sights by rule, as they are put down in the hand-book. He formeth his notions of Paris in this wise. He stayeth at an English hotel, and is waited on by English servants. He meeteth nought but English at the *table d'hote;* he hath an English *lacquais de place*, and readeth the English papers. He buyeth even English things to take home with him, at shops where they write up 'English spoken here,' and speaketh English himself, all day long. And then he sayeth to himself, 'When I get home I will write a book upon Paris and its people.' He thinketh it right to dine Rocher de Cançale; and delighteth in once at Vereys, or Vefour's, and once at the ordering the dinner himself, albeit he maketh wild shots at the dishes, and if there is a party of three or four, amazeth the *garçon*, by ordering a portion apiece for every body. He doth not much like the French theatres, but goeth as a duty, and laugheth with the audience, as do many at the French plays in London; but he understandeth not a line he heareth; and therefore doth he prefer Franconi's. He findeth that his best clothes, brought from London, produce not the effect he desired in Paris; and therefore riggeth himself out in Palais Royal. But he doth not approach nearer to the Frenchman for all that: and when he goeth to the Messageries, in the Rue Notre Dame Des Victoires, he asketh, 'Esker eel e ar oon diligence, mossieu, poor Genave?' he is disgusted to hear the clerk reply incontinently, 'Yes, sir, every morning at eight o'clock.'

In Switzerland he walketh much, but hath a guide to carry his knapsack, and telleth people at inns, that he hath an intention of going up Mont Blanc. But the intention vanisheth as he approacheth Savoy, and at Chamouni disappeareth altogether, inasmuch as he there contenteth himself by saying that he knoweth a man who hath been up once. He buyeth a paper-cutter of white wood, at the Bigi Culm, for his study-table, and a salad spoon and fork for his aunt from whom he hath expectations, and who asketh him much on his return about William Tell, with whom she thinketh he must have been acquainted, her whole idea of Switzerland being confined to that apocryphal (as it really appears) individual, and the tune of the Swiss Boy. But he knoweth little except that which he readeth in the hand-books; nor doth he ever deviate from the route they lay down in the slightest degree. He goeth to Grindelwald, and sayeth that the Glacier is only a lot of ice, but still it is proper to see it, not as an amusement, but to say afterwards that he hath been there which appeareth to be the great end of all his travels. And when he starteth for Italy, he crosseth the Simplon in the night, to save time and get the quicker to Italy, whereby he doth not get a sight of any portion of the pass. But at Duome d'Ossola he readeth all about it in the hand-book, and his end is answered. And now he taketh care not to let any thing astonish him, or at least to appear as though it did, thinking that he is an experienced traveller. And he joineth little in the society of the *table d'hote*, but taketh notes as if on the sly, that the company may think him to be a great author, travelling in disguise, to write a large book. And indeed, he hath an intention of trying to do something for a magazine on his return: but he findeth to his disgust that it hath been done before.

At Venice he hireth a gondola, and boasteth that he hath seen all the churches in one day; and he goeth through the ducal palace, not that he findeth interest in its associations, but because it is a place that must be visited solely to talk of afterwards. He stoppeth at Venice twenty-four hours; after which be pronounceth it the "slowest" place he ever was in; and declareth that it hath been much over-rated. At Verona he goeth to the tomb of Juliet, whom he confuseth with Fanny Kemble, but cannot call the tragedy to mind with distinctness: nevertheless, he buyeth a model of her tomb, and determineth to read it on his return, or go and see it acted. And then he visiteth every place mentioned in the hand-book, the which he yawneth over, as doth an admirer of Jullien at the Philharmonic: and when he seeth the amphitheatre, he sayeth to himself, 'This is very fine, but not to be compared to the Cirque Olympique in the Champs Elysées, or even Astley's.'

He devoteth two entire days to Florence, and is on his legs from six in the morning until ten at night, looking at every picture and statue, not to admire it, but to say that he hath seen it on future opportunities. For, as far as enjoyment goes, he thinketh the Venus equally good which adorneth the

shop of the ingenious Italian opposite the stage-door of Drury Lane theatre.

Rome he liketh not; nor taketh pleasure in its remains. For he careth not for the ancients, his associations being alone connected with dogs'-eared Virgils, and ink-stained Commentaries. But his hand-book directeth him to see every thing, and he laboriously obeyeth it; albeit, he findeth nothing so agreeable as our own Colosseum in the Regent's Park: and wisheth that the Pope would engage Mr. Bradwell to renovate the city. In his heart he voteth Rome a 'sell,' and hateth the ruins, from recollection of the cane and Latin mark.

And thus he yawneth and fatigueth himself for three months about parts of Europe, having become footsore to attain glory at home, as pilgrims go to Mecca to be put on the free-list of the Prophet's paradise, and he remembereth nothing that he hath seen, no more than the passenger by an express-train can call to mind the stations that he shooteth by. But he believeth that he hath attained a higher rank in life, by being able to talk of where he hath been: and he remarketh, at dinner-parties, 'Once, when I was crossing the Simplon,' or 'During my residence at Florence,' whenever an opportunity occurreth, and sometimes when it doth not. And if by luck he encountereth a tourist, who hath not been to Florence, but speaketh highly of Danneker's Ariadne at Frankfort, he sayeth forthwith, 'Ah,—but you should see the Venus de Medici.' Yet he recollecteth it but slightly, and the other he hath no notion of beyond that furnished by Madame Keller.

But the greatest pleasure, after all, that one tourist knoweth is to talk down another: and to this end chiefly doth our traveller look for distinction.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

I TURNED my eyes round the chamber, wondering *what* would be the next to speak; I watched intently from gauntlet to broad-sword, from Indian bow to cumbrous match-lock, and as a gleam of moonshine flickering through the woodbine of the casement sparkled for a moment on a small steel casket, I fancied almost that it moved, and I should see it unlock itself, and hear the many secrets of which it was the depository; but another look convinced me it was motionless, and I was disappointed, for I well knew its antiquity, and longed to hear of its experiences.

As I continued my scrutiny, I was startled by observing the eyes of the portrait opposite me move, the breast heave, and a slight murmur escape from the lips; and such lips!

It was a beautiful portrait of the last century, of a lovely young girl, whose peculiar feminine beauty, and dove-like expression of eyes, I had often gazed on with pleasure, and yearned to know the lights and shadows of such a creature's life.

When first its soft murmuring voice fell upon my devouring ear, my heart beat rapidly, and I seemed like a person just struggling out of a slumber. For a moment it appeared indistinct, but gradually became clear and palpable. It spake as follows:

Good friends! since we are doomed to be packed together in our possessor's curiosity shop—I think it but polite to call it so—I have listened to your beguiling adventures with pleasure, for they tend in some measure to drive away the *ennui*, to which, as *passe* things, we are condemned. Inspired therefore by your example, I will try to recall to my memory some few passages of my life, that is, in the life of the creature I represent. That she was beautiful, I believe it is unnecessary for me to say. Look at me! I represent her faithfully! Her beauty was only skin deep like mine, but not so lasting. Age has made me more valuable, whilst it destroyed her power.

When I was created by the painter's master hand, I was pronounced a living likeness! It was true; for I grew into life under the limner's magic skill, and beheld my beautiful original before me, and felt the tremulous touch of the young painter as he looked abashed into her deep blue eyes, for the bright light that he dared to hope to transfer to me! that look made the eloquent blood rush even to his noble forehead, whilst the fair sitter's fringed lash sank over her dangerous orbs with soft timidity, but even then there was a scornful curl of triumph on her lips, that belied the language of her eyes.

At the conclusion of her sitting she rose, and swept with grace unparalleled from the room, the painter's gaze followed her, and a deep sigh escaped from his very heart;

he then turned to me, and afterwards flung himself into the chair she had quitted, and gazed with a painful intentness upon me; he was young and nobly handsome, so he naturally had his day dream, and the world, and worldliness, were alike forgotten in the thoughts that rushed through his impetuous mind. One moment a dark frown shadowed his brow, which some sunny thought instantly dispelled; anon it returned, and was again chased away by a bright triumphant smile. What were his thoughts? I could well guess! he sat thus entranced until the twilight shut him from my sight, and I saw no more, but I heard his plaintive sighs.

Maria Leslie, the being I represent, was an only child, born to inherit great beauty, and large possessions; she was kindly loved by her parents, who could not behold in her the slightest fault; she was admired by all who came within the magic circle of her charms, for the brightness of her beauty so dazzled the hearts of her beholders, that they could scarcely think it possible that aught of evil could be so enshrined.'

Vanity was her besetting sin. As a child her little coquetries and vanities were only smiled at by all, as being exceedingly droll: the continual praises of menials, and the fond indulgence of her parents, who laughed at her little womanish ways, when but yet a girl, had drawn her from society of children like herself, and made her ape the manners of grown up people; she was a little actress!

She was about eighteen when I was made the almost living likeness of her, by the young and enthusiastic painter, who had much better have bestowed his love upon me, for I was all his own, and would always have remained the same; I was indeed superior to my original, for beneath my beauty a cold heart was not hidden; all her love was engrossed by herself, and consequently she had none to bestow on others; day after day did the young painter stand by her easel, and endeavor to infuse some of his soul into hers, and rouse her to excel in the most glorious of arts, but in vain; her vanity prompted her only to seek accomplishments of an easier cast, that should dazzle and enchant others; she found that to conquer in the painter's mystery and cunning, was not so easy; it must be a true love that can ever woo any of the sister arts with hopes of success. With divided thoughts you must never kneel at their shrine.

Fatal indeed was the indulgence of this mad passion for this divinity; although of a good family he had no broad lands to lay at the feet of the proud and haughty beauty; yet without hope to wear the prize, he still dared to love. It is astonishing how little flame will keep up love; a smile, or an accidental pressure of the hand will last for weeks; full well did the young heartless coquette know and see the net she had thrown around her victim, nor appeared she conscious of the cause of the pale cheek and trembling voice of the young painter, who lived but in the poisonous fascinations of her presence.

Pallid grew the cheek, and more brilliant the lustre of the eyes, as month after month rolled on, and found him still by his pupil's side; his steps became languid, his smile dejected, and art seemed no longer the object of his enthusiasm.

One early dawn he stood in the gallery, and with careful hand made a copy of me, but this was done stealthily, and in secret. Foolish boy! he bore it to his humble roof, with bright visions of future glory, to embitter his hours with vain and feverish thoughts over the counterpart of his destroyer.

Unavailingly did he struggle with his better feelings, but the strong passion of youth is not easily mastered; yet often did he resolve to break his dishonorable thraldrom, but when she bestowed on him a bewitching smile, how soon his resolution was broken, and how soon he became again her willing slave.

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One evening when twilight gradually put an end to their labors, during which her almost tenderness towards him had made the hours fly like minutes, they sat near to each other watching the calm blush of the evening sky giving place to the silvery hue of the rising moon. A dangerous moment for those who love! Thoughts at such moments are raised far, far above the sordid things of the earth, and the world's weight seems lifted from the heart to give full play to its purest feelings.

If she but loved him, thought he, how he would strive to become great, to be

worthy of her! What would toil be? nothing! for him, time would have no terrors, if she were the prize at the end! With thoughts like to these rushing through his brain in answer to the quick throbbings of his heart, he fell at her feet, and burst forth in all the eloquence of his nature, upbraiding himself, but yet claiming her pity, promising to fly from her, until he was more worthy, praying for hope to cheer his path as an incentive to his ambition and exertions. His glowing words came from his lips with poetic grace, but met no kindred response; she now beheld all that her heartless coquetry had effected, and rising indignantly from her seat, with cheek cold and colorless, and with eyes of scorn, and drawing the rich folds of her dress closely around her beautiful form, as though she feared the contamination of his touch, she bade him, in a tone that threw back the impetuous blood to his heart, to rise, and never more dare to enter into her presence, or insult her by his plebeian rhapsodies.

What art thou, said she, but a hired menial! had it not been for the absence of my parent, thou wouldst have been flogged from the house by the horse boys, for thus forgetting thyself and station.

Stunned by the change in the beautiful creature, who, a moment since, was all angel, but who now appeared, as the moonlight played on her convulsed features, almost a demon, he arose from his prostrate position, as if in a dream, and without one word, but with fixed eyes, and mournful mien, saw her slowly depart from the chamber.

A year rolled on, and the painter was only remembered in the family of his quondam patron as a bold and enterprising young man, who had sought by dishonorable means his own aggrandisement by an alliance with his daughter, and they felt proud that the adventurer had failed in his purpose, and had not, notwithstanding his talents and fascinations, for one moment disturbed the pure mind of their child.

She soon had many suitors for her hand, for her lands were fruitful, and her dowry large, and all the family possessed would eventually fall to her sole disposal. They came, and were refused, and thus were her triumphs swelled. They strove to touch her heart when they should have aimed only at her pride.

At last a suitor came, of proud and haughty race, with armorial bearings, and a title. He had long since parted with all his feelings as unfashionable commodities; but brought in their stead his family-deeds and rent-roll, which were, he believed, the sure passport to a lady's heart. The perfect nonchalance of the titled suitor put *hors de combat* all the little coquetries of the lady. He looked upon her as a fine creature, but hated the trouble of courtship, left the old people to make love to her for him, and requested a definitive answer to his proposal, as he did not wish to miss the season trip to Italy.

Having sickened himself at the pleasures of the world, and found himself 'used up,' he paused in his senseless career, and looked out for an estate, with a presentable wife tacked to it, so that his constitution and property might both at the same time be repaired. He had come, therefore, to see the fair Maria; liked her manners and her unincumbered estate, and determined to take the desperate leap of marriage. He was a man of the world; and therefore it was impossible for him to make himself disagreeable, for nothing is easier than insincerity; and etiquette, strained to the nicest point, forbade any thing like an approach to familiarity, which is a very old fashioned, troublesome thing at best, and often endangers the continuation of the best acquaintance.

Seen only through the medium of his gentlemanly address and stylish manners, aided, too, by his magnificent establishment and a coronet, it was no wonder that he found himself successful. The proud girl consented to be his wife. They were married; and she became a countess!

The last of the glittering pomp of marriage wound its way through the embowering trees, and vanished in the evening sunlight. The parents felt for the first time that their labor of love was ended, and that their child was their child no more, for another now claimed her who would stand before them in her love, and her thoughts,—the little world of enchantment which was created round the child of their affections faded like a rainbow when the worshipped idol of the shrine departed from it, and left them desolate. The tears of parting still glistened in their eyes as they stood before me to gaze once more upon the face of one they loved too well. When they beheld her again, she was not like to me!

Italy! land of sunshine and blue skies! land of elegant vices, and romantic rascalities; beautiful even in your feebleness,

how full of butterflies art thou! How they flutter in the eternal sunshine! How full art thou of the noblest works of art! Behold the creations of thy chisel and thy pencil! See the lazzaroni crowding in their dirt, and defacing the marble steps of thy palaces! How full of sharp, bright eyes, and sharper and brighter poniards! How quick to love, and how quick to hate are thy fierce-blooded children!

In a few weeks after their marriage, the fair Countess and her chosen husband found themselves in Italy, where he was as well known as the Pope himself, and where he was welcomed with enthusiasm by the crowd, who knew his vices and his boundless extravagance, which, now he came so well-freighted, promised them another harvest. His charming wife soon became the admiration and the toast of the gay circles that had nothing else to do. She was charmed with the flutterers whom she captivated, and who whispered warm flattery into her ears; but sometimes they became so bold in their advances, that her unfashionable feelings prompted her to shrink back from their too ardent address, fearing that her husband's haughty spirit might feel offence; but he, whenever he heard of them, seemed to count them as nothing more than *bon-bons* thrown in a Carnival, sweet, but harmless. He was guilty of the same offence to other women; so he let it pass unnoticed, and the ardent puppies remained unreproved, and sought with greater avidity to gain the favor of the beautiful English Countess.

The fashionable neglect of her husband soon, however, began to show itself, and gave her votaries plenty of opportunities to pour forth their enamored strains. He became entangled in the depraved clique to which he had been a victim before his marriage; and was often brought home by his servants (through wine and excitement) in a state of unconsciousness. This could not long be kept from his wife, who, although she had no love for him, felt most severely his pointed desertion, which made her the talk of her aristocratic friends. Her pride was hurt at the idea of being chained for life to a *roué* and a drunkard!

Frequent scenes of recrimination destroyed even the appearance of consideration for each other; and hate being too violent an exertion where there never had been any love, each soon began to have the utmost contempt for the other. The world —that is, their world—soon discovered that their victims were ready-made to their hands, and that no exertion on their part was required to create differences between them.

Her suitors became bolder as they saw her natural protector leave her unguarded; and left to her own resources, many snake-like whisperings prompted her to revenge herself for the open infidelities of her abandoned husband. But she had too lately left the home of her childhood; and the halo of her mother's virtues still hovered faintly around her, and preserved her from her baffled tempters. Where was that mother now? How needed to guide the steps of her child, who had ever been the slave of her own passions and pride, and now, in the moment of danger, was saved alone by the natural instinct inherent in woman, that recoils even from the semblance of vice.

One of her most pertinacious followers, who, from the beauty of his person, and his high rank, had never met with a rebuff, kept his place at her side, in the full confidence of success, which he ever looked upon as his sure reward; but in the young Englishwoman he found a most obstinate pupil; and he could not prevail over her with such ease as he did with the proud signoras of his own land, where vice and virtue are mere names, and where to be virtuous is to appear so.

He had one night, at a grand *fete*, seated himself, as was his custom, by her side, with a full determination to bring to a close the long love-siege which began rather to pique his vanity, and tire his patience. The usual common-place, in such cases understood, the Countess bore with all the coldness of her disposition, and she permitted him to run on unchided through his hopes and despairings, and other poetical descriptions of the torments which she had made him endure. At last, grown confident by her silence, he dared to place his own arm around her slender waist. She sprang from his side. A stinging reproach had hardly fallen from his lips, when a gentleman who had hovered near them, and who had overheard her words, felled her insulter to the earth as he was in the act of seizing her hand. She turned for one moment to look at her rescuer, in whom she expected to see her husband; but her eyes fell on the pale and convulsed features of the youthful painter. After whispering his name in the ear of the enraged noble, he slightly bowed to her, and coldly passed on.

Months passed on, and she never beheld him, although she heard of his fame, which stood high even in the city of the famous. Her husband, as of necessity, met the insulter of his wife, and they fired at each other as long as their seconds thought fit, and then, after a great deal of mutual politeness, returned home to breakfast.

But the hot Italian blood of her husband's adversary was not so easily cooled; he felt too deeply the ignominy of the blow, and the scorn of the proud Englishwoman, who he thought entertained some tender feeling for the young painter, whose early history he soon traced out. Deeming the painter a successful rival, he was doubly desirous of revenge upon him. He quickly sought out, and found with facility,—for ready instruments are easily found in the Holy City,—creatures to carry out his vengeance, which he was too dastardly to do himself. He purposed at once to crush the hopes of the young painter, and the vaunted honor of the woman who had dared to refuse him.

The riches of the Earl and his wife, and the splendor of their beautiful palace, which stood in the suburbs, had long been the talk and wonder of Rome. The character of its owner was also no secret. His splendid *fetes* were the resort of all the gay and beautiful, as well, also, as the bad and vicious, who found his purse-strings always ready and open to supply their pandering sycophancy with funds, of which they did not fail availing themselves when, half-mad with drink, he sought another fatal excitement in the dice.

One night, or rather morning, for the faint streaks of light were seen in the horizon, betokening the night almost spent, the guests had departed, and the host had been borne by his servants to his couch, the fair Countess pressed her pillow alone. Here and there in the splendid saloons a few lamps were left to die in their sockets by the careless and inebriated servants of the household, in which no order or regulation was kept. The whole place was now wrapped in repose, and three figures were seen stealthily approaching through the trees in the garden, evidently aiming at concealment. Slowly, like the motions of a snake, did they wind their way through the dark foliage and luxuriant flower parterres. At length they gained the upper terrace, where for a moment they hesitated; but after a short consultation approached one of the lower windows, which seemed to have been intentionally unfastened, and entered with silence and caution.

A few minutes had elapsed, when a faint scream was heard, and almost instantly after the three men appeared, bearing a muffled figure between them. In the scuffle to expedite their flight, the wrapper which enveloped it slipped aside, and discovered the form of the Countess, who screamed immediately for help. This brought in a moment to the succour two or three half-dressed and frightened domestics, who were intimidated from further advance by the threatening gestures of the brigands. They were, however, soon reinforced by the appearance of the Earl, who, in his dressing-gown, sword in hand, and but half recovered from his midnight debauch, staggered wildly forward, attempting to encourage the tired grooms to attack the robbers. He had hardly advanced ten paces, when the foremost of the brigands, who was masked, approached him, and, striking up his sword, passed his weapon through his body. The unfortunate husband fell, with a deep groan, dead upon the marble pavement of the terrace, which was crimsoned with his blood In the brigand's struggle to free his sword from the entanglement of the Earl's dress, the mask dropped from his face, and showed the features of the libertine noble, who had so basely attempted the honor of the Countess. The appalled domestics, who were unarmed, rushed back into the mansion to alarm the rest of the household, who were quickly on the spot; but the villains had fled with their prize, leaving behind only a paper, stuck with a dagger on the window-post, to the following effect:—That the Countess would be carried to the mountains, and if not ransomed at a heavy sum, in less than twenty-four hours she would meet with dishonor and death.

Pursuit was immediately set on foot by the authorities; the murder and the abduction were upon every tongue. Parties scoured the woods in every direction; but in vain. Troops were despatched towards the mountains, in hopes of intercepting the fugitives before they gained their hiding-places.

Evening approached without any trace of the unfortunate lady or her abductors. Many returned to the city, broken down with toil and fatigue, fearing, as night advanced, to proceed farther into the mountains. One spirit alone flagged not—the young painter's! who, almost frantic, was the first to start upon the alarm. Well

acquainted, from his repeated wanderings, with the country around, and the habits of the men of whom he was in pursuit, he proceeded with a burning heart and determined purpose to the deepest recesses of the mountains, for he felt assured that—from the discovery of the principal agent concerned,—her dishonor was certain; and that the color of brigandage was merely given to the act to hide his fouler purpose. The young painter forgot the scorn she once levelled at him, and remembered only the fair girl that had wiled away the happiest portion of his life, and whom he could never cease to love. Distance or fatigue was nothing; despair lent him supernatural strength. If he stopped, it was but for a moment, to moisten his parched lips at some mountain stream.

Deep in a woody ravine, where the struggling moon, piercing the gloomy, overhanging foliage, showed but a few streaks of silver upon the mossy rocks, the forms of two men, that were lying at full length asleep upon the greensward, were discovered. At some distance from them, and deeper in the gloom, sat a female figure, whose white draperies, in the loneliness of the spot, appeared ghost-like and unreal. Beside her stood the tall form of the Earl's murderer, whose deep voice of passion and entreaty continued unavailing to attempt to move the captive Countess, whose face was buried in her hands, and who refused to reply by a single syllable to his suit. The speaker, after spending some time in threats and expostulations, seized her rudely by the arm, and although apparently weak from exhaustion, she struggled violently with him. Upon his attempting to drag her from the vicinity of his sleeping companions she uttered a despairing scream that was answered by a thousand echoes from the surrounding rocks. The two sleeping brigands started on their feet in alarm. Hardly able to shake off the effects of the deep slumber into which they had sunk, they staggered to the spot where the Countess was endeavoring to disengage herself from her ravisher. The report of a shot rang through the ravine, and the foremost villain sprang into the air, and dropped down a corpse at the feet of his companion, who for a moment looked wildly around him, and saw at length the form of a man dropping down from the boughs of an overhanging tree. He promptly drew his pistol from his belt, and fired. The figure tottered for a moment; but, instantly recovering himself, rushed forward, and sprang upon the brigand like a tiger. The encounter was desperate, but short, and they both soon rolled struggling together, into a small watercourse, that traversed the valley.

The ravisher, who had quitted the Countess on the first alarm, now stood bewilddered, expecting every moment another attack from the surrounding thickets; but, to his surprise, a dead silence prevailed. He directly proceeded to the assistance of his follower, and having descended into the rocky hollow of the watercourse, beheld the two combatants apparently dead, lying at some distance from each other. He approached with eager curiosity, to look upon the features of the determined assailant; but at the moment of his scrutiny he was seized by the throat, and dragged to the earth. The suddenness of the attack completely bereft him of power, and his sword dropped from his grasp; but he snatched his stiletto, and dealt some rapid blows with it, in hopes of disengaging himself, but in vain; for, although some of his thrusts told, he could not free himself from the wild grasp of his foe, who, suddenly finding his hold relax through loss of blood, ran back a few paces and fired full at the front of his antagonist, and the ravisher received the ball through his heart.

The lady had sunk cowering down beneath the shelter of a tree, unable to fly, and almost unconscious of what was passing; but, after the report of the last pistol, she was startled by the appearance of a man making his way slowly towards her. Whether friend or foe, in her distraction she could not tell; but upon his nearer approach she discovered that he was not either of her ravishers. Her heart leapt with joy as she rose to meet him; but, ere she could do so, he fell upon his knees, and sank at full length at her feet, breathing forth with anguish a few words almost indistinct, and in which she heard her own name mixed with fervent thanks for her preservation.

She knelt by the prostrate figure of her preserver, and raised his head. As she did so, the moon beamed full and brilliant on the face of the young painter! What were her emotions when she saw the blood that was flowing from that noble heart, faithful to her even unto death. His full eyes gazed, with a melancholy look, upon her pitying tears! No words fell from his lips; but his bleeding wounds and noble devotion spoke with terrible tongues to her, as she

felt, for the first time, that she had been doubly his destroyer.

Pride died in the stillness of that valley, and her hand clasped the feeble hands of the gallant youth, as she watched with awe the last fleeting moments of his generous spirit.

Morning broke, and a strong party of soldiers, who had been guided by the distant reports of the fire-arms, soon discovered a crouching female in white drapery. One hand she clasped convulsively to her face, and with the other she held the death-clasped hand of the dying painter to her side. They approached, and raised her gently; and, as she beheld the rigid features, and fixed eyes of her preserver, she shuddered, and wept. He was dead! She turned to the commandant of the party, who had formed a litter for her, and almost in a whisper said,

'Here is my preserver,—bear him with you,—I will not leave him here.'

The mind of the Countess was for some months in a state of oblivion as to the past; and when she awoke to consciousness it was upon the bosom of her mother. No word was uttered in relation to what occurred; but she never smiled again, for the moonlight ravine and the dying eyes of the painter could never be banished from her imagination! The color never returned to her pallid cheek, and I became the only memento of what she was.

ANECDOTE OF ADMIRAL HOPSON.—In the first action in which Admiral Hopson (then a boy) was engaged, after fighting cheerfully for two hours, he inquired of the sailors for what they were contending; and on being told that the action must last until the white rag at the top of the enemy's mast was struck, replied, 'Oh, if that's all, I will see what I can do!' At this moment the ships were engaged yard-arm to yard-arm, and obscured in smoke; and our young hero noticing this circumstance, determined to haul down the enemy's flag or die in the attempt. Accordingly, he mounted the shrouds, walked across the main-yard, and, unperceived, gained that of the French admiral's ship, when, ascending with agility to the main-top-gallant-mast-head, he struck the flag, and by that same route returned with it. The enemy's flag having disappeared, the British tars shouted 'Victory!' by which the crew of the French ship were thrown into confusion, and fled from their guns. The officers, surprised at the event, endeavored to rally them; but the English sailors seized the opportunity for boarding the vessel, and took her. At this juncture, young Hopson descended from the shrouds with the French flag, which he displayed in triumph. He was immediately promoted to the quarter-deck, went rapidly through the several ranks of the service, and proved one of its most distinguished ornaments.—*Lynn Advertiser.*

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—While the king was stopping to change horses at Essonne, on his way back from Fontainbleau, an elderly woman, rushing through the escort at the risk of being trodden to death by the horses, reached the door of the royal carriage, and being seen by his Majesty, presented to him a small piece of paper, which he received. The carriage immediately afterwards drove on, but a very short time had elapsed before an orderly officer returned, and delivered to M. Cullion, sub-prefect of Corbeil, who had been in waiting for the king the poor woman's petition, in which were several pieces of gold, which were immediately delivered over to her. The petition stated that she was a travelling pedlar, who had fallen sick at a public house, and incurred a debt of eight francs, which she could not pay, and as a guarantee for which the publican had detained her dog, who was her only companion and friend. The fact was she owed the publican eighteen francs, but she had ten francs in her purse, and she could not, she said, deceive the king by asking for more than she actually wanted to pay her debt. It is gratifying to add, that the sub-prefect of Corbeil ascertained that the woman bore an excellent character.—*Galignani.*

LOW SUNDAY.—A curious volume of sermons, printed A. D. 1652, lies before me. It is entitled, "The Christian Sodality, or Catholic Hive of Bees sucking the honey of the Church's prayers from the blossoms of the Word of God, blown out of the Epistles and Gospels of the divine service throughout the year. Collected by the puny bee of all the hive, not worthy to be named otherwise than by these elements of his name, F. P."

The author, in his sermon for *White* or *Low* Sunday, thus writes:—"This day is called *White* or *Low* Sunday, because, in the primitive Church, those neophytes that on *Easter*-Eve were baptised and clad in *white* garments did to day put them off, with this admonition, that they were to keep within them a perpetual candor of spirit, signified by the *Agnus Dei* hung about their necks, which, falling down upon their breasts, put them in mind what innocent lambs they must be, now that, of sinful, high, and haughty men, they were, by baptism, made *low* and little children of Almighty God, such as ought to retain in their manners and lives the Paschal feasts which they had accomplished." Other writers have supposed that it was called *Low* Sunday because it is the *lowest* or latest day that is allowed for satisfying of the *Easter* obligation, viz. the worthily receiving the blessed Eucharist. The former, however, appears the most probable reason for the designation of *Low* Sunday.—*Lit. Gazette.*

FRY TESTIMONIAL.—The Lord Mayor has, with his usual benevolence and liberality, put himself at the head of a subscription, the object of which is to commemorate the humanity of the late Mrs. Fry, by founding a refuge, bearing her name, for the reception of female prisoners on their discharge from jail. It is a noble and most laudable design.

SPINNING OF THE SHROUD.

BY MRS. OGILVY.

Slowly ravel, threads of doom;
  Slowly lengthen, fatal yarn;
Death's inexorable gloom
Stretches like the frozen tarn,
Never thawed by sunbeams kind,
Ruffled ne'er by wave or wind,
Man beholds it, and is still,
Daunted by its mortal chill;
Thither haste my helpless feet
While I spin my winding-sheet!

Summer's breath, divinely warm,
  Kindles every pulse to glee:
Fled are traces of the storm,
  Wintry frost and leafless tree:
Shakes the birch its foliage light,
In the sun the mists are bright;
Heaven and earth their hues confound,
Scattering rainbows on the ground;
Life with rapture is replete
While I spin my winding-sheet!

Summer's voice is loud and clear,
  Lowing kine and rippling swell;
Yet beneath it all I hear
  Something of a funeral knell.
Sings the linnet on the bough,
Sings my bridegroom at the plough,
Whirrs the grouse along the brake,
Plash the trout within the lake,
Soft the merry lambkins bleat
While I spin my winding-sheet!

Thatched with mosses green and red,
  Blooming as a fairy hill,
Lifts my home its cheerful head
  By the ever-leaping rill.
Lo! its future inmates rise,
Gathering round with loving eyes;
Some my Dugald's features wear,
Some have mine, but far more fair;
Prattling lips my name repeat
While I spin my winding-sheet!

Youth is bright above my track,
  Health is strong within my breast;
Wherefore must this shadow black
  On my bridal gladness rest?
On my happy solitude
Must the vision still intrude?
Must the icy touch of Death
Freeze my song's impassioned breath?
I am young, and youth is sweet,
Why, then, spin my winding sheet?

Hark! the solemn winds reply,
  "Woman, thou art born to woe;
Log ere 'tis thine hour to die,
  Thou shalt be well pleased to go.
Though the sunshine of to-day
Blind thine eyeballs with its ray,
Grief shall swathe thee in its pall,
Life's beloved before thee fall.
Bride, the grave hath comfort meet,
Thankful spin thy winding-sheet!"

From the Metropolitan.

LET THE WORLD FROWN.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Let the world frown; not thou, not thou!
Twine rosy garlands round thy brow,
Nor pine for pearly braid, to fret
Thy whiter skin, beside it set;
Wild flowers are rife, and sweeter far
Than gemmy clasp or jewelled star:—
Smiles on thy lip, love in thine eye,
Let the world frown, I care not, I!

We may not now, as we had wont,
Slake sudden thirst from silvered font;
Nor, when we hunger, haste to sate
Our appetites with courtly cate;
The hot-house fruits ye rich may be—
We may not taste, but only see;
But juicy apples from the bough
Smile on us still, so frown not thou!

We have been rich, and never tasted
The relish of those riches wasted;—
We now are poor,—but not so poor
As drive the beggar from our door
With rayful looks—Hearts may despond
When linked thoughts cease to be fond,—
But that we love, our lives avow,
So let the world frown on—not thou!

And the world takes me at my word,
And flees us like a frighted bird;
Most aptly reading in our looks
A scorn its nature little brooks;
We heed it not—for round us glows
The sunshine of a love that knows
Nor pouting lip, nor clouded brow—
So let the world frown on—not thou!

FIRST GRIEF.

THEY tell me first and early love
  Outlives all after dreams;
But the memory of a first great grief
  To me more lasting seems;
The grief that marks our dawning youth
  To memory ever clings,
And o'er the path of future years
  A lengthened shadow flings.

Oh! oft my mind recalls the hour
  When to my father's home
Death came an uninvited guest,
  From his dwelling in the tomb!
I had not seen his face before,
  I shudder'd at the sight,
And I shudder still to think upon
  The anguish of that night!

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
  Became all cold and wan;
An eye grew dim in which the light
  Of radiant fancy shone:
Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow,
  The eye was fixed and dim;
And one there mourn'd a brother dead
  Who would have died for him.

I know not if 'twas summer then,
  I know not if 'twas spring;
But if the birds sang on the trees,
  I did not hear them sing:
If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
  Their bloom I did not see;
I looked upon one withered flower,
  And none else bloom'd for me.

A sad and silent time it was
  Within that house of wo,
All eyes were dull and overcast,
  And every voice was low;
And from each cheek at intervals,
  The blood appear'd to start,
As if recall'd, in sudden haste,
  To aid the sinking heart!

Softly we trode, as if afraid
  To mar the sleeper's sleep,
And stole last looks of his pale face
  For memory to keep.
With him the agony was o'er,
  And now the pain was ours,
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose,
  Like odors from dead flowers!

And when, at last, he was borne afar
  From the world's weary strife,
How oft, in thought, did we again
  Live o'er his little life?
His every look, his every word,
  His very voice's tone,
Came back to us, like things whose worth
  Is only prized when gone!

The grief has passed with years away,
  And joy has been my lot,
But the one is oft remember'd,
  And the other soon forgot:
The gayest hours trip lightest by,
  And leave the faintest trace;
But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears,
  No time can e'er efface.

From the Athenæum.

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

'Tis a Birthday! You know whose:
One year added unto those
Which came round so very fast,
That we said, upon the last,
We would chronicle no more
Till had passed another score!

Well! the sky is just as blue
As it was in former years;
Roses have the self-same hue,
And each summer flower appears
Gracefully to raise its head,
While its fragrant wealth is shed,
As when rudely from their stem
We young children severed them,
To compose a plaything wreath.
Just the same the hawthorn's breath,
As when, in the studious hour,
It had a forbidden power;
For, while stealing o'er our senses,
Thought was lured from present "tenses"
To the shady garden plot,
Or the fields where brooks were not.
There's the old clock striking ten!
Is it study-hour again?
Yea,—but not from grammar book,
Or in school room's prisoned nook
Read we, as we ponder thus
Of the change that is in us!

Yonder oak tree—not a bit
Has it grown—I'm sure of it,
Since against its sturdy bark
Measured we our three feet height,
And indented there the mark,
Which, alas! is vanished quite.
Tell me—would'st thou, if we could,
Recall one hour of childhood's years,—
With its April smiles and tears,
With its trembling hopes and fears;
These so little understood,
That a young child's woe or mirth,
Is the loneliest thing on earth?
For the Future, castle-building,
With bright fancy's ready gilding,
May not be the wisest way
We can pass an hour to-day;
But methinks 'twere quite as wise
As to turn, with longing eyes,
To the years that dropped so fast
In that grave we call the Past.
Earth grows richer every day
In the wealth that mind must sway.
So, though the sky be still as blue—
The summer clouds as fleecy too,—
The flowers as bright—the thrush's note
As richly to the ear doth float,
As when our tiny footsteps strayed
In garden trim or emerald glade,
Let us with hearts contented own
That we the only change have known.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY SARAH PARKER.

We're kneeling by thy grave, mother, the sun has
left it now,
And tinges with its yellow light yon glad hill's
verdant brow,
Where happy childern sport and laugh, with
whom we used to play,
But we may not mingle with them now, since thou
wert borne away.

We're driven from our home, mother, the home
we lov'd so well,
We wander, hungry, houseless oft, while strangers in it dwell,
And seek our bread from door to door, sad, comfortless, and lone;
Ah, mother, when you went away our happiness
was gone.

We pass'd our cottage door, mother, for still we
call it ours,
And we linger'd by the garden wall, and saw our
own bright flowers,
And peep'd into the window, where the shadow
of the blaze
Of hearth-light flicker'd on the wall—ah! so like
other days—

And gleam'd upon a little child with sunny
curling hair,
Who knelt low at her mother's knee, beside our
old arm-chair;
And as we gazed on her we wept, for there at
close of day
'Twas ours to kneel around thee, while our lips
were taught to pray.

We thought upon that time, mother, and on thy
dying bed,
When we sobbing knelt around it, ere thy stainless
spirit fled,
When you told us you must part us now, for God
had will'd it so,
He who can dry the orphan's tear and calm the
orphan's woe.

No glad hearth have we now, mother, to kneel
at eventide,
No matron's eye beams over us in tenderness
and pride;
But daily at this spot we meet, our bitter tears to
blend,
And pour out all the grief-fraught heart before
the orphan's friend.

Oh! were we by thy side, mother, so quiet in the
earth,
Reckless of blooming summer time and of the
cheerful hearth;
But we shall follow after—ah, you told us we
should go
And meet—oh, joy!—to part no more, nor shed
one tear of woe.

We're kneeling round thy grave, mother, the sun
has left it now,
It beams on happy children as they sport on yon
hill's brow;
There's none to mock the tears which flow so
copious from each eye,
And mingle on this lonely sod, 'neath which you
silent lie.

From the Athenæum.

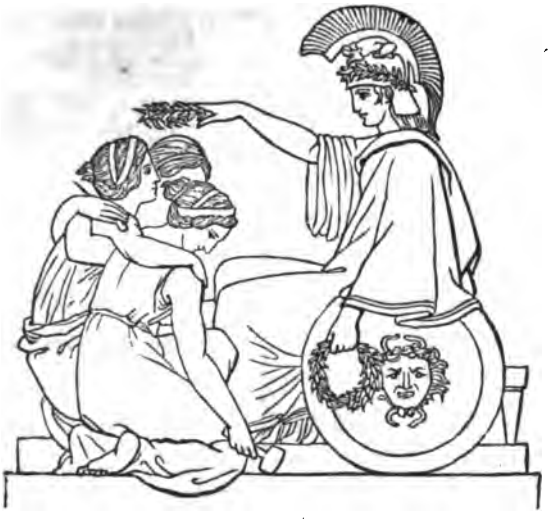
THE GRAVE IN THE CITY.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

Not there, not there!
Not in that nook that ye deem so fair;—
Little reck I of the blue bright sky,
And the stream that floweth so murmuringly,
And the bending boughs, and the breezy air—
Not there, good friends, not there!

In the City Churchyard, where the grass
Groweth rank and black, and where never a ray
Of that self-same sun doth find its way
Through the heaped-up houses' serried mass—
Where the only sounds are the voice of the throng,
And the clatter of wheels as they rush along—
Or the splash of the rain, or the wind's hoarse cry,
Or the busy tramp of the passer-by,
Or the toll of the bell on the heavy air—
Good friends, let it be *there!*

I am old, my friends,—I am very old—
Fourscore and five,—and bitter cold
Were that air on the hill-side far away;
Eighty full years, content I trow,
Have I lived in the home where ye see me now,
And trod those dark streets day by day,
Till my soul doth love them;—I love them all,
Each battered pavement, and blackened wall,
Each court and corner. Good sooth! to me
They are all comely and fair to see—
They have *old faces*—each one doth tell
A tale of its own, that doth like me well,—
Sad or merry, as it may be,
From the quaint old book of my history.
And, friends, when this weary pain is past,
Fain would I lay me to rest at last
In their very midst:—full sure am I,
How dark soever be earth and sky,
I shall sleep softly—I shall know
That the things I loved so here below
Are about me still—so never care
That my last home looketh all bleak and bare—
Good friends, let it be *there!*



MISCELLANEOUS.

The Law-Harmonicon.—We hope the scheme lately proposed, of instructing young barristers in music, has not been abandoned; for harmony cannot prevail to too great an extent in any profession; and, moreover, if the views of counsel could be further harmonized, we should have less, perhaps, to complain of the law's uncertainty. We have, accordingly, much pleasure in contributing to the promotion of this object, by the suggestion of a new style of instrument, which will be much more suitable than the present piano for accompaniments to forensic airs. Its construction is very simple, consisting merely of an arrangement of keys, by which, on being struck, certain shillings and sixpences are made to impinge on as many sovereigns, appended to vibrating wires, thereby producing a species of music which will be most agreeable to the legal ear. The production of cash notes, in fact, is the great object of all pleadings, to which, when vocalized, the gold-and-silvery sounds of this instrument will be very appropriate.

It will also have the peculiar advantage of enabling the student to practise in the key of Fee, of all others the most delightful to a pleader, and the best accompaniment to the brief; also furnishing the most eligible quavers for legal crotchets, or opinions. The attorney as well as the barrister may perform upon this instrument, since it may readily be made to play the tune of Six-and-Eightpence.

Lastly, it possesses a depth of tone which will accord with the lowest Old Bailey practice, giving it a vast superiority over the common piano, which is by no means base enough for all lawyers.

Family Mathematics—Beloved Punch—I am a Mathematician, and have the misfortune to be married. The great problem which I have continually to work out, is to describe from my pocket, as a centre, a circle of expenditure that shall be contained within the limits of my means. My wife yesterday wanted a new shawl, or rather desired it, for she did not want it, having a very good one already. We had just arranged a trip to Brighton, which, with the contingent expenses, I had calculated would cost us two pounds ten, which was all the money I could afford. The price of the shawl was one guinea. Now, Sir, I wished to demonstrate to Mrs. Pumpkin the following proposition:—

"If the price of a shawl be one guinea, and the expense of a trip to Brighton be two pounds ten; and if two pounds ten be all the money I can afford, then, if I buy my wife the shawl, I cannot afford to take her a trip to Brighton; or, if I take the trip to Brighton, then I cannot afford to buy her the shawl.

"'Let A,' I began, 'be a given shawl.'

"'Exactly so,' interrupted my wife. 'Give it to me; that's just what I want.'

"'Pooh!' said I. 'Pray attend, and hear me out. Let B be one guinea, and let the shawl A be equal to the guinea, B.'

"'It's equal to more than a guinea; worth one pound five at least,' cried Mrs. Pumpkin.

"'Nonsense!' I said. 'Let a trip to Brighton be CD, and two pounds ten shillings be EF. Let CD be equal to EF, and let EF be as much as I can afford. Now, because A is equal to B, and CD to EF; therefore ACD are equal BEF. Wherefore, if I purchase A, I cannot also afford CD; because ACD are equal to BEF, and I can only afford EF. Much less, if I am to go to the expense of CD, am I able likewise to incur that of A; for CD is equal to EF, which is the utmost that I can afford; wherefore, if I spend the whole EF, equal to CD, I shall have nothing at all left wherewith to purchase A. Wherefore I shall be able to afford nothing for A; wherefore I shall not be able to afford B; unless it be said that B is nothing, which is absurd.'

"'B is nothing,' said my wife. Didn't you say that a guinea was B? Surely a guinea is nothing.'

"It was of no use. I bought the shawl, and we are to go to Brighton. Where the money is to come from, I don't know. I suppose I must borrow the needful £1 9*s*. But I wish, Mr. Punch, you would exert your influence to cause ladies to be instructed in Mathematics.

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Punch. "Euclid Pumpkin."

Conjecture of a New Planet.—Several astronomical and mathematical papers were read at the late meeting of the Paris Academy of Science—the most remarkable by M. Leverrier. The object of it is to prove that there exists in our solar system a large planet, which nobody yet has seen, but the orbit of which M. Lèverrier has calculated, and which, he says, may be seen on the 1st of January next year. He states that he was led to his discovery by the observations collected since 1690 on the course of Uranus. The insurmountable difficulty experienced by geometricians, says Mr. Leverrier, in representing the real course of Uranus by analytical formulæ might arise from various causes. Either the theory was not sufficiently precise, and they had neglected in their calculations some of the influence due to the perturbatory action of the neighboring planets, Jupiter and Saturn; or the theory had not been compared with the observations with sufficient correctness in the construction of the tables of the planet; or, finally, some unknown cause, acting upon Uranus, added other influences to those which result from the action of the Sun, of Jupiter, and of Saturn. To get out of this alternative, it was necessary to resume the whole theory of Uranus,—recalculate, discuss the observations, and compare them with each other; and this hard task he undertook. The result is, the positive conclusion, that the irregularity of the movement of Uranus is to be attributed to a special cause, independent of all analytical error, and deduced from the constitution of the planetary system itself. The fact of the existence of this cause being established, it was necessary to determine its nature,—and, therefore, a new career opened upon M Leverrier. Was it admissible, as some astronomers had proposed, to modify the law of gravity for the distant regions in which Uranus moves; or did it suffice to assume the resistance of the other or the influence of an obscure satellite moving round Uranus, or the accidental shock from a comet? Or was he to admit of a still unknown planet whose existence was shown by the anomalous movement of Uranus? M. Leverrier adopted the latter hypothesis; and, proceeding upon that basis, has come to a conclusion, from all his calculations and observations, that no other is possible. This planet, he says, is situated beyond Uranus, at a distance double that which separates Uranus from the Sun, and in a slightly inclined orbit.—*Literary Gazette.*

Junius's Manuscripts.—We understand that the collection of the Junius MSS., in the possession of the descendant of the printer of The Public Advertiser, is now in the hands of Messrs. Payne and Foss, who have made the first offer of them to the British Museum. Besides the private letters to Henry Sampson Woodfall, there are proof-sheets of the original 8vo. edition of the letters, with the author's MS. notes, already printed; but yet here, perhaps, the careful collector will find the clue to one of the literary and political enigmas of the last century. There is a copy of verses, too, on the Duke of Grafton and his mistress, Nancy Parsons, racy and vigorous, but too broad to see the light in print, but which would argue that the great Libeller, a master in prose, could also wield the pen with effect in verse.

A Gamester's Close of Life.—The Church of England Quarterly Review points a moral deduced from the life of a notorious gambler known in England as "Riley of Bath," to all persons who are or may be induced to engage in this unlawful and dishonorable profession. Riley was both accomplished and gifted, and he for a time lived a life of the most gorgeous luxury and extravagance. He was the company of sovereigns; he squandered money with a profusion amounting to incessantry, and won it by a good fortune that seemed connected with the supernatural. He ran a brief course of dazzling splendor; he lived in palaces, continued to play, became unlucky, and found fortune, wealth, and friends desert him. At length the once possessor of millions was seen wandering through the streets of London, naked, famished, and penniless; and, finally, he who had feasted emperors and fared sumptuously every day, died of absolute starvation in one of the miserable alleys of the great metropolis.

Protection of Literature.—A German journal states positively that the basis of a treaty has been agreed upon by France and Austria, for the reciprocal protection of Literature and the Arts against piracy.

Statue of Francis I.—Report speaks of a statue of the Emperor Francis I., just issued from the foundry of Viscardi, and now on its road to Vienna. Its gigantic proportions, as well as its successful execution, entitle it to attention. It is nine braccia high, and weighs 37,000 Milanese pounds. The monarch is enveloped in a large and rich toga, and his brow is surrounded by laurel. His right hand is in a raised position, as if in the act of addressing the people; and in his left he holds a sceptre, which is supported upon his arm. Modelled by Marchesi, I might say it is necessarily excellent; but the fact is, says my informant, that the precision of design, the energy of expression, united to sovereign beauty of form, the exactness in all the rilievi and in all the folds, give this statue the appearance of life and motion, and make it a splendid triumph of art.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Rare Collection of Old Plays.—There was lately sold at Messrs. Sotheby's a rare and curious collection of old plays of Shakspeare, Lilly, Marlowe, Nash, Peele, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c., &c., the property of the late W. Holgate, Esq., of the Post-office. Some of the "plays" were not more than three or four leaves of old paper, unbound—but fetched large prices. We find the following quoted as a few of the examples:—'The Lamentable and true Tragedie of M. Arden of Feversham, who was most wickedly murdered by the means of his disloyall and wanton wife," printed in 1599 (2*l.* 14*s.*)—'The Tragi-Comœdi of the Vertuous Octauia,' by Samuel Brandon, extremely rare, printed by W. Ponsonbye, 1598, sold for 13 guineas.—The Historie of the Tryall of Chevalry, with the Life and Death of Cavaliero Dicke Bowyer, as it hath bin lately acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Darby,' Simon Stafford, 1605, sold for 7*l.* 10*s.*—'The Pleasant Comedie of Old Fortunatus, by Thomas Dekker; as it was plaied before the Queenes Maiestie this Christmas by the Right Honourable the Earle Nottingham,' black letter, 1600, sold for 6*l.* 10*s.*—*Lit. Gazette.*

BIRTH-DAY OF TYCHO BRAHE.—From Copenhagen, we learn that, on the 21st ult., the inhabitants of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, to the number of 8,000, met on the little island of Hvèen, to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of the birth-day of the illustrious astronomer, Tycho-Brahé. The flags of the three Scandinavian kingdoms floated from the fleet of steamers which bore the pilgrims, from the opposite points, to the place of rendezvous—a government war-steamer conveying the professors of the Universities of Copenhagen and Kiel, the members of the Royal Academy of Sciences and of the Royal Northern Society of Archæology, other personages of the Danish capital distinguished for literature, art, or science,—and a colossal bust in white marble of the subject of the day's celebration. The principal ceremonial was the inauguration of this monument, beneath a triumphal arch erected amid the ruins of the old palace of Uranienburg, where the philosopher was born and spent most of his life. The brow of the image was encircled with a laurel crown; and then, a thousand young voices raised, in honor of him whom it represents, the national songs of the three Scandinavian countries—and the Philharmonic Society of Copenhagen executed a cantato, written for the occasion. The monument was solemnly handed over to the guardianship of the people of Hvèen; and left to its solitude of ages on an island which numbers not more than a hundred inhabitants.—The two hundredth anniversary of the birth-day of the philosopher Leibnitz was celebrated with great pomp, a few days ago, by the University of Leipzig, of which city he was a native.—*Ath.*

AN AFRICAN EXPEDITION.—We learn that four Jesuits—Bishop Casolani, and Fathers Ryllo, Knoblica, and Vinco—are about to leave Rome, on a journey of exploration and civilization in Soudan. Casolani and Ryllo will start from Cairo, in January next—having previously obtained a firman from Constantinople; and proceeding through Upper Egypt, Nubia, and thence by Kordofan and Darfour, they hope to reach Bornou,—and meet there their brethren, who travel by way of Tripoli and Mouryok. Should they be fortunate enough so to meet, it will then be determined which route shall further be followed. They have determined, as we are informed, to accomplish what they have undertaken, or perish in the attempt. From the high character of all the parties, great hopes are entertained of the result of this journey. Bishop Casolani is a Maltese by birth; a man of extensive learning, speaking the Arabic with the greatest fluency, and having an intimate knowledge of the manners and customs of the East. Father Ryllo, by birth a Pole, is well known as the medium by which the nuns of Minsk communicated their misfortunes to the world. His lengthened residence in Syria gave him great influence with the Druses; which excited the jealousy of the French, and caused them to procure his expulsion from Syria.

GRADUAL RISE OF NEWFOUNDLAND ABOVE THE SEA.—It is asserted that the whole of the land in and about the neighborhood of Conception Bay, very probably the whole island, is rising out of the ocean at a rate which promises, at no very distant day, materially to affect, if not to render useless, many of the best harbors now on the coast. At Port-de-Grave a series of observations has been made, which proves the rapid displacement of the sea-level in the vicinity. Several large flat rocks, over which schooners might pass some thirty or forty years ago with the greatest facility, are now approaching the surface, the water being scarcely navigable for a skiff. At a place called the Cosh, at the head of Bay Roberts, upwards of a mile from the sea-shore, and at several feet above its level, covered with five or six feet of vegetable mould, there is a perfect beach, the stones being rounded, of a moderate size, and in all respects similar to those now found in the adjacent land-washes.—*Newfoundland Times.*

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Great Britain.

A Visit to the French Possessions in Algiers. By Count St. Marie.

Two concluding volumes of Sir Henry Ellis' Series of Original Letters illustrative of English History, including numerous Royal Letters from autographs.

Wanderings in the Wilderness. By Henry H. Methuen.

Echoes from the Backwoods: or Sketches of Transatlantic Life. By Captain Levinge.

Progression of Antagonism: a Theory involving considerations touching the present position, duties and destiny of Great Britain. By Lord Lindsay.

Letters from Madras. By a Lady.

Father Darcy, a novel. By the author of "Mount Sorel."

Select Works of the late Dr. Joseph Fletcher, Stepney. 3 vols. 8vo.

Life of Mary of Modena—No. 9 of Miss Strickland's Lives of English Queens.

Hochelaga; or England in the New World. By Eliot Warburton, Esq., author of "Crescent and the Cross."

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St. Petersburg and Moscow: a Visit to the Court of the Czar. By R. Southwell Bourke, Esq. 2 vols.

Wealth and Want: or Taxation as influencing private riches and public liberty. By D. Urquhart, Esq.

Beckman's History of Inventions. Translated by W. Johnstone.

LA PENITENTE

Dipinto ad olio da Lattanzio Gambini

H. M. S. Dido, was ordered to the Malacca | coast of Australia, with its mysterious gulf

THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

OCTOBER, 1846.

From the Edinburgh Review.

BORNEO AND THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

1. *The Expedition to Borneo of Her Majesty's Ship Dido, for the Suppression of Piracy; with Extracts from the Journal of James Brooke, Esq., of Sarawak, now Agent for the British Government in Borneo.* By Captain the Hon. HENRY KEPPEL, R. N. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1846.
2. *Enterprise in Tropical Australia.* By G. W. EARL, 8vo. London: 1846.
3. *Trade and Travel in the Far East.* By G. F. DAVIDSON. 8vo. London: 1846.
4. *An Address, with a Proposal for the Foundation of a Church, Mission-House, and School at Sarawak, Borneo.* By the Rev. C. D. BRERETON, Rector of Little Massingham, Norfolk. 8vo. London: 1846.
5. *Discoveries in Australia; with a Narrative of Captain Owen Stanley's Visits to the Islands in the Arafura Sea.* By J. LORT STOKES, Commander R. N. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1846.

AT the conclusion of the Chinese war in 1842, Captain Keppel, then in command of H. M. S. Dido, was ordered to the Malacca straits,—a station in which the island of Borneo was included; his principal duties being 'the protection of trade, and suppression of piracy.' The first of the above works, comprises in part the narrative of his proceedings in the execution of the latter branch of his duty. But the greater portion is composed of extracts from the Journal of Mr. Brooke, containing details respecting the foundation of his little sovereignty on the coast of Borneo, to which so much observation has been lately, and most deservedly directed.

'The voyage I made to China,' says this extraordinary person—in language which conveys an idea of the swelling magnificence and importance of his views—'opened an entirely new scene; and showed me what I had never seen before—savage life and savage nature. I inquired, and I read, and I became more and more assured that there was a large field of discovery and adventure open to any man daring enough to enter upon it. Just take a map, and trace a line over the Indian Archipelago, with its thousand unknown islands and tribes. Cast your eye over the vast island of New Guinea, where the foot of European has scarcely, if ever, trod. Look at the northern coast of Australia, with its mysterious gulf

of Carpentaria;—a survey of which, it is supposed, would solve the great geographical question respecting the rivers of the mimic continent. Place your finger on Japan, with its exclusive but civilized people: it lies an unknown lump on our earth, and an undefined line on our charts. Think of the northern coast of China, willing, as is reported, to open an intercourse and trade with Europeans, spite of their arbitrary government. Stretch your pencil over the Pacific Ocean, which Cook himself declares a field of discovery for ages to come! Proceed to the coast of South America, from the region of gold dust to the region of furs; —the land ravaged by the cruel Spaniard, and the no less cruel Bucanier; the scene of the adventures of Drake, and the descriptions of Dampier. The places I have enumerated are mere names, with no specific ideas attached to them; lands and seas where the boldest navigators gained a reputation, and where hundreds may yet do so, if they have the same courage and the same perseverance. Imagination whispers to ambition, that there are yet lands unknown which might be discovered. Tell me, would not a man's life be well spent—tell me, would it not be well sacrificed—in an endeavor to explore these regions? When I think on dangers and death, I think of them only because they would remove me from such a field for ambition, for energy, and for knowledge.'

We have inserted these striking sentences of Mr. Brooke's Journal without introduction, because, in truth, they serve by themselves as the best of introductions to the narrative of his undertakings, and furnish the best key to the character of the writer. He affords a fresh exemplification of the truth, that great things are rarely accomplished in new and strange fields, except by men with a strong tendency to romance in their composition. His powerful imagination first opened the road which he has followed with eminently practical conduct and sagacity. Every page of his Journal bears the impress of vivid and almost passionate sensibility; his whole heart and soul are in each successive portion of his Narratives. Chivalrous almost to Quixotism, he sets out as the very Knight-Errant of justice and humanity, among Tribes abandoned to the extremest evils of barbarous oppression. He makes his way among them, as if really possessed of those magical powers which his simple observers attribute to him; beats down opposition; wins over suspicion; draws to him the hearts of races of men so outwardly different from ourselves as to seem like inhabitants of another planet, by appeals to those feelings and principles which form the basis of our nature every where; and lights up, like a new Prometheus, in the hearts of Savages the common fire of humanity. He founds a little state, enacts laws, conquers neighboring chiefs, establishes an asylum for the oppressed; becomes famed, courted and feared, over a considerable district of this great Island;—all by the force of a resolute will and clear head, and an armed power consisting of a yacht's crew and 'six six-pounders!' Yet his narrative exhibits no consciousness of having done great things, but rather that perpetual craving after more extensive success, and a wider field of action, which has so strongly characterized the most distinguished missionaries of humanity:—most of whom, like those of religion, have never sought or found rest on this side of the grave. The greater his success in rescuing some portion of his fellow creatures from their miserable lot, the greater is his impatience of all the remaining iniquity which is done under the sun. As his Journal commences, so, after six years of most successful endeavors, it ends, with longings after greater things to be accomplished—'Oh, for power to pursue the course pointed out!'

We have spoken of Mr. Brooke and his great and humane undertakings somewhat abruptly, and as if presuming that they were already familiar to our readers; and, in fact, so general is the interest which Captain Keppel's work has excited, that we suspect there are few now to whom his name at least, and that of his Settlement, have not become known. To those, however, who have not acquired this knowledge, a few prefatory explanations may be acceptable.

Mr. Brooke is the son of a gentleman in the East India Company's civil employment, and commenced life as a Cadet in that excellent service. After fighting through the Burmese war, he made a casual visit to China; and it was on that voyage, that the passion for exploring and *mastering* the great Asiatic Archipelago first took hold of his soaring imagination. For eight years he cherished his projects with all the peculiar tenacity of his character. He fitted out a vessel, the Royalist—belonging originally, as we believe, to the Yacht squadron —tested her powers, and those of his crew, by three years' cruising in the Mediterranean, and elsewhere; and, having trained his

men and himself into a thorough comprehension of, and mutual reliance on each other, set sail as independent as a Bucanier of old, though with far different objects, and made the coast of Borneo on the first of August 1839.

Except the interior of Australia and Africa, there is no portion of the earth which presents such a blank on our maps, as this vast island. Borneo, or Bruni, is properly the name of a kingdom and city on its north-western coast—a great and wealthy state in the days of the old Portuguese navigators, but now much decayed. Pulo Kalamantan is (or was) the general name of the island among the Malays. The climate is equatorial, that is to say, moist to excess; and subject to showers at almost all periods of the year, but with a very small range of temperature; generally resembling that of Ceylon.

The perennial rains nourish a great number of fine rivers, up which the tide rises for many miles,—affording the only communications with the interior of which Europeans have hitherto been able to avail themselves. For beyond the banks of the tide rivers, all that is known is covered with the thickest forest; nor is it ascertained whether the interior consists of mountain, table land, or low country; nor has any thing been discovered with greater certainty of its inhabitants. It is a mere blank, peopled by fancy and tradition with strange animals, and stranger men—the Old Man of the Wood, or Pongo of Buffon (termed *Mias rombi* by Mr. Brooke, who has collected some curious details respecting the animal, the most powerful and fiercest of the Orang-Outang race), and tribes of men dwelling in trees, scarcely superior to the Orang in intelligence. The coast is every where fertile, and highly productive in the few parts where cultivation has penetrated. That its climate is healthy may be inferred from the fact that the volumes of Captain Keppel, in all their details of adventure, contain scarcely any allusions to suffering from sickness; though the chief work performed by him and his crew lay in the exploring of marshy inlets and tide rivers, such as, in tropical Africa, form the very haunts of death.

As far as hitherto explored, the population of Borneo seems to consist of two races —Malays and Dyaks. The former have spread themselves all over the Eastern Archipelago, much as the Pelasgian race did in the early days of Greece;—issuing from its original mountain fastnesses of Sumatra where the cradle of this great nation is supposed to exist. Superior to the original inhabitants in civilization and in energy, they have subjugated the Dyaks, wherever they came within their reach; and have established a number of small commercial states on the coast. The Malays have generally embraced the Mahometan religion; some of their states are governed by Arab Seriffs, proud of their descent from the Prophet; and these were among Mr. Brooke's worst opponents. Guilty of inconceivable oppression toward their subject tribes; remorseless pirates by sea, and tyrants at home; false, vindictive, cunning, and rapacious,—the Malays have hitherto borne a very black character in the estimation of European traders; and form the heroes of numberless dark narratives of maritime adventure. But Mr. Brooke, whose singularly large sympathy is one of the most attractive points of his benevolent character, has a good word even for the Malays. After speaking of the judgment formed by European traders, 'eager after gain, probably* not over-scrupulous about the means of attaining it,'—of the Rajahs and Courtiers with whom they are brought into contact, always ready to repay cheating with treachery,—he adds, that when removed from the immediate influence of their governors, the Malays in general

* But *certainly* not, if we may trust Mr. Davidson. 'Who taught the native' (in Sumatra) 'his roguish tricks? who introduced false weights? who brought to the coast 56 lb. weights with a screw in the bottom, which opened for the insertion of from 10 to 15 lb. of lead, after their correctness had been tried by the native in comparison with his own weights?'—'I challenge contradiction when I assert, that English and American shipmasters have been for thirty years addicted to these dishonest practices.'—(*Trade and Travel*, p. 90.) Yet Mr. Davidson is no very sensitive observer;—witness his vaunting and sophistical defence of the wretched opium trade, p. 240; and his suggestions for our treatment of the Japanese, p. 286! Every thing, says Socrates, has two handles—and it must be confessed, that if commercial enterprise has made an opening for the introduction of European civilization in the East, commercial morality seems likely to neutralize much of the benefit. We are not ignorant of the movement on the part of some of our Hong Kong residents, to induce Government to break faith with China, on some shuffling plea of non-performance by the Chinese of their part of the treaty, by retaining the Island of Chusan *for the advantage of British trade*. But this is too important a subject for discussion in a Note. In the mean time, the reader may consult, if he is in quest of immediate information, Mr. Montgomery Martin's lately published 'Reports, Minutes, and Despatches on the British Position and Prospects in China.'

are 'neither treacherous nor bloodthirsty. Cheerful, polite, hospitable, gentle in their manners, they live in communities with fewer crimes and fewer punishments than most other people of the globe. They are passionately fond of their children, and indulgent even to a fault; and the ties of family relationship and good feeling continue in force for several generations. The feeling of the Malay, fostered by education, is acute, and his passions are roused if shame be put upon him: indeed, this dread of shame amounts to a disease; and the evil is, that it has taken a wrong direction, the dread of shame being more of exposure or abuse, than contrition for any offence. I have always found them good-tempered and obliging,—wonderfully amenable to authority, and quite as sensible of benefits conferred, and as grateful, as other people of more favored countries. Of course there is a reverse to this picture. The worst feature of Malay character is the want of all candor or openness, and the restless spirit of cunning intrigue, which animates them from the highest to the lowest. Like other Asiatics, truth is a rare quality among them. They are superstitious; somewhat inclined to deceit in the ordinary concerns of life; and they have neither principle nor conscience when they have the means of oppressing an infidel and a Dyak, who is their inferior in civilization and intellect.'—*Keppel*, vol. ii. p. 128.)

The Dyaks, who form the mass of the population, seem to be of the same original race with the Bugis of Celebes—a branch of the great and problematical Polynesian family of mankind. They are of two sorts—the land and sea Dyaks. The latter, as their name indicates, are a maritime people. Their homes are in places difficult of access—far up the estuaries of their numerous rivers; whence, under Malay leadership, they sally in those innumerable pirate *Prahus*, which have so long been the terror of the Eastern seas. As in Homeric days—and it is scarcely conceivable how many passages of Captain Keppel and Mr. Brooke's narrative, as of all narratives which treat of a fresh and rarely visited race in a state of rudimental civilization, bring us back to the days of Homer—piracy is the great outlet of the spirit of warlike adventure; and so rooted is it in the habits of the people, that its extirpation will be a work of the greatest difficulty—of which we shall have more to say presently.

'The Datus, or chiefs,' says Captain Keppel 'are incorrigible; for they are pirates by descent, robbers from pride as well as taste; and they look upon their occupation as the most honorable hereditary pursuit. They are indifferent to blood, fond of plunder, but fondest of slaves: they despise trade, though its profits be greater, and, as I have said, they look upon piracy as their calling, and the noblest occupation of chiefs and freemen. Their swords they show with boasts as having belonged to their ancestors, who were pirates, renowned and terrible in their day; and they always speak of their ancestral heir-loom as decayed from its pristine vigor, but still the wielding of it as the highest of earthly existences.'

The Sarebus and Sakarrans (two of the fiercest pirate tribes) are described as 'fine men, fairer than the Malays; with sharp, keen eyes, thin lips, and handsome countenances, though frequently marked by an expression of cunning.'

The Dyak Darrat, or land Dyaks, seem to differ in no essential particular, of language or customs, from the men of the sea, except in as far as depends on their inland position. The only remarkable difference of usage noticed by Mr. Brooke is, that the latter use, and the former do not, the curious weapon called the *sumpitan*, or blowpipe, for shooting poisoned arrows. 'The wounds inflicted by these are curable,' says Mr. Brooke, 'by antidotes, known to the natives; nor are they regarded, apparently, with much terror.' And we suspect the whole romantic history of the poisonous trees of the Indian Isles must be banished, with so many other marvels, to the province of legends; since a friend of Mr. Davidson in Java, 'to prove their absurdity, climbed up an upas-tree, and passed two hours in its branches, where he took his lunch, and smoked a cigar!'

'The Dyaks have from time immemorial been looked upon as the bondsmen of the Malays, and the Rajahs consider them much in the same light as they would a drove of oxen—*i. e.* as personal and disposable property. They were governed in Sarawak by three local officers, called the Patingi, the Bandar, and the Tumangong. To the Patingi they paid a small yearly revenue of rice; but this deficiency of revenue was made up by sending a quantity of goods, chiefly salt, Dyak cloths, and iron, and demanding a price for them six or eight times more than their value. The produce collected by the Dyaks was also monopolized, and the edible birds'-nests, beeswax, &c. &c., were taken at a price fixed by the Patingi, who, moreover, claimed mats, fowls, fruit, and every other necessary, at his pleasure, and could likewise make the Dyaks

work for him for merely a nominal remuneration. This system, not badly devised, had it been limited within the bounds of moderation, would have left the Dyaks plenty for all their wants; or had the local officers known their own interest, they would have protected those upon whom they depended for revenue. and under the worst oppression of one man the Dyaks would have deemed themselves happy. Such, unfortunately, was not the case; for the love of immediate gain overcame every other consideration, and by degrees old-established customs were thrown aside, and new ones substituted in their place. When the Patingi had received all he thought proper to extort, his relatives first claimed the right of arbitrary trade, and gradually it was extended as the privilege of every respectable person in the country, to *serra* the Dyaks. The poor Dyak, thus at the mercy of half the Malay population, was never allowed to refuse compliance with these demands. He could plead neither poverty, inability, nor even hunger, as an excuse, for the answer was ever ready—"Give me your wife or one of your children;" and, in case he could not supply what was required, the wife or child was taken, and became a slave. Many modes of extortion were resorted to; a favorite one was convicting the Dyak of a fault, and imposing a fine upon him. Some ingenuity and much trickery were shown in this game, and new offences were invented as soon as the old pleas would serve no longer. For, instance, if a Malay met a Dyak in a boat which pleased him, he notched it as a token that it was his property. In one day, if the boat was a new one, perhaps three or more would place their marks on it; and, as only one could get it, the Dyak to whom the boat really belonged had to pay the others *for his fault*. This, however, was only "a fault;" whereas, for a Dyak to injure a Malay, directly or indirectly, purposely or otherwise, was a *high offence*, and punished by a proportionate fine. If a Dyak's house was in bad repair, and a Malay fell in consequence, and was hurt, or pretended to be hurt, a fine was imposed; if a Malay in the jungle was wounded by the spring set for a wild boar, or by the wooden spikes which the Dyaks for protection put about their village, or scratched himself and said he was injured, the penalty was heavy; if the Malay was *really hurt*, ever so accidentally, it was the ruin of the Dyak. And these numerous and uninvited guests came and went at pleasure, lived in free quarters, made their requisitions, and then forced the Dyak to carry away for them the very property of which he had been robbed. This is a fair picture of the governments under which the Dyaks lived; and although they were often roused to resistance, it was always fruitless, and only involved them in deeper troubles; for the Malays could readily gather a large force of sea Dyaks from Sakarran, who were readily attracted by hope of plunder, and who, supported by the fire-arms of their allies, were certain to overcome any single tribe that held out. The misfortunes of the Dyaks of Sarawak did not stop here. Antimony ore was discovered; the cupidity of the Borneons was roused; then Pangerans struggled for the prize, intrigues and dissensions ensued; and the inhabitants of Sarawak in turn felt the very evil they had inflicted on the Dyaks; whilst the Dyaks were compelled, amidst their other wrongs, to labor at the ore without any recompense, and to the neglect of their rice cultivation. Many died in consequence of this compulsory labor, so contrary to their habits and inclinations; and more would doubtless have fallen victims, had not civil war rescued them from this evil, to inflict upon them others a thousand times worse. Extortion had before been carried on by individuals, but now it was systematized; and Pangerans of rank, for the sake of plunder, sent bodies of Malays and Sakarran Dyaks to attack the different tribes. The men were slaughtered, the women and children carried off into slavery, the villages burned, the fruit-trees cut down, and all their property destroyed or seized. The Dyaks could no longer live in tribes, but sought refuge in the mountains or the jungle, a few together; and as one of them pathetically described it—"We do not live," he said, "like men; we are like monkeys; we are hunted from place to place; we have no houses; and when we light a fire we fear the smoke will draw our enemies upon us."*

These are the people among whom Mr. Brooke toiled in his perilous mission, to rescue some portion of the race from misery and annihilation—partly by offering an asylum to the persecuted; more extensively by the example of justice, and the terror of the British name, with which he inspired their oppressors. In character they 'are mild and tractable, hospitable when well used, grateful for kindness, industrious, honest, and simple; neither treacherous nor cunning, and so truthful that the word of one of them might safely be taken before the oath of half a dozen Borneons. In their dealings they are straightforward and correct; and so trustworthy, that they rarely attempt, even after a lapse of years, to evade payment of a just debt.' In short, Mr. Brooke is evidently over partial to his benighted clients, and has inspired Captain Keppel with his own amiable prepossessions. They are, at all events, a simple and inoffensive people, patient under suffering, grateful for benefits. One custom they have which certainly militates against the idea of Arcadian harmlessness—that of adorning themselves, not with the scalps, but with the *heads* of their slain enemies. These trophies are carefully saved, well-seasoned, and highly valued. 'The operation of extracting the brains from the crown part of

* Keppel, vol. ii. p. 178—182.

the skull with a bit of bamboo, shaped like a spoon, preparatory to preserving, is not a pleasing one. The head is then dried with the flesh and hair on it, suspended over a slow fire, during which the chiefs and elders of the tribe perform a sort of war-dance.' When visiting a tribe called the Singe Dyaks, in company with Mr. Brooke, Captain Keppel witnessed a grand dance of this description :—' The movement was like all other native dances, graceful but monotonous. There were four men, two of them bearing human skulls, and two the fresh heads of pigs ; the women bore wax-lights, or yellow rice on brass dishes. They danced in line, moving backwards and forwards, and carrying the heads and dishes in both hands ; the graceful part was the manner in which they half turned the body to the right and left, looking over their shoulders, and holding the heads in the opposite direction ; as if they were in momentary expectation of some one coming up behind to snatch the nasty relic from them.' The two friends slept in a circular building adorned with these trophies, ' which our party named the Skullery.' ' A young chief seemed to take great pride in answering interrogatories respecting different skulls which we took down from their hooks. . . Among other trophies was half a head, the skull separated across between the eyes, in the same manner that you would divide that of a hare or rabbit to get at the brain—this was their division of the head of an old woman, which was taken when another (a friendly) tribe was present, who likewise claimed their half. I afterwards saw these tribes share a head. But the skulls, the account of which our informant appeared to dwell on with the greatest delight, were those which were taken while the owners were asleep—cunning with them being the perfection of warfare.'* As to the religion of the Dyaks, Captain Keppel and Mr. Brooke report little beyond a few legends and traditionary observances. Their ideas of a Deity are confused, and seem to vary in the different tribes. Indeed, of the Singé Dyaks Mr. Brooke remarks, perhaps rather loosely, that religion they have none.' They have an odd belief in augury—that mysterious and widely prevalent superstition. Some birds are in better repute than others. A bird *behind* a traveller is fortunate ; *before* him, it denotes an enemy on the way. The women are better treated than among most savage races ; nor is polygamy practised. They never intermarry with the Malays. Notwithstanding the simplicity of their habits, they are considerably advanced in some of the arts of life. They are celebrated for their skill as workers in iron, and their *prahus* are constructed in a very skillful style. They practise agriculture also to a respectable extent, but they rarely keep up the cultivation of old lands ; their way is to enclose a patch every year from the jungle, cultivate enough to satisfy their wants, and then suffer it to return to its original state.

On Mr. Brooke's first visit, Rajah Muda Hassim, a dependent of the Sultan of Borneo, among his other governments, was Lord of Sarawak—a small town and district situated on a navigable river in Borneo Proper. Mr. Brooke entered into negotiations with this Malay Prince, on the subject of commerce ; but though Muda Hassim, a weak but well-meaning kind of Asiatic, seemed well inclined to encourage his views, nothing effectual was done. After several months passed in Celebes and elsewhere, and in sickness at Singapore, he returned to his favorite island in August 1840. Muda Hassim was now at war with a confederacy of Dyak tribes, his revolted dependents ; and Mr. Brooke determined on lending the Rajah his assistance, and that of his brave little crew of the Royalist. The details of the ludicrous warfare which followed, must be read in Mr. Brooke's own Journal. Like the warriors of Homer, the contending Borneons attacked each other with ' big words and loud cries,' but the actual fighting was of the most innocent description. Their grand manœuvre was to build stockades continually in face of each other, and thus the stronger party drove the weaker by degrees from position to position ; but they were very shy of assaulting each other's works. Macota, a wily and redoubted chief, had conducted a campaign against the same rebels the former year. They had, according to his account, ' contests by sea and land ; stockade was opposed to stockade, and the fighting was constant and severe ; but he never lost a man killed during the two months, and only boasted of killing four of the enemy !'' The principal danger in Malay warfare, is the Mengamuk—*Anglicè* running a-muck —which is the last resource of a desperate man. Yet these wars are perhaps more destructive than those of the fiercest military nations. Whilst both weak parties, gradually growing weaker, hold their own

* Keppel, vol. ii. pp. 35—37.

ground, the country becomes a desert. First, trade stagnates, agriculture withers, food becomes scarce, all are ruined in finances, all half-starved and miserable; and yet the war drags on, and the worst passions are aroused, effectually preventing the slightest concession, even if concession would avail. But each combatant knows the implacable spirit—the deep desperation—of the other too well to trust them; and if at length the fortunes of famine decide against them, they die rather than yield; for a Dyak can die bravely, I believe, though he will not fight as long as life has any prospects.'*

Among these hosts of unwarlike combatants, the apparition of Mr. Brooke and his dozen Englishmen, was like that of the English and French adventurers of old, in the battles of the Italian Condottieri, in which armies encountered without killing a man. The rebels were speedily brought to reason, by more decisive measures than it had entered into the imagination of either party to conceive. Having reduced them to submission, Mr. Brooke's next and most difficult task was to save their lives. 'Those who know the Malay character will appreciate the difficulty of the attempt to stand between the monarch and his victims. I only succeeded,' says he, 'when, at the end of a long debate—I soliciting, he denying—I rose to bid him farewell, as it was my intention to sail directly, since, after all my exertions in his cause, if he would not grant me the lives of the people, I could only consider that his friendship for me was at an end. On this he yielded.'

Mr. Brooke soon became indispensable to the Rajah, whose authority he had thus successfully maintained. He established his residence at Sarawak, and devoted himself, heart, head, and purse, to the establishment of a trade with Singapore; and to the rescuing the unhappy Dyaks of his neighborhood from the oppressions under which they labored. It is impossible for us to do justice to this part of his proceedings: his own Journal must be consulted, to show with what fortitude and patience he wrought his way through all the obstacles interposed by the semi-barbarous craft of his many opponents,—the indolence and ingratitude of the Rajah himself, and the treachery of his subordinates. It is difficult to imagine a situation more trying to courage than his, when, in August 1841, having dispatched both his vessels—the Swift laden with antimony ore to Singapore, the Royalist to search for an English ship reported to have been wrecked on the north coast of Borneo—he found himself, with three European companions only, exposed to the intrigues of the contemptible Malays about him: and to the open hostility of the neighboring pirate chiefs, whose course of oppression he had thwarted. But unbending spirit and sagacity won the day: the Swift returned from her trading cruise, the Royalist from her voyage of humanity. Mr. Brooke now again found himself at the head of an armed force; and his projects having enlarged themselves with his experience, he accepted from the Rajah a cession of Sarawak, with its immediate territory, to hold *as his own dominion!* but whether as lord-paramount, immediately holding of the Sultan, or as dependent on Muda Hassim—we do not see our way into the Feudal System of Borneo sufficiently to understand. This was on the 24th September 1841. 'I have a country!' is his animated entry in his Journal; 'but, oh! how beset with difficulties, how ravaged by war, torn by dissensions, and ruined by duplicity, weakness and intrigue!'

The new Rajah of Sarawak shortly afterwards had a brief Code of Laws printed, at his own expense, in the Malay language. The first imports that—'1. Murder, robbery, and other heinous crimes will be punished according to the *ondong-ondong*, *i. e.* the written law of Borneo; and no person committing such offences will escape, if, after fair inquiry, he be proved guilty.' The next three Laws establish free trade; the sixth relates to finance; the seventh to the currency; and the last is a warning to all peace-breakers, 'to seek their safety, and find some other country where they may be permitted to break the laws of God and man.'

Nor were these Laws mere idle forms. Steadily, though with infinite difficulties, the worthy Rajah labored to carry them out in practical government. His own strong enthusiasm for the cause he had undertaken bore him onwards. 'At a distance,' he says in this part of his Journal, 'I have heard of and pitied the sufferings of the negroes and the race of New Holland, yet it was the cold feeling dictated by reason and humanity; but now, having witnessed the miseries of a race superior to either, the feeling glows with the fervor of personal commiseration;—so true is it that visible misery will raise us to exertion,

* Keppel, vol. i. p. 164.

which the picture, however powerfully delineated, can never produce. Poor, poor Dyaks! exposed to starvation, slavery, death; you may well raise the warmest feelings of compassion—enthusiasm awakes at witnessing your sufferings! To save men from death has its merit; but to alleviate suffering, to ameliorate all the ills of slavery, to protect these tribes from pillage and yearly scarcity, is far nobler; and if, in the endeavor to do so, one poor life is sacrificed, how little is that in the vast amount of human existence!' Lofty, upbearing sentiments! worthy and capaple of being entertained only by those fitted for such Godlike enterprises!

There were other and more pressing evils to be remedied, before the work of civilization could begin. The new settlement was hemmed in by fleets of pirates. Many of Mr. Brooke's own Dyaks were cut off by the predatory tribes, and all attempts at foreign trade were counteracted by the general insecurity. The chief of the Sarebus 'hung a basket on a high tree,' which was to contain the new Rajah's head. For the purpose of obtaining regular investiture from the Sultan of Borneo, and consolidating his power, Mr. Brooke visited Bruni, the miserable capital of his Borneon Majesty;—'a man past fifty years of age, short and puffy in person, with a countenance which expresses very obviously the imbecility of his mind.' It was after his return from this expedition that the Dido visited Sarawak, and Captain Keppel first met with Mr. Brooke; and the Captain's descriptions of the motley household, and rough royalty of the self-raised potentate, are graphic enough. It was a large rambling hut, after the native fashion, built on piles on the brink of the water, with a space surrounded by palisades and a ditch, —'forming a protection to sheep, goats, occasionally bullocks, pigeons, cats, poultry, geese, monkeys, dogs, and ducks.' His European household consisted of a young navy surgeon, a kind of prime minister of the name of Williamson; an old man-of-war's man, 'who kept the arms in first-rate condition; and another worthy who answered to the name of *Charlie*, and took care of the accounts and charge of every thing.' The officers of the Dido shared to the full extent in the hospitality of these strange quarters; 'and it was while smoking cigars in the evening, that the natives, as well as the Chinese who had become settlers, used to drop in, and, after creeping up, according to their custom, and touching the hand of their European Rajah, retired to the furthur end of the room, squatting down upon their haunches, and remaining a couple of hours without uttering a word, and then creeped out again. I have seen sixty or seventy come in and make this sort of salaam.'*

In June 1843, Captain Keppel set out on the long-planned expedition against the piratical Dyaks of the Sarebus and Sakarran rivers. His force was composed of the pinnace, two cutters, and the gig of the Dido; Mr. Brooke's native built boat the 'Jolly Bachelor,' and 'a large Tope of 35 tons, which carried a well-disciplined commissariat, as well as ammunition.' The native auxiliaries were numerous,—consisting not only of Mr. Brooke's vassals of Sarawak, but also several bands of wild Dyaks—the whole under the command of Lieut. Wilmot Horton; while Mr. Brooke himself attended the expedition, with his native coxswain, called Seboo, a kind of Borneon 'Man Friday.'

'He was civil only to his master, and, I believe, brave while in his company. He was a stupid-looking and powerfully-built sort of savage, always praying, eating, smiling, or sleeping. When going into action, he always went down on his knees to pray, holding his loaded musket before him. He was, however, a curious character, and afforded us great amusement, took good care of himself and his master, but cared for no one else.

'In the second gig was Lieutenant E. Gunnell, whose troublesome duty it was to preserve order throughout this extensive musquito fleet, and to keep the natives from pressing too closely on the rear of our boats—an office which became less troublesome as we approached the scene of danger. The whole formed a novel, picturesque, and exciting scene; and it was curious to contemplate the different feelings that actuated the separate and distinct parties, the odd mixture of Europeans, Malays, and Dyaks, the different religions, and the eager and anxious manner in which all pressed forward. The novelty of the thing was quite sufficient to excite our Jacks, after having been cooped up so long on board ship—to say nothing of the chance of a broken head. Of the Malays and Dyaks who accompanied us, some came from curiosity, some from attachment to Mr. Brooke, and many for plunder; but I think the majority to gratify revenge, as there were but few of the inhabitants on the north coast of Borneo who had not suffered more or less from the atrocities of the Sarebus and Sakarran pirates—either in their houses burnt, their relations murdered, or their wives and children captured and sold into slavery.'†

* Vol. ii. p. 17.
† Keppel, vol. ii. p. 44.

This imposing armament moved leisurely up the Sarebus river with the flood tides, anchoring always on the ebb; by which means, says the narrator, 'we managed to collect our stragglers and keep the force together.' On the 10th they passed, or rather were passed by the 'bore' of the river, up which the tide rushes with effects similar to those observable in the estuaries of the British Channel;—a circumstance on which the pirates seem to have counted as one of the defences of their position. On the next day, a sudden turn in the river 'brought us (Mr. Brooke was at my side) in front of a steep hill which rose from the bank. It had been cleared of jungle, and long grass grew in its place. As we hove in sight, several hundred savages rose up, and gave one of their war-yells; it was the first I had heard. No report from musketry or ordnance could ever make a man's heart feel so *small* (adds the captain very honestly) as mine did at that horrid yell.' They passed a kind of fort, where 'on the roof of a long building, on the summit of the hill, were several warriors performing a war-dance, which it would be difficult to imitate on such a stage.' After exchanging a few shots in sweeping past this fort, the expedition encountered 'a strong barrier right across the river, formed of two rows of trees placed firmly in the mud, with their tops crossed and secured together by rattans; and along the fork, formed by the crossing of the tops of these stakes, were other trees firmly secured. Rapidly approaching this barrier, I observed a small opening that might probably admit a canoe; and gathering good way, and putting my gig's head straight at it, I squeezed through. On reaching it the scene again changed, and I opened on three formidable-looking forts, which lost not a moment in opening a discharge of cannon on my unfortunate gig.'

These were the main defences of the Sarebus—and not ill chosen in a military point of view. They enabled the defenders to get some minutes' firing, not without effect, at the assailing party, while breaking through the fence across the river. This once done, the Dido made short work of the rest. 'While the pinnace kept up a destructive fire on the fort, Mr. D'Aeth, who was the first to land, jumped on shore with his crew, at the foot of the hill, on the top of which the nearest fort stood, and at once rushed for the summit. This mode of warfare—this dashing at once in the very face of their fort—was so novel and incomprehensible to our enemies, that they fled, panic-struck, into the jungle; and it was with the greatest difficulty that our leading men could get even a snap-shot at the rascals as they went. That evening, the country was illuminated for miles by the burning of the capital, Paddi, and adjacent villages; at which work and plundering our native followers were most expert. We took all their guns, and burnt the stockades level to the ground.'

The destruction of Paddi, however, did not end the Sarebus war. The expedition had to advance some way further up the river, with occasional night alarms, and exchanges of shots and spears in the jungle; until it reached 'close to where the pirates had removed their families, with such little valuables as they could collect.' Then a flag of truce arrived. 'At the appointed hour the chiefs made their appearance, dressed in their best, but looking haggard and dejected.' Mr. Brooke, 'the *Tuan Besar*, or Great Man,' officiated as spokesman; and after dilating on the enormity of piracy, and the resolution of the British Government to suppress it, invited them to a conference at Sarawak. The expedition then repaired down the river, considering the chastisement inflicted sufficient; but the commanders had strong proof of the rapidity with which these swarms of wasps, dispersed at one point, settled in another. They found a new fort constructed at a point on the river which they had passed, and occupied by a new horde of pirates, which had to be stormed, as well as 'Rembas,'—a still more important position, up another branch of the river.

'Here ended, for the present,' says Captain Keppel, 'the warlike part of our expedition. The punishment we had inflicted was severe, but not more than the crime of their horrid piracies deserved. A few heads were brought away by our Dyak followers, as trophies; but there was no unnecessary sacrifice of life, and I do not believe there was a woman or child hurt. The destruction of these places astonished the whole country beyond description. In addition to the distance and difficulty of access to their strongly-fortified positions, they looked for protection from the bore that usually ran up the Sarebus, and which they imagined none but their own boats could manage. As the different Malay chiefs heard that in ten days a handful of white men had totally destroyed their strongholds, they shook their heads and exclaimed, "God is great!" and the Dyaks declared, that the *Tuan Besar* (Mr.

Brooke) had charmed the river, to quiet the bore, and that the whites were invulnerable.'*

The effects of this successful *razzia* on the pirates was, however, only temporary. In most instances of European warfare against barbarous tribes, the first struggle is the easiest. A year afterwards, (July 1844,) Captain Keppel and the Dido returned to Borneo, to embark, under Mr. Brooke's directions, in a similar undertaking against a more desperate set of pirates,—the Dyaks of the Sakarran river. Captain Keppel reached Sarawak 'on the 25th July. He found the place much altered for the better, and the population considerably increased. Mr. Brooke had established himself in a new house, built on a beautiful and elevated mound. Neat and pretty-looking little *Swiss cottages* had sprung up on all the most picturesque spots, which gave it quite an European look. He had made also an agreeable addition to his English society; and a magazine of English merchandise had been opened to trade with the natives, together with many other improvements.'

But the state of the neighboring country was alarming. Sarawak itself had been threatened by Seriff Sahib, an old enemy of Mr. Brooke's, now allied with the pirates; and it became every way necessary to take decided measures. Her Majesty's Ship Dido, and the Steamer Phlegethon, attended with the usual train, accordingly moved in great force against the enemy. This campaign turned out a far more serious affair than that against the Sarebus. In it fell the Dido's first Lieutenant, Charles Francis Wade,—a brave man and true sailor, but who rather seems to have fallen a victim to his own rashness. The 'brave old Patingi Ali,' the Nestor of Mr. Brooke's allied Malays, contrived to run his light division of boats into a treacherous creek, where six large war-prahus took him in the rear; and he and most of his followers were 'krissed' or knocked on the head. But ultimately the triumph was complete. A new 'conference' was summoned, at which divers piratical chiefs were, in name of our ally, the Sultan of Borneo, deposed from their stations. 'I had the satisfaction of witnessing,' says Captain Keppel, what must have been—from the effect I observed it to have produced—a splendid piece of oratory, delivered by Mr. Brooke in the native tongue, with a degree of fluency I had never witnessed before, even in a Malay. The purport of it, as I understood, was to point out emphatically the horrors of piracy on the one hand, which it was the determination of the British government to suppress: and, on the other hand, the blessings arising from peace and trade, which it was equally our wish to cultivate.'

Thus terminated the most successful inroad ever made into the haunts of these ferocious Corsairs. But the work was, and is, far from being completed. In May 1845, M. Brooke was again present when the boats of the Vixen, Nemesis, and Pluto, with five hundred and fifty blue-jackets and marines, carried the fortress of Malludu, fiercely defended by Seriff Houseman;—one of the most persevering and dangerous enemies whom the Rajah of Sarawak had encountered in his civilizing career. Panjeran Usop, another pirate of the highest Malay order, was forced to an unworthy surrender; much to the dissatisfaction of his countrymen. 'His mouth was brave,' they exclaimed, 'but his heart timid. He should have died as other great men have died, and not have received such shame. He should have *amoked*,(run a-muck,) or delivered himself up for execution.'

So far well; but Borneon piracy is not like that of the Cilicians of old, to be extirpated in a campaign or two by some victorious Pompey. It is the inveterate habits of the people, Malays and sea-Dyaks alike; and the Bugis of Celebes, and the warriors of the more distant Gilolo, are more formidable than the Borneons. 'The idea of extirpating whole hordes of piratical states,' says MrH unt,* 'were it possible, must, from its cruelty, be incompatible with the liberal principles and humane policy of a British government. The simple burning down of a Malay town can prove no serious impediment to future piratical enterprises. Constructed, as they are, of bamboos, mats, and atap leaves, a town is almost rebuilt in the same period of time as it takes to destroy it. The Dutch, who had centuries of dear-bought experience, knew there was no other mode of prevention and radical cure than building small redoubts at the principal towns, and keeping up an adequate force to check piratical enterprises and to turn their restless minds to exertions of industry; satisfied if, with the attainment of these objects, they covered the ex-

* Keppel, vol. ii. p. 59—70.

* See Memoir on Borneo, appended to Captain Keppel's work.

penses of the establishment. This is the true history of the innumerable little forts on Celebes, Borneo, Timor, and all the Eastern isles.'

Much as may be effected by a character and exertions such as those of Mr. Brooke, it is evident that it is by time alone, and by a strenuous perseverance in watchful and resolute policy, that we can ultimately attain—as attain we certainly shall—the result of making this vast archipelago as secure for the purposes of commerce, as our Indian seas. Mr. Hunt, it may be observed, wrote the above 'Memoir' in 1812. The employment of steam-navigation has since that time altered the character of this species of warfare. Floating fortresses, like the Phlegethon, may dispense with the necessity for many an armed post on the land.

Here we must take leave, along with Captain Keppel, of Mr. Brooke; not without sharing in his own heartfelt exultation, at finding that his single-hearted zeal and perseverance are already reaping a large reward. By Captain Keppel's last accounts, Sarawak had marvellously increased in population and trade; new houses were daily rising; new vessels constructing; the industrious Chinese had discovered, and were turning to account, this new field of emigration; European settlers were arriving—dangerous but serviceable guests, and safe as yet under the control of Mr. Brooke's energy and vigilance; but, above all, the Dyak tribes were flocking in to share the shelter of the flag of the new potentate, and enjoy this narrow but peaceful asylum from surrounding anarchy. Liberated slaves from the pirate districts were becoming peaceful cultivators; a long-oppressed race were rising, under his auspices, into the dignity of free and industrious men; and while we can conceive no happiness more exalted than that of the founder of this prosperity, he appears himself to view it in no other light than as a stimulus to further exertion. Captain Keppel informs us also, that Mr. Brooke has been lately appointed British Agent in Borneo; and, if this appointment was bestowed at his own request, we trust it may prove an instrument towards the furtherance of his truly philanthropic and magnificent views; though for our own parts, we should have felt some apprehension, we will confess, as to the consequences of his independent action being controlled by the trammels of a connexion with our distant Colonial Office. Government has also adopted another of his suggestions, in taking possession of the island of Labuan, off the coast of Borneo Proper;—pointed out by him as a convenient spot for the purposes of commerce between China and Borneo, and a depot for coal for steamers on their way to China, as well as a station against the pirates.

We deeply regret, however, to say, that even since we commenced this article, new and painful intelligence has arrived from this most interesting quarter. It seems that Panjeran Budrudeen, a brave and faithful ally of Mr. Brooke, of whom many interesting notices are contained in Captain Keppel's volumes, had been attacked by pirates, and forced to retire into his house. Here he defended himself until he could hold out no longer; when, with the desperate valor of the Malay, when driven to extremity, after sending a ring from his finger to Mr. Brooke, he fired the gunpowder in his house, and destroyed himself and his family. This ring had been given to him by Mr. Brooke, to be sent to summon his aid in a moment of danger. The villanous Sultan of Borneo, it was added, had ordered the destruction of Mr. Brooke by poison, or in any other manner; and Muda Hassim, and several of his friends, had already been treacherously killed. At the date of this intelligence, the Phlegethon and other vessels were hastening to the protection of Mr. Brooke. Whatever the exact state of circumstances may have been, it is too plain that he was in the midst of one of those perilous and awful conjunctures to which his daring and noble career is exposed. If he has indeed fallen, as some fear, and met the fate for which many passages of his Journal show him fully prepared, England never lost a worthier son in a more heroic and sacred enterprise.

But he has already won his way through more impediments than the dangers with which he was last heard to be environed; and from his indomitable courage and energy we, with considerable confidence, hope for the best. Should he weather this storm, and become firmly seated in his dominions, one more great object lies open to him—the introduction of Christianity among that simple and not unpromising race, for whom he has already effected so much. The great influence which he has acquired, and the purely beneficent character of that influence, would no doubt afford him great facilities for commencing the task. And the disposition of the Dyaks

themselves—their naturally peaceable and laborious habits—their freedom from prejudices of caste, and from powerful and rooted superstition—the very absence of any definite religious system, for which they seem remarkable—all these are favorable circumstances in the case. Nor are precedents wanting among the wide-spread nations of the same region. There seems reason to believe that the Dutch have succeeded in introducing Christianity, far more extensively than is generally known, among the kindred Polynesian races of the Moluccas and the Arafura islands. So much mystery continues to envelope the condition of their eastern settlements, that information on this point is not easily accessible. But it is certain, that Amboyna has become a kind of nursery of native missionaries—sending out teachers, both European and native, to distant portions of the Malay archipelago. And though we know but little, either of the spread, or the character, of their religious instruction, it may be supposed that, outwardly at least, the success of their obscure labors has been greater than that of the much-vaunted Roman Catholic Missions of the East. In 1838, Mr. Earl found that one-fourth of the inhabitants of Kissa (a remote island near Timor which he visited) belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church; and he speaks very highly of the order and civilization of the Community. Captain Stanley, who accompanied Mr. Earl, gives some other interesting notices of this scattered and struggling Christianity. In one island, indeed, he found the poor Missionary on the point of banishment. The faith of his flock had not been able to resist a long continuance of dry weather, which the Old Gods had sent in their anger. Whoever is interested in this subject—and who that has the cause of Civilization, and the humanizing influence of true Religion at heart, is not?—will be pleased with the 'Address' lately published by the Rev. Mr. Brereton, mentioned at the head of this article, and which we here recommend to the general consideration of the public. Besides its own immediate and principal objects, announced in its title-page, it is prefaced with a rapid and well-written notice of Borneo, strongly inviting attention to it 'as one of the largest and fairest countries of the world, and as lying on one of the great navigable pathways of the Asiatic Archipelago to China and Japan.' It may, however, be true, that the difficulties in the way of real and satisfactory progress, are greater than his praiseworthy zeal anticipates. Mr. Brooke's own opinion is, that the work of civilization must precede that of conversion; 'for without previous culture,' he says, 'I reckon the labors of the missionary as useless as endeavoring to read off a blank paper.' And as his opinion on such a subject ought to rank as an authority, we hope that his judgment, in this as well as less important matters, will not be rashly interfered with.

Our readers will perceive, that much of the value of Captain Keppel's work consists in its extracts from Mr. Brooke's Journals, and the insight which it gives into his remarkable history. But the Captain's own deeds and proceedings are well and modestly recounted; and his truly generous zeal to make known the achievements of his friend scarcely permit him to do himself sufficient justice. Yet his narrative of the exploits of the Dido will, after all, form the most generally amusing part of the book. Altogether, it well merits that public favor which it has already acquired, and to which we think it yet further entitled.

The opening of so vast an Island to English enterprise, forms an era so new and important, in the history of our connexion with that still half fabulous archipelago, of which it nearly occupies the centre, that it may not be without interest to take a brief review of the principal points on which the standard of Britain is already unfurled.

Penang and Singapore are the two outposts of this vast oceanic region. The latter of these two positions, however, is by far the most valuable. The island was selected by Sir Stamford Raffles for a settlement:—a singular instance (except perhaps Odessa) of a great commercial emporium, of which the site has been fixed, not by the natural course of commerce itself, but by the forethought of an individual. Singapore has been for some years the great *entrepôt* of the trade between China and India; especially that part of it which is carried on in the 'junks' of the Chinese. This advantage it appears likely to lose, to some extent, in consequence of the opening of the China trade; though we can hardly agree with Mr. Davidson,* who draws from hence the conclusion, 'that the trade of Singapore has reached its maximum.' More probably the certain increase of its commerce with Borneo, and

* Trade and Travel, p. 67.

the great islands eastward of it, will, in no distant time, far more than compensate for any diminution of that with China.

The great Empire of our neighbors in the Indian archipelago (for such it is) lies to the southward of the Line;—scattered, from Bencoolen in the west, to Banda in the east, over nearly thirty degrees of longitude. Our transactions with Holland in the Eastern Seas are regulated by a treaty dated in the year 1824. By the twelfth article of that treaty, it is agreed that 'no British establishment shall be made on the Carimon Isles, or on the Islands of Battam, Bintang, Lingin, or any of the other Islands *south of the Straits of Singapore.*' This is one of those oracular clauses, which men of homely understandings are sometimes tempted to suspect Diplomatists of framing in order to insure a perpetuity of employment for the craft. What is meant by 'south of the Straits of Singapore?' Rumor attributes to the Dutch a disposition to give it a very sweeping interpretation indeed—to make it include all Islands reached from Singapore, by passing southward through the straits—that is, all the Eastern Archipelago. It is obvious that this construction will not meet the very letter of the clause. Borneo, for instance, extends as much to northward as southward of the straits in question. But the reasonable intendment is surely that adopted by the English, viz., that the parties had in contemplation the Islands which lie directly south of the straits, and off the east coast of Sumatra. This seems evident from the context; and, in particular, from the clause beginning with an enumeration of some small islands precisely answering this description. The absurdity of the other construction seems nearly as great, as it would be to hold that the mention of 'the Azores, and other islands west of the Straits of Gibraltar,' would include both the West Indies and the British Islands. However, we have no wish to anticipate controversies,—such as commercial jealousy is ever imagining, and not unfrequently produces. Sufficient it is that there is ample room for both Powers. And, surely, there is scarcely an European Power with whom we have so little occasion to stand in relations of suspicion as the Dutch—our allies in blood and religion,—our inferiors, beyond all comparison, in population and wealth. Whatever may be thought as to the meaning of the treaty, our ancient rivals surely have here room enough for the formation of a magnificent and varied Sovereignty. How far they have used their opportunities, yet remains a secret to the world. The thick veil of traditional jealousy is still maintained by the Dutch. Java is a splendid possession; and we suspect that our prevalent notions of Dutch misgovernment in that quarter are much exaggerated; for which, however, the Dutch have their own exclusiveness in a great measure to thank. Since the fall of Diepo Negoro, the Toussaint Louverture of Javanese independence, (he was taken in 1829, imprisoned, and no more heard of,) the island has been tranquil, and advancing. Mr. Davidson states, that it is every where traversed by excellent roads, and has a complete posting establishment—a luxury which would be sought in vain in our own continental possessions.

Of the far-famed Spice Islands, and the innumerable smaller islets and clusters of the Arafura sea, which own the Dutch supremacy, some curious notices are to be found in Lieutenant Kolff's 'Voyages of the Dutch brig Dourga,' translated by Mr. Earl, in 1840. It seems that the Dutch keep up the primitive fashion of sending round occasional vessels, like the annual *Triremes* of the Athenians, to remind their insular subjects of their supremacy;—to make up their quarrels, depose or instal Chiefs, and (among other things) to confirm and christen the Christian natives—the Dutch sailors being especially in request as godfathers on such occasions; in so much, that many a naked Dirk, Cobus, Hendrik, and Johannes, struts about those distant islands in the pride of a Christian name.—But these visits are so rare, that many subjects or dependents of his Dutch Majesty only hear of the existence of their Sovereign once in thirty years.

Venerable Dutch traditions and fashions survive among these sleepy tribes, as among Washington Irving's delightful New Netherlands. They believe firmly in their ancient mistress—the Dutch East India Company—though the said *Compania* has been extinct, we believe, for many a year. Children who have Dutch blood in their composition are still called 'Anak Compania'—an European officer is 'Orang Compania'—and a glass of arrack, in some islands, is 'Sopi Compania.' In one Island the natives were found venerating an old chair, which was occupied by an equally old felt hat and truncheon—the last relics of the *Compania's* sovereignty; and on another, the people of the Dourga were accosted

by an aged native, dressed in a costume which might have dated from the days of Valentyn. 'He wore a large wig, a three-cornered hat, short breeches with large knee-buckles, and a coat with wide sleeves, ruffles, and spacious skirts; while on his feet he had high shoes, with heavy silver buckles.' According to Lieutenant Kolff, the attachment which prevails towards the Dutch government, throughout this part of the Archipelago, is extremely strong; and an impartial witness, Sir Edward Belcher, (in his voyage round the world,) bears testimony to the same fact.

Passing on from one verdant spot of earth to another, and scarcely ever loosing sight of land, we reach the belt of extensive Islands which forms the southern skirt of the great archipelago; of which Timor is the principal. These contain only a few settlements of degenerate Portuguese, infected with the national vice of slave-trading. Scenes of wonderful luxuriance and beauty here alternate with the desolate lava-fields of the mightiest of known volcanoes; the noise of the eruption of Sumbawa, in 1815, was heard at the distance of 900 miles. The surface of these islands, in most instances, ascends gradually from the north to a great height, and then descends precipitously to the south, into a deep bight of the ocean. From many of the precipices of Timor, which, says Mr. Earl, overhang the sea, a line of great length will not reach the bottom. But before the sailor, steering to the southward, has lost sight of the mountains of Timor, he has passed the 'blue water;' and is already in the green and shallow sea, above the great bank which stretches from the shore of Australia;—so near lay the unsuspected Continent, *Terra Australis Incognita*, to those early navigators, to whom the eastern archipelago was already familiarly known. Within 300 miles of Timor is the 'Cobourg Peninsula;' the most northern part of Australia, on which is situated the new British settlement of Port Essington.

The history of the foundation of this young colony, is detailed by Mr. Earl, in the little volume mentioned at the head of this article. He was Commissioner of Crown Lands there. The coast had been partially explored by Captain Stokes, and by Captain Grey. The settlement was planned and executed in 1838, under the auspices of Sir Gordon Bremer; and there is reason to suppose that it will prove a very important acquisition.

As a commercial site, the advantages of Port Essington are great. Its harbor is magnificent; sufficient in extent, according to Captain Stokes,* to hold the largest fleet, and its neighborhood abounding with ship timber. The climate of the spot on which the new settlement of Victoria is situate, seems not to be well spoken of; but that of the neighboring region, in general, is thought to be dry and healthy at most seasons. But whether Port Essington be adapted for extensive European settlement or not, it will undoubtedly form a station in that great line of Steam Navigation, which is one day to connect England with New South Wales, by the way of India; and to become one of the chief high-roads of nations. The dangers of Torres' Straits, which must be passed before reaching it from Sydney, once so generally dreaded by European navigators, seem to have nearly disappeared before the progress of more accurate knowledge.

But North Australia offers far more important promises, as being itself a field of future commerce and production. It is a region of vast extent, abounding with vegetable and animal life, but almost unpeopled by native races. The soil generally rests on a sandstone base, and appears to be as favorable for pastoral pursuits as in the south of the Continent; though the climate will probably be found better adapted for rearing horses and cattle, than sheep. But the land is also extremely well suited, in particular districts, for tropical cultivation; especially that of cotton—possibly also of sugar. As, however, the climate will scarcely favor European Emigration, it may be thought that we are already lords of tropical wildernesses enough; without adding another fertile desert to our gigantic possessions. But the peculiar feature in the case of North Australia is, that it is an unoccupied region, within immediate and easy reach of some of the most teeming and migratory nations of the globe. There are no Colonists so industrious as the Chinese; none, perhaps, more adventurous than the Malays. Instead of having to force a niggardly supply of free labor, by devices too nearly resembling the usages of slavery, there is every reason to suppose that to this region we might attract it unsolicited, and in overflowing abundance. The neighboring islands of the Archipelago are

* Discoveries in Australia, with a Narrative of Captain Stanley's Visits to the Islands in the Arafura Sea.

over-peopled. From their Christian population alone, if Mr. Earl's conjectures are correct, a very valuable supply might be obtained. Celebes is the seat of a peculiarly enterprising and locomotive race of people. Nor are the millions of Hindostan, and still more populous China, at any unmanageable distance. 'The natives of the different countries of the East,' says Mr. Earl, 'are each proficient in different kinds of labor. Thus the Malay is best adapted for clearing new lands;—the Chinese being unaccustomed to these operations, from their country having been long under cultivation. The latter, again, are the best agriculturists, and the most skilful manufacturers of raw produce; while the natives of India prove superior herdsmen. They are all acquainted with the culture of cotton, but not in an equal degree; the Chinese and natives of continental India claiming the precedence. The Indian laborer is contented with simple food, but is expensive in his clothing, and therefore the best customer to the British manufacturer. The Chinese laborer wears little clothing, but expends a considerable portion of his wages *in rich food*. The native of continental India is sparing in every thing, and saves his wages to carry back to his own country.'*

This propensity of the Chinese for 'rich food,' is a matter of so much importance as to deserve a short digression; for it is one of the most important sources of commerce, at the present day, to a considerable part of the Indian Archipelago, with its twenty or thirty millions of inhabitants. Never did the gluttons of Imperial Rome explore such distant seas and coasts for mullets and murenas,

> —'quando omne peractum est
> Et jam defecit nostrum mare, dum gula sævit,
> Retibus assiduis penitus scrutante macello,'

as are yearly ransacked to supply the Mandarins of the Flowery Land, with edible birds' nests, sharks' fins, and trepang. The trepang is a kind of *holotheria*, sea-slug, or polypus, which the Chinese convert into soups and ragouts. Its fishery employs an incredible number of hands. Mr. Earl does not hesitate to say, that it is 'now the principal source of wealth' to the once famous Spice Islands of the Dutch. More than twenty different species of this delicate creature are enumerated by Chinese epicures;—varying in value from one hundred and sixty, to thirty guilders the *picul*, (of 133 lb. avoirdupois.) Now the immediate importance of this piece of commercial information is, that the Cobourg peninsula, on which Port Essington is situated, affords in its sandy inlets a prodigious supply of trepang. It is already much visited for this purpose by the *prahus* of Macassar; and the following is the tempting account given by Mr. Earl of the mode of procuring and preparing it.

'In point of size and appearance it resembles a prickly cucumber, except that the color is a whitish brown. I here allude to the most common description; for there are several varieties, one of which is perfectly black. The trepang is found in all the sheltered harbors, where it gropes about the bottom, and feeds upon weeds and mollusca. It is taken at low water upon the shoals or mud banks, over which the fishermen wade knee deep in water, dragging their boats after them; and when the feet come in contact with the slug, it is picked up, and thrown into the boat. They occasionally search in deeper water, when the fishermen avail themselves of the services of the natives, who are expert divers; or, if they cannot obtain such assistance, they prick for them with barbed iron darts, provided with long bamboo handles. The process of curing is very simple. The slug, on being taken from the boat, is simmered over a fire, in an iron caldron, for about half-an-hour; after which it is thrown out upon the ground, and the operation of opening commences, this being effected by a longitudinal cut along the back with a sharp knife. It is then again placed in the caldron, and boiled in salt water, with which a quantity of the bark of the mangrove has been mixed, for about three hours, when the outer skin will begin to peel off. It is now sufficiently boiled, and after the water has been drained off, the slugs are arranged in the drying houses, (small huts covered with mats,) upon frames of split bamboo, spread out immediately under the roof. Each slug is carefully placed with the part that has been cut open facing downwards, and a fire is made underneath; the smoke of which soon dries the trepang sufficiently to permit its being packed in baskets or bags for exportation.*

No question but that 'British capital and industry' will soon be applied with the usual energy, to the task of supplying the tables of the 'Celestials' with this slimy luxury. As we have turned the solitary islet of Ascension into a kind of Turtle Preserve for the Aldermen of our own cities, so will the Cobourg Peninsula become a nursery of sea-slugs

* Enterprise in Tropical Australia. By S. W. Earl.

* Enterprise in Tropical Australia, p. 83.

for the profounder gourmands of Pekin; and who can estimate the importance of so widely and home-felt a traffic?

Here, then, the magnificent problem of founding a free community of mixed races —an asylum for the victims of the various oppressions of the Eastern Archipelago— may possibly be worked out on a scale deserving of so vast an experiment. The principles which have proved so successful in the development of the little Communities of Penang and Singapore—where tribes the most opposite in character live together in harmony—may here be applied to a Continent. There is here room to receive the overflow of the swarming millions of China and the Islands; and to nurse the miscellaneous colony under the flag of Britain, until a new Union like that of America, though composed of men of other kindreds and widely different habits, may have spread itself over the tropical half of Australia.

'It is, indeed,' says Captain Stokes, 'to the country behind—at present unvisited, unexplored, a complete terra incognita—and to the islands within a radius of 500 miles, that we must look, if we would form a correct idea of the value of Port Essington to the Crown. At present, it may seem idle to some to introduce these distant places as elements in the discussion of such a question; but no one who reflects on the power of trade to knit together even more distant points of the earth, will think it visionary to suppose that Victoria must one day —insignificant as may be the value of the districts in its immediate neighborhood—be the centre of a vast system of commerce;—the emporium, in fact, where will take place the exchange of the products of the Indian archipelago, for those of the vast plains of Australia. It may require some effort of the imagination, certainly, to discover the precursor of such a state of things in the miserable traffic now carried on by the Macassar proas; but still, I think, we possess some data on which to found such an opinion; and I am persuaded that Port Essington will ultimately hold the proud position I predict for it.*

This is no baseless speculation, distant though the period of its accomplishment may be. It is nothing more than the fair development of those social tendencies and wants which every one may see in actual operation;—a dream, but pregnant with truth; a single life may see it fulfilled. The case of Mr. Brooke proves, among many things besides, of how little use it is to oppose the traditionary coldness and caution of the Colonial office, to the unforeseen force which impels us on in our career. The occupation of New Zealand was forced on us by the unauthorized enterprise of individuals; we shall be similarly compelled to fix ourselves on some portion of the shores or adjacent islands of Borneo. Let us then stretch out a friendly and strongly helping hand to Mr. Brooke. Conquerors, in a certain sense, we needs must be, while our Empire continues in its present course of development; but it is in our power to restrict ourselves to *peaceful* conquests; and our earnest endeavor must be to render them beneficent. The great work to be done in North Australia requires little preparation; and, let some Doctors say what they will, no painfully pre-considered course of action. The force of events will determine far more than we can forecast; and will undoubtedly disarrange our wisest combinations, if we are unwise enough to embody them in unbending decrees. The truth is, that for founding colonies, at all events, if not for governing them also, good men are of incomparably greater importance than the best of all possible regulations. A Sir Stamford Raffles, a Captain Grey, or a Mr. Brooke, are worth, for such purposes, all the theories which have been spun out of ingenious brains, touching the relations of capital and labor. Nor are such men absolutely scarce; though relatively to the needs of our colonial service they are deficient indeed. The great point is, to attract them to it. And what attractions does the Colonial Service present, to compensate for the abandonment of that liberty of action which is so tempting to ardent minds?—a liberty of action which may produce favorable results, as in the case of Mr. Brooke, but which, no doubt, may also greatly embarrass legitimate government, and prove the ruin of him who excercises it. It is matter of notoriety, that, generally speaking, military and naval officers alone can afford to undertake the government of our smaller colonies; because they alone can retain their professional employment and prospects, along with those slender and precarious offices. To a civilian, the acceptance of such a place is generally ultimate ruin. And yet, many of our colonial difficulties have arisen from warlike governors not seeing their way clearly, under circumstances where talents and habits of a different order from theirs were required;—talents and habits, the exercise of which, in more fortunate instances, has rescued Colonies from depression produced by bad measures, and

* Discoveries in Australia, Vol. ii. p. 359.

calmed the fury of dissensions which former want of judgment had provoked.

But we must not trespass further beyond our present province; and must avail ourselves of some after occasion to show, how the introduction of better regulations into this great branch of service, might, with no great increase of expenditure, go far towards meeting the pressing demand for talent and character, in a sphere of which the importance and the difficulty are likely to augment at such a rate as to set all existing official routine at defiance.

Australia is tempting ground to imaginative, as well as practical speculators; and it would have given us pleasure, had Captain Stokes' recent work, named among the others at the head of this article, happened to attract our notice somewhat earlier, to have introduced our readers more in detail to the narratives of adventure, and other important matters, contained in it. A separate article, indeed, might well be devoted to it. But we have already wandered even further 'south of the Straits of Singapore,' than the Dutch expounders of the treaty of 1824; and must return to the mysterious Continent on some after and fitter opportunity.

From the Eclectic Review.

HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

History of Our Own Times. By the Author of 'The Court and Times of Frederick the Great.' Vol. I. and II. Colburn, London, 1834 and 1845.

This work, of which one volume was published in 1843 and a second just recently, comes down only to the year 1797, and terminates with the Battle of Camperdown. At this period the Reign of Terror in France was ended; Buonaparte had put down the insurrection of the sectionaries with cannon, and by his campaign in Italy had commenced that great and amazing career, which laid all Europe, England excepted, eventually at his feet. The volumes yet to come have, therefore, to narrate the mighty and crowding events of those unexampled years of warfare, which were terminated by the Battle of Waterloo, and the general peace in 1815, and the not less striking and eventful changes of the thirty subsequent years of peace which, especially in this country, have marked the onward progress of social reform and scientific wonder. It is evident that it must yet require a considerable number of volumes to embrace and detail all those years and their developments. Under these circumstances we shall abstain from doing more than endeavoring to give a general idea of the spirit and manner in which the work is executed.

The idea of this 'History of Our Own Times' is excellent. It is evident that for general readers, and for all who are desirous of possessing a clear and continuous narrative of those stirring times, there needs a careful and skilful gleaning of the most essential matter out of the minute details, and the many political disquisitions of the more voluminous histories. For schools, for young people, for all who would arrive at a comprehensive and well-grounded conception of the transactions of the last half century, the most remarkable period of the modern world, such a work is absolutely necessary. Well grounded in the perspicuous narrative of such a work, they are then better able to comprehend, to lay hold of, and retain the more expansive statements of larger histories; and in most of the qualities that should distinguish such work, we have no hesitation in saying that this history is in successful possession. It is written with remarkable perspicuity, and in general, judgment of the real and relative importance of the circumstances which it deals with. There is a great air of impartiality, wherever foreign facts and personages are concerned; the style is pure and good, and it has a temperate tone that pleases the reader and makes him deliver himself up willingly to the guidance of the author.

But the history has, notwithstanding, one serious defect, and this we must endeavor to make plain, not because we would have the reader to put the work itself aside, for it is well calculated, this failing being once understood, to aid his acquirement of a knowledge of the history of his own times, but to put him on his guard, and thus to enable him to read on in perfect security, having the key to the author's little foible in his hand.

That foible, and we dare say it is a most honest one, in the author, is that of a quiet conservatism which sways him, perhaps unconsciously, in his treatment of our own do-

mestic transactions and personages. There is nothing vehement or rampant about him, he aims at no sophistical eloquence, or fiery declamation, which might bring over his readers to his own views of such things, in fact, to the ideas of a political party. But the tendency to such party notions is not the less there, and so gently, and devoid of passion does it reign and run through the narrative, that young and unsuspicious readers might not soon, or perhaps not at all perceive its existence, and thus unawares might receive a distorted impression of things. In short, the author is, perhaps constitutionally, a settled conservative, quiet and amiable as he is. This we shall soon make apparent, and this once apparent, his history may be read with certain advantage, and no great danger.

This tendency is discernible in the tone in which he generally speaks of the leaders of reform. Charles Fox is styled 'the would-be champion of liberal sentiments and opinions,' vol. i. p. 69. George the III. is lauded in the hackneyed phrase of a prince endeared to his people by his private virtues;' though it is unquestionable that he was a bigamist; and what would be thought of the private virtues of a man in private life who married one wife, and then during her lifetime married a second. If it be scandalous in private life, nay severely amenable to the laws, how much more reprehensible ought it to be in the person of the monarch on whom all eyes are fixed, and who, as the appointed guardian of the laws, should be the last to set the example of violating them, and especially in the department of domestic morality, on the practice of which this nation so justly prides itself. There is, however, a singular ignorance in our historians on this part of the character of George III., or as singular an attempt to pass him off as much better than he was. In Knight's Pictorial History of England, we are gravely treated to this declaration:—'Though so young, healthy, and robust, and though his predecessors had been so old, he was the first prince of his house to do without a mistress. A few months after his accession he married,' &c. Vol. i. of the Reign of George III. p. 6.

Had this writer never heard of such a person as Hannah Lightfoot, the Quakeress? Her history is well-known, most thoroughly authenticated; her children are still living, and well-known too, and till lately, persons were living who were in London, and witnessed the sensation created by her abduction, or her absconding with the prince. We learn from the Beckford Conversations, lately published in the New Monthly Magazine, that she was married to the prince at Kew, by Dr. Wilmot, and that Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, was present at the ceremony. What is worse, George carried her off from her friends when she was on the point of marriage with a young man of her own society, and who pursued after them and entreated him in a distraction of distress to give her up, but in vain. With the characteristic obstinacy which afterwards led him to persist in the unconstitutional taxation and coercion of America, till he lost it to this country, he married Hannah Lightfoot, and when he had children by her, coolly abandoned her at the age of twenty-three, and married Charlotte of Meclenburg Strelitz. Now this fact must be very embarrassing to the laudators of the domestic virtues of George III., and therefore they boldly slide over it. The writer of the Pictorial History must be thrown by it into a particular dilemma. If George III. was the only one of his house, at that time, who had done without a mistress, what was Hannah Lightfoot? She was, in fact, his lawful wife: for there was then no law to prohibit the members of the royal family marrying subjects; it was George himself, taught by the trouble and the crime in which he found himself involved, who, on the plea of his brother of Cumberland's vile deeds, brought forward and passed the Royal Marriage Act.

The domestic history of George III. is one of the most awful that ever befell a monarch. The consequences of his concealment of his first marriage, were terrible to his peace of mind, and to that of more than one of his children, and in this fact are we to seek for the true causes of the overthrow of his intellect. It is not common that virtuous parents bring up a whole family of licentious profligates, and yet what family ever exhibited such a troop of the most shameless and sensual ones, as that of George III.? He saw his sons seduce and abandon one woman after another, even when, as in the case of Mrs. Jordan, they too had families, and he could not reprimand them, for he knew his own story better than they who now act the historians seem to do. It is high time that history should, however, speak the truth, and the highest praise that can be allowed

to George III. is that, having married two wives, and living before the nation as a bigamist, he was at least faithful to one of them; but he set a fatal example to his children, which they only too carefully followed.

As Charles Fox is styled 'the would-be champion of liberal sentiments and opinions,' so also, of course, 'the immeasurably superior political sagacity of Burke' over that of Fox is loudly vaunted. This is a favorite but a shallow and untenable theme of the Tories. That Fox, like others, was carried away by a generous enthusiasm for liberty on the outbreak of the French Revolution; that, like other generous and noble-minded men, he gave credit to the fine professions of the revolutionists, and sung their praises in eloquent strains in the House of Commons, is quite true; and it is equally true that Edmund Burke, with a less enthusiastic feeling of this sort, soon saw through the tinsel patriotism of those tigers in human shape. Burke sooner smelt the smell of blood, and raised the cry of alarm; but in a far truer sense than it can be said of Burke, did Fox, recovering from his delusion, soon demonstrate his immeasurably superior political sagacity. Burke smelt blood, but did not abhor it; he snuffed it up, and as if inspired with a Moloch thirst of it, he

Cried havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.

'Fox,' says this writer, 'lived long enough to perceive the utter fallacy of his own notions, and to witness the fulfilment of almost all the prophetic anticipations of his illustrious master.'

Fox lived long enough to feel astonished at the brutal depravity of those men from whom he had hoped so much better things, in fact, had hoped the commencement of a new and more glorious era. He wept over and deplored the dreadful wound which liberty had received from these false votaries; but with his usual nobility of character, while he fully and freely confessed his disappointment and his sorrow, like a true man he still stood by liberty itself. He did not, like Burke, like Pitt, like Southey, and a thousand others, desert liberty 'at her utmost need.' He felt that *then*, when she had been so abused, so belied, so stricken to the heart by base traitors and impostors, *then* it was that she had most need that all her genuine friends should rally round her, and support her in the hour of the deepest trial that had befallen her from the foundation of the world. Numbers now were silent who had been loudest in the chant of the anticipated triumph of liberty; thousands turned and fled, entering the present ranks of her enemies, like Burke, Pitt, and Southey, but Fox stood firm, and in this trying hour displayed not merely 'an immeasurably superior political sagacity' to Burke, but a far nobler nature. He saw that the betrayal of liberty would be the occasion for the rising and rallying of all her enemies. The old anarchs and monarchs of all Europe would be up to tread out the very last sparks of her sacred fire. He saw that blood and horror would flow from end to end of the so-called civilized world, unless the most strenuous efforts were made by the best minds of Britain, to resist this outbreak of the hell of this world in the shape of war and brutal armies. He stood, therefore, in the gap, and denounced the call to war as loudly as Burke cried—'Up, England! to arms! keep no measures with the democratic horde who would overturn thrones and ancient constitutions.' Which here, as the events have proved, showed the greater sagacity? Was it he who put the dreadful wheels of war in motion, or he who strove to stay them? Was it he who to put down the bloodshed of one country would involve all the world in it; or he who saw that to interfere with the internal arrangements of another great and independent kingdom was not only an invasion of the plainest rights of man, but was to call all the furies of earth, air, ocean, and the infernal shades, in the shape of mercenary Swiss, slavish Germans, barbarous Russians, and Cossacks, to overrun the face of all the Western World, and commence a scene of destruction to which the wild-beast-quarrel of the French, amongst themselves, was but as a molehill to a mountain? The astounding course of the most amazing and terrible wars which ever desolated the earth has given a fearful answer. To Burke we owe, more than to any other man, the crime and the bloodshed of the great war of upwards of twenty years, in which, so far from putting down the French democrats, *they* put down, insulted and tyrannized over every continental kingdom. To Burke we owe it, that when finding the spirit of Europe was roused to combine against the great French conqueror, but that not until God had smitten him visibly by his own hand, in the pride of his Russian campaign, to Burke, we say, we owe

it, when all continental Europe had been humiliated by France in the contest which he called for, and when millions on millions of lives had been sacrificed to his troops and his 'superior political sagacity,' that we ourselves came out of the contest with the expenditure of *three thousand millions of money*, of which eight hundred millions yet remain unpaid, hanging on our commerce like a millstone, creating corn-laws and a pressure of taxation which falls with a crushing weight on those laboring millions who were not living to enjoy even the siren sound of that eloquence which fired our fathers to the thirst of French blood. Out, we say, on all such political sagacity as this! The time is come when we must neither sing its praises, nor allow them to be sung without a stern reproof. Reversing the language of our author, we may say that 'Burke lived long enough to have perceived, whether his pride allowed him to do so or not, the utter fallacy of his own notions, and to witness the fulfilment of almost all the prophetic anticipations of his illustrious pupil.' It was to Fox that we owed the most strenuous opposition to that fatal policy which deluged Europe with blood, and the only interval of peace that we enjoyed from 1793 to the abdication of Napoleon in 1814.

Here we come then to the further declaration on our part that the writer of this history does not confine himself to quiet terms of depreciation of the friends of liberty; he has a graver fault, he may state the truth, but he does not state the whole truth of things. Thus, he terms the Dissenters enemies to the church, and propagators of mischievous political doctrines.

'Many men, eminent for rank, talents, and understanding extolled the French Revolution (this was so early as 1792), 'without, however, openly disparaging the constitution of their own country. Dr. Price, who was reverenced as an apostle by the Dissenters, approved the principles of the French Revolution even in their most ruinous consequences to kings and people. Dr. Priestley, a Unitarian minister, celebrated for his chemical discoveries, lent the influence of his name to the same doctrines. A society called the Friends of the Revolution, &c.' vol. ii. p. 3.

This should be 'The Society of the Friends of the People;' not of the Revolution. But he proceeds:

'Some of the principal members, and a large proportion of the general mass of this society, were Dissenters. Dr. Price, who was a very conspicuous member, died in 1791. It included also Drs. Kippis, Rees, and Towers, men whose literary abilities and moral characters, in proportionas they added weight to the association, only gave it so much the more power of doing mischief,' &c. &c.

Who would believe that this *mischievous* society was actually no other than that which was established merely for Parliamentary Reform in 1791—that society from which we have, as the first public moving cause, derived the only portion of reform we have yet gained? Who would, if he were not better acquainted with our recent history than this writer would make us, imagine that this mischievous society had at its head, as its originators, almost all those great, yet moderate men, who lived to see the desires of the English public far outgrow those ideas of necessary change which in them this author styles so dangerous? Those men, the founders of this society were—The Earl of Lauderdale, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Kinnaird, Sir Philip Francis, General Lambton, the father of Lord Durham, Whitbread, Tierney, Dudley North, Thomas, afterwards Lord Erskine, Lord John Russell, uncle of the present Lord John, Rogers the poet, Sheridan, Lord Grey, Fox, George Byng, with those Drs. Towers and Kippis, &c. &c. Such are the bugbears of revolutionary crime, with which the writer of the 'History of our Own Times' classes the Dissenters. They will not be much shocked at the alliance, but the truth of history resents such partial statements.

In the like strain he speaks of the proceedings of the Dissenters leading to the riots of Birmingham in 1791, and the destruction of vast property, including the house and noble library of Dr. Priestley; but he does not tell us that it was the act and instigation of the Tory magistrates and clergy themselves that brought out this brutal mob, with their savage cries of 'Church and the King.' A fact like this, than which there is none better authenticated, or notoriously established, ought not to have been omitted when the Dissenters were accused of practices and principles dangerous to the public peace. In the debates on the disgraceful event at the time, it was fully proved before the House of Commons that the magistrates of the town had not only connived at the atrocities which the populace had perpetrated, but

had actually instigated them to their commission, and that the clergy themselves had been conspicuous in raising and leading on the ignorant and bestial mob. These charges were supported by six-and-thirty affidavits laid before the House by Whitbread.

When the Dissenters are stigmatized as enemies of the church, it becomes a fair historian, and one who desires to be a sound teacher of the people, to state *why* and *how* they are enemies to it. To do this he has only to revert to the simple fact that the church as a state machine has, from the very day of her origin, acted the she-wolf to the Dissenters. It was the church which first created dissent by its intolerance of opinion, and then sought to crush it by fire, racks, dungeons, political exclusion, and political plunder, in the shape of tithes, church-rates, Easter dues, &c. The church at one time even prevailed to have an act passed that no Dissenter should keep a school. They were to be annihilated by abstinence of literary and intellectual food. For this reason the Dissenters are justly hostile to the church, as a *state* church, and not otherwise. This is *why* and *how* the Dissenters are enemies to the church, and this cause ought not to be overlooked by the historian. The same mode of treatment is however adopted by our author towards all reformers. This passage occurs in the history of the year 1793.—

'Though the political ferment was rapidly subsiding, a considerable agitation still prevailed. In Scotland, public attention was strongly excited by the prosecution of Thomas Muir, a member of the faculty of Advocates, and Fyshe Palmer, a member of the University of Cambridge, acting as Unitarian minister at Dundee. In autumn, 1792, when the political agitation was at its height, the former, a man of but moderate abilities, though possessing the faculty of unpremeditated eloquence in an extraordinary degree, collected and harangued numerous assemblages of the common people on the subject of popular reform, which produced an appearance of turbulence and disorder, alarming not only the government, but even persons disposed to favor the political sentiments which he avowed. The latter was found guilty of publishing a political libel, not written by himself, but which he had corrected, and ordered to be printed. Both were sentenced to transportation, Muir for fourteen, Palmer for seven years, and accordingly sent to Botany Bay. The severity of their sentence, though conformable to the practice of the Scottish courts, was censured by many as unreasonable; but it was reserved for the sagacity of a later period to discover that these presented a just claim to the title of political martyrs, and a public monument in the metropolis of the empire.'—Vol. ii. p. 50.

Now, whether they were political martyrs or not, discovered by 'the sagacity of a later period,' that is, of a period when the inflamed passions of the day, which witnessed those proceedings, have died out with the parties they agitated, not merely have the inhabitants of the 'metropolis of the empire' decided, by erecting a monument to these persecuted men, but, at a still later period, that is, at this very time, the inhabitants of the metropolis of that kingdom in which they were condemned, have confirmed that decision by also erecting a monument to their memory there. On the Calton hill, a tower-like testimony to their martyrdom in solid stone now lifts its head. These, it should be remembered, are not the products of the heated feelings of the moment, but of the after calm research and reflection of a period distinguished by a far more matured knowledge of political rights than was possessed by the last age. That they were political martyrs, let their political opinions have been what they would, is pretty well established by the fact, that neither Muir nor Palmer ever lived to reach their own country again. In fact the whole of this statement is singularly defective in every way. Besides Muir and Palmer, there were three other persons condemned and transported at the same time, and on the same charges: Skirving, Gerald and Margarott, not one of whom survived to return to their native land except Margarott.

And for what were Muir and Palmer tried, condemned, and transported? By the account in Howell's State Trials we find that 'the evidence for the prosecution failed entirely to prove any intention on the part of the prisoners, or any society with which they were connected, of having recourse to insurrection, or riot, or any act of violence, much less of seeking for any French assistance.' Muir contended that he advocated only constitutional measures of reform, and had not argued for the destruction of the monarchy; and the very best witness on the part of the crown, the woman-servant that had lived in his father's house, admitted that she had heard him say that 'the constitution of this country was very good, but that many abuses had crept in which required a thorough reform —that he was for a monarchy, under proper restrictions, and a parliament that knew what

they were about;—that a republican form was the best, but that a monarchy had been so long established in this country that it would be improper to alter it.'

Now is it for such opinions that men, gentlemen by birth, education, and station, or indeed any man bearing the proud name of Briton, ought to be imprisoned, browbeaten in the foulest language by barristers and the judges set to try them? The very lord-advocate called Muir, 'that unfortunate wretch at the bar,' 'that demon of mischief,' 'that pest of Scotland,' and the lord-justice clerk on the bench said: 'Let them pack off. A government in every country should be just like a corporation; and in this country it is made up of the landed interest, *which alone has a right to be represented;* as for the rabble who have nothing but personal property, what hold has the country on them? They may pack up all their property on their backs, and leave the country in the twinkling of an eye.' Is it, we ask, for such opinions, and at such brutal hands that honorable men are to be thus treated, condemned to transportation, and thrust into the hold of transport-vessels amongst common thieves and felons; and that an historian of the present day shall sneer at them, as undeserving the name of martyrs? The writer who does this, little understands the sacred task he has undertaken, or the spirit and knowledge which now animates the mass of the people of England. On the contrary, he ought to have told his readers what was the political condition of England at that period. That the constitution was in reality destroyed by the corrupt selfishness of government. That the popular portion of the constitution was wrested out of the popular hand, and sold to borough-mongers and monopolizing aristocrats. That the people were neglected, and left uneducated; and thus made, to a degree, passive under their sufferings and exactions; the hand of arbitrary power was stretched out with a brutal violence which now astonishes in the retrospect, to seize and crush the few patriotic spirits who dared to stand forth for the rights of the people. Government, venal judges, ignorant country justices, and hot high-fed clergy were then accustomed to lord it over the multitude with a reckless regard of law or humanity, which would now rouse the whole nation to a terrible state of indignation, were but an instance of it attempted. But it is to the political martyrs of the last age, that we, in a great measure, owe our present more enviable power of public opinion, the greater recognition of our inalienable rights, and we must not suffer the pen of the historic scribe to palter with the holy truth, and sneer away the honorable fame of even the humblest laborer in the great cause of political and social progress.

It may be thought that we have dealt somewhat severely with our author, when we state that after all, the portions of these volumes which contain these misrepresentations are 'few and far between.' That is true; but where great principles are concerned, and in a matter of such importance as the history of our own times, these cannot be too clearly enunciated, nor mystification of facts too earnestly set right. Moreover, these exceptions are few in these volumes, because the part which our own country plays in the drama of European action, so far as they extend, is comparatively small. The French revolution occupies far the greater portion of them. But as the author advances, this will no longer be the case. More and more, deeper and deeper, will England become implicated in the great strife, and we are therefore anxious to point out to the author the false basis on which he is building. He may make himself quite sure that it is not as he has begun, that the history of modern England is to be written. The rights of the people, their importance in the state, the factitious nature of ranks and titles and castes, all are daily becoming more truly understood, and justly appreciated; and he who will write for futurity, he who is conscientiously anxious to become a teacher of the young, must arouse himself to cast off old clinging prejudices, must look truth fully and fairly in the face, and must regard himself as writing not for this or that class, but for the nation, for whom government exists, and whose functions and deeds the general sentiment will more and more oblige it to respect, and move itself by. That public sentiment is rapidly growing into strength, because the people are better educated and better instructed in true Christian principles, and therefore more solemnly united in denouncing political profligacy, and demanding a closer conformity to the great doctrines of peace, justice, and humanity. The wretched conventionalisms which have enabled governments to represent *themselves* as the real sources of power and honor, and have taught them to wrap themselves in a proud mystery, are every day falling before the

progress of knowledge, and the writer who writes to influence his age must strive to be in advance of it, and measure public acts by the eternal standard of truth, as revealed to us in the luminous philosophy of Christ.

Before closing this article we will for a moment draw the attention of the reader to a rather curious coincidence. The French Revolution was ushered in by a fearful agency of the elements. The old corrupt and tyrannic fabric of the French government, which might have gone on for years still fostering the follies and vices of the court, and grinding the faces of the poor, was brought at once to an end for ever, by as awful and manifest an act of Providence as any which is recorded in the sacred writings. It was like another Egyptian plague, when the hail, mingled with fire, smote the crops of the field.

'On Sunday, the 13th of July, 1788, about nine in the morning, an awful darkness suddenly overspread a great portion of France. It was succeeded by a tempest unexampled in the temperate climes of Europe. Wind, rain, thunder, seemed to vie in fury; but hail was the principal instrument of devastation. The rich prospect of an early harvest was changed in an hour to the dreary appearance of universal winter. The ground was converted into a morass, the standing corn beaten into a quagmire, the vines and the fruit-trees were broken in pieces, and unmelted hail lay in heaps like rocks of solid ice. The forest trees were unable to withstand the violence of the tempest. The hail consisted of solid, angular lumps of ice, some of them weighing from eight to ten ounces. The country-people, beaten down in the fields on their way to church, and terrified by this concussion of the elements, concluded that the last day had arrived, and lay despairing, half suffocated amidst the water and mud, expecting the immediate dissolution of all things. A tract of sixty square leagues had not a single ear of corn or fruit of any kind left. The Isle of France, in which Paris is situated, and the Orleannois, suffered most; the damage done there amounting, on a moderate estimate, to eighty millions of livres, or between three and four millions sterling. Such a calamity, occurring amidst a general scarcity throughout Europe, and on the eve of a great political revolution, was peculiarly unfortunate: many families found it necessary to contract their expenses, and to discharge their servants, who were thus left destitute of bread; added to the public discontents and political dissensions, it produced such an effect on the people in general, that the nation seemed to have changed its character, and, instead of that levity by which it had ever been distinguished, a settled gloom seemed to cloud every face.

'This calamity was succeeded by a winter more severe than any that had been known for nearly a century past. All the efforts of benevolence, and the extensive charities of the clergy in particular, could not keep pace with the distress prevailing in the capital, where the immense mass of indigence was swelled by numbers of vagabonds and dissolute persons, without profession and without resources, who thronged thither from all parts of France, eager to join in any tumult, and to profit by any chances.

'Nobody took such advantage of these circumstances as the Duke of Orleans, whose extraordinary wealth enabled him to confer benefits equally extraordinary on the lower classes of the people. A thousand humane acts were related of him, all of which, however, were performed with a criminal design. By this means he nevertheless made himself the man of the people; and this prince, who shortly before was an object of general contempt, was now extolled to the skies, while others, who had done as much in proportion, nay, perhaps more, were scarcely mentioned.

'The time now approached for the election of deputies to the states-general. The whole nation was in motion, and in many provinces great agitation prevailed. Men of letters, advocates, tradesmen, assembled either to procure their own election, or to influence that of others: societies, called clubs, were formed, which served to develope the talent of public speaking, but which did infinite mischief. Count Mirabeau, who was rejected by the nobles, and who had displayed eminent ability in a suit with his wife at Aix, was elected a representative of the *tiers état*, whose idol he became. He inveighed with fulminating eloquence against the nobles and the aristocracy, whom he designated as persecutors of the people, and enemies to himself. His speeches re-echoed in the remotest corners of the kingdom, and every where awakened a desire to imitate him. Meanwhile the deputies of each estate arrived in the capital, with totally different views of their vocation, and many with diametrically opposite intentions. Some had before their eyes Spartan, others Roman, others, again, English or American institutions—in short, the revolution had arrived.'—vol. i. pp. 61, 62, 63.

Though we fear no revolution at hand in England, who does not here see a striking coincidence of circumstances? Who does not see in the wet season that we have had, and its effect on the crops all over Europe, and especially the singular disease which has shown itself in the potato, as it were the hand of Providence, visibly put forth to terminate the reluctant resistance of the aristocracy of this country to allow the people of England to import and eat cheap bread? While the struggle has been from year to year going on with the selfishness of the landlords, it has become more and more impressed on the public mind that it would

require some such manifestations to give a final blow to selfishness. People have said, let but a bad harvest come, and the opposition is at an end. The cry for bread will become the awful cry of a nation, which will startle the monopolists into an earnest terror. The artisan in the cellars of Manchester may get half enough, and crouch on a bag of shavings; the agricultural laborer may starve on his six shillings a week; the whole of Ireland may feed on potatoes, and nothing else; but let a real scarcity come, and the whole empire will then suffer, rich and poor, and gaunt famine will start up in such a shape, that the callous caste of landlords will shrink aghast, and let the floodgates of foreign plenty fly open. And here is the scarcity arrived, and in such a shape, and from such a quarter, as not even the deepest, and the most far-seeing of our political prophets ever for a moment dreamt of. Poor potato, the humble half-brother of corn, has become the unexpected agent of the mighty change. With the corn crop deficient all over Europe, and the plague in the potato, the rumor is gone forth, and grows daily, that ministers see that they must yield to the power of circumstances, and open the ports without delay. But once open, will the people of England permit them to shut them again? With the terrible chances that this one bad season have opened up before our eyes, are we to allow the same political machinery of injustice and starvation ever again to place us in the same or worse jeopardy? For the sake of the aristocratic rent-roll, for the luxury and the ostentation of the West-end world, shall we again see our laboring population starving, half-fed, half-clothed, cooped in Unions, or driven to the midnight woods on the deadly quest of game, at the muzzle of the gamekeepers' guns? Are we to run the risk of riot, insurrection, and general calamity, or of those fatal panics which spread atrophy and ruin through our commerce—when Providence has once sent us this emphatic warning, this dazzling hand-writing upon the wall? It is not to be believed—the ports once thrown open, must remain open.

But what is no little remarkable, is that not only the potato, but Ireland should be made the means of striking this salutary fear into the heart of government. Cobbett used to curse the potato, and say, that so far from being a blessing to Ireland, it was its greatest evil. That it enabled the Irish to live, to keep body and soul just together, and thus perpetuated the wretched condition of that country. That, had there been no potato there must long ago have been a famine, which would have compelled an instant change of policy towards that country. But Ireland and the potato bid fair to abolish the detestable corn-law. The potato crop might have failed in England, and things have gone on; but its failure in Ireland is the failure of every thing. That is the sole food and resource of eight millions of people. They are on the lowest step of existence; they can fall back no further. You might as well rob a man of his skin, as an Irishman of any thing, when his potatoes are gone. Thus things—the potato having failed in Ireland—come to a stand, and from that oppressed, and abused people, and the humble root of its maintenance, may probably come the deliverance of proud England from the greatest curse which ever befell it—the infamous corn-law.

From the North British Review.

RUSSIA UNDER NICHOLAS.

1. *Revelations of Russia; or, the Emperor Nicholas and his Empire in* 1844. By one who has seen and describes. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1844.
2. *The White Slave; or, the Russian Peasant Girl.* By the author of "Revelations of Russia." 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1845.
3. *Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas.* By the author of "Revelations of Russia;" "The White Slave." Vol. 1 and 2, 12mo. London, 1846.

A CENTURY and a half ago Russia was known to the rest of Europe as a barbarous country, without power or influence in the civilized world. It is now as barbarous as it was then, having, from its commerce with the polished communities of the south and west of Europe, imported only whatever there is profligate and corrupt in their manners and customs; but it has acquired so much power and influence, as to prove the most fatal enemy to that civilization which it pollutes by its contact. Without an army or a fleet, within one hundred and fifty years ago, we have seen her soldiers twice occupying the capital of France; we have heard competent judges express it as their

opinion that Portsmouth and Plymouth were at the mercy of her navy; and her capital is a seaport. Very little more ancient than the rise of Russian power, is the accession to the throne of the family which now occupies it. Modern as the importance is, of the country and of its rulers, it is remarkable how full of doubt, and how covered with darkness, is its more recent history, according to the admirers of its government and of those who preside over it. Men of all parties and of all countries, agree in painting the Russian empire, its emperor, and the various branches of its administration, as well as the dominant religion and its ministers, in any thing but flattering colors. Yet there are persons who — limiting themselves to doubting or denying what is unhesitatingly affirmed from so many different and often opposite quarters—would fain persuade the world of what they are not probably persuaded themselves, that no despotism is more innocent than that of Russia; that no government is more adapted to the country than the one that happily rules it; and that, above all men of past, present, or future time, the actual ruler of that country is the very perfection of an autocrat. If, in the following pages, it shall appear that we do not share in this opinion, not only after the most scrupulous examination of such authorities as are open to every one, but after having had access to peculiar sources of information on which we can fully and entirely rely, our readers will not feel surprised. We answer for the facts for which we can give no special authority, and we are sure, from all we have heard and know on the subject, that the same reliance may be placed on the statements of the author of the various works at the head of this article. As we are particularly desirous to lay before our readers rather the means of forming an opinion of their own, after having heard the case, than to impress them with the correctness of the opinions formed by other parties, we shall not bestow further praise on the works before us, but strongly recommend their perusal, as affording the most trustworthy evidence which it is possible to procure on the subject.

What is called the "civilization" and "greatness" of Russia, dates from Peter the First, miscalled "the Great." In about a century—from his accession to the throne, to the death of Catherine II.—the rapidity and extent of Russian conquests was prodigious. Under the reign of Peter I. Azof was wrested from Turkey, (to which it was only temporarily restored, as were some of the other provinces which we are going to mention, to their original States, but which are now all again under the sway of the autocrat,) Ingria, with parts of Livonia, Esthonia and Finland, conquered from Sweden; and Persia obliged to yield several provinces; under the Empress Anna vast dominions were conquered in Tartary; under Catherine II. the best part of Poland was seized, and the Crimea as well as a great part of the Kuban ceded by Turkey. We suppose our readers familiar with the main feature of the reign of Peter I., his energy, his cruelty and his vices, the whole of which had so much influence on the government of that sovereign, and on the effects of that government on the nation. And whether our readers are, or are not, familiar with the private character of Catherine, her infamy was so great that the pen refuses as much to dwell on it, as on the traits of ferocity of Peter I. That character affected, to a considerable extent, her conduct as a sovereign; and it is difficult, for instance, to form an idea of her profligate expenditure, without taking into account the vast sums which she unmercifully wrested from her oppressed and poor subjects, as well as from the unhappy inhabitants of the countries which she plundered and enslaved, to bestow them, with reckless prodigality, on her numerous paramours.* Without shame, as well as without religion, she paraded a prudish delicacy on solemn occasions, and had the hypocrisy of affecting that respect for the established creed of Russia, which it is more than doubtful that she really felt for deity.

She ascended the throne by first dethroning her husband, and then causing him to be murdered. It is not, therefore, surprising that she behaved like an unnatural mother to the supposed son of that marriage. We say *supposed;* for some doubt whether Paul I. was her son, or an illegitimate son of Elizabeth; others again think he was a supposititious child substituted for one stillborn. And even those who admit the ma-

* This woman wrote to Repnin, her ambassador at Warsaw, "I must impress on you to cause the armies now at your disposal in Poland, to act, setting aside all illusions of humanity. . . . You must not spare any of the inhabitants of this district, even if they should allege the quiet and retired lives they have been leading." In obedience to these orders, Suwarrow put to the sword 25,000 men, women, and children, at the storming of Warsaw.—Eastern Europe, i. 170.

ternity, do not hesitate in denying the paternity. During the life of his worse than step-mother, Paul was kept from court, his education was neglected, and he was, in every respect, the object of her malignity. The most detestable and despotic act of tyranny which the Empress exercised towards Paul was that of depriving him of the education and control over his children, whom she took from their parents to keep them herself the moment they were born. Alexander was thus brought up under her personal superintendence, with the view of appointing him her immediate successor, to the exclusion of her reputed son, his father. Tragical and barbarous as was the end of Peter III., that of Paul I. was still more horrible; the father was murdered by order, and with the sanction of, his wife; the son died by the hand of the friends of his own son, the late Emperor Alexander, who never avenged his death, and who is not unnaturally accused of having, if not ordered this foul deed,—at least of having become an accessory after the fact.

The character of Paul I. was that of a suspicious and capricious tyrant; and even granting that he was originally of a kind disposition, there is no doubt that he was guilty of the grossest acts of oppression and injustice, which seemed the effect of a deranged intellect. His absurd vanity in declaring himself Grand-Master of the Order of Malta — his childish ordonnances against round hats—the cruel punishments which he inflicted on those whom he suspected guilty of imaginary crimes—are facts which leave no doubt both of his folly and his tyranny. His caprices alarmed and kept every one in fear and suspense, and at last the most exalted personages, being those who were most exposed to his blows, began to think how to free themselves from such a tyrant. The governor of Petersburg, Count Pahlen, collected about him such agents as he deemed requisite for ensuring the success of his plans, without however admitting any one to his confidence. It is related that on one occasion Paul, seizing him suddenly by the arm, asked him earnestly whether he was in Petersburg in 1762—the year of the assassination of Peter III. his father—and what part he took in that business? "I was young, and I was only a witness of those events, not an actor in them," answered Pahlen. "There is a plot on foot to bring about a catastrophe like that," said Paul. "I know it," replied Pahlen, "and in order to be better informed of what is going on, I myself am a party to it." The calmness of Pahlen deceived the Emperor,* and the conspiracy was carried on in safety. Next to Pahlen, General Bennigsen was the most important conspirator. Born in Hanover,† Bennigsen served in the English army, and then in that of Russia, in which he distinguished himself and deserved the particular notice of Catherine, who bestowed on him substantial proofs of her satisfaction. Paul alienated him from the service and from Russia by his neglect and insults, and Bennigsen having obtained permission to retire, was on the point of returning to his native country, when he consented at Pahlen's instance to share the danger of the plot against the Emperor.

On the 23d of March, at a dinner given by Pahlen, at which Bennigsen and the other conspirators were present, several officers, on whom it was supposed confidence could be placed and whose spirits were elat-

* The detailed account of this conspiracy and murder, are taken from Thiers' History of the Consulate, who, among other sources of information, had access to the memoirs of an old French emigrant, a general officer in the Russian service, who heard all the particulars from Pahlen and Bennigsen themselves. These memoirs are now at Paris in the archives for Foreign Affairs, and the "singular hazard" that brought them to that repository, not related by M. Thiers, we happen to know to be the following:—On the death of their writer, the French emigrant, which took place about 1826, the ambassador of France in Russia easily obtained from the Imperial Government a consent to seizing all the papers of the deceased, who, as a stanch partisan of the Bourbons, was supposed to possess documents of importance to the family. With the rest of his papers his memoirs were seized and carried to France, where the expulsion of the Bourbons has rendered them accessible to M. Thiers.

† In that deplorable book, called the History of Russia, forming part of "the Cabinet Cyclopædia," Bennigsen is called "an Englishman." It is the more important to correct this mistake, as at one time the most unfounded calumny was spread that England was a party to the murder of Paul. It was alleged that as she gained so much by his death, the *cui bono* argument applied with particular force. Lord Whitworth, ambassador at Petersburg—who had been treated with great disrespect, not to use a stronger word, by Paul—was on terms of great intimacy with a sister of Zubow; and this added credibility to the calumny, to which still greater force would come if one of the principal actors were an Englishman. That English compilation is for pages and pages nothing but a bad translation of the "Histoire de Russie, par Esneaux et Chennechot;" the relation of the death of Paul is more particularly so; the only alteration being as to Bennigsen's country, who in the French is correctly called "Hanovérien," but who is made an Englishman by the translator.

ed with wine, were informed that the determination had been come to of forcing Paul to abdicate; that the state of his health, as well as the safety of the country required it; that this was the only way to prevent the destruction of numerous victims, whom in his sanguinary folly, Paul was going to sacrifice; that the Grand Duke Alexander, heir to the throne, saw himself the necessity of this violent step, and gave his consent to it. It was in fact true, that on the representation of Pahlen, the young Grand Duke had, after some reluctance, consented to the dethronement of his father, feeling persuaded that that was the only way of saving not merely the country but the whole imperial family from destruction, the suspicious and cruel despot having begun to think of violent measures against his own relations. The persons to whom this dangerous and momentous scheme was thus communicated admitted the necessity of its immediate execution, and for this purpose the conspirators sallied forth from the house of Pahlen in the dead of the night, and directed their steps to the palace Michel, in which the Emperor resided. They amounted to about sixty, and were divided into two parties, one directed by Pahlen, the other by Bennigsen. The palace was more like a fortress than a royal residence, so great was the mistrust of that unhappy monarch, and was guarded accordingly; but the high rank of the conspirators gained them an easy admission into it. Whilst Pahlen and his followers formed a corps of reserve, Bennigsen and those whom he led went to the apartment of the Emperor, and penetrated it, after having cut down a faithful attendant who endeavored to oppose them, and having forced another to fly crying out for help. The Emperor alarmed, threw himself from his bed, but could not retire for shelter to the apartment of the Empress, he, in his incessant fear, having barricaded the door that communicated with it. Paul concealed himself behind a screen, where he was discovered by Bennigsen, assisted by Platon Zubow, the last paramour of the Empress Catherine, whom Paul had at first basely flattered and loaded with presents, instead of inflicting on him the punishment which his enormous crimes richly deserved, but whom afterwards, without new cause, and after having implicitly forgiven his misdeeds, he deprived of all his offices, and treated with contumely. Bennigsen and Zubow, sword in hand, presented to the Emperor an act of abdication which they had prepared, and called upon him to sign it at once to save his life. Whilst the Emperor remonstrated, some of the conspirators were alarmed by the fear of a surprise, and at one moment Bennigsen alone continued to keep the Emperor in awe with the point of his sword. The alarm having proved groundless, the conspirators returned to press the Emperor, who, finding his remonstrances useless, seemed now to be inclined to defend himself. A scuffle followed, during which the night lamp was put out, and the room left in darkness. Bennigsen went for another light, and, on his return, he found the Emperor dying; one of the conspirators had broken his skull with the handle of a sword, another had put him out of suffering by strangling him with a scarf. The last part of this account, coming from Bennigsen himself, may be subject to reasonable doubts with respect to his personal conduct on that eventful occasion. The general opinion has been that he was the first, if not the only actual murderer of Paul, and Napoleon informed O'Meara that the Emperor Alexander had told him that such was the case. Bennigsen may have wished to make people believe that he had no share in the actual spilling of the blood of the monarch whom he meant only to dethrone.

This was, in fact, the extent to which the conspirators said they meant to go; and it was only so far and no farther, that they had promised Alexander that they would proceed. When this prince heard that he was Emperor, and when he learnt that to mount the throne he had to step on the body of his murdered parent, he is said to have given way to unfeigned grief and indignation at the catastrophe. Whatever his feelings may have been at the time, this is certain, that not only were the assassins of the father allowed to go unpunished, but that they continued to be high in the confidence and affection of the son. Bennigsen was restored to the service, and up to the moment of his death he received his salary of commander-in-chief of the army. If Alexander did really say to Napoleon that he employed Bennigsen because he could not help it, this is only another proof of the duplicity of his character.

Alexander's professions of liberality, justice and magnanimity, so ostentatiously put forth from the very moment of his accession to the throne, were shamefully belied by his acts, till he, as soon as it suited him best to show himself in his true colors, laid aside even the hypocritical appearance which he had assumed. One of his first acts on

mounting the throne was to abandon his Swedish and Danish allies, by signing alone a maritime convention with England; and, as soon as a treaty with France had been concluded, Alexander, following in the footsteps of his father, united Georgia to the Russian empire, protesting that this was done, not with interested views of aggrandizement, but merely out of regard for the security of the lives and property of the Georgians themselves. A new alliance, to which Prussia and Sweden, besides other powers, were parties, was subsequently entered into by Russia. After the battles of Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau and Friedland, the famous interviews of Tilsit, between Alexander, Napoleon, and, subsequently, the King of Prussia, took place. There Alexander, at first meeting Napoleon, exclaimed, "I hate the English as much as you do," and following up, with corresponding good faith, this first avowal, equally disgraceful whether true or false, Alexander concluded a separate treaty with Napoleon, by which the Russian Emperor obtained a district of Poland, containing more than 400,000 inhabitants, then belonging to Prussia. A few months only before that treaty, the Emperor had promised the King of Prussia that he would do his utmost to prevent him from losing a village by the war in which they were engaged. Besides this public treaty, containing other and more important stipulations, mostly at the expense of every one of the allies of Russia, who were thus basely deserted and betrayed, a secret treaty was concluded, to which the attention of our statesmen cannot be too often directed, as it shows to what an extent France and Russia are ready to assist each other in furthering their ambitious and rapacious schemes. The text of that treaty was for a long time kept secret; and as it is not even now generally known, we beg to give it in the note below.* Not satisfied with betraying his old allies, Alexander hastened to betray his new friend. It seems undoubted that it was by Russia that our Cabinet was informed of the stipulation respecting the Danish fleet, which led to its seizure by this country, in a manner which nothing but the peculiar and imperative circumstances of the case could justify. Sir Walter Scott informs us that, whilst, publicly, the seizure of the Danish fleet was proclaimed by Alexander a piratical act of banditti, his Imperial Majesty sent secret agents to our ministers to congratulate them on their success, and to assure them that, in spite of circumstances, the Autocrat was as much as ever attached to the cause of European independence.

As to Sweden, the conduct of Alexander, the brother-in-law of the king of that country, was still more unprincipled. No sooner had the Emperor of Russia made his arrangements with him of France, than he called upon his recent ally the King of Sweden, to acknowledge Napoleon's titles and strictly to enforce the continental blockade. The Swedish monarch having refused to comply with these demands, war was declared against him, rebellion and treason urged upon his troops and his subjects, bribery and corruption employed by the Russian minister, who resided at Stockholm, protected by that law of nations which he so perfidiously abused, to debauch the Swedish commanders and generals; by such means as these, Finland was united to the Russian dominions. Neither Alexander nor Buonaparte were, however, acting honestly towards each other, and, at last, the mortal combat began, which ended with the first invasion of France and the occupation of Paris. Although Alexander wished for the restoration of the Bourbons, he did not, even at the last moment, refuse to take into consideration the proposition of making terms with Napoleon. The Bourbons, however, were restored, and a Constitution given by them to France, chiefly, it is said, at the persuasion of the Emperor of Russia. At the Congress of Vienna, his insatiable greediness,

* Art. 1. Russia shall take possession of European Turkey, and extend her conquests in Asia as far as she may think proper. 2d. The Bourbons, and the House of Braganza, shall cease to reign over Spain and Portugal, and shall be succeeded by a prince of Napoleon's family. 3d. The temporal authority of the Pope shall cease, and the Roman States shall be incorporated with the kingdom of Italy. 4th. Russia binds herself to assist France with her fleet for the conquest of Gibraltar. 5th. The French shall take possession of the towns situated on the coast of Africa, such as Algiers, Tunis, &c., and, at the General Peace, all these conquests shall be given as indemnities to the Kings of Sardinia and Sicily. 6th. France shall have Malta, and no peace shall be concluded with England so long as she holds that Island. 7th. Egypt shall be occupied by France. 8th. The navigation of the Mediterranean shall be exclusively permitted to the Russians, the French, the Spaniards, and the Italians, but to no other nation. 9th. The Hanseatic towns shall be given, as indemnity, to Denmark, provided this Power consent to delivering up her fleet to France. 10th. Their Majesties the Emperors of France and of Russia promise to enter into a special convention, by which they will agree to prevent any nation from navigating any merchant ships, except if possessed of a proportionate number of men of war.

which had, even before that meeting had been called together, caused serious uneasiness to his allies, showed itself so undisguisedly and so violently, that England, Austria and France, were forced, for their own security, to enter into a secret alliance, which formed the subject of a separate treaty, signed in February 1815, at Vienna. This transaction would have remained for ever a secret, had not Louis XVIII. left the treaty at the Tuileries when he fled from it on the approach of Buonaparte, on the 19th of March of that same year. Napoleon, to conciliate the Emperor of Russia, communicated to him a copy of that document; but Alexander deemed Louis XVIII. likely to prove to Russia a less dangerous monarch of France than Napoleon. On the second invasion of France, Alexander opposed the partition of that monarchy, thinking, and not without reason, that France might on the whole, and in the course of events, be a useful ally to Russia, and a jealous rival, if not enemy, of England. Nor was he mistaken; for when Russia, not long after his death, made war on Turkey, France alone prevented the other Powers from interfering to protect that country from falling, at a future time, a prey to the unscrupulous ambition of her enemy, who was thus allowed to smooth the way for the execution of his ulterior plans. The subsequent conduct of the Autocrat towards the Poles,—the moment he found them determined to assert their right to that constitutional opposition without which no representative government can exist,—as well as towards Spain, Portugal, and the Italian States, which had endeavored to ameliorate their political condition, and so establish a free government, is too well known to need more than simply to be mentioned. He died with the pang of having discovered an extensive conspiracy against himself and the whole of his family, set on foot by his own subjects, in Russia itself.

Constantine, his next brother, ought to have succeeded him, according to the order of succession. But his marriage with a Polish lady, daughter of a private gentleman, named Grusinsky, afterwards created Princess Lowitz, was preceded by his solemn renunciation of the succession,* and by an ukase of the Emperor his brother, by which he declared that whatever member of the imperial family married a subject, lost the right to ascend the imperial throne. Russia and the world were saved from the scourge of a prince, who, as viceroy of Poland, showed, more than his eldest brother, the same savage caprice and tyrannical inclination of their father Paul. His chief delight was to play at soldiers; and he had certainly succeeded in making those of Poland the most perfect automata that ever were seen fashioned from human beings. His suspicious and wayward temper made him discover symptoms, which his insanity turned into proofs, of treasonable conspiracies, in the most innocent acts of the people. Without justice, as well as without mercy, the most cruel punishments were inflicted on the victims of this man's madness. The terror of his many-eyed police, which increased its own importance by the imaginary discoveries of imaginary crimes, had thrown the utmost distrust and alarm into every family. Yet, when the time came that injured and yet unavenged Poland made, once more, a noble effort to free herself from the iron yoke which force, treachery and the folly of her own children had imposed upon her, Constantine, vacillating and incapable of taking any resolution, either bold or noble, allowed the reins of the government to fall from his hands, through timidity; and having appealed to the generosity of that nation whom he had so cruelly oppressed, he obtained from their clemency that personal safety which he had hardly a right to expect, and which he had not, certainly, deserved at their hand.*

It was necessary to give some idea of the character of his predecessors and of their governments, before coming to speak of the government and character of the present Emperor, Nicholas, who succeeded to the place which Constantine refused to fill. The refusal of the one, and the ac-

* Constantine, in his letter to Alexander, dated the 14th of January, 1822, acknowledged that, "should he ever be invested with the high dignity to which he was called by his birth, he did not believe himself possessed of the talent, or energy, indispensable for the performance of its duties." He was, however, considered good enough by both his brothers to govern, with unlimited power, the kingdom of Poland.

* Constantine refused the throne for fear of being murdered. He died very suddenly, however, when he was hardly fifty-two years old, and his wife soon followed him. The Emperor Alexander's wife too died, a very few weeks after her husband. To return to the want of courage of Constantine, let us be well understood. He was fool-hardy and reckless, as many mad men are who do not perceive danger. He did not confront the danger which he saw, coolly and deliberately, knowing what he did, and why he did it; which constitutes true courage.

cession of the other, cost the lives of twenty thousand human beings! What a beginning of a reign!

During the last years of Alexander's life, several secret societies were formed in Russia, which reckoned among their number men of undoubted patriotism, enlightened views, philanthropic sentiments, high birth and splendid fortune. From their position, they were as aware of the renunciation of Constantine as they were acquainted with the haughty and harsh character of Nicholas. Constantine had lucid intervals, during which he occasionally indulged in fits of *bonhommie*, as it is called, like his father. But the harsh character of Nicholas never was known to relent, and has never relented since: there is no instance of his having once forgiven or forgotten an offence. He is a true despot.* This induced the conspirators to act with promptitude, and take advantage of the circumstance of Constantine's resignation of the crown. On the death of Alexander, Nicholas, though he must have known the arrangements made, and though the King of Prussia consented to the marriage of his daughter to him, on the express understanding that her husband was to succeed Alexander, was the first to take the oath of allegiance to Constantine, as Emperor, who was not only proclaimed as such, but was universally considered the autocrat, till the return of a courier from Warsaw, where he then was, who brought the confirmation of his determination to decline the crown. The conspirators then endeavored to persuade the poor ignorant soldiers that Nicholas usurped the throne of his brother, who had not really resigned the crown, and induced these poor victims to shout—"Constantine and Constitution!"—the latter, incredible as it may seem, being represented to them, and believed by them, to be Constantine's wife. The fidelity of some corps, influenced by Nicholas's friends, particularly the artillery, kept firm to his side by General Benkendorf, lately deceased, and who was ever since that day a great favorite with the Emperor, and his Minister of Police, and the cowardice of some of the chiefs of the conspiracy, secured the victory to Nicholas. The artillery mowed down the defenceless and deluded soldiers, who, from an excess of loyalty, and firmly convinced of standing by their lawful sovereign, had proclaimed Constantine.* Nicholas was thus seated on the throne. The punishment inflicted on the conspirators, some of whom, against the law of the country where punishment of death is said to be abolished, were executed, and so far more fortunate than those whose lives were spared, only for banishment to Siberia. With Nicholas the incarnation of despotism was seated on the throne. He personally governs, either in a direct manner or through the executors of his own individual will, the whole of his empire, and he alone is responsible, before God and man, for whatever good or evil befalls sixty millions of human beings under his sway, or is indirectly felt by the whole of the human race on whose happiness or unhappiness the absolute wielder of so enormous a power has too much influence.

On his accession to the throne, the Emperor Alexander, as his father Paul had done, on the same occasion, before him, seemed inclined to suppress the secret police, which had been so strongly organized under the name of "Secret Tribunal," or "Secret Chancery," under Catherine. But he soon gave that detestable institution more power than it ever had before. The

* "Le pouvoir que le Prince a de pardonner, exécuté avec sagesse, peut avoir d'admirables effets. Le principe du gouvernement despotique, qui ne pardonne pas, et à qui on ne pardonne jamais, le prive de ces avantages."—*Esprit des Lois*, Liv. vi. ch. 16.

* Miloradovitch, the Governor-General of St. Petersburg, the favorite veteran of the Russian army, one of the heroes of the "War of Liberation," was shot dead by Kahovsky on his riding up to the revolutionary soldiers to harangue them. They recollected that, some time previous, on a regiment having been driven to mutiny by the oppressive and tyrannical conduct of its Colonel, Miloradovitch induced the mutineers to lay down their arms, on promise of pardon and redress of grievances, and to follow him into the fortress situated on the Neva, opposite the winter palace. Not a man of that regiment was afterwards seen, and what became of them no one knows. The man capable of such conduct had, however, some kindness in him, it is said. On one occasion, a poor man who had a suit pending, complained to him that he should be ruined, as he could not bribe the judge. "If you can't bribe," said Miloradovitch, "you will certainly lose your suit." "How can I bribe," asked the unhappy suitor, "I have no money." "Nor have I," replied Miloradovitch, "but here is my cloak; go and sell it." He spoke German and French, after a fashion, and he did not belie the common saying, that the education of a Russian nobleman is skin-deep. One of his dialogues with the Grand-Duchess Helen, the wife of Michel, is well known. He called her attention to a striking view—"Voyez, madame, que c'est pittagogue!" "Pittoresque, vous poulez dire." "Ah! pittoresque et pittagogue c'est synagogue."

present Emperor has, however, increased it. In this country it is impossible to give an idea of the atrocities which such an institution can enable its villanous members to commit, even supposing its heads to be most willing and inclined to administer strict justice in the common affairs of life. In proportion as such police is strong, its officers are powerful, and their power consists in being able to do evil if they choose. To purchase their good will is, therefore, a matter of the highest importance for any one who wishes to live in peace and unmolested; and in proportion as the power of annoyance can be exercised with impunity, means of securing its good will must be employed.

An English gentleman married a lady of a German family which had been long settled in Petersburg, and went to live there himself. Soon after their marriage, the head of the police of the district paid them a visit, and made the politest bow to the husband, who asked his wife the meaning of such a call. "He wants twenty-five rubles," said the wife, "and you had better give them." "I shall do no such thing," answered the Englishman; and the police-officer made another bow, and went away. Two or three weeks afterwards, a policeman went to the gentleman's house, to request his immediate attendance at the police. It was two o'clock in the morning. The gentleman refused to go; so presently three policemen came, and threatened to break the door open if the gentleman did not make his appearance forthwith, which he was obliged to do. Not to be pinioned, he had to pay eighty copeks to the corporal of the squad. The night was bitterly cold, but that was a luxury compared with the foul atmosphere of the den full of drunken thieves and lowest vagabonds, into which the gentleman was ushered, to wait till six o'clock for the head of the police of the district (Nadzooratel), who, as his clerk said, had been obliged to go to his superior on important business, expressing his regret that the gentleman's delay in obeying the first summons was the cause of his having to wait now. At last the Nadzooratel made his appearance in his morning gown and slippers, and with great coolness, asked what procured him the pleasure of seeing Mr. —— at so early an hour. "Why did you send three soldiers to fetch me?" "Three soldiers! That officious blockhead," answered the man in power, pointing to his clerk or secretary, "never knows how to behave. I ordered him to let you know that I wanted to see you at your leisure, to ask whether you knew any thing of an Englishman who spells his name exactly like yours, and instead of doing as he was told, he sends for you at two o'clock in the morning!" The gentleman, in a passion, as one may well conceive, at the treatment he had received, and at the impudence of the official, talked big of his determination to complain to the ambassador, and seek redress. The wily police-officer, with great humility, begged his pardon over and over again, expressed his deep sorrow at the mistake caused by the stupidity of his clerk, and, with numberless bows and great civility, allowed the Englishman to return home. On his complaint, and after an investigation, the man in power was punished by being removed to another quarter. His successor went to pay a visit to our countryman, who at once gave him twenty-five rubles, and by feeing him at the proper time, and as is understood to be the custom, he never again was called up at two o'clock in the morning by the police.

The censorship of the press with respect to foreign books, and the granting of passports, are two of the most important branches of the police service, and two of the most fruitful sources of revenue to its officers. The law with respect to the importation of books is, that on books arriving at the frontiers the cases are examined to see what duty is to be paid. After this they are sealed and sent to the imperial censure office at St. Petersburg, from which the seals are returned to the custom-house which affixed them originally, with a certificate that the boxes No.—— addressed to ——— had been delivered intact to the office of the censure on such a day. Then the contents of the cases are examined by the censors, and such books as are prohibited are kept, whilst those to which there is no objection are delivered up to the owner. Such is the law: now for the practice. We must premise—and this is to be kept in mind not only with respect to the police, but with respect to all officers under the government in Russia, excepting, perhaps, the highest—that their salaries are utterly inadequate to their support. The government is perfectly aware of this; and, as Admiral Greig, our countryman, used to say, in Russia it is only necessary to live in the country to understand an ukase: its tenor is quite immaterial. An ukase for-

bidding the furious driving of the nobility in St. Petersburg meant, according to the gallant Admiral, that whereas the officers of police could not live on 600 rubles a-year —their regular pay—the government allowed them to tax as heavily as they found it requisite for their own support the noblemen of the capital, who, the government knew perfectly well, would not give up driving at a breakneck pace. The censors of the press are not better paid than the rest of the officials, and to make up a decent salary, some years ago they had recourse to the following arrangement, which we are not certain is still carried on, although we have a strong opinion on the subject. At the beginning of the year one or two of the principal booksellers were summoned before the chairman of the committee of censure, who informed them that according to an estimate the booksellers ought to provide between forty and fifty thousand rubles. The sum was privately raised by the trade among themselves, by a sort of duty put by them on the books which they imported. This arrangement being struck, the cases of books on their arrival at St. Petersburg were not taken to the censors at all; the seals only were sent to their office and returned by them in the regular way to the custom-house from which they came. Every book was therefore to be got in Russia, by paying of course for those which were prohibited a remunerating price, including the bribery tax on them. Woe to the poor wretch who for whatever reason tried to avoid payment of this black-mail; he was sure to be severely punished. A bookseller of the name of Dixon, a simple honest Englishman, imported a dozen or two of prohibited books without bribing the censors. He was arrested, his shop shut up, his business ruined, and he imprisoned and kept in durance for several months. As to prohibited books that travellers happen to have in their possession at the moment of entering Russia, they are taken from them, and ought to be returned to the owners on their leaving the empire. Yet the obstacles and difficulties thrown in the way of this restitution are so many that the books are generally left behind. The censors in whose hands they remain make it a practice to sell them to the booksellers; and just because the books were prohibited, 'handsome' prices were invariably set upon them.

As to passports, in order to understand what a means of vexation they can be, it is necessary to keep in mind that no one is exempted from being always furnished with a passport, *permis de séjour*, or other document, to be produced at any moment at the request of any police-officer, to prove that he has a right to be where he is. He who is not provided with proper papers is considered a vagabond—that is to say a felon —and liable to be imprisoned. As a correlative measure to the passport system, every house-proprietor is obliged to keep a register not only of all those who rent any part of his property, but of all the servants residing with each family in the house, under penalty of a fine of about 4s. for each day and each person unregistered and unreported. The houses in St. Petersburg being generally very large, and let out in portions to various parties, it may be easily conceived that the officers find plenty of cases in which the law has been broken and the parties have rendered themselves liable to be fined. They are not, however, fined, nor are they interfered with for some length of time; by which connivance the officers of police contrive to secure to themselves free quarters in the following manner. When a house-proprietor has become liable to pay for aggregate fines twenty or thirty pounds, he is pounced upon; but instead of enforcing payment, if he allows the officers to have rooms enough for their office and residence for six months or so *gratis*, the fine is not levied, and both parties gain by the arrangement.

Two or three years ago the Emperor published an ukase, ordering all Jews who did not possess landed property, (or more properly speaking, *immovable* property,) to be removed about twenty miles from the frontiers. This unheard-of piece of barbarous legislation was resorted to on the plea that these poor wretches were incorrigible smugglers, who baffled all the attempts of the custom-house-officers to enforce the revenue laws. It is superfluous to observe, that when such laws are, no matter for what reason, habitually and regularly evaded, the fault rests with the laws themselves, and the real remedy is to alter them. In this particular case Jews as well as Christians were smugglers, because the duties were so preposterous as to leave them ample profits, after having handsomely bribed the very officers who were to prevent smuggling, and who found it more profitable to assist the smugglers than to oppose them. The ukase was sent down to the Governor-General of Wilna, by whom it was trans-

mitted to the Civil Governor for execution. The latter called together the "Councillors" employed under him, and after having stated the sum which, in his opinion, might be squeezed out of the Jews who were affected by the ukase, put up its execution to the highest bidder among them. Having thus secured a handsome sum to himself, the Governor was not willing to dispute the right of the purchaser to farm out the business to the various officers of the district, each for his own dependencies, making, of course, a good profit on the prime cost. The Jews had then to pay for the retail price given, and a profit to the retailer. Those only were found to possess no immovable property who had been fleeced too heavily on former occasions to have any thing left for the present. Those, on the contrary, who were not utterly penniless, soon found out the means of proving, in a satisfactory manner, that one-fiftieth part of a wretched house belonged to them, and that they were not therefore liable to removal. It is no exaggeration to say, that the Russian hamlet of Georgenburg, on the Prussian frontier towards Tilsit, has no house with less than thirty proprietors!

With respect to passports, they are not only a source of revenue from Russians, and from those who travel in Russia, but they are so from those who wish to quit it. It is very well known, that no permission to travel out of Russia is granted to any native except noblemen, and that, on obtaining it, they are subject to a tax proportionate to their means, and to the more or less influence—to be secured by bribes—which they can exercise in high quarters With respect to foreigners living in Russia, and, to a certain extent, looked upon as a more lawful prey than mere temporary travellers, the actual difficulties to be removed by bribery are started at the moment of the delivery of the passport itself. A German, on the strength of a solemn promise received from the superintending officer of the passports, ordered horses to his carriage, and sent for the passport. The servant returned with the officer's compliments and regrets that the passport could not be had, as the Governor General had gone to the country, and had left none signed blank. The vexation and disappointment of the German were great; he thought the officer from whom he had obtained the promise too high-minded and too honorable to accept a bribe—he had not lived in Russia long enough then—and was just giving up the thought of starting, when a Russian lawyer happened to call upon him to wish him a pleasant journey. On hearing how the affair stood, the Russian told the German to be cheerful, for the passport would come immediately if he would just give him one hundred rubles to procure it with. The sum was given, the lawyer went to the passport office, and, in half an hour, returned with the wished-for document.

The drawers and accepters of bills of exchange to a considerable amount, had conspired to cheat certain parties, who had discounted the paper. A law-suit followed; and the officers of the tribunal summoned the discounters, at least once a week, before them, to assist in the inquiry. One of them had pressing business out of Russia to attend to; but, on the plea that his presence was necessary for the furtherance of justice, he was refused a passport. All his remonstrances were met by "you *must* stay." By some influence with the Governor-General, this person obtained an order on the Police office to deliver him a passport *immediately*. The order was presented at the proper place, when the holder of it was directed to call again in a day or two. In the interval an officer paid him a visit, and told him, without disguise, that one thousand rubles were expected of him for his passport. He pleaded the order of the Governor-General. "True," was the answer, "you have his Excellency's order—nothing better—but how could he know that your presence was absolutely necessary for the judicial inquiry in which you are concerned? He would not have given that order had he known the truth. Yet, one thousand rubles, to serve you, will remove the obstacle." The gentleman who wanted the passport interested the police-master of the metropolis in his favor, who went to inquire, and then returned, saying: "They are a pack of scoundrels, Sir; you can't have your passport without paying the thousand rubles which they ask." The sum was at last paid, and the passport delivered at once.

This anecdote shows what is to be expected in such a country, and under such a system of government, respecting the administration of justice. It is needless to say that it is bought and sold like every thing else, and that when corruption does not succeed in perverting justice—and it does wherever it is employed—force and violence are resort

perfect impunity, by those who know to what extent they may presume, either on the fear of others, or on their own power of bribery. Every one has his own price, and can be bribed in Russia—the Emperor with a province, and the poor wretched *employé* with a few kopecks. Admiral Greig, already mentioned, used to say, that in Russia, one needs but know three things, to whom to give, when to give, and how much to give. The father of the present Consul at Königsberg, Mr. Adelson, was an army contractor, and had a (very doubtful) claim on Russia and Prussia, arising out of transactions which occurred during the wars of 1812-15. Two hundred thousand rubles paid to the late Minister of Finance, Cancrine, secured a favorable decision and settlement of the claim as to Russia, in which Prussia was obliged to acquiesce; Cancrine going halves in this share of the spoil. Mr. Adelson abjured Judaism, and the office of Consul is now filled by the son of the rich contractor. Another Jew purchased at a sale by auction a valuable string of pearls, which had been pledged at the "Mont de Piété." The moment the contract was concluded, a lady, accompanied by an officer of justice, stepped into the auction room to claim the pearls as her property, stolen from her by a servant (slave). The purchaser objected to delivering them up, and it was finally agreed, that the pearls should be sealed up by the officer, but left in the hands of the purchaser, who gave a bond in writing, promising not to dispose of them before the result of an inquiry which was to be instituted on the subject. As this inquiry was never concluded, the Jew went to the officer who held his promise, bribed him to give it up, and, having obtained it, disposed of the pearls without further ceremony.

The knowledge that every one has of the difficulties, not to say impossibility, of forcing a dishonest debtor to pay his creditor, is the principal cause of the high rate of interest of money in Russia compared with England. Instances are not uncommon of accepters and drawers of bills, notoriously having ample means to discharge their obligations, baffling the holders of their bills for months, although by law they ought either to pay within three days or go to prison. But nobody needs go to prison in Russia, who has the means of bribing those who are to arrest him, and no prudent man gives credit or lends money, as a general rule, without charging in some shape or other what he knows he will have to sacrifice to obtain payment. This applies to all sorts of credits; and, in fact, the higher the rank of the debtor, the greater the sacrifice that is required to obtain a settlement of what he owes. In the case of the Emperor, for instance, the sacrifice to be made is to bribe those who are ordered to pay, but who know how to avoid compliance with such orders.

An Italian, possessing an original Carlo Dolce (we believe) of great merit, went to St. Petersburg to offer it to the Emperor Alexander, to whom, however, he found it impossible even to show it. By the advice of a German settled in Russia, and who knew the country, the Italian bribed the keeper of the garden of one of the country-houses at which the Emperor was staying, and his majesty's attention was called to the painting during one of his morning walks. Alexander was pleased with the picture, and ordered that its price should be paid to the owner. The price was 25,000 rubles. The Italian posted back to St. Petersburg, informed his German friend of his success, and begged of him to help him in getting every thing ready for his immediate departure, as he expected to receive his money on the next day. His German friend told him not to be in such a hurry, without telling him more The next day the Italian called at the proper office for a settlement. He was told, with the greatest affectation of deference and respect, that the order of his majesty should be attended to, but that such payments were always made on the first of every month, and at no other time, and that as it was now only the fourth of the present month, Mr. B. must call again in about four weeks. In vain did the Italian remonstrate against this delay; the "Aulic Councillor" with whom he had the honor to speak, told him with great politeness that it was impossible to make an exception from the general rule on the present occasion. The disconsolate Italian went to his German friend for advice, and the reader may imagine his grief on learning that without making a very handsome present to his excellency the aulic councillor, the money would not be forthcoming on the first of next month. The day came, the Italian presented himself to the polite aulic councillor, who told him most civilly, and with great sorrow, that unfortunately his Majesty, who had gone to the south of the empire a few hundred miles off, has inadvertently overdrawn his account, that in his absence

this unfortunate mistake could not be rectified, and that on the return of his Imperial Majesty, which would be in about two months at the utmost, Mr. B. should undoubtedly be paid. Mr. B. had again recourse to his German friend, who, meanwhile, knowing the people, had ascertained that his excellency the aulic councillor expected 20 per cent. for himself as a douceur for the trouble of paying the Italian. The German advised the unlucky creditor to accept the terms, or to make up his mind to be six months longer in Russia. Having by this time learnt to appreciate the German's advice, Mr. B. consented to the sacrifice. In addition to the 5000 rubles for his excellency the aulic councillor, the German councillor kept 1000 rubles more for his own commission, and within a few hours the Italian received 19,000 rubles, and, having got good bills, left Russia. This German had a relation on the exchange at St. Petersburg, who bought bills on Paris for the 19,000 rubles, and it is from him that we have heard all the particulars of this transaction. He did not tell us what was his commission for purchasing the aforesaid bills.

Prince G. had been in France, where he had bought wines for which he gave 20,000 francs in bills payable at Petersburg. The bills were sent to a Mr. D. to get cash, but when they became due they were *of course not* paid. The holder of the bills applied to an agent of the Prince, and entreated him to endeavor to get the bills paid; the agent offered 5000 rubles for the 20,000, which were declined, he, however, offering bills of the Prince, not at 25 but at 15 per cent of the amount. The creditors instructed their St. Petersburg agent to take legal proceedings against the Prince; which was done—he never answering summons, or taking any notice of the acts issued against him,—and in due time execution being granted against him, his furniture was seized, and he found on his return home officers in possession. He called on his servants (slaves) to turn the officers out, and after having threatened to make the head of them make his exit by a window, he himself threw him down stairs. The prince, who was a colonel in the guards, then removed all his furniture out of the jurisdiction of the court, which rendered a new proceeding necessary, and the creditors having had enough of Russian justice, rather than take any more steps in the matter, lost the 20,000 francs and the expenses already incurred, and gave up the affair as desperate.

With respect to the nobility, it is not always want of will, it is often want of power that prevents them from fulfilling their pecuniary engagements. Among the great families who have come to live at St. Petersburg, and who have been drawn or forced into the vortex of that court, there are few, indeed, whose fortune is not more or less injured. The worst that can befall to any of these patricians is to receive assistance from the Government; when that happens, the seed of destruction is implanted in their family. The old nobility observe with dread the decrease of their possessions, and the growth of the power of the Emperor, to whose usurpation of despotism they are far from reconciled; witness the very few of them that remained in Moscow (where they mostly reside,) at the time of the coronation of Nicholas. Every encouragement is held out by the Government to the ruin of patrician houses. St. Petersburg, to which, as we said, they are all, little by little, allured or forced, is sure to prove ruinous to people obliged to live in idleness, without solid education, or relish for sensible pursuits or occupations, and who squander in gambling and debauchery, to an unparalleled and almost incredible extent, not only their paternal fortunes, but whatever else some of them contrive to become possessed of, by extortion and downright robbery, with which they are familiar. The wealth of a Russian nobleman is computed by the number of souls, *i. e.*, male serfs, that he possesses. These serfs are, in fact, slaves to all intents and purposes. In order to undermine the power of the nobles, the Government, calculating with great tact and knowledge of the character of the people, grants money, on mortgage of the landed property and of the slaves thereunto belonging, at the rate of six per cent., of which five per cent. go to the lender, and the other, one per cent., is reserved as a sinking fund. The borrower is the more easily allured to borrow, as he rashly thinks he will be able to pay off his debt without almost perceiving it. But what invariably happens is, that no interest at all being paid, the interest is capitalized, and compound interest exacted. In a few years, the debt amounts to so large a sum as to make the borrower despair of being ever able to pay it. He has borrowed, at first, two hundred rubles on each soul (that is, *male* slave) on an estate;

hundred and fifty more on each, and then thinks no more of his debt or estate. The Government, within two years, have the power to foreclose the mortgage, and to declare the property forfeited to the Crown, and they get for three hundred and fifty rubles slaves worth five hundred rubles each.

The consequence of this system is, that out of forty-five millions of slaves which are in the Russian Empire, "twenty-three and four-fifths are the property of the landholders, and upwards of twenty-one and one-fifth appertain to the domain of the Emperor or Empress. . . . . And thus the sovereigns of Russia, whilst they have succeeded in disseminating abroad the opinion, that it is their mission to abolish servitude in their dominion, have been, and are still the chief slave proprietors in their empire."* In a country where the Emperor is the master of every thing, he is *a fortiori* the master of his own slaves; and, in these, he has ready agents to overcome whatever resistance might be opposed by the nobility, to whom the somewhat larger proportion of the slave population belongs. Then, in many respects, the Emperor's slave is better off than the slave of a private proprietor. "The fate of the private serfs," says the author just quoted, "differs as much as the character of as many masters. The vices, the personal inhumanity, the avarice, the necessities, the inattention or absenteeism of the lord, all operate upon the destiny of the slave,"—p. 54. "Practically, the private slave is life and limb at the disposal of his master, as completely as slaves ever have been in any country. He can be sold or hired out like a beast of burden. . . . . The master may remove one or all his peasants, for life, from one estate to another, though thousands of miles apart. . . . . No respect is paid to the feelings of the father, of the husband, of the daughter, or the wife; and there are no purposes, the most infamous, to which the slave is not always liable to be devoted, and frequently applied,"—pp. 58 and 59. In point of fact—and, speaking of the slaves as one would of cattle—only exactly as many slaves are kept in the villages as are sufficient to till the ground, and for this purpose the Russian nobleman renders old men and the women available. Young men, and a large proportion of the young women also, are sent to the towns and cities of the empire, where they must find employment as servants, the masters taking the lion's share of their wages. In St. Petersburg the case in general is, that fifty per cent. of the earnings of these poor slaves is levied by the masters, and sometimes they are even obliged to give three-fourths of their salary, in order to obtain the permission to remain in a comparatively comfortable situation. The master having the right to remove any slave to any part of his property, and there employ him at the most fatiguing or disgusting work, besides the power of sending him into the army at pleasure, can always dictate his own terms. With respect to the serfs of the imperial dominions, they labor under no uncertainty as to the future, as regards the change of proprietors. "They are not subject to be sold from one master to another, since the emperor, though constantly increasing their number by the forfeiture of the mortgaged estates of his nobility, very rarely parts with his slaves to another owner. The imperial serf is not either liable to the same privations which the private serf endures, nor to the same extent of capricious cruelty of which he is at times the victim. He can more readily obtain leave to move about the empire; and he enjoys some of the advantages of belonging to an extensive and wealthy proprietor—but then it is of an absentee proprietor, who has abandoned the administration of his overgrown estates to overseers and agents. The vast and corrupt body which administers this prodigious estate is sometimes guilty of incredible barbarity and injustice, and the imperial serfs are sometimes decimated by hunger as well as those belonging to private individuals. . . . . Though it is true that, in cases of famine, relief is always afforded from the imperial treasury to this population, the sums intended for that purpose seldom reach their destination. On the whole, however, it is incontestable that the average condition of the imperial is better than that of the private serf. . . . . Whenever,"—and this is a most serious drawback from the favorable side of the picture—"Whenever, by his industry and intelligence, a crown serf has succeeded in acquiring agricultural wealth, converting his hut and his patch of ground into flourishing farms, and having erected valuable buildings, after the lapse of a certain number of years he is suddenly transplanted for life to a distant government; in which case the property which he has collected, and which he must leave behind, falls to the use of the imperial domain. . . . . Among the

* Eastern Europe, pp. 49 and 44, vol. i.

higher authorities this is called taking the honey from the emperor's hives; and the author has heard this iniquitous proceeding extolled for its ingenuity."*

This is enough for our purpose; our author follows up the comparison between the lot of crown slaves and private slaves much further, but we have no room for more extracts; we cannot, however, proceed further without making some observations on the foregoing facts.

It is said, as an apology for despotism, and in praise of Nicholas, that the state of the Russian people is such as to render such a government necessary, and that Nicholas is the best sovereign for such a nation. We deny it; we say that the condition to which the Russians are brought, is the effect of the abominable government to which they have been subject since the time of Peter I. His efforts were directed to establish a despotism no doubt, but that despotism was intended as a means of civilization. Without a strong, or we ought rather to say an irresistible power in the government, it would have been impossible to overcome the obstacles which ignorance, prejudices and superstition, opposed to that sovereign's views. The nature of the man, as well as the means which he employed, were so cruel as to be indefensible—we grant, but the objects that he proposed to himself, and his education, may be pleaded in extenuation of his excesses. The sovereigns who succeeded him were sensualists and barbarians, under whom the nation retrograded. Catherine II. used all her talents for the gratification of her selfish and unscrupulous ends. Her foreign policy, and her successful robberies—among which that of Poland stands preeminent—were wonderfully favored at first by the imbecile government of Louis XV., and by our dissensions with America; still more, at a later period, by our war with all the maritime powers of Europe; and lastly, by the French Revolution. There was no branch of administration with which she did not, by fits and starts, interfere, nor one in which she made solid improvement. She corrupted her people, but did not civilize them: at her death the state was on the eve of bankruptcy, brought about by her adulteration of the coinage.

Alexander's reign was too much interfered with by foreign wars in its early years, when he seemed disposed to govern in a generous and noble spirit. In his later years we have already observed how despotic and tyrannical his conduct was, both against his own subjects and foreign nations. Nicholas succeeded him. What has he done to ameliorate the condition of his people? He cannot extirpate slavery, it is said; has he tried to fit his slaves for freedom, or has he not rather tried to curb all spirit of liberty and independence, and fit for slavery even those who were free? Has he not followed a designedly retrogressive policy? "Instruction was formerly forced upon the people; its nobility were, until recently, encouraged to travel abroad. The latter are now almost imprisoned in the empire. The Emperor Nicholas has, by ukase, prohibited the admission of the lower order from the elementary to the superior school; he has forbidden the establishment of temperance societies, and has branded the literary taste which his servants may exhibit, by classing it with insubordination and drunkenness—as a vicious tendency, on which it is the duty of their superiors to report. It appears to be now received, that at the present day more is to be dreaded than hoped for from the civilization of these masses, by whose enlightenment his predecessors thought to profit."* People so wickedly and so designedly brutalized, are only fit for slavery, no doubt; but then the crime of those who had it in their power to elevate them to a higher level in the scale of humanity, to ennoble their minds, to purify their inclinations, but who did all they could to degrade, to lower and to brutalize—is enormous, and never to be forgiven. And this is the crime of Nicholas. By his cruelties and persecutions, by his confiscations and rapaciousness, he has taught his subjects in general to consider, with great indifference, the taking of life and property. Had he at least set the example of respecting both, and had the crown slaves been made co-proprietors, under fair regulations, of the land with which they were transferred to the crown, then, indeed, would Nicholas have deserved the blessings of his countrymen, and the admiration of those foreign nations who are now unanimous in their detestation of his very name.

Had any improvement been fostered in the moral and intellectual condition of the Russians, an amelioration in their religious condition would have inevitably taken place,

* Eastern Europe, vol. i. pp. 63, 66.

* Eastern Europe, i. 47.

which would have, in turn, powerfully reacted on their social improvement. In this respect, Nicholas has re-enacted the horrible scenes of persecution of which we read in the early history of Christianity, and in the darkest pages of the accounts of the Spanish Inquisition. There is no torment, however atrocious, no subterfuge, however mean, no pretext, however unfair, that has not been employed to force, to decoy, to deceive Protestants, Jews and Catholics, into conforming to that most disgusting of all superstitions, called the Russian Church. At the same time, it is just to say that this Church is not persecuting: the persecution and intolerance comes all from the Emperor—not at all from the Church—and, what is still more disgusting, it does not proceed from honest conviction, but from his tyrannical disposition. "As regards the Russian clergy," says the author of the *Revelations of Russia*, (vol. i., p. 302,) "who are not allowed, in the remotest degree, to interfere in the government of the State, the present Emperor encourages the superstitious ceremonies which tend to increase the devotion of the population. .... A certain monastery, in the government of Minsk, boasted of possessing the very cross on which the Redeemer of the world was crucified, whereby this fortunate community had succeeded in accumulating untold treasures. The Emperor unceremoniously borrowed the greater part of their funds, and brought the cross with him (on a pious speculation), to be exposed in Moscow to the veneration of the faithful. This relic, when it had done duty in Moscow, was brought to St. Petersburg, and exposed in the Kasan Church, which was besieged day and night by an unceasing stream of devotees. But the piety of St. Petersburg differed in this respect from that of Moscow, that, though it prostrated itself in as humble adoration, and beat its breast with as much compunction and fervor, it did not open its purse-strings. Only some fifteen thousand pounds' worth of offerings repaid the Imperial ingenuity, whereas Moscow yielded ten times the amount. This took place about the beginning of 1842."

Nothing can be more odious than religious persecution from such a man. To say, that against Christian communities, whose brethren might remonstrate, this persecution is carried on in a sly, cunning, underhand sort of manner, is to say that it is Russian: to say, that against the defenceless and unpitied Jews, it is carried on openly, undisguisedly, in the manner most calculated to inculcate terror and spread consternation among the helpless, is likewise to say that it is Russian. The Russian conquests, from the time of Peter I., have extended over countries inhabited by a population of very dissonant religious creeds—Catholics, Protestants of all shades, Greco-Latin, and Moslems, with a small proportion of Jews, were added to the Empire, whose chief was the head of the Greek religion, professed by the great majority of his subjects. Religion has not been hitherto a bar to the admission to the highest offices, the Jewish creed excepted, in individual cases, nor is there any law obliging a man to belong to one rather than to another Church. There is, however, at this moment, a law which forbids, under the highest penalties—which are rigidly and infallibly enforced,—any man changing his religion, except to conform to the Established Greek Church. This law serves the purpose of all the laws or edicts which either heathen persecutors or Spanish inquisitors ever passed and enforced; it is used for persecution on wholesale, for the destruction of thousands and thousands, and for forcing millions to apostatize.

Not only are all manner of rewards held out to those who conform to the Establishment, but no means are considered *too base* to obtain this end. In speaking of another country, it would be proper to call these means illegal; but those who have lived in Russia, will unhesitatingly confirm the statement, that nobody would ever dream of appealing to the laws in a case in which the furtherance of even the most unjust or preposterous whim of the Autocrat is concerned. Woe to him who should dare to present even the humblest remonstrance! The superstition of the Russian Church being too gross for the peasants of Livonia or Esthonia, who are mostly Lutherans, the vilest stratagems are resorted to in order to bring them within the pale of that Church. A peasant is, for instance, desirous of marrying or of having his child baptized. Any spy of the Government—and these are not wanting—who learns this intention, informs of it a Russian priest, of whom hundreds were expressly sent to the Baltic provinces by the Government. This priest goes and offers to perform the rite on the spot—an offer too often thankfully accepted in a country thinly populated, and where the churches are situated far asunder. When

this fact has taken place, the married couple, the child as well as his parents, are at once considered members of the Greek Church, and the highest punishment is awarded on them if they *relapse* to their former creed. The Russian priests, above alluded to, who travelled about to entrap, by artful contrivances, the unwary and ignorant peasantry into the Russian Church, went so far as to raise up the peasantry against the masters. In January last, the nobility of Courland, Livonia and Esthonia sent a deputation to St. Petersburg, to remonstrate against such practices, which would infallibly endanger the tranquillity of the province. After having been kept for weeks waiting, ere they could obtain an audience, the utmost they could get was a promise from the Government that, for the next six months—now on the point of expiring,—the orders of the Government to their agents, in this respect, should be suspended.

The ukase ordering the removal of the Jews from the places of their birth, has been already noticed. It seems that Nicholas has a great aversion to the Jews:—

"Not only had he long since added to the restraints which the laws of his predecessors imposed upon them, confining them to certain towns, but he had refused all composition for the military service of their proportion of recruits; they were sent, chained, to their destination, and invariably employed on the most disagreeable service. In pursuance of this system they were mostly draughted into the navy, which is a recipient for all the refuse of the army."*

Instead of the anecdote related by our author after this short preface, we beg to substitute one, the authenticity of which is as undoubted as that of the other facts that we have advanced, and far more touching. In addition to the other hardships to which the Jews are subject, there is this, that, although forced into the army, and however brave and irreproachable their conduct, they cannot rise above the rank of serjeant. Upon a review of the fleet in September last, the Autocrat was particularly pleased with the manner in which the swimming was performed. He asked who had drilled the crews, and two men were pointed out to him as the persons who had, in that respect, brought the sailors to that state of perfection which he was pleased to admire. He had them called up to him, and promoted them, on the spot, to the rank of lieutenants. His Majesty, being informed by the Admiral that they were Jews, observed, "Why, of course, they will become good Greek Church men; will you not, my lads?" They bowed in silence, and asked permission to exhibit their dexterity before the Emperor. The permission being granted, they embraced each other, shouted, "Shma Israel," and plunged to rise no more.

But by far the most striking and appalling persecution is that which has been carried on against the Roman Catholics, and that section of the Greek Church in communion with them, either in respect to the number of the victims, or the savageness of the torments inflicted on them. We need only observe, that the Greek Church in communion with Rome is distinguished by the appellation of United Greek, or Greco-Latin Church, and that a large number of its followers inhabit the Polish provinces usurped by Russia; so that to the religious was added the political rancor of Nicholas towards these poor victims. In 1838, after various attempts and stratagems on a small scale, the Emperor caused a petition to be circulated among the United Greek clergy for signatures, requesting to be admitted into the Russian Church. No artifice—even to forgery—was considered too low, no threat, promise, or punishment either unbecoming, or too cruel, to obtain this end. On the petition receiving 1600 names, an ukase was published, declaring the incorporation of the Greco-Latin into the Russian Church—in other words, it became, from that moment, a capital crime for three millions of men, who were essentially Roman Catholics, to continue in communion with the Church of Rome, or to separate, in any manner whatever, from the Church which they were declared to have joined.

"The recusant pastors of the United Greeks were given over to the mercies of the inquisitorial police, and legally harassed, ruined, imprisoned, accused on political grounds, and eventually punished with the plitt and banished to Siberia. . . . Many hundreds of venerable men, for years beloved and respected in their parishes, are now with irons on their legs, half-shaven heads, and in coarse party-colored garments, chained two and two, pursuing their weary journey to Siberia, which occupies two years, some, every day, expiring on the road, unmoaned and unpitied. Not a few of these carry with them the germ of inevitable death, their frames being enfeebled

* Revelations of Russia, Vol. i. page 312.

and their constitutions broken by having undergone the cruel sentence of the plitt. The plitt is a sort of knout, and in experienced hands is no less formidable; and both are not, as it is vulgarly imagined, mere whips or scourges, but the most formidable instruments of torture and execution ever devised. By the plitt, as well as by the knout, the executioner can at every stroke tear out from the muscles on each side of the spine, pieces of flesh the size of a walnut. With a fiend-like dexterity, the little horny tongue of boiled leather, which is fastened on a brass or iron ring at the extremity of the heavy thong, is just so much softened, by dipping it in milk, as to enable it, after bruising the flesh, to draw out the piece by the power of suction, as we see school boys, with a piece of wet leather and a string, lift up a brick bat. A very few more strokes of the plitt than are required from the heavier knout, will suffice to inflict a mortal injury, or to take life on the spot."*

The monster who not only tolerates such atrocities, but orders them to be perpetrated, finds apologists in this country—is splendidly entertained by our nobility—is smiled upon by our beauties, who faint at the whining of a favorite dog accidentally trode upon—and is allowed to insult us with his ill gotten contribution to our subscription for the erection of a *national* monument to the conqueror of Trafalgar. What a humiliating contrast between the conduct of the English nobility, and the Roman populace! The Autocrat went about Rome uncheered and unmolested by the crowd, unnoticed and unwelcomed by the high classes; and the noble owner of a famous gallery, on being informed that Nicholas wished to see his collection, sent word as his answer, that twice a week, on such and such days, the gallery was open to the public.

The feeble remonstrances of the Pope, on his being informed of the treatment to which those were subject whom he was bound to protect, did not produce much effect. The contrast is curious between the humble one employed by Gregory XVI. toward the mighty despot, for such enormous atrocities, and the haughty, middle-age paraseology used by the same Pope in addressing the Regent of Spain, Espartero, who, with great forbearance, defended the civil power from the arrogant and treasonable interference of a disloyal clergy. At last, however, the treatment of the nuns of Minsk, now universally known all over Europe, and familiar to every person in its frightful details, roused the indignation even of the Pope, as it did that of all human beings to whose notice were brought the facts of that case. Out of fifty-eight defenceless and harmless women, forty-four died in the hands of the Russian authorities between 1837 and 1845, after such treatment as nothing but the most conclusive evidence would render credible. Of the fourteen that remained, eight had either had their eyes torn out, or their limbs broken, and of the other six only four had strength to attempt, and fortune to effect their escape. If any doubts could be entertained of the truth of the minute and circumstantial account of the sufferings of these women, the assurance which, as Lord Aberdeen stated in his place in Parliament, the Emperor gave to the Pope, that an inquiry would be instituted, goes far to remove them. When the *possibility* —and this is implied by the promise of an inquiry—of such transactions taking place is admitted, it is almost certain that they have come to pass some time or other, as it would otherwise be impossible to believe that they can ever take place. The denial of the Russian minister at Rome, drawn up with all the care of a special pleader, and the shrewdness of an Old Bailey practitioner, not meeting the charge on its broad feature, but attempting to carp at some of its minor and insignificant circumstances, is too poor a performance for so experienced a diplomate as M. Butenieff, to cause any hesitation, or in the least shake the confidence which the original statement commands.

The Papal indignation would, however, have lost much, if not all its spirit, had it been distilled by a cold Secretary of State in a diplomatic note. It was the good fortune of Gregory XVI. to have an opportunity of remonstrating in person, with the warmth which a generous heart gave a right

* Revelations of Russia, vol. i. p. 308. It is well known that it depends on the executioner either to kill in a few strokes of the knout, or to inflict comparatively little pain. Let the reader consider what a government that is in which the life of a human being depends on the good-will —to be purchased—of an executioner, or on his equally purchasa spite and malice. An English nobleman of high station, and accompanied by a Russian officer of rank, by order of the Emperor, saw, in a prison at Moscow, in which the executioner lives, a cut on the wall with the knout, given by the wretch to show his skill, tear off a piece of the brick on which it fell, and leave an incision of a triangular shape in its depth, much more than one inch long, and a quarter of an inch deep.

to an old pontiff to express, on the Emperor's visit to Rome, which was neither accidental nor without its consequences. As we have not seen either the cause or the effects of it stated, we beg to lay them before our readers.

The personal hatred of Nicholas for the King of the French, *Le Roi des barricades*, as he sneeringly nicknamed him, has been too undisguised not to be universally well known. When the marriage of the late Duke of Orleans to a Princess of Mecklenburg Schwerin, daughter of a sister of the Empress of Russia, was announced, Nicholas asked the minister of his brother-in-law—"*Est ce donc vrai que cette cochonerie doit avoir lieu?*" It was not for want of inclination on the part of Nicholas that an alliance was not formed to drive Louis Philippe from his throne. He insulted him on the reception of his letter on taking possession of the French crown.* He never once mentioned his name to the French ministers at his court—he sent a single chargé d'affaires to Paris—he did not permit his eldest son to visit France—he paraded the greatest interest and affection for the enemies of Louis Philippe—in fact, he did all in his power to show his dislike of that monarch. At that time his alliance with Prussia was most intimate. The liberal eccentricities of the Prussian king—his refusal to renew a cartel of extradition of deserters—his comparatively mild and tolerant government of the Polish provinces under his sceptre, alienated Nicholas from his brother-in-law.† Austria had always looked upon the conduct of Russia in the East with a suspicious eye, and there was no great intimacy between the two courts. As to our Cabinet, we might take part with Russia in Syria, to prevent her having all her own way; but her duplicity and underhand dealing in India, so well tracked and exposed by Lord Palmerston, could not make Nicholas sincerely attached to us, nor we to him. The advent of the Tories to power led him to hope for more favorable times; but Lord Aberdeen was too partially fond of Prince Metternich to allow himself to be influenced by Russian cajoleries. Nicholas had some hope that the alliance between England and France could not be very sincere with a Tory government, and not liking to be so insulated, came over to England to see whether there was any foundation for his suspicion. Finding his mistake, he turned to Austria once more, as the most despotic government of Europe, and urged the marriage of his daughter Olga, born in 1822—the most beautiful princess, and one of the most beautiful persons in Europe—to the Archduke Stephen, son of the Archduke John of Austria, to which he objected before, and went even so far as to dispense with the change of the Archduke from the Roman to the Russian Church.* Meanwhile his cruel persecution of the Roman Catholics having attracted the attention of Austria more particularly, Prince Metternich undertook to get the Emperor of Austria's consent to the match, leaving it to the Emperor of Russia to get the necessary dispensation from the Pope, to authorize a Roman Catholic Archduke to marry a Greco-Russian Princess. The sly minister saw the advantage that would come to the Pope from Nicholas having to sue for a favor at his hands. Nicholas went to Rome for the purpose, thinking he might conciliate the chief of that Church. The Pope felt his advantage, and made use of it in so powerful a manner, as to dismiss the autocrat from his presence, so affected, stung and utterly confounded by his reproaches that we know it as a fact, that on reaching the street, he was so bewildered as to walk away unconsciously from the carriage which was waiting for him, and into which he entered afterwards in a hurried and agitated manner. The dispensation was not refused, but neither was it granted—the marriage was broken off, and the Emperor of Russia was forced to hawk his handsome daughter about, and find her a husband in Wurtemberg.

It is in consequence of this disappointment—which was, in fact, what a high di-

* Not only did he not take any notice of the friendship and alliance earnestly tendered by Louis Philippe—not only was the answer more than haughty, and scarcely civil—but Nicholas refused to address Louis Philippe as *brother*, or to sign himself as such, according to the invariable custom among crowned heads.

† Still more recently, the old subserviency of the Prussian King, and of his government, to the Imperial wishes—the former docility in acting as his gaoler and executioner—have been revived, and are now the source of a renewed good understanding between those two despots The two nations continue to hate each other as cordially as ever. Whilst these sheets were going through the press, we read in the *Times* newspaper of the 11th July, that Wenda, of Cracow, who had served as lieutenant in what is called the rebel army, having taken refuge in Prussia, has been arrested and delivered up to the Russian government, who have transported him to Siberia.

plomate called it, *un soufflet reçu en présence de l'Europe*—that the Emperor of Russia is at this moment not only already reconciled with Louis Philippe, but anxious to enter into the strictest alliance with him. His change is what could be and what was expected from a son of Paul, from whom he has inherited much of the fretful and easily excited irritability by which that unhappy monarch was afflicted. But the change of Nicholas is not the effect of whim and caprice only: we look upon it as a grave and very important event in the political relations of the European powers. There is no doubt of his advances being received with great gratitude by the King of the French, whose people look upon Russia as their most natural and most powerful ally.* Russian armies, Russian ships, and even Russian intrigues, may be despised; but when united to French influence, French ambition, and French resources, they acquire the value imparted by a cipher to a nought which follows it. Now, as at the time of the Tilsit Treaty, the banks of the Rhine, Egypt, and Savoy would suit France, not less than Persia, Turkey, and India would Russia. May these be wild dreams! Do not ambition and other passions blind powerful monarchs, as well as men in a more humble sphere of life?

TRAVELLING LETTERS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

(Concluded.)

XIV.

A RAPID DIORAMA.

We are bound for Naples! And we cross the threshold of the Eternal City at yonder gate, the Gate of San Giovanni Laterano, where the two last objects that attract the notice of a departing visitor, and the two first objects that attract the notice of an arriving one, are a proud church and a decaying ruin—good emblems of Rome.

Our way lies over the Campagna, which looks more solemn on a bright blue day like this, than beneath a darker sky; the great extent of ruin being plainer to the eye: and the sunshine through the arches of the broken aqueducts, showing other broken arches shining through them in the melancholy distance. When we have traversed it, and look back from Albano, its dark undulating surface lies below us like a stagnant lake, or like a broad dull Lethe flowing round the walls of Rome, and separating it from all the world! How often have the Legions, in triumphant march, gone glittering across that purple waste, so silent and unpeopled now! How often has the train of captives looked, with sinking hearts, upon the distant city, and beheld its population pouring out, to hail the return of their conqueror! What riot, sensuality and murder, have run mad in the vast palaces, now heaps of brick and shattered marble! What glare of fires, and roar of popular tumult, and wail of pestilence and famine, have come sweeping over the wild plain where nothing is now heard but the wind, and where the solitary lizards gambol unmolested in the sun!

The train of Wine-carts going into Rome, each driven by a shaggy peasant reclining beneath a little gipsy-fashioned canopy of sheepskin, is ended now, and we go toiling up into a higher country where there are trees. The next day brings us on the Pontine Marshes, wearily flat and lonesome, and overgrown with brushwood, and swamped with water, but with a fine road made across them, shaded by a long, long avenue. Here and there, we pass a solitary guard-house; here and there, a hovel, deserted, and walled up. Some herdsmen loiter on the banks of the stream beside the road, and sometimes a flat-bottomed boat towed by a man, comes rippling idly along it. A horseman passes occasionally, carrying a long gun crosswise on the saddle before him, and attended by fierce dogs; but there is nothing else astir save the wind and the shadows, until we come in sight of Terracina.

How blue and bright the sea, rolling below the windows of the Inn so famous in robber stories! How picturesque the great crags and points of rock overhanging tomorrow's narrow road, where galley-slaves are working in the quarries above, and the sentinels who guard them lounge on the sea-shore! All night there is the murmur of the sea beneath the stars; and, in the morning, just at daybreak, the prospect

* Louis Philippe, in his letter announcing to Nicholas his accession to the throne, said—"C'est sur vous, Sire, que la France a surtout les veux. Elle aime à voir dans la Russie son allié le plus naturel et le plus puissant."

suddenly becoming expanded, as if by a miracle, reveals—in the far distance, across the Sea there !—Naples with its Islands, and Vesuvius spouting fire. Within a quarter of an hour, the whole is gone as if it were a vision in the clouds, and there is nothing but the sea and sky.

The Neapolitan Frontier crossed, after two hours' travelling; and the hungriest of soldiers and custom-house officers with difficulty appeased; we enter, by a gateless portal, into the first Neapolitan town—Fondi. Take note of Fondi, in the name of all that is wretched and beggarly.

A filthy channel of mud and refuse, meanders down the centre of the miserable street: fed by obscene rivulets that trickle from the abject houses There is not a door, a window, or a shutter; not a roof, a wall, a post, or a pillar, in all Fondi, but is decayed, and crazy, and rotting away. The wretched history of the town, with all its sieges and pillages, by Barbarossa and the rest, might have been acted last year. How the gaunt dogs that sneak about the miserable street, come to be alive, and undevoured by the people, is one of the enigmas of the world.

A hollow-cheeked and scowling people they are! All beggars; but that's nothing. Look at them as they gather round. Some are too indolent to come down stairs, or are too wisely mistrustful of the stairs, perhaps, to venture; so stretch out their lean hands from upper windows and howl; others come flocking about us, fighting and jostling one another, and demanding, incessantly, charity for the love of God, charity for the love of the Blessed Virgin, charity for the love of all the Saints. A group of miserable children, almost naked, screaming forth the same petition, discover that they can see themselves reflected in the varnish of the carriage, and begin to dance and make grimaces, that they may have the pleasure of seeing their antics repeated in this mirror. A crippled idiot, in the act of striking one of them who drowns his clamorous demand for charity, observes his angry counterpart in the panel, stops short, and thrusting out his tongue, begins to wag his head and chatter. The shrill cry raised at this, awakens half a dozen wild creatures wrapped in frowsy brown cloaks, who are lying on the church steps with pots and pans for sale. These, scrambling up, approach, and beg defiantly. "I am hungry. Give me something. Listen to me, Signor. I am hungry!" Then, a ghastly old woman, fearful of being too late, comes hobbling down the street, stretching out one hand, and scratching herself all the way with the other, and screaming, long before she can be heard, "Charity, charity! I'll go and pray for you directly, beautiful lady, if you'll give me charity!" Lastly, the members of a brotherhood for burying the dead: hideously masked, and attired in shabby black robes, white at the skirts, with the splashes of many muddy winters: escorted by a dirty priest, and a congenial Cross-Bearer: come hurrying past. Surrounded by this motley concourse, we move out of Fondi: bad bright eyes glaring at us, out of the darkness of every crazy tenement, like glistening fragments of its filth and putrefaction.

A noble mountain-pass, with the ruins of a fort on a strong eminence, traditionally called the Fort of Fra Diavolo; the old town of Itri, like a device in pastry, built up almost perpendicularly, on a hill, and approached by long steep flights of steps; beautiful Mola di Gaëta, whose wines, like those of Albano, have degenerated since the days of Horace, or his taste for wine was bad: which is not likely of one who enjoyed it so much, and extolled it so well; another night upon the road at St. Agata; a rest next day at Capua, which is picturesque, but hardly so seductive to a traveller now, as the soldiers of Prætorian Rome were wont to find the ancient city of that name; a flat road among vines festooned and looped from tree to tree; and Mount Vesuvius close at hand at last!—its cone and summit whitened with snow; and its smoke hanging over it, in the heavy atmosphere of the day, like a dense cloud. So we go, rattling down hill into Naples.

A funeral is coming up the street, towards us. The body, on an open bier, borne on a kind of palanquin, covered with a gay cloth of crimson and gold. The mourners, in white gowns and masks. If there be death abroad life is well represented too; for all Naples would seem to be out of doors, and tearing to and fro in carriages. Some of these, the common Vetturino vehicles, are drawn by three horses abreast, decked with smart trappings and great abundance of brazen ornament, and always going very fast. Not that their loads are light; for the smallest of them has at least six people inside, four in front, four or five more hanging on behind, and two or three more in a net or bag below the axle-tree, where they lie half-suffocated with mud

and dust. Exhibitors of Punch, buffo singers with guitars, reciters of poetry, reciters of stories, a row of cheap exhibitions with clowns and showmen, drums and trumpets, painted cloths, representing the wonders within, and admiring crowds assembled without, assist the whirl and bustle. Ragged lazzaroni lie asleep in doorways, archways, and kennels; the gentry, gaily dressed, are dashing up and down in carriages on the Chiaja, or walking in the Public Gardens; and quiet letter-writers, perched behind their little desks and inkstands under the Portico of the Great Theatre of San Carlo, in the public street, are waiting for clients.

Here is a Galley-slave in chains, who wants a letter written to a friend. He approaches a clerkly-looking man, sitting under the corner arch, and makes his bargain. He has obtained permission of the Sentinel who guards him: who stands near, leaning against the wall and cracking nuts. The Galley-slave dictates in the ear of the letter-writer, what he desires to say; and as he can't read writing, looks intently in his face, to read there whether he sets down faithfully what he is told. After a time, the Galley-slave becomes discursive—incoherent. The Secretary pauses and rubs his chin. The Galley-slave is voluble and energetic. The Secretary, at length, catches the idea, and with the air of a man who knows how to word it, sets it down; stopping, now and then, to glance back at his text admiringly. The Galley-slave is silent. The Soldier stoically cracks his nuts. Is there any thing more to say? inquires the letter-writer. No more. Then listen, friend of mine. He reads it through. The Galley-slave is quite enchanted. It is folded, and addressed, and given to him, and he pays the fee. The Secretary falls back indolently in his chair, and takes a book. The Galley-slave gathers up an empty sack. The Sentinel throws away a handful of nut-shells, shoulders his musket, and away they go together.

Why do the beggars rap their chins constantly, with their right hands, when you look at them? Every thing is done in pantomime in Naples, and that is the conventional sign for hunger. A man who is quarrelling with another, yonder, lays the palm of his right hand on the back of his left, and shakes the two thumbs—expressive of a donkey's ears—whereat his adversary is goaded to desperation. Two people bargaining for fish, the buyer empties an imaginary waistcoat pocket when he is told the price, and walks away without a word: having thoroughly conveyed to the seller that he considers it too dear. Two people in carriages, meeting, one touches his lips, twice or thrice, holds up the five fingers of his right hand, and gives a horizontal cut in the air with the palm. The other nods briskly and goes his way. He has been invited to a friendly dinner at half-past five o'clock, and will certainly come.

All over Italy, a peculiar shake of the right hand from the wrist, with the forefinger stretched out, expresses a negative—the only negative beggars will ever understand. But, in Naples, those five fingers are a copious language.

All this, and every other kind of out-door life and stir, and maccaroni-eating at sunset, and flower-selling all day long, and begging and stealing every where and at all hours, you see upon the bright sea-shore, where the waves of the Bay sparkle merrily. But, lovers and hunters of the picturesque, let us not keep too studiously out of view, the miserable depravity, degradation, and wretchedness, with which this gay Neapolitan life is inseparably associated! It is not well to find Saint Giles's so repulsive, and the Porta Capuana so attractive. A pair of naked legs and a ragged red scarf, do not make *all* the difference between what is interesting and what is coarse and odious! Painting and poetizing for ever, if you will, the beauties of this most beautiful and lovely spot of earth, let us, as our duty, try to associate a new picturesque with some faint recognition of man's destiny and capabilities; more hopeful, I believe, among the ice and snow of the North Pole, than in the sun and bloom of Naples.

Capri—once made odious by the deified beast Tiberius—Ischia Procida, and the thousand distant beauties of the Bay, lie in the blue sea yonder, changing in the mist and sunshine twenty times a-day; now close at hand, now far off, now unseen. The fairest country in the world, is spread about us. Whether we turn towards the Miseno shore of the splendid watery amphitheatre, and go by the Grotto of Posilipo to the Grotto del Cane and away to Baiæ: or take the other way, towards Vesuvius and Sorrento, it is one succession of delights. In the last-named direction, where, over doors and archways, there are countless little images of San Gennaro, with his Canute's hand stretched out, to check the fury of the Burning Mountain, we are car-

ried pleasantly, by a railroad on the beautiful Sea Beach, past the town of Torre del Greco, built upon the ashes of the former town destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, within a hundred years; and past the flat-roofed houses, granaries, and maccaroni manufactories; to Castel-a-mare, with its ruined castle, now inhabited by fishermen, standing in the sea upon a heap of rocks. Here, the railroad terminates; but, hence we may ride on, by an unbroken succession of enchanting bays, and beautiful scenery, sloping from the highest summit of Saint Angelo, the highest neighboring mountain, down to the water's edge—among vineyards, olive trees, gardens of oranges and lemons, orchards, heaped up rocks, green gorges in the hills—and by the bases of snow-covered heights, and through small towns with handsome, dark-haired women at the doors—and past delicious summer villas—to Sorrento, where the Poet Tasso drew his inspiration from the beauty surrounding him. Returning we may climb the heights above Castel-a-mare and looking down among the boughs and leaves, see the crisp water glistening in the sun; and clusters of white houses in distant Naples, dwindling, in the great extent of prospect, down to dice. The coming back to the city, by the beach, again, at sunset, with the glowing sea on one side, and the darkening mountain, with its smoke and flame, upon the other: is a sublime conclusion to the glory of the day.

That church by the Porta Capuana—near the old fishermarket, in the dirtiest quarter of dirty Naples, where the revolt of Massaniello began—is memorable for having been the scene of one of his earliest proclamations to the people, and is particularly remarkable for nothing else, unless it be its waxen and bejewelled Saint in a glass case, with two odd hands; or the enormous number of beggars who are constantly rapping their chins there, like a battery of castanets. The cathedral with the beautiful door, and the columns of African and Egyptian granite that once ornamented the temple of Apollo, contains the famous sacred blood of San Gennaro or Januarius: which is preserved in two phials in a silver tabernacle, and miraculously liquefies three times a year, to the great admiration of the people. At the same moment, the stone (distant some miles) where the Saint suffered martyrdom, becomes faintly red. It is said that the officiating priests turn faintly red also, sometimes, when these miracles occur.

The old, old men who live in hovels at the entrance of these ancient catacombs, and who, in their age and infirmity, seem waiting here to be buried themselves, are members of a curious body, called the Royal Hospital, who are the official attendants at funerals. Two of these old spectres totter away, with lighted tapers, to show the caverns of death—as unconcerned as if they were immortal. They were used as burying-places for three hundred years; and, in one part, is a large pit full of skulls and bones, said to be the sad remains of a great mortality occasioned by a plague. In the rest, there is nothing but dust. They consist chiefly of great wide corridors and labyrinths, hewn out of the rock. At the end of some of these long passages, are unexpected glimpses of the daylight, shining down from above. It looks as ghastly and as strange: among the torches, and the dust, and the dark vaults: as if it, too, were dead and buried.

The present burial-place lies out yonder, on a hill between the city and Vesuvius. The old Campo Santo with its three hundred and sixty-five pits, is only used for those who die in hospitals and prisons, and are unclaimed by their friends. The graceful new cemetery, at no great distance from it, though yet unfinished, has already many graves among its shrubs and flowers, and airy colonnades. It might be reasonably objected elsewhere, that some of the tombs are meretricious and too fanciful; but the general brightness seems to justify it here; and Mount Vesuvius, separated from them by a lovely slope of ground, exalts and saddens the scene.

If it be solemn to behold, from this new City of the Dead, with its dark smoke hanging in the clear sky, how much more awful and impressive is it, viewed from the ghostly ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii!

Stand at the bottom of the great market-place of Pompeii, and look up the silent streets through the ruined temples of Jupiter and Isis, over the broken houses with their inmost sanctuaries open to the day, away to Mount Vesuvius, bright and snowy in the peaceful distance; and lose all count of time, and heed of other things, in the strange and melancholy sensation of seeing the Destroyed and the Destroyer making this quiet picture in the sun. Then, ramble on, and see, at every turn, the little familiar tokens of human habitation and every-day pursuits; the

chafing of the bucket-rope in the stone rim of the exhausted well; the track of carriage-wheels in the pavement of the street; the marks of drinking-vessels on the stone counter of the wineshop; the Amphoræ in private cellars, stored away so many hundred years ago, and undisturbed to this hour—all rendering the solitude and deadly lonesomeness of the place ten thousand times more solemn, than if the volcano, in its fury, had swept the city from the earth, and sunk it in the bottom of the sea.

After it was shaken by the earthquake which preceded the eruption, workmen were enployed in shaping out, in stone, new ornaments for temples and other buildings that had suffered. Here lies their work, outside the city gate, as if they would return to-morrow.

In the cellar of Diomede's house, where certain skeletons were found huddled together, close to the door, the impression of their bodies on the ashes, hardened with the ashes, and became stamped and fixed there, after they had shrunk inside, to scanty bones. So, in the theatre of Herculaneum, a comic mask, floating on the stream when it was hot and liquid, stamped its mimic features in it as it hardened into stone; and now, it turns upon the stranger the fantastic look it turned upon the audiences in that same Theatre, two thousand years ago.

Next to the wonder of going up and down the streets, and in and out of the houses, and traversing the secret chambers of the temples of a religion that has vanished from the earth, and finding so many fresh traces of remote antiquity: as if the course of Time had been stopped after this desolation, and there had been no nights and days, months, years, and centuries, since: nothing is more impressive and terrible than the many evidences of the searching nature of the ashes, as bespeaking their irresistible power, and the impossibility of escaping them. In the winecellars, they forced their way into the earthen vessels: displacing the wine and choking them, to the brim, with dust. In the tombs, they forced the ashes of the dead from the funeral urns, and rained new ruin even into them. The mouths and eyes, and skulls of all the skeletons, were stuffed with this terrible hail. In Herculaneum, where the flood was of a different and a heavier kind, it rolled in like a sea. Imagine a deluge of water turned to marble, at its height—and that is what is called "the lava" here.

Some workmen were digging the gloomy well on the brink of which we now stand, looking down, when they came on some of the stone benches of the Theatre—those steps (for such they seem) at the bottom of the excavation—and found the buried city of Herculaneum. Presently going down, with lighted torches, we are perplexed by great walls of monstrous thickness, rising up between the benches, shutting out the stage, obtruding their shapeless forms in absurd places, confusing the whole plan, and making it a disordered dream. We cannot, at first, believe, or picture to ourselves, that This came rolling in, and drowned the city; and that all that is not here, has been cut away, by the axe, like solid stone. But this perceived and understood, the horror and oppression of its presence are indescribable.

Many of the paintings on the walls in the roofless chambers of both cities, or carefully removed to the museum of Naples, are as fresh and plain, as if they had been executed yesterday. Here, are subjects of still life, as provisions, dead game, bottles, glasses, and the like; familiar classical stories, or mythological fables, always forcibly and plainly told; conceits of Cupids, quarrelling, sporting, working at trades; theatrical rehearsals; poets reading their productions to their friends; inscriptions chalked upon the walls; political squibs, advertisements, rough drawings by schoolboys; everything to people and restore the ancient cities in the fancy of their wondering visitor. Furniture, too, you see, of every kind—lamps, tables, couches; vessels for eating, drinking, and cooking; workmen's tools, surgical instruments, tickets for the theatre, pieces of money, personal ornaments, bunches of keys found clenched in the grasp of skéletons, helmets of guards and warriors; little household bells, yet musical with their old domestic tones.

The least among these objects, lends its aid to swell the interest of Vesuvius, and invest it with a perfect fascination. The looking, from either ruined city, into the neighboring grounds overgrown with beautiful vines and luxuriant trees; and remembering that house upon house, temple on temple, building after building, and street after street, are still lying underneath the roots of all the quiet cultivation, waiting to be turned up to the light of day; is something so wonderful, so full of mystery, so captivating to the imagination, that one would think it would be paramount, and yield to

nothing else. To nothing but Vesuvius: but the mountain is the genius of the scene. From every indication of the ruin it has worked, we look, again, with an absorbing interest, to where its smoke is rising up into the sky. It is beyond us, as we thread the ruined streets; above us, as we stand upon the ruined walls; we follow it through every vista of broken columns, as, we wander through the empty courtyards of the houses; and through the garlandings and interlacings of every wanton vine. Turning away to Pæstum yonder, to see, the awful structures built, the least aged of them, hundreds of years before the birth of Christ, and standing yet, erect in lonely majesty, upon the wild, malaria-blighted plain—we watch Vesuvius as it disappears from the prospect, and watch for it again, on our return, with the same thrill of interest: as the doom and destiny of all this beautiful country, biding its terrible time.

It is very warm in the sun, on this early spring-day, when we return from Pæstum, but very cold in the shade: insomuch that although we may lunch, pleasantly, at noon, in the open air, by the gate of Pompeii, the neighboring rivulet supplies thick ice for our wine. But, the sun is shining brightly; there is not a cloud or speck of vapor in the whole blue sky, looking down upon the bay of Naples; and the moon will be at the full to-night. No matter that the snow and ice lie thick upon the summit of Vesuvius, or that we have been on foot all day at Pompeii, or that croakers maintain that strangers should not be on the mountain by night, in such an unusual season. Let us take advantage of the fine weather; make the best of our way to Resina, the little village at the foot of the mountain; prepare ourselves, as well as we can, on so short a notice, at the Guide's house; ascend at once, and have sunset half-way up, moonlight at the top, and midnight to come down in!

At four o'clock in the afternoon there is a terrible uproar in the little stable-yard of Signior Salvatore, the recognized head-guide with the gold band round his cap; and thirty under-guides, who are all scuffling and screaming at once, are preparing half a dozen saddled ponies, three litters, and some stout staves, for the journey. Every one of the thirty quarrels with the other twenty-nine, and frightens the six ponies; and as much of the village as can possibly squeeze itself into the little stable-yard, participates in the tumult, and gets trodden on by the cattle.

After much violent skirmishing, and more noise than would suffice for the storming of Naples, the procession starts. The head guide, who is liberally paid for all the attendants, rides a little in advance of the party; the other thirty guides proceed on foot. Eight go forward with the litters that are to be used by and by; and the remaining two-and-twenty beg.

We ascend, gradually, by stony lanes like rough broad flights of stairs, for some time. At length we leave these, and the vineyards on either side of them, and emerge upon a bleak bare region where the lava lies confusedly, in enormous rusty masses: as if the earth had been ploughed up by burning thunderbolts. And now, we halt to see the sun set. The change that falls upon the dreary region, and on the whole mountain, as its red light fades, and the night comes on, and the unutterable solemnity and dreariness that reign around, who that has witnessed it, can ever forget!

It is dark, when after winding, for some time, over the broken ground, we arrive at the foot of the cone: which is extremely steep, and seems to rise, almost perpendicularly, from the spot where we dismount. The only light is reflected from the snow, deep, hard, and white, with which the cone is covered. It is now intensely cold, and the air is piercing. The thirty-one have brought no torches, knowing that the moon will rise before we reach the top. Two of the litters are devoted to the two ladies; the third, to a rather heavy gentleman from Naples, whose hospitality and good-nature have attached him to the expedition, and determined him to assist in doing the honors of the mountain. The rather heavy gentleman is carried by fifteen men; each of the ladies by half a dozen. We who walk, make the best use of our staves; and so the whole party begin to labor upward over the snow—as if they were toiling to the summit of an antediluvian Twelfth-cake.

We are a long time toiling up; and the head guide looks oddly about him when one of the company—not an Italian, though an habitué of the mountain for many years: whom we will call, for our present purpose, Mr. Pickle of Portici—suggests that, as it is freezing hard, and the usual footing of ashes is covered by the snow and ice, it will surely be difficult to descend. But the sight of the litters above, tilting up and

down, and jerking from this side to that, as the bearers continually slip and stumble, diverts our attention: more especially as the whole length of the rather heavy gentleman is, at that moment, presented to us alarmingly foreshortened, with his head downwards.

The rising of the moon soon afterwards revives the flagging spirits of the Bearers. Stimulating each other with their usual watchword, "Courage, friend! It is to eat Maccaroni!" they press on, gallantly, for the summit.

From tinging the top of the snow above us with a band of light, and pouring it in a stream through the valley below, while we have been ascending in the dark, the moon soon lights the whole white mountain side and the broad sea down below, and tiny Naples in the distance, and every village in the country round. The whole prospect is in this lovely state, when we come upon the platform on the mountain-top—the region of Fire—an exhausted crater formed of great masses of gigantic cinders, like blocks of stone from some tremendous waterfall, burnt up; from every chink and crevice of which, hot, sulphurous smoke is pouring out: while, from another conical-shaped hill, the present crater, rising abruptly from this platform at the end, great sheets of fire are streaming forth; reddening the night with flame, blackening it with smoke, and spotting it with red-hot stones and cinders, that fly up into the air like feathers, and fall down like lead. What words can paint the gloom and grandeur of this scene!

The broken ground; the smoke; the sense of suffocation from the sulphur; the fear of falling down through the crevices in the yawning ground; the stopping, every now and then, for somebody who is missing in the dark (for the dense smoke now obscures the moon); the intolerable noise of the thirty; and the hoarse roaring of the mountain; make it a scene of such confusion, at the same time, that we reel again. But, dragging the ladies through it and across another exhausted crater to the foot of the present Volcano, we approach close to it on the windy side, and then sit down among the hot ashes at its foot, and look up a silence; faintly estimating the action that is going on within from its being full a hundred feet higher, at this minute, than it was six weeks ago.

There is something in the fire and roar, that generates an irresistible desire to get nearer to it. We cannot rest long, without starting off, two of us, on our hands and knees, accompanied by the head guide, to climb to the brim of the flaming crater, and try to look in. Meanwhile, the thirty yell, as with one voice, that it is a dangerous proceeding, and call to us to come back; frightening the rest of the party out of their wits.

What with their noise, and what with the trembling of the thin crust of ground, that seems about to open underneath our feet and plunge us in the burning gulf below (which is the real danger, if there be any); and what with the flashing of the fire in our faces, and the shower of red-hot ashes that is raining down, and the cooking smoke and sulphur; we may well feel giddy and irrational, like drunken men. But we contrive to climb up to the brim, and look down, for a moment, into the Hell of boiling fire below. Then, we all three come rolling down; blackened and singed, and scorched and hot and giddy: and each with his dress alight in half a dozen places.

You have read, a thousand times, that the usual way of descending, is by sliding down the ashes: which, forming a gradually increasing ledge below the feet, prevents too rapid a descent. But, when we have crossed the two exhausted craters on our way back, and are come to this precipitous place, there is (as Mr. Pickle has foretold) no vestige of ashes to be seen; the whole being a smooth sheet of ice.

In this dilemma, ten or a dozen of the guides cautiously join hands, and make a chain of men; of whom the foremost beat, as well as they can, a rough track with their sticks, down which we prepare to follow. The way being fearfully steep, and none of the party—even of the thirty—being able to keep their feet for six paces together, the ladies are taken out of their litters, and placed each between two careful persons; while others of the thirty hold by their skirts, to prevent their falling forward—a necessary precaution, tending to the immediate and hopeless dilapidation of their apparel. The rather heavy gentleman is adjured to leave his litter too, and be escorted in a similar manner; but he resolves to be brought down as he was brought up, on the principle that his fifteen bearers are not likely to tumble all at once, and that he is safer so, than trusting to his own legs.

In this order, we begin the descent: sometimes on foot, sometimes shuffling on the ice: always proceeding much more quietly and slowly, than on our upward way; and constantly alarmed by the falling

among us of somebody from behind, who endangers the footing of the whole party, and clings pertinaciously to anybody's ankles. It is impossible for the litter to be in advance, too, as the track has to be made; and its appearance behind us, overhead—with some one or other of the bearers always down, and the rather heavy gentleman with his legs always in the air—is very threatening and frightful. We have gone on thus a very little way, painfully and anxiously, but quite merrily, and regarding it as a great success—and have all fallen several times, and have all been stopped, somehow or other, as we were sliding away—when Mr. Pickle, of Portici, in the act of remarking on these uncommon circumstances as quite beyond his experience, stumbles, falls, disengages himself, with quick presence of mind, from those about him, plunges away head foremost, and rolls, over and over, down the whole surface of the cone!

Sickening as it is to look, and be so powerless to help him, I see him there, in the moonlight—I have had such a dream often—skimming over the white ice, like a cannon-ball. Almost at the same moment, there is a cry from behind; and a man who has carried a light basket of spare cloaks on his head, comes rolling past, at the same frightful speed, closely followed by a boy. At this climax of the chapter of accidents, the remaining eight-and-twenty vociferate to that degree, that a pack of wolves would be music to them!

Giddy, and bloody, and a mere bundle of rags, is Pickle of Portici when we reach the place where we dismounted, and where the horses are waiting; but, thank God, sound in limb! And never are we likely to be more glad to see a man alive and on his feet, then to see him now—making light of it too, though sorely bruised and in great pain. The boy is brought into the Hermitage on the Mountain, while we are at supper, with his head tied up; and the man is heard of some hours afterwards. He too is bruised and stunned, but has broken no bones; the snow having, fortunately, covered all the larger blocks of rock and stone, and rendered them harmless.

After a cheerful meal, and a good rest before a blazing fire, we again take horse, and continue our descent to Salvatore's house—very slowly, by reason of our bruised friend being hardly able to keep the saddle, or endure the pain of motion. Though it is so late at night, or early in the morning, all the people of the village are waiting about the little stable-yard when we arrive, and looking up the road by which we are expected. Our appearance is hailed with a great clamor of tongues, and a general sensation for which in our modesty we are somewhat at a loss to account, until, turning into the yard, we find that one of a party of French gentlemen who were on the mountain at the same time is lying on some straw in the stable, with a broken limb: looking like Death, and suffering great torture; and that we were confidently supposed to have encountered some worse accident.

So, "well returned, and Heaven be praised!" as the cheerful Vetturíno, who has borne us company all the way from Pisa, says, with all his heart! And away with his ready horses, into sleeping Naples!

It wakes again to Policinelli and pickpockets, buffo singers and beggars, rags, puppets, flowers, brightness, dirt, and universal degradation; airing its Harlequin suit in the sun-shine, next day and every day; singing, starving, dancing, gaming, on the seashore; and leaving all labor to the burning mountain, which is ever at its work.

Our English dilettanti would be very pathetic on the subject of the national taste, if they could hear an Italian opera half as badly sung in England as we may hear the Foscari performed, to-night, in the splendid theatre of San Carlo. But, for astonishing truth and spirit in seizing and embodying the real life about it, the shabby little San Carlino Theatre—the ricketty house one story high, with a staring picture outside: down among the drums and trumpets, and the tumblers, and the lady conjurer—is without a rival anywhere.

There is one extraordinary feature in the real life of Naples, at which we may take a glance before we go—the Lotteries.

They prevail in most parts of Italy, but are particularly obvious, in their effects and influences, here. They are drawn every Saturday. They bring an immense revenue to the Government; and diffuse a taste for gambling among the poorest of the poor, which is very comfortable to the coffers of the state, and very ruinous to themselves. The lowest stake is one grain; less than a farthing. One hundred numbers—from one to a hundred, inclusive—are put into a box. Five are drawn. Those are the prizes. I buy three numbers. If one of them come up, I win a small prize.

If two, some hundreds of times my stake. If three, three thousand five hundred times my stake. I stake (or play as they call it) what I can upon my numbers, and buy what numbers, I please. The amount I play, I pay at the lottery office where I purchase the ticket and it is stated on the ticket itself.

Every lottery office keeps a printed book, an Universal Lottery Diviner, where every possible accident and circumstance is provided for, and has a number against it. For instance, let us take two carlini—about sevenpence. On our way to the lottery office, we run against a black man. When we get there, we say gravely, "The Diviner." It is handed over the counter, as a serious matter of business. We look at black man. Such a number. "Give us that." We look at running against a person in the street. "Give us that." We look at the name of the street itself. "Give us that." Now, we have our three numbers.

If the roof of the theatre of San Carlo were to fall in, so many people would play upon the numbers attached to such an accident in the Diviner, that the Government would soon close these numbers, and decline to run the risk of losing any more upon them. This often happens. Not long ago, when there was a fire in the King's Palace, there was such a desperate run on fire, and king, and palace, that further stakes on the numbers attached to those words in the Golden Book were forbidden. Every accident or event is supposed, by the ignorant populace, to be a revelation to the beholder, or party concerned, in connection with the lottery. Certain people who have a talent for dreaming fortunately, are much sought after; and there are some priests who are constantly favored with visions of the lucky numbers.

I heard of a horse running away with a man, and dashing him down, dead, at the corner of a street. Pursuing the horse with incredible speed, was another man, who ran so fast that he came up, immediately after the accident. He threw himself upon his knees beside the unfortunate rider, and clasped his hand with an expression of the wildest grief. "If you have life," he said, "speak one word to me! If you have one gasp of breath left, mention your age for Heaven's sake, that I may play that number in the lottery."

It is four o'clock in the afternoon, and we may go to see our lottery drawn. The ceremony takes place, every Saturday, in the Tribunale, or Court of Justice—this singular, earthy-smelling room, or gallery, as mouldy as an old cellar, and as damp as a dungeon. At the upper end, is a platform, with a large horseshoe table upon it; and a President and Council sitting round—all Judges of the Law. The man on the little stool behind the President, is the Capo Lazzarone, a kind of tribune of the people appointed on their behalf to see that all is fairly conducted: attended by a few personal friends. A ragged, swarthy fellow he is: with long matted hair hanging down all over his face: and covered, from head to foot, with most unquestionably genuine dirt. All the body of the room is filled with the commonest of the Neapolitan people: and between them and the platform, guarding the steps leading to the latter, is a small body of soldiers.

There is some delay in the arrival of the necessary number of judges; during which the box, in which the numbers are being placed, is a source of the deepest interest. When the box is full, the boy who is to draw the numbers out of it, becomes the prominent feature of the proceedings. He is already dressed for his part, in a tight brown Holland-coat, with only one (the left) sleeve to it, which leaves his right arm bared to the shoulder, ready for plunging down into the mysterious chest.

During the hush and whisper that pervade the room, all eyes are turned on this young minister of fortune. People begin to inquire his age, with a view to the next lottery; and the number of his brothers and sisters; and the age of his father and mother; and whether he has any moles or pimples upon him: and where, and how many; when the arrival of the last judge but one (a little old man, universally dreaded as possessing the Evil Eye) makes a slight diversion, and would occasion a greater one, but that he is immediately deposed, as a source of interest, by the officiating priest, who advances gravely to his place, followed by a very dirty little boy, carrying his sacred vestments, and a pot of Holy Water.

Here is the last judge come at last, and now he takes his place at the horseshoe table!

There is a murmur of irrepressible agitation. In the midst of it, the priest puts his head into the sacred vestments, and pulls the same over his shoulders. Then he says a silent prayer; and dipping a brush into the pot of Holy Water, sprinkles it over the

box and over the boy, and gives them a double-barrelled blessing, which the box and the boy are both hoisted on the table to receive. The boy remaining on the table, the box is now carried round the front of the platform, by an attendant, who holds it up and shakes it lustily all the time; seeming to say, like the conjuror, "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen; keep your eyes upon me, if you please!"

At last the box is set before the boy; and the boy, first holding up his naked arm and open hand, dives down into the hole (it is made like a ballot-box) and pulls out a number, which is rolled up, round something hard, like a bonbon. This he hands to the Judge next him, who unrolls a little bit and hands it to the President, next to whom he sits. The President unrolls it very slowly. The Capo Lazzarone leans over his shoulder. The President holds it up, unrolled, to the Capo Lazzarone. The Capo Lazzarone, looking at it eagerly, cries out, in a shrill loud voice, "Sessantadue!" (sixty-two), expressing the two upon his fingers, as he calls it out. Alas! the Capo Lazzarone himself has not staked on sixty-two. His face is very long, and his eyes roll wildly.

As it happens to be a favorite number, however, it is pretty well received, which is not always the case. They are all drawn with the same ceremony, omitting the blessing. One blessing is enough for the whole multiplication-table. The only new incident in the proceedings, is the gradually deepening intensity of the change in the Capo Lazzarone, who has, evidently, speculated to the very utmost extent of his means; and who, when he sees the last number, and finds that it is not one of his, clasps his hands, and raises his eyes to the ceiling before proclaiming it, as though remonstrating, in a secret agony, with his patron saint for having committed so gross a breach of confidence. I hope the Capo Lazzarone may not desert him for some other member of the Calendar, but he seems to threaten it.

Where the winners may be, nobody knows. They certainly are not present; the general disappointment filling one with pity for the poor people. They look—when we stand aside, observing them, in their passage through the court yard down below—as miserable as the prisoners in the jail (it forms a part of the building), who are peeping down upon them from between their bars; or as the fragments of human heads which are still dangling in chains outside, in memory of the good old times, when their owners were strung up there, for the popular edification.

Away from Naples in a glorious sunrise, by the road to Capua, and then on a three days' journey along bye-roads, that we may see, on the way, the monastery of Monte Cassino, which is perched on the steep and lofty hill above the little town of San Germano, and is lost on a misty morning in the clouds.

So much the better, for the deep sounding of its bell, which, as we go winding up on mules, towards the convent, is heard mysteriously in the still air, while nothing is seen but the gray mist, moving solemnly and slowly, like a funeral procession. Behold, at length, the shadowy pile of building close before us: its grey walls and towers dimly seen, though so near and so vast: and the raw vapor rolling through its cloisters heavily.

There are two black shadows walking to and fro in the quadrangle, near the statues of the Patron Saint and his sister; and hopping on behind them, in and out of the old arches, is a raven, croaking in answer to the bell, and uttering, at intervals, the purest Tuscan. How like a Jesuit he looks! There never was a sly and stealthy fellow so at home as is this raven, standing now at the refectory door, with his head on one side, and pretending to glance another way while he is scrutinizing the visiters keenly, and listening with fixed attention. What a dull-headed monk the porter becomes in comparison!

"He speaks like us!" says the porter: "quite as plainly." Quite as plainly, Porter. Nothing could be more expressive than his reception of the peasants who are entering the gate with baskets and burdens. There is a roll in his eye, and a chuckle in his throat, which should qualify him to be chosen Superior of an Order of Ravens. He knows all about it. "It's all right," he says. "We know what we know. Come along, good people. Glad to see you!"

How was this extraordinary structure ever built in such a situation, where the labor of conveying the stone, and iron, and marble, so great a height must have been prodigious? "Caw!" says the raven, welcoming the peasants. How, being despoiled by plunder, fire, and earthquake, has it risen from its ruins, and been again made what we now see it, with its church so sumptuous and magnificent? "Caw!" says the raven, welcoming the peasants. These peo-

ple have a miserable appearance, and (as usual) are densely ignorant, and all beg, while the monks are chaunting in the chapel. "Caw!" says the raven, "Cuckoo!"

So we leave him, chuckling and rolling his eye at the convent gate, and wind slowly down again, through the cloud. At last emerging from it, we come in sight of the village far below, and the flat green country intersected by rivulets; which is pleasant and fresh to see after the obscurity and haze of the convent—no disrespect to the raven, or the holy friars.

Away we go again, by muddy roads, and through the most shattered and tattered of villages, where there is not a whole window among all the houses, or a whole garment among all the peasants, or the least appearance of anything to eat, in any of the wretched hucksters' shops. The women wear a bright red boddice laced before and behind, a white skirt, and the Neapolitan head-dress of square folds of linen, primitively meant to carry loads on. The men and children wear anything they can get. The soldiers are as dirty and rapacious as the dogs. The inns are such hobgoblin places, that they are infinitely more attractive and amusing than the best hotels in Paris. Here is one near Valmontone (that is Valmontone, the round, walled town on the mount opposite), which is approached by a quagmire almost knee-deep. There is a wild colonnade below, and a dark yard full of empty stables and lofts, and a great long kitchen with a great long bench and a great long form, where a party of travellers, with two priests among them, are crowding round the fire while their supper is cooking. Above stairs, is a rough brick gallery to sit in, with very little windows with very small patches of knotty glass in them, and all the doors that open from it (a dozen or two) off their hinges, and a bare board on tressels for a table, at which thirty people might dine easily, and a fire-place large enough in itself for a breakfast parlor, where, as the faggots blaze and crackle, they illuminate the ugliest and grimmest of faces, drawn in charcoal on the whitewashed chimney-sides by previous travellers. There is a flaring country lamp on the table; and hovering about it, scratching her thick black hair continually, a yellow dwarf of a woman, who stands on tiptoe to arrange the hatchet knives, and takes a flying leap to look into the water-jug. The beds in the adjoining rooms, are of the liveliest kind. There is not a solitary scrap of looking-glass in the house, and the washing apparatus is identical with the cooking utensils. But the yellow dwarf sets on the table a good flask of excellent wine, holding a quart at least; and produces, among half a dozen other dishes, two-thirds of a roasted kid, smoking hot. She is as good-humored, too, as dirty, which is saying a great deal. So here's long life to her, in the flask of wine, and prosperity to the establishment!

Rome gained and left behind, and with it the Pilgrims who are now repairing to their own homes again—each with his scallop shell and staff, and soliciting alms for the love of God—we come, by a fair country, to the Falls of Terni, where the whole Velino river dashes, headlong, from a rocky height, amidst shining spray and rainbows. Perugia, strongly fortified by art and nature, on a lofty eminence, rising abruptly from the plain where purple mountains mingle with the distant sky, is glowing, on its market day, with radiant colors. They set off its sombre but rich Gothic buildings admirably. The pavement of its market-place is strewn with country goods. All along the steep hill leading from the town, under the town wall, there is a noisy fair of calves, lambs, pigs, horses, mules, and oxen. Fowls, geese, and turkeys, flutter vigorously among their very hoofs; and buyers, sellers, and spectators, clustering everywhere, block up the road as we come shouting down upon them.

Suddenly, there is a ringing sound among our horses. The driver stops them. Sinking in his saddle, and casting up his eyes to Heaven, he delivers this apostrophe, "Oh Jove Omnipotent! here is a horse has lost his shoe!"

Notwithstanding the tremendous nature of this accident, and the utterly forlorn look and gesture (impossible in any one but an Italian Vetturino) with which it is announced, it is not long in being repaired by a mortal Farrier, by whose assistance we reach Castiglione the same night, and Arezzo next day. Mass is, of course, performing in its fine cathedral, where the sun shines in among the clustered pillars, through rich stained glass windows: half revealing, half concealing the kneeling figures on the pavement, and striking out paths of spotted light in the long aisle.

But how much beauty of another kind is here, when, on a fair clear morning, we look, from the summit of a hill, on Florence! See where it lies before us in a sun-lighted valley, bright with the winding Arno, and shut in by swelling hills; its

domes, and palaces, rising from the rich country in a glittering heap, and shining in the sun like gold!

Magnificently stern and sombre are the streets of beautiful Florence; and the strong old piles of building make such heaps of shadow, on the ground and in the river, that there is another and a different city of rich forms and fancies, always lying at our feet. Prodigious palaces constructed for defence, with small distrustful windows heavily barred, and walls of great thickness formed of huge masses of rough stone, frown, in their old sulky state, on every street. In the midst of the city—in the Piazza of the Grand Duke, adorned with beautiful statues and the Fountain of Neptune—rises the Palazzo Vecchio, with its enormous overhanging battlements, and the Great Tower that watches over the whole town. In its court-yard—worthy of the Castle of Otranto in its ponderous gloom—is a massive staircase that the heaviest wagon and the stoutest team of horses might be driven up. Within it, is a Great Saloon, faded and tarnished in its stately decorations, and mouldering by grains, but recording yet, in pictures on its walls, the triumphs of the Medici and the wars of the old Florentine people. The prison is hard by, in an adjacent court-yard of the building—a foul and dismal place, where some men are shut up close, in small cells like ovens; and where others look through bars and beg; where some are playing draughts, and some are talking to their friends, who smoke, the while, to purify the air; and some are buying wine and fruit of women-venders; and all are squalid, dirty, and vile to look at. "They are merry enough, Signore," says the jailer. "They are all blood-stained here," he adds, indicating, with his hand, three-fourths of the whole building. Before the hour is out, an old man, eighty years of age, quarrelling over a bargain with a young girl of seventeen, stabs her dead, in the market-place full of bright flowers; and is brought in prisoner to swell the number.

Among the four old bridges that span the river, the Ponte Vecchio—that bridge which is covered with the shops of Jewellers and Goldsmiths—is a most enchanting feature in the scene. The space of one house, in the centre, being left open, the view beyond is shown as in a frame; and that precious glimpse of sky, and water, and rich buildings, shining so quietly among the huddled roofs and gables on the bridge, is exquisite. Above it, the Gallery of the Grand Duke crosses the river. It was built to connect the two great palaces by a secret passage; and it takes its jealous course among the streets and houses, with true despotism, going where it lists, and spurning every obstacle away before it.

The Grand Duke has a worthier secret passage through the streets, in his black robe and hood, as a member of the Compagnia della Misericordia, which brotherhood includes all ranks of men. If an accident take place, their office is, to raise the sufferer, and bear him tenderly to the Hospital. If a fire break out, it is one of their functions to repair to the spot, and render their assistance and protection. It is, also, among their commonest offices, to attend and console the sick; and they neither receive money, nor eat, nor drink, in any house they visit for this purpose. Those who are on duty for the time, are called together, on a moment's notice, by the tolling of the great bell of the Tower; and it is said that the Grand Duke has been seen, at this sound, to rise from his seat at table, and quietly withdraw to attend the summons.

In this other large Piazza, where an irregular kind of market is held, and stores of old iron and other small merchandise are set out on stalls, or scattered on the pavement, are grouped together, the Cathedral with its great Dome, the beautiful Italian Gothic Tower the Campanile, and the Baptistry with its wrought bronze doors. And here, a small untrodden square in the pavement, is the "Stone of Dante," where (so runs the story) he was used to bring his stool and sit in contemplation. I wonder was he ever, in his bitter exile, withheld from cursing the very stones in the streets of Florence the ungrateful, by any kind remembrance of this old musing-place, and its association with gentle thoughts of little Beatrice!

The chapel of the Medici, the Good and Bad Angels of Florence; the church of Santa Croce where Michael Angelo lies buried, and where every stone in the cloisters is eloquent on great men's deaths; innumerable churches, often masses of unfinished heavy brickwork externally, but solemn and serene within; arrest our lingering steps in strolling through the city.

In keeping with the tombs among the cloisters, is the Museum of Natural History, famous through the world for its preparations in wax; beginning with models

of leaves, seeds, plants, inferior animals; and gradually ascending through separate organs of the human frame, up to the whole structure of that wonderful creation, exquisitely presented, as in recent death. Few admonitions of our frail mortality can be more solemn, and more sad, or strike so home upon the heart, as the counterfeits of Youth and Beauty that are lying there, upon their beds, in their last sleep.

Beyond the walls, the whole sweet valley of the Arno, the convent of Fiessole, the Tower of Galileo, Boccaccio's house, old villas and retreats; innumerable spots of interest, all glowing in a landscape of surpassing beauty steeped in the richest light; are spread before us. Returning from so much brightness, how solemn and how grand the streets again, with their great, dark, mournful palaces, and many legends: not of siege, and war, and might, and Iron Hand alone, but of the triumphal growth of peaceful Arts and Sciences!

What light is shed upon the world, at this day, from amidst these rugged Palaces of Florence! Here, open to all comers, in their beautiful and calm retreats, the ancient Sculptors are immortal, side by side with Michael Angelo, Canova, Titian, Rembrandt, Raphael, Poets, Historians, Philosophers—those illustrious men of history, beside whom its crowned heads and harnessed warriors show so poor and small, and are so soon forgotten. Here, the imperishable part of noble minds survives, placid and equal, when strongholds of assault and defence are overthrown; when the tyranny of the many, or the few, or both, is but a tale; when Pride and Power are so much cloistered dust. The fire within the stern streets and among the massive Palaces and Towers, kindled by rays from Heaven, is still burning brightly, when the flickering of war is extinguished and the household fires of generations have decayed; as thousands upon thousands of faces, rigid with the strife and passion of the hour, have faded out of the old Squares and public haunts, while the nameless Florentine Lady, preserved from oblivion by a Painter's hand, yet lives on, in enduring grace and youth.

Let us look back on Florence while we may, and when its shining Dome is seen no more, go travelling through cheerful Tuscany, with a bright remembrance of it; for Italy will be the fairer for the recollection. The summer time being come: and Genoa, and Milan, and the Lake of Como lying far behind us: and we resting at Faido, a Swiss village, near the awful rocks and mountains, the everlasting snows and roaring cataracts, of the Great Saint Gothard: hearing the Italian tongue for the last time on this journey: let us part from Italy, with all its miseries and wrongs, affectionately, in our admiration of the beauties, natural and artificial, of which it is full to overflowing, and in our tenderness towards a people naturally well disposed, and patient, and sweet tempered. Years of neglect, oppression, and misrule, have been at work, to change their nature and reduce their spirit; miserable jealousies, fomented by petty Princes to whom union was destruction, and division strength, have been a canker at the root of their nationality, and have barbarized their language; but the good that was in them ever, is in them yet, and a noble people may be, one day, raised up from these ashes. Let us entertain that hope! And let us not remember Italy the less regardfully, because, in every fragment of her fallen Temples, and every stone of her deserted palaces and prisons, she helps to inculcate the lesson that the wheel of Time is rolling for an end, and that the world is, in all great essentials, better, gentler, more forbearing, and more hopeful, as it rolls!

Potatoes.—Dr. Lindley, at the head of the Horticultural Society, read two communications, and stated the results of experiments made on the propagation of potatoes from seeds, which had been suggested for the purpose of producing a more healthy future source of supply, from the probable present exhaustion of the stock. Such anticipations, it was thought might lead to disappointment, and the experience of one case in particular showed that little reliance could be placed upon it, as the seeds of the season 1844, before the disease had appeared, produced 80 potatoes which were very much diseased, although the haulms were not in the first case affected. All the evidence on the subject was, however, very conflicting; for whereas in this country the results of the experiments were very unsatisfactory, the reverse was the case in Prussia, where crops of excellent quality had been procured from seeds, with most satisfactory results both in the greater quantity as well as the superior quality of the produce. So satisfied were the Prussian Government of the results of these experiments, that they had given instruction to purchase seed wherever it could be obtained.—*Lit. Gaz.*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE OLDEST OF ALL ALMANACKS.

An old almanack is proverbially a valueless document; and yet a person can scarcely peruse a *very* old one without finding something in it to interest, if not to instruct him. An "old almanack," however, and even a "very old almanack," may mean very different things in the mouths of different persons. Some would call a Watson's Almanack of the reign of George II. a very old one; and there are many Irishmen who would find good amusement for an idle hour, not indeed in the calendar itself, but in its accompaniments. One of William Lilly's Ephemerises, two hundred years old, with its predictions of future events, deduced from planetary configurations and eclipses, would be interesting as an almanack; and a still greater degree of curiosity would be excited by one of the cheap Dutch almanacks, which our ancestors used three hundred years ago; or by one of the illuminated manuscripts, which, two hundred years before that, announced the festivals and the weather to the few who, in those days, could command such a luxury. Most persons would consider such a manuscript as this a very old almanack indeed; and yet it is a mere thing of yesterday by the side of that of which we are now going to speak. There is in the British Museum an almanack, which wants but a little of being 3000 years old; which, having been used as his monitor by some Egyptian of the olden time, was buried with him; and has been dug up in this all-exploring age, unrolled, displayed to the public, copied in facsimile for the benefit of the student, and, in fine, read—to a great extent at least.

This almanack is, like other Egyptian manuscripts, written on papyrus. It is in columns; and of these twenty-five are wholly or partially preserved. The portion of the year which these contain begins with the 19th of Thoth, the first month, and ends with the 13th of Pachon, or the 253d day of the year. This day, however, is mentioned pretty high up in the twenty-fourth column, the remainder of it and the twenty-fifth being illegible. It is probable, then, that thirty-eight columns or thereabouts contained the whole almanack; unless, indeed, which is not unlikely, there was some additional matter at the beginning or end. The days are named in red ink; and the figure, which terminates the name, is immediately followed by three characters, expressing the nature of the morning, the day itself, and the evening—as prosperous, indifferent, or adverse. The character denoting good fortune is written in black ink, the other two generally in red—a curious instance of the difference between Egyptian and European notions in many respects; with us it would have been the reverse.—Most days have the same character throughout, but there are exceptions. Thus we read—"Thoth 25 G. G. M.;" *i. e.*, good, good, middling; implying that the evening was rather unlucky; and a caution is added, "do not go out of doors at the time of evening." After the day has been thus briefly characterized, observations are made, sometimes very briefly, at other times at considerable length, which may be classed under three heads. Some relate to the religious ceremonies to be performed on the day in question, or to the mystic events supposed to have happened on it. These are in many cases not easily separated; and the latter is sometimes mentioned as a reason for the former. Other observations are in the nature of cautions against doing certain things on certain days, or of encouragements to do them; and others, again, are predictions of the fate of children who may be born on that day.

These are not what we should now-a-days call astrological predictions. There is no allusion in the almanack to the positions of the moon or of the planets, which the Egyptians did not take into account in their calculations of lucky and unlucky days; and in truth there could be no such allusion consistently with the nature of the almanack; as it was not, like those to which we are accustomed, intended to last for a single year, but for a quaternion, or period of four years.

In order to explain this observation, it will be necessary to describe the Egyptian mode of computing time. In the early period of their history, the Egyptians used a year, the commencement of which was determined by some phenomenon connected with the sun's annual course; in the first instance, probably, by the cessation of the inundation. To this year the hieroglyphical names of the months were adapted, which represent physical characters, such as would belong to the months of a year beginning about a month after the autumnal equinox; and which could not have been given at a time when the year was a wandering one, as it was in later ages.—

The intercalation of a three hundred and sixty-sixth day, which sometimes took place in the fourth and sometimes in the fifth year, and which, in the absence of an authorative national calendar, would occur in different years, in different parts of Egypt, was found to be productive of so much inconvenience, that it was abolished by a law, which the kings were required to swear that they would observe; and thenceforward the commencement of the year began to wander through the different seasons; returning to its original or normal position, when the months would correspond in character to their hieroglyphic names, in about fifteen hundred years. Now, of the festivals which were observed by the Egyptians, some were connected with certain seasons of the year; and the consequence of this alteration in the calendar was that they fell on different days of the year in different years. For four years in succession one of these festivals fell on a certain day, suppose the first of Thoth; in the next four, it fell on the second; then on the third, and so on. Other festivals, on the contrary, retained their position in the month, whether that month fell in the spring or in the autumn. These fixed and moveable feasts would be contiaually interfering with one another, and a calendar was needed by the Egyptian to instruct him on what days each was to be celebrated, and also, according to his notions, what good or ill fortune might result from their different combinations. Such a calendar would serve for four years; and there is every reason to think, that it never served for more; but that the Egyptian almanack-makers regularly carried forward the moveable feasts at the end of a quaternion; thus making them to go round the year in 1460 years, though the equinoxes and solstices would in reality take about 1500 years to complete this circuit.

Such being the nature of an Egyptian almanack, our readers will now be inclined to ask—for what quaternion was that now before us composed? This question may be understood in two senses; and in one of them it is easily answered. At the back of the almanack, there is a date of the 28th Pharmuthi, in the fifty-sixth year of Rameses the Great.

The almanack, therefore, was intended for use in the four years following this, [illegible]mencing with the 57th of Rameses, [illegible] sixty-second year is the date of a tab[illegible]a, in the British Museum. But how long before Christ was this? That, too, may be answered from the almanack; and it appears to us, on very sure grounds, though we anticipate dissent on the part of those Egyptian chronologers, who are vying with one another as to how far the reigns of the several kings may be carried back. In the quaternion which commenced in what would be, after the Julian reckoning, November, 1767, B. C., the summer solstice fell, according to astronomical calculation, on the 5th of Pachon, or the 245th day of the Egyptian year. This was about the time when the months were in their normal position; and was, therefore, about the time when the wandering year originated. We take the quaternion to have commenced in this year, because the quaternions of the canicular cycle certainly commenced in 1323, B. C.; and there can be little or no doubt that the two sets of quaternions coincided. If, now, the day of the Egyptian year on which the summer solstice was computed to fall be noted in this almanack, we have only to count the number of days between the 5th of Pachon and it, multiply this number by four, and subtract the product from 1767; and we shall at once have the date before Christ of the first year of the quaternion. Whether the origin of the wandering year was actually in 1767, B. C., or four, eight, or twelve years earlier or later, makes no difference in this calculation.—In the latter case, indeed, the solstice would have fallen at the origin, one, two, or three years later than the day named; and would, in 1767, B. C., as in all preceding years, have fallen on the same nominal day of the year; but whatever number of years was taken from the epoch of the wandering year, the same would have to be taken from the subtrahend; so that the remainder, or date of the almanack before Christ, could not be affected. Now, the day of the computed summer solstice is virtually given in the almanack. It is expressly stated by Champollion, that the palaces of both the Memnonium and Medinet Habou contain bas-reliefs, representing the panegyry of the *summer solstice;* and that one of the principal features in these sculptures was the *coronation of Horus.* Mystical birds are despatched to the four quarters of the heaven, and are told to tell the gods of those quarters, that "Horus, the son of Isis and Osiris, has assumed the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt; and that (his earthly type) King Rameses has assumed the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt." In accor-

dance with this, on the ceiling in the Memnonium, where the several months are represented with their normal characters, the coronation of the king, as Horus, is represented as falling in the month Pachon, the normal month of the summer solstice. We think, then, that no doubt ought to exist as to the connection between the summer solstice and the mystical coronation of Horus. It is, however, noted in this almanack, under the 14th Paophi, or 44th day of the year, "G. G. G. This is the day of the assumption of the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt by Horus."

The solstice had then advanced from the 245th day of the year to the 44th of the following year, or 164 days, from 1767 B. C. which gives 1111 B. C., as the year when the quaternion commenced. From this it follows that the first year of Rameses the Great began in 1167 B. C.; and as it is expressly stated in an inscription at Silsilis that his 31st year, and of course his first year, was the year of the great festival of thirty years; which implies that the interval between the epoch of the calendar and the commencement of his reign was an exact multiple of thirty years; we have thus a new argument for the epoch of the calendar being in 1767 B. C., and not in any of the neighboring years. On this subject, we will only add, that it would not at all avail the advocates of a more extended chronology to suppose that the *actual* solstice was intended to be indicated in the calendar rather than one computed by quaternions. The actual solstice would not fall on the 14th Paophi until about twenty years after the date above mentioned.

It would be highly desirable that some other almanack, intended for a different quaternion, should be compared with this. It would then clearly appear, which of the Egyptian festivals were attached to certain days of particular months; and which, being connected with certain seasons, wandered through the different months. It is very probable that some such almanack may exist among the yet unexamined treasures of many European museums. The owner of the present almanack had, no doubt, others; and nothing is more likely than that they were buried with him along with this, and that they have found their way to some or other of the great collections of papyri.

We will now give a few specimens of the entries made in this almanack in connexion with different days. The 23d of Thoth is marked as a fortunate day throughout; yet no incense was to be burned, and no hunting or fowling to be carried on. There were other restrictions; and it is in the end foretold that any child born that day will not live. On the following day, the child that should be born would have a prosperous life. The 25th, already noticed as prosperous in the two first portions of the day, and middling in the evening, was the day of the exode of the Lioness to the Eastern mountain. It was to be a day of eating of beef and drinking of wine; and offerings were to be made to Osiris. On this day, we suspect that in the present quaternion a collision of a fixed and a moveable feast took place. The lioness of Memphis, whose exode, that is, the carrying of her statue from the temple and back again, is mentioned as to take place on this day, was *not* the goddess of Bubastis, as all recent writers on Egyptian mythology have made her. The name of the latter was Bast, and she was cat-headed. The Pekhe, or lioness, whose proper name appears to have been Menhi, is clearly distinguished from her in this almanack. The word Pekhe is etymologically connected with fähe, the German name for a female wild beast; and possibly with an English word, which we should be sorry to apply to so venerable a goddess. The 26th of Thoth is bad throughout. "Do nothing at all this day. This is the day of the combat of Horus and Typhon." It is added that three days and three nights were to be passed as travellers, in commemoration of the wanderings of Isis. From this and other passages in the almanack, it is plain that the legend of Osiris, Typhon, Isis, and Horus, was received by the Egyptians in the age of the great Rameses; contrary to what some have conjectured on account of the honors paid at this time to Typhon. The honors paid to this god were probably confined to the military caste. He was the god of war, identified with the Phœnician Baal, and like him symbolized by an ass, and represented in the form, or at least with the head, of that animal. The father of Rameses the Great bore a name implying devotion to him, Setei, the attached to Set; which the priests who prepared his sepulchre changed to Osirei, the attached to Osiris. This was, no doubt, by his own desire. He was willing enough to be a votary of the beneficent god after his death; but while he lived he would be a warrior, in the service of the malevolent devil! So long as this warlike family retained the crown, the

name of Set was held in honor; but after their fall, the priests showed their aversion to it by defacing it wherever they found it, as on the Flaminian obelisk, and on the statue of Setei II. in the British Museum. On the following day, persons are directed not to pursue any game, it being one of the days of Horus and Typhon; *i. e.* the combat between them was still going on. Offerings, it is said, should be made to their names on this day. On the 28th of Thoth a remark is made, which occurs very frequently. "If thou seest any thing at all this day, it will be fortunate." The 4th of Paophi was particularly unfortunate. A journey was not to be commenced; and a child that might be born would die on that very day. A person born on the 23d Paophi would be killed by a crocodile, and on the 27th, by a serpent. One born on the 28th, would have a happy end. The 13th of Athyr was the day of the exode of Isis. A person born on the 14th would die by the sword. The 28th, a middling day throughout, was the exode of Bast; a child then born would die within the year. The 21st was throughout fortunate. It was the day of the panegyry, or festive assembly of Mu the son of Ra, *i. e.* Light, the son of the Sun. It was the day when Mu and Neith were together in the cabin of the barge of the sun. The second of Chœsac was a fortunate day throughout. Every thing would turn out well. All the gods and goddesses were rejoicing in the celestial panegyries. The 4th of Tybi was another fortunate day. A child then born would die a prince of the people. This is a proof that the Egyptians were not, as generally supposed, restricted to the rank or profession to which they were born. Occasionally, they might rise to an elevated rank. The 12th of Tybi was middling throughout. Persons were cautioned against looking at a rat on this day. On the 17th persons were not to wash themselves with water. The 20th Tybi was another exode of Bast, two months from the preceding one; and was, like it, a middling day throughout. Nothing was to be done the whole day. The 1st of Mechir was a fortunate day to its close. The gods and goddesses had a panegyry on it. The 11th was a good day throughout. It was the day of the panegyry of Neith at Sais. The 14th is marked "B.G.G. Don't go out of doors before daylight. This is the day of looking at the crocodiles pursued by Typhon before the great boat." The 5th Phamenoth was "the day of the Exode of Neith in Sais. They see the good things of the night at the third hour." Probably, this was the feast of lamps which Herodotus mentions, ii. 62. The assembly, he says, at Sais is held by night. They suspend before their houses, in the open air, lamps filled with oil, mixed with salt, over which a wick floats and burns through the night. This, we may suppose, was lighted at the third hour. Herodotus says, that on this night all Egypt was illuminated; as those who did not attend the feast observed this part of the ceremony at their dwellings. The 18th of this month is marked as the panegyry of Netpe, the 23d of Horus, and the 28th of Osiris. The 5th of Pachon was that of Osiris, the Lord of Tattou.

But we must not exhaust the patience of our readers. Enough has been said to show the nature of this almanack; and while it remains the only one of its kind no information of any value can be expected from it, beyond the fact, which we have set out with establishing, the true date of the reign of Rameses the Great. This, we think, it fixes on sure grounds; and, in that respect, but in that only, it is an important as well as a curious document.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

PORTUGAL AND ITS RULERS.

1. *A. B. da Costa Cabral. Apontamentos Historicos.* 8vo. Lisboa, 1844, 2 tom.
2. *Portugal. Recordaçoes do Anno* 1842. *Pelo Principe Lichnowsky. Traducido do Allemao.* 12mo. Lisboa, 1844.
3. *Hanlem, Haje, e Al' Manhã.* 12mo. Lisboa, 1842.
4. *Algunas Consideraçoes Politicos.* 12mo. Lisboa, 1844.
5. *Costa Cabral em Relevo.* 12mo. Lisboa, 1844.
6. *Discurso de Senr. Deputado Manuel Passos.* 12mo. Lisboa, 1845.
7. *Quadro Politico Historico e Biographico do Parlemento de* 1842. 12mo. Lisboa, 1846.

The publications above referred to, are calculated to cause some mistrust in the nature of those organic changes which have taken place in the Peninsula, during the last quarter of a century. We rise

from the perusal of them pained, and bewildered in our opinions with respect to the advantages of constitutional government—or at least of constitutional government as administered in Spain and Portugal of late years. We inquire after the condition of the people, their material interests, the state of religion, of commerce, and of agriculture, of letters and of arts; and we do not find that any of those things have been bettered by the changes that have taken place in the form of government.

Are we to infer then, that absolute government is better than representative? Before we come to that conclusion, it would be well to ascertain the nature of the governments called representative, which have existed in the Peninsula since 1820; and it may be, we shall find that representation in all of them was 'a mockery, a delusion, and a snare,' a privilege, monopolized by one class, and that the worst class of all, namely, the *employés (empleados, empregados publicos.)*

The history of the late administration in Portugal affords a striking example of the *burla* which scheming politicians make of constitutional liberty, and, what is well worthy of observation, the facilities for prevarication and malversation in office which the system, miscalled representative, affords to men of unclean hands and of loose principles in official situations. Western Europe has offered no parallel in recent times for the barefaced effrontery with which official peculation and venality have been practised during the last four years in Portugal, where it was not one individual alone of a ministry, but the majority of its members, who made either stock-jobbing, or contract selling, or patronage vending, the great business of their public lives; and notwithstanding the notoriety of such practices, carried on year after year, they enjoyed the favor of the court up to the latest moment, to an extent unequalled by any former administration.

In the minority of Louis XV. there was a state of things in France, which somewhat resembled that lately existing in Portugal. The revenues of the state were eaten up by speculating scheming ministers and subordinate officials. Immense fortunes were suddenly acquired, and commensurate injuries inflicted on the public service. The peculating ministers pulled admirably together, never differing about public measures; but in private they watched narrowly each other's gains, and were evidently connected politically for one object only—the promotion of their private interests. In the desperate disorder of the finances, the young sovereign found it difficult to get his wants supplied. When he called on Fouquet, the Intendant of Finance, for money, the latter was wont to reply, 'Sire, the exchequer is exhausted, but perhaps his eminence the cardinal will lend you what you want.' The riches of Fouquet, however, were then daily augmenting, and he could well afford to accommodate his sovereign, which he frequently did, without troubling the cardinal, while the national resources were becoming daily more exhausted.

In like manner in Portugal, the credit of the late minister of finance stood so much higher than that of the government, that he has often had occasion to endorse bills of the treasury for the public service, which without his personal security would have been worthless. He had a large stake in the funds, and was interested in the maintenance of public credit. But men who accumulate wealth suddenly are often smitten with an infatuation fatal to its preservation. The very means that were taken to uphold public credit, while malversation existed in every department of the state over which the Cabrals had any control, were ruinous to the treasury, and tended to bring about a state of things, when it would require a legislature made up of government employés to impose, and an army in every province to collect, the amount of taxes rendered necessary by the vices of the administration.

Fouquet, at the time we have referred to, was investing largely his governmental gains in lands and houses. The account then given of his doings would serve, with slight modifications, for those of the Cabrals. Fouquet, in 1661, had fitted up, at a cost of eighteen millions of francs, a sumptuous chateau, in which he entertained the whole French court, at a magnificent fête, the splendor of which was the admiration of his royal and noble guests, well acquainted though they were with the late humble circumstances of the intendant. But here the parallel ceases. The palace building, castle buying, wealth amassing, court banqueting of the Cabrals, all tended to the consolidation of their power. On the other hand, the young sovereign of France, though he had not much gratitude, as a guest, had some understanding of his

position as a sovereign, of his dignity, and of his duty to the state. In the course of a fortnight after the banquet, the intendant was not only in disgrace, but in a prison. He was arrested the 5th of September following, and the only cause assigned for the royal displeasure was the extravagance and ostentation, unsuited to the legitimate resources of a servant of the crown, which had been displayed at the entertainments referred to. He was sent to the Bastille, tried and found guilty of peculation and malversation in office, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. He died in a fortress on the frontier, after a confinement of eighteen years. His official accomplices were made to disgorge the plundered wealth of the state into the treasury, the amount of which spoil was enormous. Such of them as had bought houses, palaces, or lands, were deprived of their ill-gotten acquisitions. Wherever they were found they were seized and prosecuted.

Peculators in Portugal are more fortunate, they make purses, they maintain power by means of the repute of riches, no matter how acquired, and when they can make no more, or the nation can bear no more oppression, they retain the spoil, and pass for men of energy and ability; or, if the outcry against them is very strong, they have only to go over the bar of Lisbon, and all their accounts with the nation are settled. They go out of office with all the honors of a war for wealth, with flying colors, bag and baggage, their titles and *titulos*, orders and *inscriptions* in the fives and fours, and the highest favor of their gracious sovereign.

At the expiration of four years the despotism of the Cabrals over Portugal broke down.

This government sprang out of a rebellion planned by a disgraced employé, the elder Cabral (Joze Bernado da Silva Cabral) in 1842, and executed by the younger brother, Antonio da Costa Cabral (then Minister of Justice), who set the novel example of abandoning his portfolio, to upset the government of which he was a member.

Joze Bernado Cabral had been a zealous partisan of Dom Miguel's, had proclaimed him at Nellas, and adhered to his fortunes *till his fall*. Then he passed over to the triumphant side, sent in a written declaration of his loyalty to the queen, and had the ability to persuade Dom Pedro, that all through the reign of Dom Miguel he had been in secret a well-wisher of the cause of the young queen.

He had sent in a similar memorial to the judicial Miguelite authorities of Oporto, when Dom Miguel seized on the crown in 1828, setting forth his absolute principles. This official document, formally attested by the judicial authorities of Oporto, with its accompanying depositions bearing witness to the anti-constitutional principles of Dom Joze, exists to this day, and is of undisputed authority. The memorial, dated 18 August, 1828, is to the following effect:

"The advocate bachelor, Joze Bernado da Silva Cabral, in the court of Relaçao, of Oporto, &c., &c., states, firstly, that the supplicant was always a pure royalist, a friend of the altar and the throne, and so much so, that, in 1823, he was the first, when the Senhor Dom Miguel stood forth, who raised the cry of fidelity, in Nellas, in the council of Senhorim. Secondly, that the supplicant neither intervened, nor could intervene in any way in the revolution of the 16th of May, in the present year (in favor of the queen).

"The supplicant entreats to be permitted to justify his statements with the necessary proofs," &c., &c.

Then follow the attestations, officially registered, of several persons as to Dom Joze's loyalty to Dom Miguel, 'his great attachment to the magnanimous monarch Dom Miguel,' in the words of one of them.

Dom Joze, soon after he had become a liberal, was appointed to a magisterial office in Oporto, and an event happened in the meantime, which caused an unpleasant impression against the new liberal. An old Miguelite canon (Guimaraes), who had remained in Oporto, and was reputed a very wealthy man, had concealed in his house a very large sum of money, information of which had been communicated to the authorities. The seizure of this old man and his *suspicious property* was intrusted to Dom Joze, and it was made by his agents. An unaccountable loss, amounting to about 500*l.*, took place between the period of the seizure of the property and its being deposited in the hands of the authorities. The money found, amounted to twenty contos. Explanations were called for, and none satisfactory were given. Dom Joze was dismissed from the magistracy by Dom Pedro, the 13th of April, 1833.

The decree for his dismissal is to this effect:—

"It is my pleasure, in the name of the Queen, to exonerate the Advocate Joze de

Bernado Silva Cabral from the office of magistrate, pro tempore (*juiz do crime*), of the barrier of St. Catherine, to which he was nominated the 13th of February last. Dated 13th of April, 1833.

"(Signed), Dom Pedro, Duke of Braganza. (Countersigned), Joze da Silva Carvalho."—*Chron. Constit. of Oporto*, No. 95.

In the month of July following, he contrived to obtain an inferior employment, namely, that of corregidor of the barrier of the Roçio in Lisbon. He was not long in office, however, before he was again in trouble, on account of his zeal against suspected priests possessed of property.

In October, 1833, legal proceedings were instituted against him on a charge which may be comprehended from the following extracts from two official documents pertaining to the preliminary proceedings in this case, viz., the Relaçaõ *aggravo*, or supplication addressed to Dom Pedro, and the *accordaõ*, or report of the judges of Relaçao, signed by four of them. The former is to this effect:

"Senhor A. J. Oliveira da Silva complains to your majesty against the corregidor of the district of the Roçio, Joze Bernado da Silva Cabral, for the acts committed by him respecting the sequestration and embezzlement of the effects of the beneficed clergyman, Oliveira da Silva Cardoza, on the 28th of September last."

Divested of the jargon of the law, it goes on to state:

"That the clergyman Da Silva was a peaceable man, much over seventy years of age, who, on account of infirmities, was unable to quit his house. He was reputed a man possessed of much ready money, precious stones, and rarities, and had formed a museum of the latter, which was well known to be visited by all strangers who arrived in Portugal. The repute of these riches and precious objects caused his misfortune, for it was supposed that *they might even exceed in value those of the Canon Guimaraens of the city of Oporto.* On the 7th of September, without any regard for his advanced age and heavy infirmities, he was dragged from his house, and with his servants thrown into a dungeon of the Limoeiro gaol; and this was done without any legal forms, for the subsequent process showed that there had been no depositions against him till the 19th and 20th of September, twelve or thirteen days after his arrest, and the seizure of all his property. The effects were first illegally placed in deposit with an officer of justice, Manuel da Passos Machado, called a proprietor of land, one of the officers who conducted the clergyman to gaol!!?"

It is only to be added that if the effects described in the inventory attached to the sequester were the only objects which composed the museum of this clergyman, foreigners could have had little to admire in it, and the idea was false that was formed of its riches. The 29th of April, 1834, the Judge Disembargador of the Regent Cardoza pronounced a sentence in favour of the supplicant, against the Corregidor Dom Joze, thereby confirming the allegations of the former, which were as follows: that Dom Joze had come to the house of the deceased clergyman, accompanied by a large posse of his agents, to take cognizance of the various embezzlements effected there during the imprisonment of the deceased, and while the property was under charge of his depository; and that instead of taking the necessary steps, his inquiries of the supplicant were, if his relative was not of an unsound mind, which supplicant denied there were any grounds for supposing to be the case, whereas he believed that the object of the corregidor was only to nullify the accusation made to him.

Another later judical document, the evidence of the servant of the deceased, taken 23rd of May, 1834, details a number of facts, on which he grounds his profound conviction—*that the imprisonment of the deceased priest had been concerted in order to admit of those robberies being made which were abetted by the corregidor.* That a certain lame bachelor of law was the assistant of the corregidor in all the proceedings against his master, the chief agent in breaking open all the locks of his cabinet, &c. That his old master was a very retired man, treating only of the matters of his house, and never meddling in politics. That a *compadre* of deceased, of the name of Cabral, was the person that concocted the scheme against his master, and had made the denunciation against him and his property.

It appears by another document, that, on the 17th of September, the Corregidor of the Roçio consented to his prisoner's removal to his own house on bail, having a sentinel posted in sight of his house, and *at his expense.*

The indulgence was of little worth, for the fear occasioned by these proceedings, and the sufferings of his confinement, so affected this old infirm man that he died on the 21st of September, fourteen days after his unjust arrest by Senhor Joze Cabral. A decree was then issued that the

sequester should subsist nothwithstanding the death of the culprit.

The *Accordaõ* of the four judges declares *that the plaintiff was wronged by the Corregidor of the Roçio* on both the grounds stated by the former; for it was manifest the defendant had acted without legal process with respect to the sequester, and on a charge of disaffection attempted to be supported against the deceased, which never could be considered as bringing him within the description of persons specified in the decree of the 30th of the preceding August. For these and other reasons the judges gave their decision in favor of the plaintiff on the 14th of October, 1833. 'It was clear the process in itself was faulty, the sequester untenable, and consequently the proceeding a wrong.'

This scandalous act of malversation and oppression, the imprisonment of an old sickly man of seventy years of age, on a trumped up charge of disaffection to the state, the plunder of his property, and the terrifying to death of the old man who was the victim of this atrocious conspiracy, went unpunished. Nay, in a few years its commission was no impediment to the perpetrators filling the highest offices of the state.

This dismissed officer was subsequently appointed by the Queen to the high post of Civil Governor of Lisbon, and one of the Lords of the Treasury; in February, 1846, he was made a Councillor of State, and Minister of Justice and Religion, by her present majesty, or rather her majesty was compelled by her Minister of the Interior, the brother of Dom Joze, to appoint him, nay, even two months ago, to delegate to him powers of a regal kind, with authority over all officers in the kingdom, civil and military. This energetic gentleman gained an entire ascendency over those high and influential persons at the palace who take upon themselves the gravest responsibilities of the state, with very weak judgments for guidance or control in any serious emergencies.

The new court favorite was cried up by all the organs and agents of government as a man of extraordinary energy and talent; but though endowed with good abilities he was totally destitute of prudence, full of ungovernable violence, ever eagerly bent on gain, and singularly heedless of public opinion with respect to the means of acquiring it.

The younger brother, Antonio Bernado da Costa Cabral, was born at Algodres in Beira Alta in 1803. His father, though in humble circumstances, contrived to educate his sons at the university of Coimbra. Antonio and his brother Joze were brought up to the legal profession; both possessed talents, great energy and activity, ambition, and an utter want of principle. Antonio was appointed to a magisterial situation in Penella in the time of the Regency of Dom Pedro, after having emigrated and resided during Dom Miguel's reign in Belgium. On his return he enrolled himself in the battalion of students, and attached himself to the Minister of Dom Pedro, Silva Carvalho, whose servant he became in all servile obsequiousness. He obtained from him the appointment of Judge of the Relaçaõ of the Azores. There he was elected a deputy for St. Michaels, and in 1836, he commenced his political career in Portugal, as a furious democratic member of a revolutionary club called the Camilla Club, composed of men of known violent opinions. He contributed largely to effect the revolution of 1836, which set aside the charter of Dom Pedro of 1826, and rose to office on the tumultuous waves of that revolution.

For perfidy to all parties, there appears to be nothing like his conduct to be met with in the career of any living politician. He was not long in the Cortes before he declared himself against his patron, Silva Carvalho, whom eight years later he turned out of his place of president of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice. The cause of this hostility was a fraternal one: Carvalho would not reappoint his dismissed brother Joze to the magistracy. He next attached himself to an influential public man, Vieira de Castro, by whose aid he got returned for a continental place, which was then a very important matter to him. Not long afterwards he became the persecutor to the death of this same Vieira Castro.

It was after he had entered the Cortes a second time that he became the favorite demagogue of a revolutionary party, and was the idol of that club whose frenzy extended even to plans of assassination, nay of regicide; plans deliberately laid before it by Senhor Antonio Cabral. The Marat of Lisbon, however, was destined to be converted into something between a Richelieu and a Law of South Sea celebrity. He was brought into the ministry by Bomfim, and was the bitter enemy of the Cartistas, (especially of the Marshals Terceira

and Saldanha, in their rebellion of 1837,) intrigued against Bomfim, by whom he had been brought into the ministry, heated the public mind against the government, and eventually, when the people proceeded to violence, had them mowed down by the military. A considerable number of his former democratic associates of the arsenal faction were slaughtered in the Roçio-square, in Lisbon. Ministry after ministry was formed and broke down. Senhor Antonio Cabral had the art to embroil his colleagues, and was especially active and successful in his intrigues against every public man by whom he had been brought into notice, or in any wise benefited. It is needless to say that his enemies were numerous; but in proportion as he grew unpopular with his friends and the public, he became a favorite at court.

Having as usual betrayed his latest benefactor, Bomfim, on the 7th of March, 1838, and caused his fall (just as he had ousted his friend Soares Caldeira from his office in the police, and placed himself in his stead), his political ascendency was no longer a matter of doubt. Thus far successful, he turned altogether against his old democratic associates, and showed no mercy to them when they attempted to carry out even the least reprehensible of his own doctrines. Some of his lessons were indeed of a very atrocious kind, if the accounts, not of two or three, but of several of his confidential friends err not. On one occasion he is said to have counselled the members of the Camilla Club to make away with three public men, the Count Bomfim, Julio Sanches, and the Baron Ribeira Saborosa. 'It would be easy,' he said, 'to make an entrance into the house of the first-named of these persons by the window from a neighboring wall; the house of the second could be got into by the roof, which was low and easily reached; and that of the third was to be entered by buying the tenant of the first story, and from the window of it passing to the second.' This ingenious device however was too atrocious for his associates, and was not put into practice. The only motive for planning it was, that those liberals did not go far enough in their liberalism, for the fervid patriotism of this red-hot demagogue of 1836.

In his parliamentary and ministerial career, he mingled too much of his passions with his public proceedings, petty animosities guided his politics, his acts of justice even had the air of measures of revenge. His influence at court, especially over the king, became strong—strong enough for him in 1842, to hazard a revolution without apprehending the consequences of treason. He had, for his encouragement, the high example of his majesty in 1837, when his horses were put at the disposition of the two marshals, then in rebellion against the queen's government. He left his ministerial post to make a revolution, to upset the constitution of 1838, and re-establish the Charter of Dom Pedro which he had helped to abolish in 1836. He succeeded; his new ministerial reign began in February, 1842, and it lasted upwards of four years. *In that period he suspended the constitution three times, and caused the queen to affix her signature thirteen times to ordinances in violation of the written charter which is the fundamental law of the state.*

These things were looked upon at the court, and by the majority of the Cortes, as acts of energy not quite formal, indeed, but expedient; the acts of a strong ministry that had the army at its back—that sustained order and public credit. The energy beyond the law brought law and order, however, into disrepute; a revolt took place in 1843, and the strong government had great difficulty in putting it down. The finances from the day this minister came into power, became more and more embarrassed. The stocks, however, were supported for the time being but by ruinous means—by an organized system of loan making, anticipation of revenue, and stock-jobbing operations carried on with monopolist companies of capitalists created expressly for dealings with government, and contracts with it of an exclusive kind—for which in several instances enormous sums, in what is called *empenhas*, were paid to two individuals of the government (the Cabrals). Venality had reached such a pitch, that the prices of contracts became familiar topics. The tobacco, the soap, the powder, and the road contracts were regularly bought and sold in this manner; and sums were paid for them varying in amount from twenty to fifty contos, that is, from 4500*l.* to 12,250*l.* sterling each. Nay, in one instance 100 contos were offered for a contract, and refused as too small a sum.

The terrible evil of this great public immorality was that officials in subordinate situations took advantage of the notoriety of this fact to obtain money of applicants for places. The disposal of offices in the pro-

vinces especially became a source of great emolument. The applicant usually deposited a sum of money varying from half a conto to one or two contos, in the hands of a third party, a certain shopkeeper, generally of the Cabral party, living in the Roçio. The greater portion of this money in all probability went into the hands of the subordinates; but the disbursers were left to presume that if not all, at least the greater portion, went into the hands of the minister, or his brother and colleague. These suspicions, well or ill-founded, acquired unfortunately strong confirmation from the sudden possession of great wealth on the part of the two ministers. In 1842, when Antonio Cabral came into power, he was in indigent circumstances, his salary being his only means of subsistence, as he himself publicly declared in the Cortes. His brother was still worse off then, but now both are rich, possessed of lands, houses, and public securities. The ex-minister of the interior is the proprietor of a castle at Thomar, a palace in Lisbon, and all the luxurious requisites of a vast establishment.

The creation of the bubble companies, the nature of the terms entered into with the public contractors, the necessary expenses of a government bayoneted up by a large military force, increased heavily the charges on the treasury (in four years they exceeded the revenue by 8000 contos). It was necessary not only to increase taxation, but to create new places, payable by fees, for the unfortunate supporters of government, especially for those by whose agency the late elections had been carried at the point of the bayonet, and at a large expense both of blood and money. Hence came into operation the new system of taxation and the health law, the immediate cause of the recent rebellion. It is to be observed that the law in question was one of the thirteen signal violations of the charter, inasmuch as it was enacted, not by the legislature, but by royal ordinance, during one of the periods of the acknowledged dictatorship of Senhor Costa Cabral.

The men who bought their places in the provinces, or obtained them for such services as we have alluded to, thought only of turning them to the best account in the shortest possible time; for every body of common sense foresaw the result of this regime of violence and venality. It was not in the nature of things that it could last. The very hottest of the partisans of the Cabrals hated them for acquiring so much of the public spoil in so short a time. There was no consideration, they thought, for the wants of other public *employés* just as hungry as themselves. In short, the greediness of gain of the Cabrals, and especially of the elder brother, became an object of envious emulation on the part of their followers, and a calamity to the country at large. The principal odium, perhaps somewhat unjustly, fell on the minister of the interior, the Count Thomar. There was no second opinion entertained of him in any class or any quarter—

"Agioteur adroit, ministre sans moyen,
De rien il fit de l'or et d'un royaume—rien."

The president of the Council of Ministers and minister-of-war, the Duke of Terceira, a soldier of fortune, or rather a fortunate soldier, thought it consistent with his honor to sit in the same cabinet with two such colleagues; and incapable himself of making money 'by any indirection,' he satisfied his conscience by maintaining the Cabrals in power without ever affording their integrity a good word in private. The duke is not the wisest man in the world, nor the most wealthy, but he needs money, and loves to live well, and so long as he got 'pintos' for his honorable services, it mattered not to him how or whence they came. He rendered the queen good service, and has had the rare felicity of experiencing gratitude for his adhesion to the cause of the Restoration. The duke has the merit of having more than once checked his colleagues in headlong courses of violence against their political opponents.

The Minister of the Marine, Senhor Falcaõ, like the Duke of Terceira, came into power with the reputation of an honest man. He was a very poor one, the son of a sailmaker of Lisbon, and had risen suddenly from a very humble position. He filled the situation of a clerk for many years in a merchant's office in Lisbon, obtained a clerkship in the marine department, rose to the rank in it of *official mayor*, and eventually to that of minister. With his 750*l.* a year salary he has however contrived to purchase a palace and a small estate, and to keep a handsome equipage.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Senhor Castro, has never been charged with venality. His political virtue is of a very easy kind however. He has never opposed his colleagues in any acts of violence or illegality, but has continually lent himself

to the deception practised on the public by fraudulent expositions of the state of the finances, and has used his official station for private speculations in the funds, which have been moderately fortunate. This gentleman, a few years ago, kept a small retail shop in Oporto. He is a man of some talent, a great deal of astuteness and flexibility of principle.

His colleague of the finance department, Count Tojal, the son of a physician of Dom John VI., is one of those public men of easy virtue, who never themselves commit any egregious acts of barefaced venality and corruption, but who wink at their commission while they pursue their own less less flagitious schemes for acquiring riches. The count is possessed of considerable wealth. About twenty years ago, as plain John Oliveira, a wine-merchant and afterwards a stock-broker, not very successful, he was well known in London and on the stock-exchange. He came into office with some property inherited from his uncles, it is said, to the extent of 30,000*l.* He is now possessed of upwards of *three hundred and forty thousand pounds* invested in the Portuguese stock of the foreign debt, besides capital to a considerable extent invested in the spoil of the church and in a manufacture of paper. All this property, with the exception of the first sum mentioned, was made during the last four years by successful operations, for example, the purchase, of 'paper' claims on the treasury for salary discounted by him, and lucky hits in the funds which his official position afforded him the opportunities of making. It fortunately happened for the creditors that the interests of the finance minister were for a time identified with theirs. But it was only for a time, and a very short one, though the count labored hard to convince them it would be for a long period. Men of great cunning and eagerness to amass riches frequently deceive themselves, practise on the credulity of others, and end by becoming the dupes of their own artifices. This, in all probability, has been the case of the Count Tojal.

Such are the men who have exercised despotic power over Portugal, and by the rapacity and tyranny of their government have brought that country to its present alarming condition of open rebellion and impending bankruptcy. Their course has been a continued career of illegality, and wanton wickedness in their manifold violations of the charter. No previous ministry had ever such strong and sincere support from the court; no representations against it were listened to. The king, who acts for the sovereign as he is directed to do by his former tutor and present councillor, the German Dietz, seems to have thrown himself and the interests of the crown wholly into the hands of the Cabrals.

It is a matter of general notoriety that the king came to Portugal accompanied by this German gentleman, and has retained him in the palace ever since. Strong objections were raised to this foreigner remaining in the country, and about the person of the king, exercising great influence, and entertaining very strong feelings of dislike to the Portuguese nation, which he took little trouble to conceal, and still stronger dislike to the form of government given to the nation by the father of the sovereign. He occupied no ostensibly political situation at court, but he discharged the duties of a councillor to the king, a tutor to the young princes, and an intendant of the palace, in which situation, every action of the queen, even to the most trifling affair of the household, was watched, meddled with, and controlled by this German favorite. The interference of this foreigner in all the concerns of the court, but more especially in all important matters of state, exasperated the Portuguese; their press loudly inveighed against it, and the cry was echoed by political men of all parties, with the exception of the Cabrals. The fact of the education of the young princes, in a country in which the Catholic religion is by law the religion of the state, being committed to a foreigner of a different religion, afforded likewise grounds of complaint; but all such complaints have been treated with contempt by the court, and no wonder, for over it Mr. Dietz, the German, virtually reigns. It has ever been a weakness of the Braganza family, to allow themselves to be governed by menials; but it is something novel for the favorite to be a foreigner, in this country above all others, where strangers are received with so much jealousy.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

PARIS IN 1846.

Paris as it is after fifteen years' rule of the throne of the Barracades, and Paris as it was under the divine-right crown of the Restoration—Paris as it presented itself to the staring wonder of the crowd that rushed from Corn-hill to the Palais Royale as soon as the echoes of the cannon had died away on the plains of Waterloo, and as it now addresses itself to the twenty thousand strangers that swarm between the Rue de la Paix and the Arc de Triomphe, is a subject interesting to contemplate. Under the consulate and the empire, as of old under the ancien regime, the fine arts, in all their departments, engrossed the attention of the government, and captivated the public. The substantial comforts, the convenience and health of the people, were subjects of comparatively minor importance. Magnificent buildings, splendid monuments, and gorgeous palaces every where attracted the eye; and in their immediate vicinage, poverty, filth, and misery. The marble walls of temples and palaces were defiled by the river of filth and offal which flowed through the sewerless streets. The passenger who aspired not to a coach, unprovided with a footway, scrambled along the inclined pavement which sloped from either wall to the central gutter, which discharged the functions of a sewer, and was from time to time bespattered with the mud and filth flirted around by the wheels of the carriages in which the more wealthy were transported. Lanterns suspended like a performer on a cord volante, at distant intervals, like angels' visits, few and far between, in the centre of the street, and at a height sufficient to allow carriages to pass under them, served as a sort of lighthouses for the navigation of the vehicles of the rich through the streams of puddle, but by their distance, height, and position, afforded no benefit to the humble pedestrian. To say that they illuminated the streets would be an abuse of language; they just served to make darkness visible.

Fifteen years of constitutional liberty, and the substitution of a representative government—presided over by a prince who has been schooled in misfortune, had experienced the sweet uses of adversity, and had known what it was to eat the bread of his own industry—for the throne of the restoration, vainly struggling against the spirit of the age and the popular will, have changed all this. The wand of an enchanter has been waved over the city, and a magical transformation has been effected. The ornamental has ceased to monopolize the attention of government, and the useful has claimed its due care. The frightful ravages of the cholera, in 1832, left a warning which has not been unheeded. In an incredibly short space of time a perfect system of drainage by sewers throughout this vast city has been completed. Footways have every where been constructed. The system of carriage pavement with square blocks of granite, forming a convex road, with side drains leading to the sewers, has taken the place of the concave street with open centre gutters. The offensive effluvia which excluded the English visiter from certain quarters of Paris no longer exists, and the demon of malaria has been expelled. Gas illumination, extending now through every quarter, including the interior of buildings as well as the streets, has superseded the suspended lanterns; and it is hard to say which most attracts the admiration of foreigners, the gaiety of the streets, boulevards, and public walks by day, or their brilliancy when lighted up by night.

But the achievement which will be remembered in connexion with the reign of Louis Philippe with the most grateful feelings by the philanthropist, is undoubtedly the example he has afforded even to the advanced civilization of Great Britain in his efforts for the repression of gambling and prostitution. He has accomplished what the English authorities have not even thought of attempting. There are now no public gambling tables in Paris, and even private play is subject to so many restraints, that it has been stripped of half its evils. The purest female may now walk the public thoroughfares of the city by day or by night without the risk of having her sight outraged or her ears polluted by the indecencies which are still suffered to prevail in the most frequented streets of the metropolis of Britain. The theatres and other places of public resort are equally purified. Even the Palais Royale—that temple of vice—has been thoroughly reformed; and it is due to the present king to add, that this reformation has been effected by a large sacrifice of his private revenue, a considerable portion of the rental of the Palais Royale having arisen from the extensive and long-established gambling rooms by which it was occupied, and by the employment of the loftier stories for

still more impure, and not less profitable purposes.*

Among the improvements in the arts of life, imported from England, the most striking, at the present moment, is the railway system, which is progressing in France more rapidly than is imagined at our side of the channel. The manner of accomplishing these public works here is essentially different from the English system, and has certainly some advantages over the latter in a national point of view. To comprehend it, and the circumstances out of which it has arisen, it must be remembered, that the construction and maintenance of the public roads has always constituted a department of the government in France, under the title of *L'Administration des ponts et chausées*, or the Department of Roads and Bridges. Connected with this department there is a public school of engineering, the pupils of which ultimately form a corps of engineers in the immediate pay, and under the control of the state. By this corps, or under their superintendence, all the great public communications of the country are made and maintained. When the invention of railways, therefore, had been advanced so far in England, as to supersede, to a greater or less extent, common roads, and the improvement had forced itself upon the French public, the construction of such lines of intercourse by private companies presented a novelty in the civil administration of the country; and after the concession of one or two of the first enterprises of this kind to joint stock companies (a large portion of the share-holders of which were English), the government reverted to the established usage, subject, however, to a slight modification. The great lines of railway are now projected, surveyed, and executed by or under the immediate superintendence of the *Administration des ponts et chausées*, and at the cost of the state. When they are completed, or nearly so, they are offered to public competition, on a lease for a specified time, varying from forty years to a century. The company, or individual, who, under sealed proposals, sent in within a specified time, and to be opened on an appointed day, offers the terms most advantageous to the state, obtains the lease. The lessee company usually replaces the capital expended by the government in the construction of the road, and provides from its own funds all the moveable capital necessary for the operation of the line. At the termination of the lease, the property in the line reverts to the state.

This method of proceeding is attended with several obvious advantages. The general projection of the lines of communication through the country is not left to chance or to the fancy of individuals or companies, or the suggestion of local coteries, but is governed by the high and general interests of the state. By retaining a general control and surveillance, which form part of the conditions of the lease, the interests of the public are better protected, and abuses of administration are more effectually prevented than could be effected if the railways were the property of independent bodies and associations, as in England. After the expiration of the leases, these enterprises becoming national property, may either be made a direct source of revenue to the state, relieving the public in a proportionate extent from less tolerable burthens, or be worked for the public benefit at rates only sufficient to maintain them.

The lines of railway now in actual operation are the following:—

	DISTANCE	TIME
	Miles.	H. M.
Paris to Versailles (right bank)	13½	0 30
Do. Do. (left bank)	12½	0 30
Paris to St. Germain	12½	0 30
Paris to Rouen	86	4 0
Paris to Orleans	79	4 0
Paris to Valenciennes (and thence to Brussels)	133	——
Strasbourgh to Basle	88	5 0
Mulhouse to Thann	12½	1 0
Bourdeaux to La Teste	39	——
Montpelier to Cette A	17½	0 50
Lyons to St. Etienne	33½	4 0
St. Etienne to Roanne	42	4 0
Nismes to Alaix	31	2 0
Alaix to Grand Combe	11	0 30
Nismes to Beaucaire	16	1 0

Besides these, there are several important lines of railway in a forward state of construction, among which may be mentioned the continuation of the Paris and Rouen railway, by two branches, to Havre and to Dieppe; a branch of the northern railway from Amiens to Boulogne and Calais; the railway from Paris to Lyons, &c. &c.

The effects which in a few years may be expected to be produced on the inter-communication of different parts of Europe, but especially between France and England, when these enterprises come into operation, must be very striking. It is presumable

* It is well known that the Palais Royale is the private property of Louis Philippe.

that between two capitals so important as Paris and London, no known practical means of expeditious communication will be neglected. At present, the express trains between London and Exeter travel (stoppages included) at fifty miles an hour. The stoppages being much less frequent, it may then be expected that express trains between Paris and Boulogne will travel at the same rate at least; in which case the trip between Paris and Boulogne will be made in less than three hours. Steamers of improved efficiency may easily make the passage between Boulogne and Folkstone in an hour and a-half, and the trip between Folkestone and London (eighty-eight miles) may be made in two hours. Thus the entire distance between Paris and London, making allowance for fair stoppages, may be effected in seven hours by express trains, and by common trains may certainly be brought within twelve hours!! On an emergency, a despatch may be sent to Paris, and an answer obtained, in fifteen hours! But this emergency itself may be superseded by the electric telegraph, which will reduce the hours to minutes!!

The railway from Paris to Lyons, and thence to Marseilles, is also in rapid progress. This distance will be about five hundred miles, and at the same rate of travelling for express trains, may be completed in ten hours. Thus an express train may reach Marseilles from London in seventeen hours! The same rate on the Sardinian and Tuscan lines, when constructed, would reach the frontier of the papal states in a few additional hours; but here we must stop. The states of the Church forbid the construction of railways within their precincts, as dangerous to Christianity!* There we must surrender the locomotive, and betake ourselves to the road. The papal authorities of the nineteenth century are as hostile to the speed of the railway as those of the sixteenth were to the orbitual motion of the earth, and are as strongly opposed to Stephenson as those of the latter were to Galileo.

Fashion is every thing in Paris. Its sway is omnipotent and universal. It

> "——— rules the camp, the court, the grove,
> And men below and gods above."

Even religion here is not exempt from its sceptre, and the Church revives under its fostering influence. After the revolution of July, the few ecclesiastics who under the restored Bourbons had gained a sort of footing in society, fell into such disrepute that no one appeared for several years in the public streets in the clerical costume. The shovel and three-cornered chapeaux were laid aside, and the loose robe was abandoned for the ordinary coat and round hat of the layman. In the churches, on the Sabbath, the congregation consisted almost exclusively of females, with a slight sprinkling of old men, generally of the humbler classes. Within a few years, however, it has—for what reason would be hard to say—become fashionable among the Parisians to observe the external forms of religion; and when the Parisians adopt any fashion, they don't do so by halves. The streets now have become a perfect rookery. Black robes of every cut and fashion, shovel hats, three cornered hats, and every other characteristic of clerical costume, abound. The churches, on Sundays, are as overflowing as the theatres, and as brilliant in the rank and fashion of the assemblies which fill them. Go to the Madeleine, and look at the luxurious velvet-covered *prie dieus*, and you will discover the rank of the *habitués* by the names of their owners engraved on the pretty brass plates attached to them. Madame La Duchesse de M—, Madame La Vicomtesse de N—, Madame La Princesse de P—, &c. &c., attest the rank of the votaries at this fashionable temple.

Shops have been opened in the vicinities of all the principal churches, *pour la vente des objets religieux*. In the windows are displayed rosaries of exquisitely carved beads; crucifixes in gold, silver, and ivory, beautifully sculptured; Agni Deis, Virgins and infant Saviours; ecce homos, missals, gorgeously bound in the richest velvet, with sculptured crucifixes on the covers; priests' robes of the richest cloth of gold; little shrines for the private closet of the faithful; and an infinitely various assortment of like objects, by which religion is rendered ornamental and externally attractive.

The children are reminded of the observances of their religion in their playthings and their sweetmeats. The toy shops exhibit in their windows baby-chapels, with baby altars, shrines and crucifixes. The boy who used to take his pocket money to purchase little soldiers, now buys little monks, and the girl shows you her doll

* Since the above was in type, Pope Gregory XVI. has died, and it is announced that his successor, adopting a more enlightened policy, has decided on the construction of railways.

dressed as a sister of charity. Sugar plums are formed into the figures of the Virgin and the Saviour, and priests in their robes are eaten in sweet chocolate, as images in sugar are swallowed from the crust of a twelfth night cake.

With all this external parade of the forms of religion, there is at the same time scarcely a serious pretension to any real or deep feeling on the subject. Even among women the matter begins and ends in ceremonials. In the actual practical conduct of life all this religion (if it can be so denominated) exercises little or no influence. Whether this arises from the fact that the national clergy do not constitute a prominent section of good society in the country, as is the case in England, we must leave others to determine.

The statistics of the population of Paris, published from year to year, disclose some curious facts which may aid in the discussion of such questions.

It appears from the statistical returns of last year that the births which took place in Paris, in the year 1844, were as follows:

Legitimate children . . .	21,526
Illegitimate children . . .	10,430
Total number of births .	31,956

These figures lead to the astounding conclusion that *thirty-two and a-half per cent. of the children born in the metropolis of France, are illegitimate!!*

It may be inquired in what condition of life this enormous extent of concubinage prevails? Some light may be thrown on this question by examining the proportion of the entire number of illegitimates which are born in the hospitals, to which here the poorer classes almost invariably resort.

It appears, then, that of the total number of illegitimates, there were—

Born in private houses, . . .	5,744
Born in the hospitals, . . .	4,686
	10,430

From which it follows, that above fifty-five per cent. of this large proportion of natural children belong to classes sufficiently independent to provide for their comforts in private domiciles.

From births let us turn to deaths, and we shall obtain a result scarcely less surprising. The total number of deaths which took place in Paris, in the year 1844, was as follows:—

In private houses, . . .	16,356
In the hospitals, . . .	10,054
In military hospitals, . . .	465
In prisons, ...	185
Brought to the Morgue, . .	298
Executed, ...	2
	27,360

Thus it seems that *of the total number of persons who die in Paris, very nearly forty per cent. die in the hospitals.*

The improvement of the general comforts of the poorer classes in France, which has taken place since the Revolution, combined with the extensive use of vaccination, is exhibited in its effects on the average duration of life. By the statistical returns it appears that for the last twenty-seven years the ratio of the whole population, to the number of births, is 33.4 to 1, which gives the mean duration of life, during that period, to be 33 years. By the tables of Duvilland, it appears that before the Revolution the average duration of life was only 27¾ years, which gives an increase of 19 per cent. on the length of life since the Revolution.

The proportion of the sexes among the children born, offers some curious and inexplicable circumstances. On taking the returns of births from 1817 to 1843, it is found that the total number of boys born in that interval was 13,477,489, while the number of girls was 12,680,776; so that, of the whole number there are 6¼ per cent. more boys than girls.

But let us examine separately the two classes of legitimate and illegitimate children.

It is found, that among legitimate children, 106⅔ boys are born for every 100 girls; while among illegitimate children 104⅙ boys are born for 100 girls. In the latter class, therefore, there are only four per cent. more boys born than girls; while in the former there are nearly seven per cent. more of boys.

This ratio is not casual, for it has been found to obtain, not only for different periods of time and for different parts of France, but is equally found in other countries where exact statistical records are kept.

It seems, then, that a greater proportion of boys are born among legitimate than among illegitimate children. What strange inferences this incontestably established phenomenon leads to! Are we to infer that the solemnization of marriage pro-

duces a specific physiological effect, varying in a determinate manner the sex of the offspring? We must leave this curious question to the faculty to explain. Meanwhile we must assure them that they are absolutely excluded from taking refuge in the *doubtfulness of the fact itself*. The evidence is quite incontestable.

If the intellectual condition of the population of the French metropolis can be inferred from the amount of intellectual food provided for them, and apparently enjoyed and voluntarily consumed, it must be admitted to have attained rather an high standard. The first, most obvious, and most abundant source of mental information, is the daily press. Journalism is carried to an extraordinary extent in Paris. Not only is the number of newspapers considerable, but the average circulation is much greater than that of the London journals. They are issued at a much lower price, and much more extensively read.—The annual subscription to the principal daily papers is only forty francs, equal to thirty-two shillings, British. These papers are published daily, including Sundays, and consequently their price is little more than one penny. But small as this cost is, the Parisian rarely incurs so much; nor would a single journal satisfy his thirst for information. He requires to see the journals of all parties, and to hear all sides of the question. This object is attained easily, economically, and agreeably, by the *Cabinets de Lecture* or reading rooms, above three hundred of which are established in Paris. The admission to these is three halfpence. Here all the journals of Paris, great and small, all the periodicals of the day, the popular romances and pamphlets, and other works of current interest, are provided.—In many of the better class of these establishments, the English and other foreign papers are found. Every Parisian above the rank of the mere working class resorts to these rooms, and makes himself *au curant* on the subjects of the day. Besides these sources of daily information, he has his café, to which all Frenchmen resort morning or evening, and where all the principal journals are provided.

The aim and object of a Parisian journal are somewhat different from those of an English newspaper. It is less the vehicle of advertisements, or of mere gossip, such as accidents and offences, than the latter. It is more discursive, and affects more the character of a review, embracing literature and the arts, as well as politics and miscellaneous intelligence. In a certain sense it may be said to have a higher intellectual tone, and although no single French journal can be truly said to be as perfect a vehicle of general intelligence as one of the leading morning papers of London, yet this deficiency is more than compensated by the facility with which the various journals are accessible.

The *feuilleton* is a department of French journalism which has no corresponding branch in the English press. Here the writings of many of the most eminent men of letters of the day, more especially the authors of fiction, first are offered to the world. Here are also found literary and dramatic criticism, reviews of the arts, and a general record of the progress of mind.

The number of journals which thus form channels of popular information in Paris alone, is about forty; half that number being daily papers for politics and general intelligence.

The intellectual taste of the Parisians is manifested, in a striking manner, by the desire they show for attendance on public lectures in every department of literature and science. Such discourses are accessible gratuitously in various parts of Paris, and delivered by professors eminent in the various departments of knowledge. Among these ought to be especially mentioned the lectures on astronomy delivered throughout the season by Arago, at the royal observatory, and those on mechanical philosophy, given on Sundays, by the Baron Charles Dupin, at the *Conservatoire des arts et metiers*. Each of these professors is attended by audiences of six or seven hundred persons of both sexes and all ages, from the youth of sixteen upwards.

Of all the class of public professors coming under the title of *adult instructors*, Arago is, perhaps, the most remarkable, and we might even extend the comparison beyond the limits of France. The well known felicity of Faraday gives him a high rank in this species of teaching. But he yields to Arago in the eloquence of language, and what may be called the literary qualifications of the instructor. If Arago had not been a member of the Academy of Sciences, he might have preferred a fair claim to admission to the Academy of Letters (*L'Academie Française*).

As a member of the Chamber of Deputies, Arago has assumed his seat on the extreme left, the place of republican

opinions pushed to their extreme limit.—He is a violent politician, and will go every length with his party. He rarely, however, mounts the tribune; never except on questions on which his peculiar acquirements are capable of throwing light. Whenever he does, the chamber is hushed in the most profound and respectful silence. There are no interruptions, either of approbation or dissent, such as even the most eminent parliamentary speakers are accustomed to. The members listen with inclined heads and inquiring countenances. The strangers' galleries are filled with respectful and anxious spectators and hearers. The stature of the savant is above the middle size, his hair is curled and flowing, and his fine southern bust commands the attention. His forehead and temples indicate force of will and habits of meditation. The moment he opens the subject of his speech, he becomes the centre to which every look is directed, and on which all attention is fixed. If the question is complicated, it becomes simple as he utters it. If it be technical, it is resolved into the most familiar. If it be obscure, it becomes luminous. The ignorant are astonished that what seemed unintelligible has become suddenly self-evident, and the dull are charmed with the consciousness of their awakened powers of perception. The gesture, the *pantomime* of the orator are captivating. Flashes of light seem to issue from his eyes, his mouth, and even from his fingers! He varies and relieves his discourse by the most lively digressions and well-pointed anecdotes immediately arising out of the subject, which adorn without over-charging it. When he relates facts, his language has all the graces of simplicity; but when he unfolds the mysteries of science, and developes some of the wonders of nature, his speech rises, his style becomes elevated and figurative, and his eloquence corresponds with the sublimity of his theme.

The versatility of Arago, and his vast fund of peculiar information, always ready in his memory, and available for felicitous application, remind us of the qualities of his friend Lord Brougham. Like the latter, Arago is a linguist, a politician, a man of letters. He is perpetual secretary of the Institute, in which office he has produced remarkable *eloges* of some of his most eminent contemporaries, among whom may be mentioned Volta, Fourriere and Watt.

One of the principal avowed instruments for the intellectual advancement of the people in France, is the drama. Whether the counteracting evils which attend theatrical entertainments preponderate over the means of mental improvement which they offer, is a question on which some difference of opinion will, no doubt, prevail. However this be decided, the state in France regards the drama as a national object, as the means of sustaining and fostering an important branch of French literature, and, in a word, as a department of *les beaux arts*, as well entitled to protection and encouragement as painting or sculpture.

There are within the barriers of Paris about twenty-four theatres, permanently open; most of them nightly, including Sunday. Several of these are directly supported by the state, receiving an annual subvention of greater or less amount, and being consequently subject, in some degree, to government control. In defence of the moral effect of these places of public amusement, it must be said that none of them present the offensive and revolting scenes which are witnessed in the saloons and upper tiers of boxes of the English theatres. In fact, that class of persons who thus outrage decency, in the place of public amusement in England, dare not show themselves in any theatre in Paris. In that respect, at least, there is a wholesome stringency of police regulations. In the audience part of a Paris theatre there is, in fact, nothing to offend the eye or the ear of the most fastidious moralist.

The principal theatre of Paris, and that to which the state attaches the most importance, is the *Academie Royale de Musique*, commonly called the grand opera. It is here that the art of dancing is cultivated; in connexion, however, with the higher class of opera. Notwithstanding that the prices of admission are considerable, and the theatre accommodates two thousand persons, and is generally filled, yet such is the splendor with which musical entertainments are produced, that the entire receipts do not amount to any-thing near the expenses of the establishment. The annual subscription allowed by the state to this school of music is above thirty-five thousand pounds sterling.

A second theatre, called the *Opera Comique*, is also devoted exclusively to the advancement of music, and receives an annual grant of £10,000.

The great school of French dramatic literature is the Theatre Français, where the works of Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, Mo-

liére, and the other great dramatic writers, are kept continually before the public, supported by the best living artists, among whom Mademoiselle Rachel at present holds the first place. This theatre is supported by an annual grant of £8,000, notwithstanding which it is now tottering on the brink of dissolution, and must come to a suspension if the state do not intervene.

Exclusive of these, all the other theatres are private enterprises, conducted independently of government, and generally attended with profitable results in a financial sense. The character of the dramas represented at them is very various, and in some instances exceptionable on the score of moral tendency; not more so, however, than those of the minor theatres in London.

Among the means of intellectual advancement enjoyed by the Parisians, we ought not to omit the mention of the public libraries, of which above twenty are open to the public daily. It is impossible to refrain from contrasting these admirable institutions with similar public establishments in London, not only as to the facilities which they offer to the public, but as to the extent to which the public avail themselves of the benefits which they present. If the number of daily readers at such institutions be any indication of the intellectual advancement of the people, then assuredly our French neighbors have greatly the advantage of us. To perceive this, it is only necessary to look into the *salle de lecture* of the Bibliothéque Royale any morning, and call to your recollection the reading-room of the library at the British Museum. Is the difference to be ascribed to the different state of mental advancement of the people or to the restrictions imposed on the admission to the use of the latter library? If this last be to any extent the cause, the sooner these restrictions are removed the better. In Paris the public libraries are open without any restrictions whatever. You have no permission to ask, no introduction or recommendation to seek, no qualification to attain —not even a name to acknowledge. Whatever be your condition, rank, country, language, or garb, you are free to enter these institutions; write on a paper, which is provided for you, the titles of the works you wish to consult or to study, and, without further inquiry or delay, they are handed to you by porters, who are in waiting for the purpose; you have convenient seats and tables in rooms well ventilated in summer and warmed in winter, with ink for extracts, and you are only required to find your own paper. The number of readers who avail themselves of this privilege is enormous.

While means so ample are thus presented for the improvement of the understanding, opportunities for the cultivation of taste, and the refinement of the imagination, are not less profusely supplied, and still more eagerly and extensively enjoyed by all classes, including even the most humble of the operatives. To be convinced of this, we have only to make a promenade of the magnificent collection of Versailles, or of the museum of the Louvre, on any Sunday or holiday, when the working classes are free — Those who in London would be found at the gin-shop, or at the smoking bazaar, are here found familiarizing their eye with the productions of Raffaelle, Titian, Paul Veronese, the Poussins, or Claude, or wandering among the antiquities of Italy, Greece, and Egypt. It is not an overcharged estimate to state, that on every festival day, with favorable weather, not less than fifty thousand of the lower orders of Paris enjoy themselves in this manner.

LIFE OF MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA.

Lives of the Queens of England. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. IX. 8vo, pp. 429. Colburn.

Not requiring so much deeply learned and difficult research among the cramp, ancient black letter records, in the strange dialects of our early history, which is hardly within the compass of female accomplishment (though a Dacier were the agent), Miss Strickland, coming down to the later times, has (here especially) been fortunate in having her diligent labors rewarded by the opening of a new and hitherto little, if at all, consulted sources of information. Her biography of Mary Beatrice of Modena, the Queen of James II., is accordingly one of the best which we owe to her pen. With unconcealed Jacobite feelings, she has probed the statements of Burnet and other writers, the bitter opponents of James and his consort, the uncompromising enemies of their religion, and the supporters of a revolution which drove them from the throne of these realms. That such parties would grossly misrepresent them is but in human nature. A change of dynasty invariably im-

plies the monstrous character of that which has been overthrown. Macbeth, Richard, Charles I., and James II., are but varied types of the class; every foible and vice exaggerated, and every merit and virtue denied. The vanquished are not immediately dangerous; the victorious are the dispensers of favors and rewards. But years roll on, when both are alike powerless for good or evil; and then Prince Posterity asserts his claim to some acquaintance with the truth. Opinions are balanced, facts are canvassed, documentary evidence is consulted, private correspondence is retrieved from the dust of muniment chests, comparisons are instituted, and philosophy in the consideration of all the data is applied; and lo! another picture starts from the canvass, just as in the elder productions of the fine arts the skilful cleaner so often discovers the original beneath the counterfeit daub which has been painted over it. Thus has Miss Strickland made out a very different portrait of Mary of Modena from that which has been handed down from the Eighty-eight; and has also rubbed off as much as she could of the dirt with which the likeness of her royal husband has been obscured. The antagonist in principle may in turn accuse her of prejudice on the side of her subject: be it so; we are not in the humor to revive the political question of disputed succession, nor the polemical question of religious faith. Of these royal personages, it must truly be said, that they sacrificed all to their honest convictions; and martyrs, at least, cannot be charged with selfish ambition and hypocrisy;—of many of those who contrived their fall, and rose upon their ruin, it is impossible to say as much. Enough.

With the bias to which we have alluded the writer pursues her course from beginning to end; interspersing her narrative with many flattering personal notes, and committing repetitions on some points (such as the beauty of the queen, and the disparity of age between her and her husband) more frequently than could be needed. Thus, in regard to the latter circumstance, we think it must be mentioned twenty times in the earlier pages of the volume, and yet towards the conclusion we have it again and again—as when James was sick at St. Germains, near the close of his days:

'In the November of 1699, Mary Beatrice was alarmed, during one of her annual retreats to Chaillot, by a rumor that the king her husband was seriously indisposed. Without tarrying for the ceremonies of a formal leave taking of the community, she hastened back on the wings of love and fear to St. Germains, and found his majesty in great need of her conjugal care and tenderness. She gives the following simple and unaffected account of his sufferings and her own distress, in a confidential letter to the abbess of Chaillot, dated 28th of November: "Although I quitted you so hastily the other day, my dear mother, I do not repent of it, for the king was too ill for me to have been absent from him. He was surprised, and very glad to see me arrive. He has had very bad nights, and suffered much for three or four days; but, God be thanked, he is getting better, and has had less fever for some days, and yesterday it was very slight. I am astonished that is was not worse, for the disease has been very bad. Felix (one of Louis XIV.'s surgeons) says that it was of the same nature with that which the king his master had in the neck about two years ago. It suppurated three days ago, but the boil is not yet gone." Thus we see that King James's malady was not only painful, but loathsome—even the same affliction that was laid on Job, sore boils breaking out upon him. Yet his faithful consort, five-and-twenty years his junior, and still one of the most beautiful women in Europe, attended on him day and night; and, unrestrained by the cold ceremonial etiquettes of royalty, performed for him all the personal duties of a nurse, with the same tenderness and self-devotion with which the patient heroine of domestic life occasionally smooths the pillow of sickness and poverty in a cottage.—[She had been his wife above a quarter of a century, and borne five children to him!]'

This mention of Chaillot leads us to the source whence Miss Strickland has derived the most interesting new traits in her work. After the abdication, whilst living on the hospitality of Louis XIV., the piety and devotedness to the rites of the Romish Church grew and increased with the royal pair, till it finally all but absorbed their existence. The queen often retired to the monastery of Chaillot to perform her rigid devotions; and besides her correspondence with the abbess, which is preserved, one of the nuns, it seems, kept a diary of her sayings and doings, to both of which Miss S. has had access. Through the liberal kindness of M. Guizot, she has also been freely admitted to consult the *Archives au Royaume de France*, the depository of many a curious and important revelation; and Edinburgh registers of events, and other contemporary channels, have been traced to a considerable extent, so as to unite the memoir into a very complete whole; though two finishing chapters of her majesty's life are deferred to the next volume. Of the Chaillot papers we are told in the preface:

'Much additional light is thrown on the personal history of the exiled royal family, by the incidents that have been there chronicled from the queen's own lips. The fidelity of the statements is varied by their strict agreement, in many instances, with other inedited documents, of the existence of which the sister of Chaillot could not have been aware. Besides these treasures, I was permitted to take transcripts of upwards of two hundred original autograph letters of this queen, being her confidential correspondence, for the last thirty years of her life, with her friend Françoise Angelique Priolo, and others of the nuns of Chaillot. To this correspondence I am indebted for many touching pictures of the domestic life of the fallen queen and her children, during their residence in the chateau of St. Germains. It is impossible to read her unaffected descriptions of her feelings without emotion. Some of the letters have been literally steeped in the tears of the royal writer, especially those which she wrote after the battle of la Hogue, during the absence of King James, when she was in hourly expectation of the birth of her youngest child, and, finally, in her last utter desolation.'

The wooing and the winning of the girlish Princess of Modena, just fifteen years old, by the Earl of Peterborough for the Duke of York, after he had lost his first wife, Anne Hyde, are described in a lively manner. Her mother (we are told) 'had been accurately informed of the predilection entertained in favor of her daughter, and in a very early stage of the business took occasion to discuss the matter with the young princess. Mary Beatrice wanted rather better than two months of completing her fifteenth year; she was tall and womanly in figure, but perfectly unconscious of her charms. For her acquirements, she read and wrote Latin and French; she possessed some taste in painting, and was a proficient in music, which she passionately loved; but of those royal sciences, history and geography, which ought to form the most important part of the education of princes, she knew so little, that when her mother announced to her that she was sought in marriage by the Duke of York, she asked, with great simplicity, 'who the Duke of York was?' Her mother told her, 'that he was the brother of the King of England, and heir-presumptive to that realm;' but the princess was not a whit the wiser for this information. 'She had been so innocently bred,' observed James in his Journal, 'that she did not know of such a place as England, nor such a person as the Duke of York.'

When informed, she was dreadfully averse to the union, and vehemently expressed her desire to retire into a convent. To the ambassador's flowery representations, 'she answered, with a little fierceness, "That she was obliged to the King of England and the Duke of York for their good opinion; but she could not but wonder why from so many princesses of more merit, who would esteem that honor, and be ready to embrace it, they should persist in endeavoring to force the inclination of one who had vowed herself, as much as was in her power, to another sort of life, out of which she never could think she should be happy; and she desired his excellency," even, as he fancied, with tears in her eyes, "if he had any influence with his master, to oblige her by endeavoring to avert any further persecution of a maid who had an invincible aversion to marriage. Princesses there were enow," she said, "in Italy, and even in that house, who would not be unworthy of so great an honor, and who, from the esteem they might have thereof, would deserve it much better than she could do." However piqued the earl might be at the lofty disdain with which the youthful beauty received his compliments, and her earnest endeavors to defend herself from the unwelcome alliance to which he was wooing her, he was too able a diplomatist to take any notice of her pointed hint, that his master's addresses would be more agreeable and suitable to her aunt than to herself. In reply to all her passionate rhetoric on the propriety of his allowing her to fulfil that vocation to which it was her desire to devote herself, his excellency told her, "that he begged her pardon if he could not obey her; he might have been induced to do so before he saw her, but now it was impossible, since he could not believe that she was made for other end than to give princes to the world, who should adorn it with characters of high virtue and merit; that his country had need of such, and he would now hazard the offending her by persisting in his demand; since, if he did incur her displeasure by it, it would be the means of making her one of the happiest princesses in the world." The earl complains that, for all he could say, the princess appeared dissatisfied at his persistence. Well she might, when the plain meaning of his flattering speech simply amounted to this—that since she suited the object of his mission, it mattered little whether she shuddered at the thought of being torn from her own sunny clime, and the sweet familiar friends of her childhood, to be transplanted to a

land of strangers, and consigned to an unknown husband five-and-twenty years older than herself—whose name she had never heard till she was required to plight her vows of conjugal love and obedience to him; and that even the alternative of a convent and a veil were not to be allowed to her. Who can wonder that a young high-spirited girl, under fifteen, broke through the conventional restraints whereby princesses are taught from their cradles to control their feelings, and endeavored to avert the dreaded doom that awaited her, by telling the ambassador her mind with the passionate and tearful vehemence of a child of nature?—Having done this, she maintained an obstinate silence, and retired with the duchess her mother.'

At last her reluctance was overcome; part of the fine jewels, valued at 20,000*l.* was presented to her, and the marriage by proxy took place. 'It was not, as she herself afterwards declared, without floods of tears that she yielded to her mother's commands, which she had never before ventured to dispute.'

The poor little Queen of Spain, at this moment, is hardly in a less disagreeable predicament. Well, but 'five days after the solemnization of her espousals with the Duke of York, Mary Beatrice completed her fifteenth year; and it must be confessed, that she conducted herself with no more regard for her newly acquired dignity as a bride, than if she had been ten years younger: when the time was appointed for her to commence her journey to England, she cried and screamed two whole days and nights, and it was only by force that she could be kept in bed. Nothing, in fact, would pacify her, till her mother consented to accompany her to England, and the duke her brother part of the way. The Earl of Peterborough, who does not appear to be at all aware of these perversities on the part of the virgin Duchess of York, and was by no means desirous of such additions to his travelling party as would compel him to depart entirely from the programme arranged both by the king and the duke for the homeward journey, tried vainly to dissuade the Duchess of Modena from this resolution. He says, "the time for the departure being come, the duchess-mother would by all means accompany her daughter into England, and it could not be diverted by any means, although it proved chargeable to her, and of ill consequence to her concerns." Mary Beatrice, however, who had reason to know the real state of the case, told the nun of Chaillot, who recorded these particulars from her own lips, "that her passionate importunity prevailed over the extreme reluctance of the duchess her mother to undertake so long a journey, which was extremely inconvenient to her as regent for her son, as she was thus in a manner compelled to leave the government in other hands.' Her absence was unavoidably a month longer than she had anticipated, and in the mean time a party was formed against her which finally stripped her authority in the state, and caused an estrangement between her and the young duke her son. "I shall never cease," would Mary Beatrice say, when adverting to these circumstances, "to reproach myself for my childish importunity, which led to such bad results for my mother."'

On her journey, landing, and reception in England, her affectionate treatment by Charles II. as long as he lived, and other public events, we need not dilate. Of her personal feelings it is said: 'Forty years afterwards, Mary Beatrice spoke of this separation from her mother as the greatest trial she had ever known at that period of her life; 'but,' added she, 'after her departure I became very much attached to the late king my husband, who was then Duke of York, and my affection for him increased with every year that we lived together, and received no interruption to the end of his life. Her fondness for him at that time, she confessed, amounted to an engrossing passion, which interfered with her spiritual duties; for she thought more of pleasing him than serving her God, and that it was sinful for any one to love an earthly creature as she had loved her husband; but that her fault brought its own punishment in the pain she suffered at discovering that she was not the exclusive object of his regard.

These were a widow's memories. At their marriage, James's amours, however, caused her great grief, till she learnt to a certain extent to submit, without violent reclamation, to an evil she could not remedy. At the birth of her first child [Jan. 10th, 1675], the following novel and singular story is told from the Chaillot. reminiscences:

'Mary Beatrice was, of course, desirous that her first-born should be brought up in a religion which she had been taught to venerate above all others. Her husband, though he desired it no less, knew that it was impossible,

and explained to her, 'that their children were the property of the nation; and that soon after their marriage it had been moved in parliament that they should be brought up in the established religion of the realm, like his two elder daughters, the princesses Mary and Anne, or they would be taken from them and placed under the care of others. It was, besides, the pleasure of the king, to which they must submit. The youthful mother, like a rash, inconsiderate girl as she was, determined to have her own way, in spite of king, bishops, and parliament. A few hours after the birth of her babe, she took an opportunity of sending for her confessor, Father Gallis, and persuaded him to baptize it privately on her own bed, according to the rites of the Church of Rome. When her royal brother-in-law, King Charles, came to discuss with her and his brother the arrangements for the christening of the new ex-born princess, Mary Beatrice told him exultingly that 'her daughter was already baptized.' King Charles treated the communication with absolute indifference, and without paying the slightest regard to the tears and expostulations of the young mother, who was terrified at the thought of being the means of incurring a sacrilege through the reiteration of the baptismal sacrament, he ordered the little princess to be borne with all due solemnity to the Chapel-royal, and had her christened there by a Protestant bishop, according to the rites of the Church of England.'

When party-spirit prevailed, and the Duke and Duchess of York were virtually exiled, first to Flanders and then to Edinburgh, their residences and positions are described, with several particulars which throw a light on the social manners of the age. Thus the corporation accounts of Edinburgh preserve the charges for a grand feast given to welcome their advent to Holyrood House, from which the annexed are extracts:

'The 29th of the same month was the day appointed for this banquet. Some junketting with the duke's cooks, and treating them and other of the officials in the culinary department of his royal highness's establishment at Holyrood palace, took place previously, it appears, probably for the purpose of obtaining a few hints from them tending to enlighten the Scottish operatives as to the modes of cookery and sauces in vogue at St. James's and Whitehall. Charges there are in the corporation accounts for wine and 'cannel' (cinnamon) water, drunk with those worthies in the back shop of Robert Mein, '*mutchkins* of cannel water, wafers, and wine, rough almonds;' and there is 'to *ane* coach with the duke's cooks 2*l.*, and spirits with them in Patrick Steel's 1*l.* 12*s.*; for all which the corporation pays without grudge or grumble; also for twelve pounds of confections, which Sir John Worden, his highness's comptroller, condescends to be treated with at Mrs. Caddells, and four pints of wine and *ain* coach, for which 34*l.* 16*s.* is disbursed by the corporation;' a startling sum to southern eyes, were it not for the remembrance that the pounds are only '*punds Scots*,' which the gentle reader will be pleased to reckon at the rate of twenty pence, instead of twenty shillings.

A few items in the bill of Maister R. Pollock, pastryman, *baxter*, and burgess of Edinburgh, for articles furnished by him "for *ane treitt* to his *hayness* the Duke of Albanie," affords satisfactory proof that the science of good eating was pretty well understood "in the good town" in the seventeenth century. No lack was there of dainties, although the barbaric grandeur of gilded salmon pasties, and dishes garnished with gold fringe, savored rather of oriental than northern taste, and may astonish the refined gastronomes of the present day. There was "a large *turkie py*, all over gilded *rubby* (ruby), with boned veyl and boned turkie furnished," for which twelve pounds (Scots) are charged, just one pound sterling, a very reasonable charge for such a dish, emblazoned, as it certainly was, with the royal arms of Scotland, and all correctly done by a professional, withal—witness the item in another bill of twenty pounds paid "to George Porteous, the herald, for gold, gilding, and painting." Then there is "a large ham pie, with a batton of gold, 16*l.*; a large *salmon* pie, gilded; and a *potailzie* pie." Of what this dainty was composed we confess our ignorance, but it was decorated with a gold fringe. "A lambe's py, *alamode*." We should suspect the duke's cooks had a finger in this dish, and perhaps in the next, which from its Italian name, was doubtless provided for her royal highness's especial eating—viz., "a Florentin with a gilded cover," for which the charge is twelve pounds Scots. "A shrimp py with vermilliane color," also figures at this feast. "A venison pasty of your *awn* venison;" that is to say, venison furnished by the good town; but first, it should seem, presented to them by his royal highness, by the token that, in another bill, 26*l.* Scots, is allowed for drink money to those who brought three venisons. Three large venison pasties are charged by Richard Pollock in his bill, by which we understand the paste and other ingredients, 16*l.* Scots, and 12*l.* ditto. There are also "three trotter pies, gilt," a dish that appears to have found favor in the sight of the royal guests, for they had trotter pies at their coronation banquet in Westminster Hall. Then there are diet pies, furnished with all sorts of confections, and alamode *teirts*, and dishes of large *minched* pies, and *panterits*; no less than thirty dozen of French bread for the table, and other things, amounting to 444*l.* 13*s.*; after which appears the supplicatory appeal—

'Remember the drink money.'

This is only a specimen of the pastryman's labors for the good town's treat. Some idea of the meats furnished forth on this occasion may be gathered from Mrs. Caddell's bill, whereof the first article is '*cockelike*,' meaning no other than the favorite dish of bonnie King Jamie, immortalized by Sir Walter Scott in 'The Fortunes of Nigel' under the scarcely more intelligible orthography of cockieliekie, a compound of which a full-grown fowl forms the basis.'

Trotters are now sold hot to the poorer classes in the streets of London; but are, nevertheless, dainties enough to deserve restoration to more luxurious tables: and as for cockieliekie, when properly concocted, with leeks, from the carcass of a fine old cock (whence the name), it is one of the best soups in the *cuisine* of any country. Soyer himself could not beat it.

At this period, too, the author refers to a curious source of traditional error in regard to many relics in Scotland. For example, on their visit to the ducal palace at Leslie (destroyed by fire in 1768), we read:

'Nor was the Leslie devoid of classic interest, for the village fane occupies the site of one of more ancient date, celebrated by the poet-king of Scotland, James I., as 'Christ's kirk on the green.' There is a tree on that green, called 'King Jemmy's tree,' which village tradition boldly affirms to have been planted by the royal bard; a fond conceit, since the tree, a stunted oak, has not assuredly seen two centuries, and is scarcely old enough to favor the more probable notion that it is a memorial of the last and most unfortunate of all the Scottish monarchs who bore the fated name of James Stuart, planted by him during his visit with his consort, Mary d'Este, at Leslie House, in the autumn of 1680. Tradition has also made some blunders in confusing relics and memorials of the consort of James II. with those of Scotland's fair and fatally celebrated sovereign, Mary Stuart, whose name hallows many gloves, fans, watches, *etuis*, and cabinets with other toys not older than the close of the seventeenth century. The long white glove embroidered with black silk, for instance, now exhibited in the museum of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, as the veritable glove of Mary Queen of Scots, if it ever did belong to a royal Mary Stuart, pertained to her who was entitled to that name only in virtue of her marriage with James Stuart, Duke of York, and was possibly worn by her when in mourning for her little daughter the Princess Isabella. The mistake has naturally arisen from the fact, that when James succeeded to the crown of the Britannic empire, his consort bore the title of Queen Mary in Scotland as well as England; and in Scotland her name was dear to a generation who had known her when she dwelt among them; but when that generation passed away, and the descendants of old cavalier and Jacobite families found, among the hoards of grand-dame or ancient aunt, trifles that had been treasured as memorials of Queen Mary, they forgot the intermediate queen-consort so called, and invested all such heir-looms with the distinction of relics of her whose name, in spite of Knox or Buchanan, will be superior in interest to any other, while a spark of chivalry lingers in a Scottish bosom.'

From the Britannia.

TRAVELS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Life in the Wilderness; or Wanderings in South Africa. By Henry H. Methuen. Bentley.

Nothing can be more original and animated than this narrative of travel in the wilds of South Africa. It opens to us a new region and a new state of existence. It is one of those works issued now and then which every one will be eager to read, and which every one will be delighted with.

The author, with three companions, left Graham's Town in April, 1844, to explore the wilds that lay to the north of the British possessions at the Cape. The party consisted of the four gent emen, and ten or twelve Hottentot attendants. They had three wagons well stored with all necessary baggage and provisions, about fifty oxen, thirty horses, and some dogs.

It inspires one with a strange kind of emotion to hear of this little party boldly venturing into the wilderness, exploring an unknown region, trusting themselves in the heart of savage and unreclaimed deserts, abounding with all descriptions of ferocious life, for the mere love of adventure and novelty. For a supply of food they trusted chiefly to their guns and the swiftness of their horses, for water to the streams and fountains that crossed their track, and for forage to the grass and herbage that were generally met with in abundance. Their travel lasted for eight months, yet during the whole of that time they seem to have suffered nothing from scarcity. They were generally well supplied with one kind of game or another.

By the Orange and Maraqua rivers they met with the best sport and with the most

magnificent scenery. In the waters they met with crocodiles and hippopotami; on the banks, in thick jungles, with elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, leopards, and panthers, and in the more open country with herds of buffaloes, deers, and giraffes. Their sporting excurions were attended with all the excitement of danger, but none of the party were seriously injured, though they often lost their cattle from the ferocious attacks of wild beasts. From April to December they lived in the freedom of savage life, and returned at last to the Cape in the enjoyment of excellent health, and highly delighted with their travel in the wilderness.

Our extracts from this entertaining volume must necessarily be scattered. The author kept a journal, and has here reproduced it almost *verbatim*. All his details have the rough force of the life he led, and are marked by the high spirit in which he wrote. On the 30th of June, while encamped near the Vaal river, he made his

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH A LION.

Before daybreak I was roused from my slumber in the tent by Bain saying, 'Something has got hold of an ox,' and, listening, heard the poor creature bellow and moan piteously, but in a kind of stifled tone. The horses had all been fastened to the wagon wheels, but the oxen, having had a hard day's work, had been allowed to lie loose during the night. In the course of half an hour the grey light was, we judged, sufficient for our porpose, and three of us, well armed, sallied forth in the direction of the outcry, to reconnoitre. We marked a crow hovering, and by its guidance soon discovered one of the best oxen lying dead. We approached with caution, and a quick-sighted Hottentot pointed to the large print of a lion's foot in the sand just by us. The lion had attacked the ox in the rear, and fastened his tremendous claws in the poor wretch's side, one having pierced through to the intestines; he had then bitten him in the flank, and, to show the prodigious power of the monster's jaws, the thigh joint was dislocated, the hide broken, and one of the largest sinews snapped in two, and protruding from the wound: having thus crippled his victim, he had, apparently seized him by the throat and throttled him.

We could discern that the cattle had all been sleeping together when first surprised, and the lion, following on the trail of some Grique horsemen, whom he had met on the preceding evening, had come across the oxen, and sprung on the nearest. We traced his spoor all along the road to the scene of slaughter, and on the retreat after it. He had not eaten a morsel, which was some satisfaction to our feelings. The first scuffle had evidently been violent, for the ground was much indented by it. This having been the outside ox, and the wind blowing from the rest, they had not smelt their dreaded foe, and had only run a little way off, else they would not have stopped for many miles. Execrations and cries for revenge were universal; so, forming a large party, we started in pursuit of the lion, attended by some good dogs. With the greatest difficulty we followed his track over sand and stones, by the assistance of Hottentot eyes; but even these would in one or two cases have failed, if a sagacious dog, perceiving our object, had not run on the scent, stopping constantly to see if we advanced, as if conscious of the fierce creature we were pursuing.

The search became at intervals very exciting, when the spoor led into a glen of long dead grass, or rushes; but, whether purposely or not, the lion always left us to windward, so that his nose would inform him of our approach; and after a fatiguing, unsuccessful chase, the sun growing very hot and our stomachs craving for breakfast, we resought our wagons.

The habits of the king of beasts are not of that noble order which naturalists formerly ascribed to him. In the daytime he will almost invariably fly from man, unless attacked, when his courage is that of mingled rage and despair. I have seen the lion, suddenly roused from his lair, run off as timidly as a buck. It is said that even at night they do not like to seize a man from a party, especially if the persons exercise their voices; and that the carcase of an antelope, or other game, may be preserved untouched by hanging some stirrups on a branch near, so that the irons may clash together when blown by the wind: a white handkerchief on the end of a ramrod is another receipt for effecting the same object. The lion is a stealthy, cunning brute, never attacking unless he has the advantage, and, relying on his vast strength, feels sure of the victory. The natives tell incredible stories of his sagacity, which would almost make him a reasoning animal. There are well authenticated cases on record of lions carrying away men at night from the fireside, but these are quite the exception.

They are gregarious, as many as 20 having been seen in a troop.

Balked of our revenge, we started for the next water, but first of all we carefully cut up, and stowed away, all the flesh of the dead ox, leaving only the entrails, which vultures and crows would speedily devour, and dragging the hide behind the last wagon, that the assassin might follow and be entrapped. We came to a pool, called Papkuil's fountain, surrounded by low clumps of brush and long grass, well fitted to be the head quarters of *felis leo*. Two guns loaded with slugs were secured to stakes near to the water, their muzzles protruding through some bushes, cut and placed so as to conceal them: a string was then attached to the triggers, and fastened to a large piece of meat, in such a manner that any creature laying hold of it would discharge the gun in his face. Care was taken that there should be no path but in front of the battery, and twilight had begun to fade when all our preparations were completed. Much trouble was experienced in tying up the oxen and horses; one young ox broke away, and was of necessity abandoned to his fate. Good fires were made, a slight hedge of thorn boughs was formed round our camp at the least secure point, and supper over, we all retired to bed.

At about 2 A. M. Hendrick, ever wakeful, shouted out, 'There stands the lion! shoot!' and, before we could jump from our beds, the discharge of a gun was heard. The horses and cattle had been very uneasy for some time previously, snorting, and struggling to get free: one horse actually broke his halter and ran away, but was brought back by Frolic. It is miraculous how both escaped from the lion, which then must have been prowling round us. On emerging we saw the oxen, like so many pointers, with their noses in one direction snuffing the air; and found that an old white ox, which had not been fastened up on account of his age and docility, but merely driven amongst the rest, had strayed about thirty yards from our camp, to nibble some grass, and had been assailed by the enemy. Piet said that he saw the brute on the ox and fired, whereupon he relinquished his prey and fled, and the poor terrified ox hurried back to the waggon and his comrades; where he began stretching out first one leg, then another, as if engaged in a surgical examination of his limbs. The air all the while was piercingly cold, and a basin of water in the tent had a coat of ice upon it an inch thick. The fires were anew supplied with fuel, and a watch set; the profoundest silence, broken only by the deep breathing of the oxen, reigned again; and, being thoroughly chilled, we nestled once more under our warm blankets. On inspecting the trap in the morning we found, to our grievous disappointment, that a bad cap had prevented the principal gun from exploding; and that the small one had gone off, but missed its aim—the meat bore the marks of a claw, but was none of it eaten. The ox which had deserted was found uninjured, but the white one showed several severe scratches upon his neck, which swelled extremely. We resolved to wait another day, and prepare for the lion.

The lion, however, escaped them; but in the night they shot a large hyæna.

THE LION'S HABITS.

The lion was heard in the night. Contrary to prevailing notions, there is nothing very grand or loud in this animal's voice while prowling at night; it is a suppressed, panting roar, expressive of great impatience: when they approach very near, their purr can be distinguished, and the sensations produced, both on man and beast, by this sound breaking the silence of night in an uninhabited wilderness, it is impossible to describe; though they must be entirely referred to a prior knowledge of the lion's habits and voice. I have heard the lion roar very loudly, but it is not a common occurrence; the natives pretend to understand his language, and describe by it whether he is hungry or satisfied.

The country was here thinly inhabited by Bushmen, who rejoiced in the advance of the white population, as they drove the wild beasts farther into the interior. A short notice is given of the general habits of

THE BUSH PEOPLE.

The habits of the Bushmen are migratory and unsettled, and, depending in so great a degree upon game for their subsistence, they rarely associate together in large numbers. Their arms consist of assegais, and bow and arrows, the latter poisoned by a vegetable extract from a species of amaryllis, or by the poison of snakes or poisonous insects; the shaft of the arrow is of reed, bound at either end with sinews, and the point, commonly of bone, is so made

that it can be drawn out and inverted; the poisoned end being always carefully sheathed in the reed till required for use. The bow itself is small and weak, nor, judging from their efforts to strike a hat which I once placed as a target, and offered as a prize to the best shot, are they very extraordinary marksmen. They generally creep up to within thirty yards before shooting at any creature. Their stature has, I think, been underrated as much as their intellectual capabilities: the men are not often below five feet, and the expression of their faces is mostly shrewd and animated. In hardihood they eclipse any class of beings that I ever saw. A leathern girdle around the loins is worn by the men, and an apron by the women; the rest of the person being uncovered; and with the exception of a skin, which in very severe weather is thrown over the shoulders, this forms their entire wardrobe. I have seen little Bush children running naked in the grass when the temperature was so low that I had on me a thick great coat.

The buffaloes were usually found congregated in huge herds in the vicinity of water. Good sport was usually obtained in

BUFFALO HUNTING.

A herd of at least two hundred buffaloes, slowly grazing along a hill-side towards the water, was soon descried, and securing our horses, we soon dismounted and approached them.

Buffaloes are very regular in their evening visits to the streams with which they are familiar; they are most hideous, ungainly creatures, with very low shoulders, very heavy round bodies, and thick short legs. Their horns are immense, especially in the bull, meeting together on the forehead, and forming an impentrable shield to the brain, of nearly a foot in depth. They run with their noses protruded, and horns thrown back, carrying the head low, and presenting a most malicious ruffian-like aspect. We crept within shot of the herd and fired; all the balls struck, but Piet alone succeeded in killing a huge bull, which ran at least one hundred and fifty yards before it fell, though, as we afterwards found out, the bullet had perforated the heart. The enormous beasts, scared by the report, charged, crashing through the bush, but stopped within five hundred yards of the spot whence they started. In this manner we followed them up on foot, and killed four, besides wounding others, till the whole of them broke cover and fled. We had not at this time gained any experience of the buffalo's revengeful disposition, or we should not have pursued them so hotly, without securing a tree to climb in case of being attacked. Large limbs of the mimosas were shivered and broken off by the rocky brows of the flying squadron, and a calf was caught by the dogs in passing the wagons. Pearson happening to come near it when thus arrested in its progress, it bellowed, broke loose from its persecutors, and made a rush at him, which, stout as he was, would have felled him in an instant; but, to save his ribs, he broke the stock of his gun over the buffalo's head, and so checked his fury; when the dogs again seized it—halters were then brought, and it was fastened to a wagon-wheel, where it strangled itself in the night. It was nearly dark before we had ceased shooting, so, leaving the dead buffaloes untouched, we retreated to our homes.

17th. A white frost encrusted the ground at daybreak, and soon after we set off in the direction of the buffaloes. The one which Piet killed was the largest, standing at the withers sixteen hands! girth at shoulder seven feet two inches; of fore-elbow two feet six inches; horns, two feet one inch from tip to tip, and much curved; ears twelve inches; length of body six feet ten inches. Jackals had gnawed the lips and tore out the entrails of the dead buffaloes, and vultures were descending in vast numbers, hovering over head, and sitting in moping postures on the adjacent mimosa branches.

The first encounter with rhinoceroses was quite successful. The huge beasts seemed to be too dull to be very dangerous. After the slaughter a party of natives gave them a specimen of

AFRICAN COOKERY.

Continuing our walk we espied two rhinoceroses in the mimosas below us, which we stole a march upon. On descending to low ground we for some little time could not descry our quarry, and came upon it quite suddenly; the two enormous brutes both lying asleep in a state of unconsciousness. At the first fire, one of them, a cow, rushed by within a yard of our ambush, snorting violently, and limping on one leg; we followed her up, and, after receiving several two-ounce balls in her shoulder, she

fell with a loud scream. The second, which proved to be a young bull, that had not yet abandoned leading strings, was necessarily killed also, since he would not allow us to come near his mother. The height of the cow was six feet at the withers; length of head, two feet ten inches; of body, eleven feet. The present specimens belonged to the large white species, the least dangerous of the whole; and I now discovered that the one which I first shot was of a different order, and by report a very vicious one, so that its speedy death was perhaps a fortunate event for us. We have not yet encountered many rhinoceroses, but indications of their existence are numerous.

22d. Early in the morning we went to the rhinoceroses, which lay at a slight distance from our camp, a large body of natives following us, who we learnt were a deputation of Bawangketsi from Sobiqua, their chief, who wished us to visit his dominions. The Bawangketsi lit several fires, and commenced flaying their rhinoceroses; vultures, as usual, closely watching the dissecting process. Hacking away with tomahawk and assegai, the savages in a little while removed the entire ribs from the side of the female rhinoceros; two of them stepped inside the belly, and, standing in blood above their ankles, aided their comrades in baling the clotted glutinous substance into the intestines, which had previously been inverted and fastened up at one end. Thus a black pudding on a large scale was manufactured. It is needless to state that all the process was completed by hand, and that, with their naked arms and legs besmeared and encrusted with blood, all talking vehemently together, they were a savage and terrible group. The flesh was cut into long thin strips to dry, for salt is here very scarce, and all the bushes round were festooned with odious garlands of this nature.

We find in another part of the volume

AN ADVENTURE IN RHINOCEROS SHOOTING.

Coming to the dry sandy bed of a periodical stream, we descried, as we thought, two rhinoceroses asleep in the low bush and reeds which grew along the margin. Cautiously approaching to leeward, we left the horses with Frolic, and advanced on foot to within thirty yards of the drowsy monsters. We were obliged to bend ourselves nearly double for concealment, so slight a shelter did the bushes afford us. Here, to our surprise, we observed no less than five rhinoceroses, slumbering like so many fat pigs in a straw heap, and one leisurely drew near our ambush, but soon halted, and with a grunt arranged his ponderous frame in the most convenient attitude for repose. After a brief council of war, we both fired together into the shoulder of the one nearest to us, which was somewhat protected by an intervening shrub.

Never did antelope rise more nimbly at hearing the lion's roar, than did these five sleepers from their siesta. The wounded one, probably scenting the powder, came thundering towards us, like a locomotive engine: the rest fortunately took another direction, for we could scarcely have withstood such a charge of heavy cavalry. We dodged behind the bushes, through which the animal crashed as if through so much grass, and had the felicity of seeing it hurry beyond us: for my friend was within one ace of being trampled upon by the enraged animal in its headlong course.

It was no uncommon thing for the travellers while peacefully journeying through a wild country, to be surprised by the appearance of some ferocious animal bounding across their path. On one occasion the author

BROUGHT DOWN A FINE LEOPARD.

We were slowly riding through this defile, when a magnificent male leopard, that seemed to have been lying in wait for prey, bounded from the stream up the crags, with an agility only possessed by the feline race, and by them in a wild state. I leaped instinctively from my horse, and, having a small double rifle in my hand, sent one ball after him, which striking a stone near brought him to bay; he faced me instantly with a resolute air, and gave me an excellent shot, which I took with the second barrel;—he sprang forward with a growl, and I ran to my horse, which, alarmed by my gestures, took to flight, so, facing the enemy, I expected his attack; but my companions, who, from the suddenness of the whole, had had no time to assist, shouted out, 'He is dead,' and relieved my anxiety. The ball had pierced the leopard's heart, and it lay quite dead.

Sometimes the travellers came on unpleasant omens. 'Skulls, either of men that have fallen in war, or been killed by

lions, are occasionally to be seen bleaching on the plains.' The most valuable of all the beasts of chase for food were elands, which were occasionally met with in herds. We have a short account of the exciting nature of the

ELAND HUNT.

A few elands were observed; and, these valuable creatures not having been as frequently met with as we could have wished, we pursued them, hoping to lay in a good supply of fat.

Four of them fell to our rifles, and we returned in high spirits. Pearson had a bad fall, his horse coming down in rocky ground, but was not materially hurt, although his gun-stock was broken in half. The scene at one period of the pursuit is worthy of description, though words can but inadequately convey it to the reader's mind. The elands were crossing an extensive plain, the horses by the side of the huge bulls looking no larger than donkeys; each horseman having selected his victim. Intent upon chasing the ponderous creatures, whose sides and dewlaps reeked with perspiration, we did not perceive the advance of two rhinoceroses till they were close upon us, one on each side within one hundred yards;—they were in a very excited state, while some troops of the blue gnoo, quagga, and sassaybie, dashing past, increased their astonishment and indignation;—they ploughed the soil with their horns, and charged through the dust at every thing which came near them, their ugly heads looking too large for their bodies. It was amusing to see with what utter disregard the other animals, conscious of their superior fleetness, treated the rhinoceroses.

The shores of the large rivers were clothed with the most magnificent vegetation, and here animal life seemed to vie in profusion and grandeur with the produce of the soil. Nothing can be more striking than the descriptions given of

THE BANKS OF THE MARIQUA.

Heat and moisture together fostered the vegetation along the river banks in the most powerful manner; and during our ride that perfect stillness, so common in the noon of hot days, wrapped every thing in complete repose. The weather was intensely warm, although we rode chiefly in the shade of a broad belt of jungle, through which the numerous rhinoceros and buffalo paths enabled us to proceed. We were frequently brought to a halt by deep ravines and gullies, where tributary streams had worn a channel to the river, but, by retracing our steps, always found an opportunity of crossing. The waters of the Mariqua, unbroken by a ripple, unless when a fish rose to the surface, glistened in the sun, and the foliage above them was motionless. Spoors of lion and hippopotamus, with old elephant tracks, were visible along the banks; and my pulse beat quickly as I pictured to myself Behemoth, and the gigantic lords of the forest, bathing in these beautiful and lonely retreats. Every shade of green was combined together in one dense mass; the light and vividly green mimosa, the darker willow with its graceful and pensile boughs, acacias of various kinds, and numberless others, of which I knew not the names. On a sudden, a lioness sprang from her lair with a growl, not a yard before me, and bounded off as fast as her legs would carry her, followed by all our dogs; I fired at her as she rounded a bush, but without effect.

We next came across a herd of female waterbucks. These creatures are as large as a red deer; are of a dark-grayish color, and have long hair; the females are hornless, but the males have horns upwards of two feet and a half, ringed, diverging, and upright, with a curve forwards. A white line encircles the tail in both sexes.

The sportsmen had often curious witnesses of their exploits. An English gentleman, used only to the pheasant and partridge shooting of this country, would hardly relish such lookers on as are found in

AFRICAN JUNGLES.

Bain shot a rhinoceros, and Piet having killed a pallah, came for a horse to convey it to the wagons; but on returning he found the buck gone, and in its place the spoor of a large lion, which had taken it away, doubtless well pleased with a feast gained with so little trouble. John also, while cutting off some of the hide from a dead buffalo, saw two lions watching his manœuvres with much apparent interest.

The cookery was as strange as the game. Here is

A NEW DISH FOR M. SOYER.

Breakfasted on *elephants' feet*, cooke

the approved South African fashion by being placed in a hole with hot embers, and then covered with the same. The outer skin having been removed after this preparatory process, a gelatinous substance like calves' head was abstracted by means of a spoon, and when duly seasoned with pepper and salt formed no despicable dish.

In the midst of the most barren and desolate scenery, the traveller in these barbarous regions suddenly comes upon spots of unsurpassable beauty, where

FOUNTAINS ARE BREAKING FROM ROCKS.

Continuing our ride, some Baquaines conducted us to a fountain beautifully situated at the rocky base of a hill, which formed one side of a pass through which the wagons were to travel. Above it was a steep and jagged rock, in whose crevices many wild fig-trees made their anchorage good, with apparently no means of sustenance; their silvery roots ramifying confusedly among the rocky clefts like veins of white spar. Some trees of this kind overshadowed the spring, excluding the sun's rays from the water, which trickled forth cool and bright, enlivening the heavy dull stones with a verdant cloak of moss, and enticing many motley-plumaged birds and butterflies, beside larger animals of different kinds, to quench their thirst there: the spoors of the lion and rhinoceros could be discerned amongst others. This is indeed one of the most delightful objects both to the eye and to the palate of a traveller in so sultry a climate, nor can it be less so to the various creatures that drink its waters.

These extracts will give an idea of the spirit of these volumes, though they fail to convey the variety of the scenes the author has described in his pages. All creation here presents itself under an aspect unknown to Europe. The delusive mirage tempts the footsteps of the wanderer in search of lakes that fly from his vision as he attempts to reach them, breaks the landscape into a thousand fantastic shapes, and gives gigantic dimensions to the forms of life that appear under its dazzling influence. Salt pans stretching over hundreds of acres cover the desert with an imitation of smooth and brilliant lakes. Fountains, breaking forth in the midst of arid plains, raise islands of the most fruitful and vivid vegetation for the refreshment of life, till the flow of the waters is lost in the spongy sand. Groves of thick and beautiful mimosa border the banks of rivers which give fertility to wide tracts of country, and nourish every species of existence, from that of the lordly elephant who crushes forest trees in his path, to that of the tiny insects which sport in the air like rays of brilliant light.

The natives he met with were generally friendly in disposition. From several queens, whose attire consisted of brass bracelets and bead necklaces, he received great attention. Wherever missionaries have penetrated, they have produced a marked and beneficial improvement in the native population. Mr. Methuen does full justice to their labors, and expresses his belief that Africa can only be civilized through their instrumentality.

This able and novel volume will afford amusement to all classes of readers. Since the work of Major Harris, nothing has been written on Africa more likely to become popular. Some engravings are introduced, and with a map the work would have been complete.

From Tait's Magazine.

SYSTEM OF THE HEAVENS AS REVEALED BY LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPES.*

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

Some years ago, some person or other, [in fact I believe it was myself,] published in this Magazine† a paper from the German of Kant, on a very interesting question, viz., the age of our own little Earth.—Those who have never seen that paper, a class of unfortunate people whom I suspect to form *rather* the majority in our present perverse generation, will be likely to misconceive its object. Kant's purpose was, not to ascertain how many years the Earth had lived: a million of years, more or less, made very little difference to *him*. What he wished to settle was no such barren conundrum. For, had there even been any means of coercing the Earth into an honest answer, on such a delicate point, which the Cicilian canon, Recupero, fancied that

* Thoughts on Some Important Points relating to the System of the World. By J. P. Nichol, LL.D. Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. William Tait, Edinburgh. 1846.

† Tait's Magazine, First Series, Vol. IV. p. 165.

there was;* but which, in my own opinion, there neither is nor ought to be, (since a man deserves to be cudgelled who could put such improper questions to a *lady* planet,)—still what would it amount to? What good would it do us, to have a certificate of our dear little mother's birth and baptism? Other people, people in Jupiter, or the Uranians,—may amuse themselves with her pretended foibles or infirmities: it is quite safe to do so at *their* distance; and, in a female planet like Venus, it might be natural, (though, strictly speaking, not quite correct,) to scatter abroad malicious insinuations, as though our excellent little mamma had begun to wear false hair, or had lost some of her front teeth. But all this, we men of sense know to be gammon.—Our mother Tellus, beyond all doubt, is a lovely little thing. I am satisfied that she is very much admired throughout the Solar System: and, in clear seasons, when she is seen to advantage, with her bonny wee pet of a Moon tripping round her like a lamb, I should be thankful to any gentleman who will mention where he has happened to observe, either he or his telescope, will he only have the goodness to say, in what part of the heavens he has discovered a more elegant turn-out. I wish to make no personal reflections. I name no names. Only this I say, that, though some people have the gift of seeing things that other people never *could* see, and though some other people, or other some people are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, so that, generally, their geese count for swans, yet, after all, swans or geese, it would be a pleasure to me, and really a curiosity, to see the planet that could fancy herself entitled to sneeze at our Earth. And then, if she, (viz. our Earth,) keeps but one Moon, even *that* (you know) is an advantage as regards some people that keep none. There *are* people pretty well known to you and me, that can't make it convenient to keep even one Moon. And so I come to my moral; which is this, that, to all appearance, it is mere justice; but, supposing it were not, still it is *our* duty, (as children of the Earth,) right or wrong, to stand up for our bonny young mamma, if she *is* young; or for our dear old mother, if she *is* old; whether young or old, to take her part against all comers; and to argue through thick and thin, which (sober or not) I always attempt to do, that she is the most respectable member of the Copernican System.

Meantime, what Kant understood by being old, is something that still remains to be explained. If one stumbled, in the steppes of Tartary, on the grave of a Megalonyx, and after long study, had deciphered from some pre-Adamite hiero-pot-hooks, the following epitaph:—"*Hic jacet* a Megalonyx, or *Hic jacet* a Mammoth, (as the case might be,) who departed this life, to the grief of his numerous acquaintance in the seventeen thousandth year of his age,"—of course one would be sorry for him; because it must be disagreeable at *any* age to be torn away from life, and from all one's little megalonychal comforts; that's not pleasant, you know, even if one *is* seventeen thousand years old. But it would make all the difference possible in your grief, whether the record indicated a premature death, that he had been cut off, in fact, whilst just stepping into life, or had kicked the bucket when full of honors, and been followed to the grave by a train of weeping grandchildren. He had died "in his teens," that's past denying. But still we must know to what stage of life in a man, had corresponded seventeen thousand years in a Mammoth. Now exactly this was what Kant desired to know about our planet. Let her have lived any number of years that you suggest, (shall we say, if you please, that she is in her billionth year?) still that tells us nothing about the *period* of life, the *stage*, which she may be supposed to have reached. Is she a child, in fact, or is she an adult? And, *if* an adult, and that you gave a ball to the Solar System, is she that kind of person, that you would introduce to a waltzing partner, some fiery young gentleman like Mars, or would you rather suggest to her the sort of partnership which takes place at a whist-table? On this, as on so many other questions, Kant was perfectly sensible that people of the finest understandings may, and do take the most opposite views. Some think that our planet is in that stage of her life, which corresponds to the playful period of twelve or thirteen in a spirited girl.—Such a girl, were it not that she is checked

*Recupero.—See Brydone's Travels, some sixty or seventy years ago. The canon, being a beneficed clergyman in the Papal church, was naturally an infidel. He wished exceedingly to refute Moses: and he fancied that he really *had* done so by means of some collusive assistance from the layers of lava on Mount Etna. But there survives, at this day, very little to remind us of the canon, except an unpleasant guffaw that rises, at times, in solitary valleys of Etna.

by a sweet natural sense of feminine grace, you might call a romp; but not a hoyden, observe; no horse-play; oh no; nothing of that sort. And these people fancy that earthquakes, volcanoes, and all such little *escapades* will be over, they will, in lawyer's phrase, "cease and determine," as soon as our Earth reaches the age of maidenly bashfulness. Poor thing, it's quite natural, you know, in a healthy growing girl. A little overflow of vivacity, a *pirouette* more or less, what harm should *that* do to any of us? Nobody takes more delight than I in the fawn-like sportiveness of an innocent girl, at this period of life: even a shade of *espiéglerie* does not annoy me. But still my own impressions incline me rather to represent the Earth as a fine noble young woman, full of the pride which is so becoming to her sex, and well able to take her own part, in case that, at any solitary point of the heavens, she should come across one of those vulgar fussy Comets, disposed to be rude and take improper liberties. These Comets, by the way, are public nuisances, very much like the mounted messengers of butchers in great cities, who are always at full gallop, and moving upon such an infinity of angles to human shinbones, that the final purpose of such boys (one of whom lately had the audacity nearly to ride down the Duke of Wellington) seems to be—not the translation of mutton, which would certainly find its way into human mouths even if riding boys were not,—but the improved geometry of transcendental curves. They ought to be numbered, ought these boys, and to wear badges—X 10, &c. And exactly the same evil, asking therefore by implication for exactly the same remedy, affects the Comets. A respectable planet is known every where, and responsible for any mischief that he does. But if a cry should arise, "Stop that wretch, who was rude to the Earth: who is he?" twenty voices will answer, perhaps, "It's Encke's Comet: he's always doing mischief;" well, what can you say? it *may* be Encke's, it may be some other man's Comet: there are so many abroad and on so many roads, that you might as well ask upon a night of fog, such fog as may be opened with an oyster knife, whose cab that was (whose, viz., out of 27,000 in London) that floored you into the kennel.

These are constructive ideas upon the Earth's stage of evolution, which Kant was aware of, and which will always find toleration even where they do not find patronage. But others there are, a class whom I perfectly abominate, that place our Earth in the category of decaying women, nay of decayed women, going, going, and all but gone. Hair like arctic snows, failure of vital heat, palsy that shakes the head as in the porcelain toys on our mantel-pieces, asthma that shakes the whole fabric—these they absolutely fancy themselves to *see*.—They absolutely *hear* the tellurian lungs wheezing, panting, crying, "Bellows to mend!" periodically as the Earth approaches her aphelion.

But suddenly at this point a demur arises upon the total question. Kant's very problem explodes, bursts, as poison in a Venetian wine-glass of old shivered the glass into fragments. For is there after all any stationary meaning in the question? Perhaps in reality the Earth is both young and old. Young? If she is not young at present, perhaps she *will* be so in future. Old? If she is not old at this moment, perhaps she *has* been old, and has a fair chance of becoming so again. In fact, she is a Phœnix that is known to have secret processes for rebuilding herself out of her own ashes. Little doubt there is but she has seen many a birth-day, many a funeral night, and many a morning of resurrection. Where now the mightiest of oceans rolls in pacific beauty, once were anchored continents and boundless forests. Where the south pole now shuts her frozen gates inhospitably agains the intrusions of flesh, once were probably accumulated the ribs of empires; man's imperial forehead, woman's roseate lips, gleamed upon ten thousand hills; and there were innumerable contributions to antarctic journals almost as good (but not quite) as our own. Even with our domestic limits, even where little England, in her south-eastern quarter now devolves so quietly to the sea her sweet pastoral rivulets, once came roaring down, in pomp of waters, a regal Ganges,* that drained some hyperbolical continent, some Quinbus Flestrin of Asiatic proportions, long since

* "*Ganges*:" Dr. Nicholl calls it by this name for the purpose of expressing its grandeur; and certainly in breadth, in diffusion at all times, but especially in the rainy season, the Ganges is the cock of the walk in our British orient. Else, as regards the body of the water discharged, the absolute payments made into the sea's exchequer, and the majesty of column riding downwards from the Himalaya, I believe that, since Sir Alexander Burnes's measurements, the Indus ranks foremost by a lonk chalk.

gone to the dogs. All things pass away. Generations wax old as does a garment: but eternally God says—"Come again, ye children of men." Wildernesses of fruit, and worlds of flowers, are annually geathered in solitary South America to ancestral graves: yet still the Pomona of Earth, yet still the Flora of Earth, does not become superannuated, but blossoms in everlasting youth. Not otherwise by secular periods, known to us geologically as facts, though obscure as durations, *Tellus* herself, the planet, as a whole, is for ever working by golden balances of change and compensation, of ruin and restoration. She recasts her glorious habitations in decomposing them; she lies down for death, which perhaps a thousand times she has suffered; she rises for a new birth, which perhaps for the thousandth time has glorified her disc.—Hers is the wedding-garment, hers is the shroud, that eternally is being woven in the loom. And God imposes upon her the awful necessity of working for ever at her own grave, yet of listening for ever to his far-off trumpet of *palingenesis*.

If this account of the matter be just, and were it not treasonable to insinuate the possibility of an error against so great a swell as Immanuel Kant, one would be inclined to fancy that Mr. Kant had really been dozing a little on this occasion; or, agreeably to his own illustration elsewhere, that he had realized the pleasant picture of one learned doctor trying to milk a he-goat, whilst another doctor, equally learned, holds the milk-pail below.* And there is apparently this two-edged embarrassment pressing upon the case—that, if our dear excellent mother the Earth could be persuaded to tell us her exact age in Julian years, still *that* would leave us all as much in the dark as ever: since, if the answer were, "Why, children, at my next birth-day I shall count a matter of some million centuries," we should still be at a loss to *value* her age: would it mean that she was a mere chicken, or that she was "getting up in years?" On the other hand, if (declining to state any odious circumstantialities,) she were to reply,—"No matter, children, for my precise years, which are disagreeable remembrances; I confess generally to being a lady of a certain age,"—here, in the inverse order, given the *valuation* of the age, we should yet be at a loss for the *absolute* years numerically: would a "certain age," mean that "mamma" was a million, be the same more or less, or perhaps not much above seventy thousand?

Every way, you see, reader, there are difficulties. But two things used to strike me, as unaccountably overlooked by Kant; who, to say the truth, was profound—yet at no time very agile—in the character of his understanding. First, what age now might we take our brother and sister planets to be? For *that* determination as to a point in *their* constitution, will do something to illustrate our own. We are as good as they, I hope, any day: perhaps in a growl, one might modestly insinuate—*better*. It's not at all likely that there can be any great disproportion of age amongst children of the same household: and therefore, since Kant always countenanced the idea that Jupiter had not quite finished the upholstery of his extensive premises, as a comfortable residence for man, Jupiter having, in fact, a fine family of mammoths, but no family at all of "humans," (as brother Jonathan calls them,) Kant was bound, *ex analogo*, to hold that any little precedency in the trade of living, on the part of our own mother Earth, could not count for much in the long-run. At Newmarket, or Doncaster, the start is seldom mathematically true: trifling advantages will survive all human trials after abstract equity; and the logic of this case argues; that any few thousands of years by which Tellus may have got ahead of Jupiter, such as the having finished her Roman Empire, finished her Crusades, and finished her French Revolution, virtually amounts to little or nothing; indicates no higher proportion to the total scale upon which she has to run, than the few tickings of a watch by which one horse at the start for the Leger is in advance of another. When checked in our chronology by each other, it transpires that, in effect, we are but executing the nice manœuvre of a start; and that the small matter of six thousand years, by which we may have advanced our own position beyond some of our planetary rivals, is but the outstretched neck of an uneasy horse at Doncaster. This is *one* of the data overlooked by Kant; and the less excusably overlooked, because it was his own peculiar doctrine,—that uncle

* Kant applied this illustration to the case where one worshipful scholar proposes some impossible problem, (as the squaring of the circle, or the perpetual motion,) which another worshipful scholar sits down to solve. The reference was of course to Virgil's line,—"Atque idem jungat vulpes, et *mulgeat hircos*."

Jupiter ought to be considered a greenhorn. Jupiter may be a younger brother of our mamma; but, if he is a brother at all, he cannot be so very wide of our own chronology; and therefore the first *datum* overlooked by Kant was—the analogy of our whole planetary system. A second datum, as it always occurred to myself might reasonably enough be derived from the intellectual vigor of us men. If our mother could, with any show of reason, be considered an old decayed lady, snoring stertorously in her arm chair, there would naturally be some *aroma* of phthisis, or apoplexy, beginning to form about *us*, that are her children. But *is* there? If ever Dr. Johnson said a true word, it was when he replied to the Scottish judge Burnett, so well known to the world as Lord Monboddo. The judge, a learned man, but obstinate as a mule in certain prejudices, had said plaintively, querulously, piteously, —"Ah, Doctor, we are poor creatures, we men of the eighteenth century, by comparison with our forefathers!" "Oh, no, my lord," said Johnson, "we are quite as strong as our ancestors, and a great deal wiser." Yes; our kick is, at least, as dangerous, and our logic does three times as much execution. This would be a complex topic to treat effectively; and I wish merely to indicate the opening which it offers for a most decisive order of arguments in such a controversy. If the Earth were on her last legs, we her children could not be very strong or healthy. Whereas, if there were less pedantry amongst us, less malice, less falsehood, and less darkness of prejudice, easy it would be to show, that in almost every mode of intellectual power, we are more than a match for the most conceited of elder generations, and that in some modes we have energies or arts absolutely and exclusively our own. Amongst a thousand indications of strength and budding youth, I will mention two:—Is it likely, is it plausible, that our Earth should just begin to find out effective methods of traversing land and sea, when she had a summons to leave both? Is it not, on the contrary, a clear presumption that the great career of Earthly nations is but on the point of opening, that life is but just beginning to kindle, when the great obstacles to effectual locomotion, and therefore to extensive human intercourse, are first of all beginning to give way? Secondly, I ask peremptorily,—Does it stand with good sense, is it reasonable that Earth is waning, science drooping, man looking downward, precisely in that epoch when, first of all, man's eye is arming itself for looking effectively into the mighty depths of space? A new era for the human intellect, upon a path that lies amongst its most aspiring, is promised, is inaugurated, by Lord Rosse's almost awful telescope.

What is it then that Lord Rosse has accomplished? If a man were aiming at dazzling by effects of rhetoric, he might reply: He has accomplished that which once the condition of the telescope not only refused its permission to hope for, but expressly bade man to despair of. What is it that Lord Rosse has revealed? Answer: he has revealed more by far than he found. The theatre to which he has introduced us, is *immeasurably* beyond the old one which he found. To say that he found, in the visible universe, a little wooden theatre of Thespis, a *trêteau* or shed of vagrants, and that he presented us, at a price of toil and of *anxiety* that cannot be measured, with a Roman colosseum,—*that* is to say nothing. It is to undertake the measurement of the tropics with the pocket-tape of an upholsterer. Columbus, when he introduced the Old World to the New, after all that can be said in his praise, did in fact only introduce the majority to the minority; but Lord Rosse has introduced the minority to the majority. There are two worlds, one called Ante-Rosse, and the other Post-Rosse; and, if it should come to voting, the latter would shockingly outvote the other. Augustus Cæsar made it his boast when dying, that he had found the city of Rome built of brick, and that he left it built of marble: *lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit.* Lord Rosse may say, even if to-day he should die, "I found God's universe represented for human convenience, even after all the sublime discoveries of Herschel, upon a globe or spherical chart having a radius of one hundred and fifty feet; and I left it sketched upon a similar chart, keeping exactly the same scale of proportions, but now elongating its radius into one thousand feet." The reader of course understands that this expression, founded on absolute calculations of Dr. Nichol, is simply meant to exhibit the *relative* dimensions of the *mundus Ante-Rosseanus* and the *mundus Post-Rosseanus;* for as to the *absolute* dimensions, when stated in miles, leagues, or any units familiar to the human experience, they are too stunning and confounding. If, again, they

are stated in larger units, as for instance, diameters of the earth's orbit, the unit itself that should facilitate the grasping of the result, and which really *is* more manageable numerically, becomes itself elusive of the mental grasp: it comes in as an interpreter; and (as in some other cases) the interpreter is hardest to be understood of the two. If, finally, TIME be assumed as the exponent of the dreadful magnitudes, time combining itself with motion, as in the flight of cannon-balls or the flight of swallows, the sublimity becomes greater; but horror seizes upon the reflecting intellect, and incredulity upon the irreflective. Even a railroad generation, that *should* have faith in the miracles of velocity, lifts up its hands with an "*Incredulus odi!*" we know that Dr. Nichol speaks the truth; but he *seems* to speak falsehood. And the ignorant bystander prays that the doctor may have grace given him and time for repentance; whilst his more liberal companion reproves his want of charity, observing that travellers into far countries have always had a license for lying, as a sort of tax or fine levied for remunerating their own risks; and that great astronomers, as necessarily far travellers into space, are entitled to a double per centage of the same Munchausen privilege.

Great is the mystery of Space, greater is the mystery of Time; either mystery grows upon man, as man himself grows; and either seems to be a function of the godlike which is in man. In reality the depths and the heights which are in man, the depths by which he searches, the heights by which he aspires, are but projected and made objective externally in the three dimensions of space which are outside of him. He trembles at the abyss into which his bodily eyes look down, or look up; not knowing that abyss to be, not always consciously suspecting it to be, but by an instinct written in his prophetic heart feeling it to be, boding it to be, fearing it to be, and sometimes hoping it to be, the mirror to a mightier abyss that will one day be expanded in himself. Even as to the sense of space, which is the lesser mystery than time, I know not whether the reader has remarked that it is one which swells upon man with the expansion of his mind, and that it is probably peculiar to the mind of man. An infant of a year old, or oftentimes even older, takes no notice of a sound, however loud, which is a quarter of a mile removed, or even in a distant chamber. And brutes even of the most enlarged capacities seem not to have any commerce with distance: distance is probably not revealed to them except by a *presence*, viz. by some shadow of their own animality, which, if perceived at all, is perceived as a thing *present* to their organs. An animal desire, or a deep animal hostility, may render sensible a distance which else would not be sensible; but not render it sensible *as* a distance. Hence perhaps is explained, and not out of any self-oblivion from higher enthusiasm, a fact that often has occurred, of deer, or hares, or foxes, and the pack of hounds in pursuit, chaser and chased, all going headlong over a precipice together. Depth or height does not readily manifest itself to *them*; so that any *strong* motive is sufficient to overpower the sense of it. Man only has a natural function for expanding on an illimitable sensorium, the illimitable growths of space. Man, coming to the precipice, reads his danger; the brute perishes: man is saved; and the horse is saved by his rider.

But, if this sounds in the ear of some a doubtful refinement, the doubt applies only to the lowest degrees of space. For the highest, it is certain that brutes have no perception. To man is as much reserved the prerogative of perceiving space in its higher extensions, as of geometrically constructing the relations of space. And the brute is no more capable of apprehending abysses through his eye, than he can build upwards or can analyze downwards the aerial synthesis of Geometry. Such, therefore, as is space for the grandeur of man's perceptions, such as is space for the benefit of man's towering mathematic speculations, such is the nature of our debt to Lord Rosse—as being the philosopher who has most pushed back the frontiers of our conquests upon this *exclusive* inheritance of man. We have all heard of a king that, sitting on the sea-shore, bade the waves, as they began to lave his feet, upon their allegiance to retire. *That* was said not vainly or presumptuously, but in reproof of sycophantic courtiers. Now, however, we see in good earnest another man, wielding another kind of sceptre, and sitting upon the shores of infinity, that says to the ice which had frozen up our progress,—"Melt thou before my breath!" that says to the rebellious *nebulæ*,—"Submit, and burst into blazing worlds!" that says to the gates of darkness,—"Roll back, ye barriers, and

no longer hide from us the infinities of God!"

"Come, and I will show you what is beautiful."

From the days of infancy still lingers in my ears this opening of a prose hymn by a lady, then very celebrated, viz. the late Mrs. Barbauld. The hymn began by enticing some solitary infant into some silent garden, I believe, or some forest lawn; and the opening words were, "Come, and I will show you what is beautiful!" Well, and what beside? There is nothing beside: oh, disappointed and therefore enraged reader; positively this is the sum-total of what I can recall from the wreck of years; and certainly it is not much. Even of Sappho, though time has made mere ducks and drakes of her lyrics, we have rather more spared to us than this. And yet this trifle, simple as you think it, this shred of a fragment, if the reader will believe me, still echoes with luxurious sweetness in my ears, from some unaccountable hide-and-seek of fugitive childish memories; just as a marine shell, if applied steadily to the ear, awakens (according to the fine image of Landor,*) the great vision of the sea; places the listener

"In the sun's palace-porch,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

Now, on some moonless night, in some fitting condition of the atmosphere, if Lord Rosse would permit the reader and myself to walk into the front drawing-room of his telescope, then, in Mrs. Barbauld's words, slightly varied, I might say to him,—Come, and I will show you what is sublime! In fact, what I am going to lay before him, from Dr. Nichol's work, is, or at least *would* be, (when translated into Hebrew grandeur by the mighty telescope,) a step above even that object which some four-and-twenty years ago in the British Museum struck me as simply the sublimest sight which in this sight-seeing world I had seen. It was the Memnon's head, then recently brought from Egypt. I looked at it, as the reader must suppose, in order to understand the depth which I have here ascribed to the impression, not as a human but as a symbolic head; and what it symbolized to me were: 1. The peace which passeth all understanding. 2. The eternity which baffles and confounds all faculty of computation; the eternity which *had* been, the eternity which *was* to be. 3. The diffusive love, not such as rises and falls upon waves of life and mortality, not such as sinks and swells by undulations of time, but a procession—an emanation from some mystery of endless dawn. You durst not call it a smile that radiated from the lips; the radiation was too awful to clothe itself in adumbrations or memorials of flesh.

In that mode of sublimity, perhaps I still adhere to my first opinion, that nothing so great was ever beheld. The atmosphere for *this*, for the Memnon, was the breathlessness which belongs to a saintly trance; the holy thing seemed to live by silence. But there *is* a picture, the pendant of the Memnon, there *is* a dreadful cartoon, from the gallery which has begun to open upon Lord Rosse's telescope, where the appropriate atmosphere for investing it must be drawn from another silence, from the frost and from the eternities of death. It is the famous *nebula* in the constellation of Orion; famous for the unexampled defiance with which it resisted all approaches from the most potent of former telescopes; famous for its frightful magnitude and for the frightful depth to which it is sunk in the abysses of the heavenly wilderness; famous just now for the submission with which it has begun to render up its secrets to the all-conquering telescope; and famous in all time coming for the horror of the regal phantasma which it has perfected to eyes of flesh. Had Milton's "incestuous mother," with her fleshless son, and with the warrior angel, his father, that led the rebellions of heaven, been suddenly unmasked by Lord Rosse's instrument, in these dreadful distances before which, simply as expressions of resistance, the mind of man shudders and recoils, there would have been nothing more appalling in the exposure; in fact, it would have been essentially the same exposure: the same expression of power in the detestable phantom, the same rebellion in the attitude, the same pomp of malice in the features to a universe seasoned for its assaults.

The reader must look to Dr. Nichol's book, at page 51, for the picture of this abominable apparition. But then, in order to see what *I* see, the obedient reader must do what I tell him to do. Let him therefore view the wretch upside down. If he

* "Of Landor," viz. in his "Gebir;" but also of Wordsworth in "The Excursion." And I must tell the reader, that a contest raged at one time as to the *original* property in this image, not much less keen than that between Neptune and Minerva, for the chancellorship of Athens.

neglects that simple direction, of course I don't answer for any thing that follows: without any fault of mine, my description will be unintelligible. This inversion being made, the following is the dreadful creature that will then reveal itself.

Description of the Nebula in Orion, as forced to show out by Lord Rosse.—You see a head thrown back, and raising its face, (or eyes, if eyes it had,) in the very anguish of hatred, to some unknown heavens. What *should* be its skull wears what *might* be an Assyrian tiara, only ending behind in a floating train. This head rests upon a beautifully developed neck and throat. All power being given to the awful enemy, he is beautiful where he pleases, in order to point and envenom his ghostly ugliness. The mouth, in that stage of the apocalypse which Sir John Herschel was able to arrest in his eighteen-inch mirror, is amply developed. Brutalities unspeakable sit upon the upper lip, which is confluent with a snout; for separate nostrils there are none. Were it not for this one defect of nostrils; and, even in spite of this defect, (since, in so mysterious a mixture of the angelic and the brutal, we may suppose the sense of odor to work by some compensatory organ,) one is reminded by the phantom's attitude of a passage, ever memorable, in Milton: that passage, I mean, where Death first becomes aware, soon after the original trespass, of his own future empire over man. The "meagre shadow" even smiles (for the first time and the last) on apprehending his own abominable bliss, by apprehending from afar the savor "of mortal change on earth."

——"Such a scent," (he says,) "I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable."

As illustrating the attitude of the phantom in Orion, let the reader allow me to quote the tremendous passage:

"So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field,
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lured
With scent of living carcasses design'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight;
So scented the grim feature,* and upturned
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far."

* "So scented the grim feature," [*feature* is the old word for *form or outline that is shadowy;* and also for form (shadowy or not) which abstracts from the *matter.*] By the way, I have never seen it noticed, that Milton was indebted for the hint of this immortal passage to a superb line-and-a-half, in Lucan's *Pharsalia.*

But the lower lip, which is drawn inwards with the curve of a conch shell,—oh what a convolute of cruelty and revenge is *there!* Cruelty!—to whom? Revenge!—for what? Ask not, whisper not. Look upwards to other mysteries. In the very region of his temples, driving itself downward into his cruel brain, and breaking the continuity of his diadem, is a horrid chasm, a ravine, a shaft, that many centuries would not traverse; and it is serrated on its posterior wall with a harrow that perhaps is partly hidden. From the anterior wall of this chasm rise, in vertical directions, two processes; one perpendicular, and rigid as a horn, the other streaming forward before some portentous breath. What these could be, seemed doubtful; but now, when further examinations by Sir John Herschel, at the Cape of Good Hope, have filled up the scattered outline with a rich umbrageous growth, one is inclined to regard them as the plumes of a sultan. Dressed he is, therefore, as well as armed. And finally comes Lord Rosse, that glorifies him with the jewellery* of stars: he is now a vision "to dream of, not to tell:" he is ready for the worship of those that are tormented in sleep: and the stages of his solemn uncovering by astronomy, first by Sir W. Herschel, secondly, by his son, and finally by Lord Rosse, is like the reversing of some heavenly doom, like the raising of the seals that had been sealed by the angel in the Revelations.

But the reader naturally asks, How does all this concern Lord Rosse's telescope on the one side, or general astronomy on the other? This *nebula*, he will say, seems a bad kind of fellow by your account; and of course it will not break my heart to hear, that he has had the conceit taken out of him. But in what way can *that* affect the pretensions of this new instrument; or, if it did, how can the character of the instru-

* *The jewellery of Stars.* And one thing is very remarkable, viz. that not only the stars justify this name of jewellery, as usual, by the life of their splendor, but also, in this case, by their arrangement. No jeweller could have set, or disposed with more art, the magnificent quadrille of stars which is placed immediately below the upright plume. There is also another, a truncated quadrille, wanting only the left hand star (or you might call it a bisected lozenge) placed on the diadem, but obliquely placed as regards the curve of that diadem. Two or three other arrangements are striking, though not equally so, both from their regularity and from their repeating each other, as the forms in a kaleidoscope.

ment affect the general condition of a science? Besides, is not the science a growth from very ancient times? With great respect for the Earl of Rosse, is it conceivable that he, or any man, by one hour's working the tackle of his new instrument, can have carried any stunning revolutionary effect into the heart of a section so ancient in our mathematical physics? But the reader is to consider, that the ruins made by Lord Rosse, are in *sidereal* astronomy, which is almost wholly a growth of modern times; and the particular part of it demolished by the new telescope, is almost exclusively the creation of the two Herschels, father and son. Laplace, it is true, adopted their views; and he transferred them to the particular service of our own planetary system. But he gave to them no new sanction, except what arises from showing that they would account for the appearances, as they present themselves to our experience at this day. That was a *negative* confirmation; by which I mean, that, had their views failed in the hands of Laplace, then they were proved to be false; but, *not* failing, they were not therefore proved to be true. It was like proving a gun; if the charge is insufficient, or if, in trying the strength of cast iron, timber, ropes, &c., the strain is not up to the rigor of the demand, you go away with perhaps a favorable impression as to the promises of the article; it has stood a moderate trial; it has stood all the trial that offered, which is always something; but you are still obliged to feel that, when the ultimate test is applied, smash may go the whole concern. Lord Rosse applied an ultimate test; and smash went the whole concern. Really I must have laughed, though all the world had been angry, when the shrieks and yells of expiring systems began to reverberate all the way from the belt of Orion: and positively at the very first broadside delivered from this huge four-decker of a telescope.

But what was it then that went to wreck? That is a thing more easy to ask than to answer. At least, for my own part, I complain that some vagueness hangs over all the accounts of the nebular hypothesis. However, in this place a brief sketch will suffice.

Herschel the elder, having greatly improved the telescope, began to observe with special attention a class of remarkable phenomena in the starry world hitherto unstudied, viz: milky spots in various stages of diffusion. The nature of these appearances soon cleared itself up thus far, that generally they were found to be starry worlds, separated from ours by inconceivable distances, and in that way concealing at first their real nature. The whitish gleam was the mask conferred by the enormity of their remotion. This being so, it might have been supposed that, *as* was the faintness of these cloudy spots or *nebulæ*, such was the distance. But *that* did not follow: for in the treasury of nature it turned out that there were other resources for modifying the powers of distance, for muffling and unmuffling the voice of stars. Suppose a world at the distance x, which distance is so great as to make the manifestation of that world weak, milky, nebular. Now let the secret power that wields these awful orbs, push this world back to a double distance! *that* should naturally make it paler and more dilute than ever: and yet by *compression*, by deeper centralization, this effect shall be defeated; by forcing into far closer neighborhood the stars which compose this world, again it shall gleam out brighter when at $2x$ than when at x. At this point of compression, let the great moulding power a second time push it back; and a second time it will grow faint. But once more let this world be tortured into closer compression, again let the screw be put upon it, and once again it shall shake off the oppression of distance as the dewdrops are shaken from a lion's mane. And thus in fact the mysterious architect plays at hide-and-seek with his worlds. "I will hide it," he says, "and it shall be found again by man; I will withdraw it into distances that shall seem fabulous, and again it shall apparel itself in glorious light; a third time I will plunge it into aboriginal darkness, and upon the vision of man a third time it shall rise with a new epiphany."

But, says the objector, there is no such world; there is no world that has thus been driven back, and depressed from one deep to a lower deep. Granted: but the same effect, an illustration of the same law, is produced equally, whether you take four worlds, all of the same magnitude, and plunge them *simultaneously* into four different abysses, sinking by graduated distances one below another, or take one world and plunge it to the same distances *successively*. So in Geology, when men talk of substances in different stages, or of transitional states, they do not mean that they have watched the same individual *stratum* or *phenomenon*

exhibiting states removed from each other by depths of many thousand years; how could they? but they have seen one stage in the case A, another stage in the case B. They take, for instance, three objects, the same (to use the technical language of logic), generically, though numerically different, under separate circumstances, or in different stages of advance. They are one object for logic, they are three for human convenience. So again it might seem impossible to give the history of a rose tree from infancy to age: how could the same rose tree, at the same time, be young and old? Yet by taking the different developments of its flowers, even as they hang on the same tree, from the earliest bud to the full-blown rose, you may in effect pursue this vegetable growth through all its stages: you have before you the bonny blushing little rose-bud, and the respectable "mediæval" full-blown rose.

This point settled, let it now be remarked, that Herschel's resources enabled him to unmask many of these *nebulæ:* stars they were, and stars he forced them to own themselves. Why should any decent world wear an *alias?* There was nothing, you know, to be ashamed of in being an honest cluster of stars. Indeed, they seemed to be sensible of this themselves, and they now yielded to the force of Herschel's arguments so far as to show themselves in the new character of *nebulæ* spangled with stars; these are the *stellar nebulæ;* quite as much as you could expect in so short a time: Rome was not built in a day: and one must have some respect to stellar feelings. It was noticed, however, that where a bright haze, and not a weak milk-and-water haze, had revealed itself to the telescope, this, arising from a case of *compression*, (as previously explained,) required very little increase of telescopic power to force him into a fuller confession. He made a clean breast of it. But at length came a dreadful anomaly. A "nebula" in the constellation *Andromeda* turned restive: another in *Orion*, I grieve to say it, still more so. I confine myself to the latter. A very low power suffered to bring him to a slight confession, which in fact amounted to nothing; the very highest would not persuade him to show a star. "Just one," said some coaxing person; "we'll be satisfied with only one." But no: he would *not*. He was hardened, "he wouldn't *split*." And Herschel was thus led, after waiting as long as flesh and blood *could* wait, to infer two classes of *nebulæ;* one that were stars; and another that were *not* stars, nor ever were meant to be stars. Yet *that* was premature: he found at last, that, though not raised to the peerage of stars, finally they would be so: they were the matter of stars; and by gradual condensation would become suns, whose atmosphere, by a similar process of condensing, would become planets, capable of brilliant literati and philosophers, in several volumes octavo. So stood the case for a long time; it was settled to the satisfaction of Europe that there were two classes of *nebulæ*, one that *were* worlds, one that were *not*, but only the pabulum of future worlds. Silence arose. A voice was heard, "Let there be Lord Rosse!" and immediately his telescope walked into Orion; destroyed the supposed matter of stars; but, in return, created immeasurable worlds.

As a hint for apprehending the delicacy and difficulty of the process in sidereal astronomy, let the inexperienced reader figure to himself these separate cases of perplexity: 1st, A perplexity where the dilemma arises from the collision between magnitude and distance:—is the size less, or the distance greater? 2dly, Where the dilemma arises between motions, a motion in ourselves doubtfully confounded with a motion in some external body; or, 3dly, Where it arises between possible positions of an object: is it a real proximity that we see between two stars, or simply an apparent proximity from lying in the same visual line, though in far other depths of space? As regards the first dilemma, we may suppose two laws, A and B, absolutely in contradiction, laid down at starting: A, that all fixed stars are precisely at the same *distance;* in this case every difference in the apparent magnitude will indicate a corresponding difference in the real magnitude, and will measure that difference. B, that all the fixed stars are precisely of the same *magnitude;* in which case, every variety in the size will indicate a corresponding difference in the distance, and will measure that difference. Nor could we imagine any exception to these inferences from A or from B, whichever of the two were assumed, unless through optical laws that might not equally affect objects under different circumstances; I mean, for instance, that might suffer a disturbance as applied under hypoth. B, to different depths in space, or under hypoth. A to different arrangements of structure in the star. But thirdly, it is

certain, that neither A nor B is the abiding law: and next it becomes an object by science and by instruments to distinguish more readily and more certainly between the cases where the distance has degraded the size, and the cases where the size being *really* less, has caused an exaggeration of the distance: or again, where the size being really less, yet co-operating with a distance really greater, may degrade the estimate, (though travelling in a right direction,) below the truth; or again where the size being really less, yet counteracted by a distance also less, may equally disturb the truth of human measurements, and so on.

A second large order of equivocating appearances will arise,—not as to magnitude, but as to motion. If it could be a safe assumption, that the system to which our planet is attached were absolutely fixed and motionless, except as regards its own *internal* relations of movement, then every change outside of us, every motion that the registers of astronomy had established, would be objective and not subjective. It would be safe to pronounce at once that it was a motion in the object contemplated, not in the subject contemplating. Or, reversely, if it were safe to assume as a universal law, that no motion was possible in the starry heavens, then every change of relations in space, between ourselves and them, would indicate and would measure a progress, or regress, on the part of our solar system, in certain known directions. But now, because it is not safe to rest in either assumption, the range of possibilities for which science has to provide, is enlarged; the immediate difficulties are multiplied; but with the result (as in the former case) of reversionally expanding the powers, and consequently the facilities, lodged both in the science and in the arts ministerial to the science. Thus, in the constellation *Cygnus*, there is a star gradually changing its relation to our system, whose distance from ourselves (as Dr. Nichol tells us) is ascertained to be about six hundred and seventy thousand times our own distance from the sun: that is, neglecting minute accuracy, about six hundred and seventy thousand stages of one hundred million miles each. This point being known, it falls within the *arts* of astronomy to translate this apparent angular motion into miles; and presuming this change of relation to be not in the star, but really in ourselves, we may deduce the velocity of our course, we may enter into our *log* daily the rate at which our whole solar system is running. Bessel, it seems, the eminent astronomer who died lately, computed this velocity to be such (*viz.* three times that of our own earth in its proper orbit) as would carry us to the star in forty-one thousand years. But, in the mean time, the astronomer is to hold in reserve some small share of his attention, some trifle of a side-glance, now and then, to the possibility of an error, after all, in the main assumption: he must watch the indications, if any such should arise, that not ourselves, but the star in *Cygnus*, is the real party concerned, in drifting at this shocking rate, with no prospect of coming to an anchorage.*

Another class, and a frequent one, of equivocal phenomena, phenomena that are reconcilable indifferently with either of two assumptions, though less plausibly reconciled with the one than with the other, concerns the position of stars that seem connected with each other by systematic relations, and which yet *may* lie in very different depths of space, being brought into seeming connexion only by the human eye. There have been, and there are, cases where two stars dissemble an interconnexion which they really *have*, and other cases where they simulate an interconnexion which they have *not*. All these cases of simulation and dissimulation torment the astronomer by multiplying his perplexities, and deepening the difficulty of escaping them. He cannot get at the truth: in many cases, magnitude and dis-

* It is worth adding at this point, whilst the reader remembers without effort the numbers, viz. forty-one thousand years, for the time, (the space being our own distance from the sun repeated six hundred and seventy thousand times,) what would be the time required for reaching, in the *body*, that distance to which Lord Rosse's six feet mirror has so recently extended our *vision*. The time would be, as Dr. Nichol computes, about two hundred and fifty millions of years, supposing that our rate of travelling was about three times that of our earth in its orbit. Now, as the velocity is assumed to be the same in both cases, the ratio between the distance (already so tremendous) of Bessel's 61 *Cygni*, and that of Lord Rosse's farthest frontier, is as forty-one thousand to two hundred and fifty millions. This is a simple rule-of-three problem for a child. And the answer to it will, perhaps, convey the simplest expression of the superhuman power lodged in the new telescope:—as is the ratio of forty-one thousand to two hundred and fifty million, so is the ratio of our own distance from the sun multiplied by six hundred and seventy thousand, to the outermost limit of Lord Rosse's sidereal vision.

tance are in collusion with each other to deceive him: motion subjective is in collusion with motion objective; duplex systems are in collusion with fraudulent stars, having no real partnership whatever, but mimicking such a partnership by means of the limitations or errors affecting the human eye, where it can apply no other sense to aid or to correct itself. So that the business of astronomy, in these days, is no sinecure, as the reader perceives. And by another evidence, it is continually becoming less of a sinecure. Formerly, one or two men,—Tycho, suppose, or, in a later age, Cassini and Horrox, and Bradley, had observatories: one man, suppose, observed the stars for all Christendom; and the rest of Europe observed *him*. But now, up and down Europe, from the deep blue of Italian skies to the cold frosty atmospheres of St. Petersburg and Glasgow, the stars are conscious of being watched every where; and if all astronomers do not publish their observations, all use them in their speculations. New and brilliantly appointed observatories are rising in every latitude, or risen; and none, by the way, of these new-born observatories, is more interesting from the circumstances of its position, or more *picturesque* to a higher organ than the eye —viz. to the human heart—than the New Observatory raised by the university of Glasgow.*

The New Observatory at Glasgow is now, I believe, finished; and the only fact connected with its history that was painful, as embodying and recording that Vandal alienation from science, literature, and all their interests, which has ever marked our too haughty and Caliph-Omar-like British government, lay in the circumstance that the glasses of the apparatus, the whole mounting of the establishment, in so far as it was a scientific establishment, and even the workmen for putting up the machinery, were imported from Bavaria. We, that once bade the world stand aside, when the question arose about glasses, or the graduation of instruments, were now literally obliged to stand cap in hand, bowing to Mr. Somebody, successor of Frauenhofer or Frauendevil, in Munich! Who caused *that*, we should all be glad to know, if not the wicked Treasury, that killed the hen that laid the golden eggs by taxing her until her spine broke? It is to be hoped that, at this moment, and specifically for this offence, some scores of Exchequer men, chancellors and other rubbish, are in purgatory, and perhaps working, with shirt-sleeves tucked up, in purgatorial glass-houses, with very small allowances of beer, to defray the cost of perspiration. But why trouble a festal remembrance with commemorations of crimes or criminals? What makes the Glasgow Observatory so peculiarly interesting, is its position, connected with and overlooking so vast a city, having more than three hundred thousand inhabitants, (in spite of an American skeptic), nearly all children of toil; and a city, too, which, from the necessities of its circumstances, draws so deeply upon that fountain of misery and guilt which some ordinance, as ancient as "our father Jacob," with his patriarchal well for Samaria, has bequeathed to manufacturing towns,—to Ninevehs, to Babylons, to Tyres. How tarnished with eternal canopies of smoke, and of sorrow; how dark with agitations of many orders, is the mighty town below! How serene, how quiet, how lifted above the confusion and the roar, how liberated from the strifes of earth, is the solemn Observatory that crowns the grounds above!—And duly, at night, just when the toil of over-wrought Glasgow is mercifully relaxing, then comes the summons to the laboring astronomer. *He* speaks not of the night, but of the day and the flaunting day-light, as the hours "in which no man can work." And the least reflecting of men must be impressed by the idea, that at wide intervals, but intervals scattered over Europe, whilst "all that mighty heart" is, by sleep, resting from its labors, secret eyes are lifted up to heaven

* It has been reported, ever since the autumn of 1845, and the report is now, (August, 1846,) gathering strength, that some railway potentate, having taken a fancy for the ancient college of Glasgow, as a bauble to hang about his wife's neck, (no accounting for tastes), has offered, (or *will* offer,) such a price, that the good old academic lady in this her moss-grown antiquity, seriously thinks of taking him at his word, packing up her traps, and being off. When a spirit of galavanting comes across an aged lady, it is always difficult to know where it will stop: so, in fact, you know, she may choose to steam for Texas. But the present impression is, that she will settle down by the side of what you may call her married or settled daughter—the Observatory; which one would be glad to have confirmed, as indicating that no purpose of pleasure-seeking had been working in elderly minds, but the instinct of religious rest and aspiration. The Observatory would thus remind one of those early Christian anchorites, and self-exiled visionaries, that being led by almost a necessity of nature to take up their residence in deserts, sometimes drew after themselves the whole of their own neighborhood.

in astronomical watch-towers; eyes that keep watch and ward over spaces that make us dizzy to remember, eyes that register the promises of comets, and disentangle the labyrinths of worlds.

Another feature of interest, connected with the Glasgow Observatory, is personal, and founded on the intellectual characteristics of the present professor, Dr. Nichol; in the deep meditative style of his mind seeking for rest, yet placed in conflict for ever with the tumultuous necessity in *him* for travelling along the line of revolutionary thought, and following it loyally, wearied or not, to its natural home.

In a sonnet of Milton, one of three connected with his own blindness, he distinguishes between two classes of servants that minister to the purposes of God. "*His* state," says he, meaning God's state, the arrangement of his regular service, "is kingly;" that is to say, it resembles the mode of service established in the courts of kings; and, in this, it resembles that service, that there are two classes of ministers attending on his pleasure. For, as in the trains of kings are some that run without resting night or day, to carry the royal messages, and also others—great lords in waiting—that move not from the royal gates; so of the divine retinues, some are for action only, some for contemplation. "Thousands" there are that

> ——"at his bidding speed,
> And post o'er land and ocean without rest."

Others, on the contrary, motionless as statues, that share not in the agitations of their times, that tremble not in sympathy with the storms around them, but that listen—that watch—that wait—for secret indications to be fulfilled, or secret signs to be deciphered. And, of this latter class, he adds—that they, not less than the others, are accepted by God; or, as it is so exquisitely expressed in the closing line,

> "They also serve that only stand and wait."

Something analogous to this, one may see in the distributions of literature and science. Many popularize and diffuse: some reap and gather on their own account. Many translate, into languages fit for the multitude, messages which they receive from human voices: some listen, like Kubla Khan, far down in caverns, or hanging over subterranean rivers, for secret whispers that mingle and confuse themselves with the general uproar of torrents, but which can be detected and kept apart by the obstinate prophetic ear, which spells into words and ominous sentences the distracted syllables of aerial voices. Dr. Nichol is one of those who pass to and fro between these classes; and has the rare function of keeping open their vital communications. As a popularizing astronomer, he has done more for the benefit of his great science than all the rest of Europe combined: and now, when he notices, without murmur, the fact that his office of popular teacher is almost taken out of his hands, (so many are they who have trained of late for the duty,) that change has, in fact, been accomplished through knowledge, through explanations, through suggestions, dispersed and prompted by himself.

For my own part, as one belonging to the laity, and not to the *clerus*, in the science of astronomy, I could scarcely have presumed to report minutely, or to sit in the character of dissector upon the separate details of Dr. Nichol's works, either this, or those which have preceded it, had there even been room left disposable for such a task. But in this view it is sufficient to have made the general acknowledgment which already *has* been made, that Dr. Nichol's works, and his oral lectures upon astronomy, are to be considered as the *fundus* of the knowledge on that science now working in this generation. More important it is, and more in reconciliation with the tenor of my own ordinary studies, to notice the philosophic spirit in which Dr. Nichol's works are framed; the breadth of his views, the eternal tendency of his steps in advance, or (if advance on that quarter, or at that point, happens to be absolutely walled out for the present) the vigor of the *reconnoissances* by which he examines the hostile intrenchments. Another feature challenges notice. In reading astronomical works, there arises (from old experience of what is usually most faulty) a wish either for the naked severities of science, with a total abstinence from all display of enthusiasm; or else, if the cravings of human sensibility *are* to be met and gratified, that it shall be by an enthusiasm unaffected and grand as its subject. Of that kind is the enthusiasm of Dr. Nichol. The grandeurs of astronomy are such to him who has a capacity for being grandly moved. They are none at all to him who has not. To the mean they become meannesses. Space, for example, has no grandeur to him who

has no space in the theatre of his own brain. I know writers who report the marvels of velocity, &c. in such a way that they become insults to yourself. It is obvious that in *their* way of insisting on our Earth's speed in her annual orbit, they do not seek to exalt *her*, but to mortify *you*. And, besides, these fellows are answerable for provoking people into fibs:—for I remember one day, that reading a statement of this nature, about how many things the Earth had done that *we* could never hope to do, and about the number of cannon balls, harnessed as a *tandem*, which the Earth would fly past, without leaving time to say, *How are you off for soap?* in vexation of heart I could not help exclaiming—"That's nothing: I've done a great deal more myself;" though, when one turns it in one's mind, you know there must be some inaccuracy *there*. How different is Dr. Nichol's enthusiasm from this hypocritical and vulgar wonderment! It shows itself not merely in reflecting the grandeurs of his theme, and by the sure test of detecting and allying itself with all the indirect grandeurs that arrange themselves from any distance, upon or about that centre, but by the manifest promptness with which Dr. Nichol's enthusiasm awakens itself upon *every* road that leads to things elevating for man; or to things promising for knowledge; or to things which, like dubious theories or imperfect attempts at systematizing, though neutral as regards knowledge, minister to what is greater than knowledge, viz. to intellectual *power*, to the augmented power of handling your materials, though with no more materials than before. In his geological and cosmological inquiries, in his casual speculations, the same quality of intellect betrays itself; the intellect that labors in sympathy with the laboring *nisus* of these gladiatorial times; that works (and sees the necessity of working) the apparatus of many sciences towards a composite result; the intellect that retires in one direction only to make head in another; and that already is prefiguring the route beyond the barriers, whilst yet the gates are locked.

There was a man in the last century, and an eminent man too, who used to say, that whereas people in general pretended to admire astronomy as being essentially sublime, he for *his* part looked upon all that sort of thing as a swindle; and, on the contrary, he regarded the solar system as decidedly vulgar; because the planets were all of them so infernally punctual, they kept time with such horrible precision, that they forced him, whether he would or no, to think of nothing but post-office clocks, mail-coaches, and book-keepers. Regularity may be beautiful, but it excludes the sublime. What he wished for was something like Lloyd's list.

Comets—due 3; arrived 1.
Mercury, when last seen, appeared to be distressed; but made no signals.
Pallas and *Vesta*, not heard of for some time; supposed to have foundered.
Moon, spoken last night through a heavy bank of clouds; out sixteen days: all right.

Now this poor man's misfortune was, to have lived in the days of mere planetary astronomy. At present, when our own little system, with all its grandeurs, has dwindled by comparison to a subordinate province, if any man is bold enough to say so, a poor shivering unit amongst myriads that are brighter, we ought no longer to talk of astronomy, but of *the astronomies*. There is the planetary, the cometary, the sidereal, perhaps also others; as, for instance, even yet the nebular; because, though Lord Rosse has smitten it with the son of Amram's rod, has made it open, and cloven a path through it, yet other and more fearful *nebulæ* may loom in sight (if further improvements should be effected in the telescope) that may puzzle even Lord Rosse. And when he tells his *famulus*—"Fire a shot at that strange fellow, and make him show his colors," possibly the mighty stranger may disdain the summons. That would be vexatious: we should all be incensed at *that*. But no matter. What's a *nebula*, what's a world, more or less? In the spiritual heavens are many mansions: in the starry heavens, that are now unfolding and preparing to unfold before us, are many vacant areas, upon which the astronomer may pitch his secret pavilion. He may dedicate himself to the service of the *Double Suns*; he has my license to devote his whole time to the quadruple system of suns in *Lyra*. Swammerdam spent his life in a ditch watching frogs and tadpoles; why may not an astronomer give nine lives, if he had them, to the watching of that awful appearance in *Hercules*, which pretends to some rights over our own unoffending system? Why may he not mount guard with public approbation, for the next fifty years, upon the zodiacal light, the interplanetary ether, and other rarities, which the professional

body of astronomers would naturally keep (if they could) for their own private enjoyment. There is no want of variety now, nor in fact of irregularity: for the most exquisite clock-work, which from enormous distance *seems* to go wrong, virtually for us *does* go wrong; so that our friend of the last century, who complained of the solar system, would not need to do so any longer. There are anomalies enough to keep him cheerful. There are now even things to alarm us; for any thing in the starry worlds that looks suspicious, any thing that ought *not* to be there, is, for all purposes of frightening us, as good as a ghost.

But of all the novelties that excite my own interest in the expanding astronomy of recent times, the most delightful and promising are those charming little pyrotechnic planetoids,* that variegate our annual course. It always struck me as most disgusting, that, in going round the sun, we must be passing continually over old roads, and yet we had no means of establishing an acquaintance with them; they might as well be new for every trip. Those chambers of ether, through which we are tearing along night and day, (for *our* train stops at no stations,) doubtless, if we could put some mark upon them, must be old fellows perfectly liable to recognition. I suppose *they* never have notice to quit. And yet, for want of such a mark, through all our lives flying past them and through them, we can never challenge them as known. The same thing happens in the desert: one monotonous iteration of sand, sand, sand, unless where some miserable fountain stagnates, forbids all approach to familiarity: nothing is circumstantiated or differenced: travel it for three generations, and you are no nearer to identification of its parts: so that it amounts to travelling through an abstract idea. For the desert, really I suspect the thing is hopeless: but, as regards our planetary orbit, matters are mending: for the last six or seven years I have heard of these fiery showers, but indeed I cannot say how much earlier they were first noticed,* as celebrating two annual festivals—one in August, one in November. You are a little too late, reader, for seeing this year's summer's festival; but that's no reason why you should not engage a good seat for the November meeting; which, if I recollect, is about the 9th, or the Lord Mayor's day, and on the whole better worth seeing. For any thing *we* know, this may be a great day in the earth's earlier history; she may have put forth her original rose on this day, or tried her hand at a primitive specimen of wheat; or she may, in fact, have survived some gunpowder plot about this time; so that the meteoric appearance may be a kind congratulating *feu-de-joye* on the anniversary of the happy event. What it is that the 'cosmogony man' in the "Vicar of Wakefield" would have thought of such novelties, whether he would have favored us with his usual opinion upon such topics, viz. that *anarchon ara kai ateleutaion to pan*, or have sported a new one exclusively for this occasion, may be doubtful. What it is that astronomers think, who are a kind of 'cosmogony men,' the reader may learn from Dr. Nichol, Note B (p. 139–140).

In taking leave of a book and a subject so well fitted to draw out the highest mode of that grandeur, which *can* connect itself with the external, (a grandeur capable of drawing down a spiritual being to earth,

* "*Pyrotechnic planetoids*:"—The reader will understand me as alluding to the periodic shooting stars. It is now well known, that as, upon our own poor little earthly ocean, we fall in with certain phenomena as we approach certain latitudes; so also upon the great ocean navigated by our Earth, we fall in with prodigious showers of these meteors at periods no longer uncertain but fixed as jail-deliveries. "These remarkable s owers of meteors," says Dr. Nichol, "observ d at different periods in August and November, seem to demonstrate the fact, that, at these periods, we have come in contact with two streams of such planetoids then intersecting the earth's orbit." If they intermit, it is only because they are shifting their nodes, or points of intersection.

* Somewhere I have seen it remarked, that if, on a public road, you meet a party of four women, it is at least fifty to one that they are all laughing; whereas, if you meet an equal party of my own unhappy sex, you may wager safely that they are talking gravely, and that one of them is uttering the word *money*. Hence it must be, viz. because our sisters are too much occupied with the playful things of this earth, and our brothers with its gravities, that neither party sufficiently watches the skies. And *that* accounts for a fact which often has struck myself, viz. that in cities, on bright moonless nights, when some brilliant skirmishings of the Aurora are exhibiting, or even a luminous arch, which is a broad ribbon of snowy light that spans the skies, positively, unless I myself say to people—"Eyes upwards!" not one in a hundred, male or female, but fails to see the show, though it may be seen *gratis*, simply because their eyes are too uniformly reading the earth. This downward direction of the eyes, however, must have been worse in former ages: because else it never *could* have happened that, until Queen Anne's days, nobody ever hinted in a book that there *was* such a thing, or *could* be such a thing as the Aurora Borealis; and in fact Halley had the credit of discovering it.

but not of raising an earthly being to heaven,) I would wish to contribute my own brief word of homage to this grandeur by recalling from a fading remembrance of twenty-five years back, a short *bravura* of John Paul Richter. I call it a *bravura*, as being intentionally a passage of display and elaborate execution; and in this sense I may call it partly 'my own,' that at twenty-five years' distance (after one single reading) it would not have been possible for any man to report a passage of this length without greatly disturbing* the texture of the composition: by altering, one makes it partly one's own; but it is right to mention, that the sublime turn at the end belongs entirely to John Paul.

"God called up from dreams a man into the vestibule of heaven, saying—'Come thou hither, and see the glory of my house.' And to the servants that stood around his throne he said,—'Take him, and undress him from his robes of flesh: cleanse his vision, and put a new breath into his nostrils: only touch not with any change his human heart—the heart that weeps and trembles.' It was done; and, with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for his infinite voyage; and from the terraces of heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes with the solemn flight of angel wing they fled through Zaarrahs of darkness, through wildernesses of death, that divided the worlds of life: sometimes they swept over frontiers, that were quickening under prophetic motions from God. Then, from a distance that is counted only in heaven, light dawned for a time through a sleepy film: by unutterable pace the light swept to *them*, they by unutterable pace to the light: in a moment the rushing of planets was upon them: in a moment the blazing of suns was around them. Then came eternities of twilight, that revealed, but were not revealed. To the right hand and to the left towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetitions and answers from afar, that by counter-positions, built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways—horizontal, upright—rested, rose—at altitudes, by spans—that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that scaled the eternities above, that descended to the eternities below: above was below, below was above, to the man stripped of gravitating body: depth was swallowed up in height insurmountable, height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly, as thus they rode from infinite to infinite, suddenly, as thus they tilted over abysmal worlds, a mighty cry arose—that systems more mysterious, that worlds more billowy,—other heights, and other depths,—were coming, were nearing, were at hand. Then the man sighed, and stopped, shuddered, and wept. His overladen heart uttered itself in tears; and he said—'Angel, I will go no farther. For the spirit of man aches with this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave from the persecutions of the infinite; for end, I see, there is none.' And from all the listening stars that shone around issued a choral voice, 'The man speaks truly: end there is none, that ever yet we heard of.' 'End is there none?' the angel solemnly demanded: 'Is there indeed no end? And is this the sorrow that kills you?' But no voice answered, that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens, saying, 'End is there none to the universe of God? Lo! also there is no Beginning.'"

* "*Disturbing*:" neither perhaps should I much have sought to avoid alterations if the original had been lying before me: for it takes the shape of a dream; and this most brilliant of all German writers wanted in that field the severe simplicity, that horror of the *too much*, belonging to Grecian architecture, which is essential to the perfection of a dream considered as a work of art. He was too elaborate, to realize the grandeur of the shadowy.

NOTE.—On throwing his eyes hastily over the preceding paper, the writer becomes afraid that some readers may give such an interpretation to a few playful expressions upon the age of our earth, &c., as to class him with those who use geology, cosmology, &c., for purposes of attack, or insinuation against the Scriptures. Upon this point, therefore, he wishes to make a firm explanation of his own opinions, which, (whether right or wrong,) will liberate him, once for all, from any such jealousy.

It is sometimes said, that the revealer of a true religion, does not come amongst men for the sake of teaching truths in science, or correcting errors in science. Most justly is this said: but often in terms far too feeble. For generally these terms are such as to imply, that, although no function of his mission, it was yet open to him—although not pressing with the force of an obligation upon the revealer, it was yet at his discretion—if not to correct other men's errors, yet at least in his own person to speak with scientific precision. I contend that it was *not*. I contend, that to have uttered the truths of astronomy, of geology, &c., at the era of new-born Christianity, was not only

below the purposes of a religion, but would have been *against* them. Even upon errors of a far more important class than any errors in science can ever be,—superstitions, for instance, that degraded the very idea of God; prejudices and false usages, that laid waste human happiness, (such as slavery and many hundreds of other abuses that might be mentioned,) the rule evidently acted upon by the Founder of Christianity was this—Given the purification of the fountain, once assumed that the fountains of truth are cleansed, all these derivative currents of evil will cleanse themselves. And the only exceptions, which I remember, to this rule, are two cases in which, from the personal appeal made to his decision, Christ would have made himself a party to wretched delusions, if he had not condescended to expose their folly. But, as a general rule, the branches of error were disregarded, and the roots only attacked. If, then, so lofty a station was taken with regard even to such errors as had moral and spiritual relations; how much more with regard to the comparative trifles, (as in the ultimate relations of human nature they are,) of merely human science! But, for my part, I go further, and assert, that upon three reasons it was impossible for any messenger from God, (or offering himself in that character,) for a moment to have descended into the communication of truth merely scientific, or economic, or worldly. And the reasons are these: *First*, Because it would have degraded his mission, by lowering it to the base level of a collusion with human curiosity, or with petty and transitory interests. *Secondly*, Because it would have ruined his mission; would utterly have prostrated the free agency and the proper agency of that mission. He that, in those days, should have proclaimed the true theory of the Solar System and the heavenly forces, would have been shut up at once—as a lunatic likely to become dangerous. But suppose him to have escaped *that;* still, as a divine teacher, he has no liberty of caprice. He must stand to the promises of his own acts. Uttering the first truth of a science, he is pledged to the second: taking the main step, he is committed to all which follow. He is thrown at once upon the endless controversies which science in every stage provokes, and in none more than in the earliest. Or, if he retires as from a scene of contest that he had not anticipated, he retires as one confessing a human precipitance and a human oversight, weaknesses, venial in others, but fatal to the pretensions of a divine teacher. Starting besides from such pretensions, he could not (as others might) have the privilege of selecting arbitrarily or partially. If upon one science, then upon all, —if upon science, then upon art,—if upon art and science, then upon *every* branch of social economy, upon *every* organ of civilization, his reformations and advances are equally due; due to us all, if due as to any. To move in one direction, is constructively to undertake for all. Without power to retreat, he has thus thrown the intellectual interests of his followers into a channel utterly alien to the purposes of a spiritual mission.

Thus far he has simply failed: but next comes a worse result; an evil, not negative but positive Because, *thirdly*, to apply the light of a revelation for the benefit of a merely human science, which is virtually done by so applying the illumination of an *inspired* teacher, is—to assault capitally the scheme of God's discipline and training for man. To improve by *heavenly* means, if but in one solitary science—to lighten, if but in one solitary section, the condition of difficulty which had been designed for the strengthening and training of human faculties, is *pro tanto* to disturb—to cancel—to contradict a previous purpose of God, made known by silent indications from the beginning of the world. Wherefore did God give to man the powers for contending with scientific difficulties? Wherefore did he lay a secret train of continual occasions, that should rise, by intervals, through thousands of generations, for provoking and developing those activities in man's intellect, if, after all, he is to send a messenger of his own, more than human, to intercept and strangle all these great purposes? When, therefore, the persecutors of Galileo alleged that Jupiter, for instance, could not move in the way alleged, because then the Bible would have proclaimed it,—as they thus threw back upon God the burthen of discovery, which he had thrown upon Galileo, why did they not, by following out their own logic, throw upon the Bible the duty of discovering the telescope, or discovering the satellites of Jupiter? And, as no such discoveries were there, why did they not, by parity of logic, and for mere consistency, deny the telescope as a fact, deny the Jovian planets as facts? But this it is to mistake the very meaning and purpose of a revelation. A revelation is not made for the purpose of showing to idle men that which they may show to themselves, by faculties already given to them, if only they will exert those faculties, but for the purpose of showing *that* which the moral darkness of man will not, without supernatural light, allow him to perceive. With disdain, therefore, must every considerate person regard the notion, —that God could wilfully interfere with his own plans, by accrediting ambassadors to reveal astronomy, or any other science, which he has commanded men to cultivate *without* revelation, by endowing them with all the natural powers for doing so.

Even as regards astronomy, a science so nearly allying itself to religion by the loftiness and by the purity of its contemplations, Scripture is nowhere the *parent* of any doctrine, nor so much as the silent sanctioner of any doctrine Scripture cannot become the author of falsehood,—though it were as to a trifle, cannot become a party to falsehood. And it is made impossible for Scripture to teach falsely, by the simple fact that Scripture, on such subjects, will not condescend to teach at all. The Bible adopts the erroneous language of men, (which at any rate it must do, in order to make itself understood,) not by way of sanctioning a theory, but by way of using a fact. The Bible *uses* (postulates) the phenomena of day and night, of summer and winter, and expresses them, in relation to their causes, as *men* express them, men, even, that are scientific astronomers. But the results, which are all that concern Scripture, are equally true, whether accounted for by one hypothesis which is philosophically just, or by another which is popular and erring.

Now, on the other hand, in geology and cosmology, the case is still stronger. *Here* there is no opening for a compliance even with popular language. *Here*, where there is no such

stream of apparent phenomena running counter (as in astronomy) to the real phenomena, neither is there any popular language opposed to the scientific. The whole are abstruse speculations, even as regards their objects, not dreamed of as possibilities, either in their true aspects or their false aspects, till modern times. The Scriptures, therefore, nowhere allude to such sciences, either under the shape of histories, applied to processes current and in movement, or under the shape of theories applied to processes past and accomplished. The Mosaic cosmogony, indeed, gives the succession of natural births; and that succession will doubtless be more and more confirmed and illustrated as geology advances. But as to the time, the duration of this cosmogony, it is the idlest of notions that the Scriptures either have or could have condescended to human curiosity upon so awful a prologue to the drama of this world. Genesis would no more have indulged so mean a passion with respect to the mysterious inauguration of the world, than the Apocalypse with respect to its mysterious close. "Yet the six *days* of Moses!" Days! But is any man so little versed in biblical language as not to know that (except in the merely historical parts of the Jewish records) every section of time has a secret and separate acceptation in the Scriptures? Does an *æon*, though a Grecian word, bear Scripturally [either in Daniel or in Saint John] any sense known to Grecian ears? Do the seventy *weeks* of the prophet mean weeks in the sense of human calendars? Already the Psalms, (xc) already St. Peter, (2d Epist.) warn us of a peculiar sense attached to the word *day* in divine ears? And who of the innumerable interpreters understands the twelve hundred and odd days in Daniel, or his two thousand and odd days, to mean, by possibility, periods of twenty-four hours? Surely the theme of Moses was as mystical, and as much entitled to the benefit of mystical language, as that of the prophets.

The sum of the matter is this:—God, by a Hebrew prophet, is sublimely described as *the Revealer*: and, in variation of his own expression, the same prophet describes him as the Being "that knoweth the darkness." Under no idea can the relations of God to man be more grandly expressed. But of what is he the revealer? Not surely of those things which he has enabled man to reveal for himself, and which he has commanded him so to reveal, but of those things which, were it not through special light from heaven, must eternally remain sealed up in the inaccessible darkness. On this principle we should all laugh at a revealed cookery. But essentially the same ridicule applies to a revealed astronomy, or a revealed geology. As a fact there *is* no such astronomy or geology: as a possibility, by the *à priori* argument which I have used, (viz., that a revelation on such fields, would contradict *other* machineries of providence,) there *can* be no such astronomy or geology. Consequently there *can* be none such in the Bible. Consequently there *is* none. Consequently there can be no schism or feud upon *these* subjects between the Bible and the philosophies outside. Geology is a field left open, with the amplest permission from above, to the widest and wildest speculations of man.

From Frazer's Magazine.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE IN THE CRADLE, NURSERY, AND THE COLLEGE.

Few writers of the sixteenth century have exercised greater influence in various departments of intellectual activity than Michel de Montaigne. To say that he was the father of the modern essayists, is to say little. The ideas which he either originated or adopted, the doctrines he propounded, the errors he embraced, the truths he asserted, have all produced a numerous progeny. An attempt to affiliate these would far transcend our patience. It is now scarcely possible to open a work of speculation, ethical or metaphysical, without lighting upon thoughts which, whether the material was drawn from his own mind or not, he had impressed with his image and superscription, and contributed to put in circulation. He has to answer for many of the absurd vagaries of the eighteenth century, and some of the soundest theories of succeeding philosophers have been drawn from his inexhaustible magazine. Not to mention the obligations of French literature to this original thinker, our own swarms with indications of his influence; he has presided over many a thoughtful moment of our greatest writers, and inspired some of their happiest imaginations. That Shakspeare had profited by his *Essais* is asserted, though it may be doubted; Bacon's *Essays* are, in portions, mere abridgments of passages of Montaigne. Pope drew his whole theory of human nature, as developed in the *Essay on Man*, from the *Apologie pour Raymond de Sebonde*; but it does not seem to be generally understood that, next to Rabelais, our inimitable Lawrence Sterne owes so much to no writer as to Michel de Montaigne.

We may, some day, without resorting to the vulgar imputation of plagiarism, criticise *Tristram Shandy*, with the express purpose of tracing the connexion of some of the ideas it contains with others met with in the *Essais*. Parallel passages we consider of no importance. They simply prove that intellectual architects have occasionally stolen a brick from a neighbor's house. Literary informers may discover that beautiful ideas have been transported wholesale from one book to another; they may marshal their witnesses in formidable array, and come before the tribunal of the country; but the author, whilst pleading

guilty, maintains that he has done no wrong. He has merely discovered that another had expressed what he desired to say as well as he could have done, and in the same spirit, and has taken advantage of the circumstance. Who, for example, can blame Sterne if he traced a resemblance between the positions of Yorick and Lord Verulam, and thought proper to borrow from the author of the *Baconiana* this tender sentence? —"When from private appetite it is resolved that a creature shall be sacrificed, it is easy to pick up sticks enough from any thicket whither it hath strayed to make a fire to offer it with."

Certainly it savors something of ingratitude if due acknowledgment in such cases be withheld; but literary men are proverbially immoral, and it can serve no good purpose to accumulate proofs. What we should think valuable, would be a philosophical appreciation of the amount of influence exerted by a mind like Montaigne's, or such a mind as Sterne's, of the share the one had in moulding the intellect of the other, in suggesting his fancies, his characters, his illustrations, his forms of thought in modifying, if we may so speak, the frame of his mind. To us it appears that there are occasionally in the *Essais* passages, the peculiar tone of which so forcibly recalls to mind the manner of Sterne—his way of viewing the things of this world—that if no other evidence existed, we should have inferred that, attracted by sympathy, the one was a constant student of the other.

"Forbear!" cries Montaigne to a lady who was indulging in an excess of grief, "for not those flaxen tresses which now you tear, nor the whiteness of that bosom which, in your agony, you so wildly beat—not these have been the cause of the disasters which have befallen your beloved brother; they winged not the shaft: expend your wrath more justly elsewhere."

It is needless to point out that this might be taken either as a model or a specimen of Sterne's method of moralizing on the events of human life.

But we must not further pursue this subject at present. It will be more in place to observe that the theories of Locke and of Rousseau on education owe much to Montaigne; many of his notions have been transported bodily into the works of these two philosophers, and it is worth while to notice that the more objectionable and fantastical parts of his system have been adopted by the Genevese; whilst, with few exceptions, the Englishman has chosen that which was solid and sensible.

Our object in this paper is to examine to what influences Montaigne himself was subject in his youth, what share in the formation of his mind had the circumstances by which his early life was surrounded, how much he owed to his parents, how much to the theories of education prevalent in his time, how much to his masters, how much to his boyish reading, how much to the accidents of college life. Without maintaining exactly that "the child is father of the man," we think that all these things are worthy of study, inasmuch as it is important to discover if possible in what degree a mind contributes to its own greatness, and how much it borrows from its age. Some maintain that there is a mysterious agency hid in the depths of our nature, which works out our character independently of surrounding circumstances; others, that we are moulded and fashioned entirely by external objects and events. Experience indicates that we are neither the masters nor the slaves of the material world; that the two theories of human character which possess a kind of inverted analogy with the Pelagian and Calvinistic heresies are alike untrue, and that it is unphilosophical to endeavor to trace a complex result to any one of the simple sources from which it springs.

We have only alluded to this abstract question for the uncharitable purposes of confutation. It seems to be a theory entertained by some writers, that a man's greatness is to be measured by the amount of his isolation from his contemporaries, of his independence of the age in which he lives. These persons hold, with some show of reason, that it is a sign of weakness and servility of mind to be too obedient to outward impressions. They look with contempt on those who, as Charles Blount expresses it, follow their leader like mules, and go wrong if he goes wrong. And, accordingly, their chief sign of greatness is the contrary of this defect. M. Villemain, among others, desiring to exalt Montaigne, tells us that no man owed less to the age in which he lived. Now insanity, to say nothing of the minor modifications of enthusiasm, is sometimes nothing more than an excess of self-contemplation; it argues a mind not sufficiently susceptible of regular external impressions, prone to feed on itself, to disregard the admonitions of sense, and trust to the suggestions of the imagina-

tion. Such a man as M. Villemain describes would then be an anchorite, the founder of a sect, a conqueror, or a madman. Montaigne was none of these things. He was a man eminently of his age, the expression, so to speak, of the times in which he lived; principally, it is true, the representation of the better part, but sharing to some extent in most of the vices of mind and manners common to his contemporaries. His comparatively sedentary life qualified him for the office of a reflector. The pleasure we derive in studying his career is not certainly excited by the rapid succession of romantic incidents, nor does his figure occupy any very prominent position in the history of the sixteenth century; but we must not, therefore, infer that "his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart." On the contrary, vigorous as was his mind, independent as was his intellect, it fed almost entirely on the ideas of his time; and so far was he from occupying the position assigned to him, that we would venture to assert that his *Essais* could not have been written in any other country, or at any other stage of civilization. Amidst the confusion of a civil war of extraordinary duration, when every estate of the kingdom took the field to assert its own rights or encroach upon those of others, when every landed proprietor deemed it his interest or his duty to fortify his mansion, arm his tenantry, join in forays, incline to one party or coquet with the other, Montaigne, it is true, in general remained quiet, unnoticed, and comparatively unmolested. He had no particular bias towards any party, the struggle of his prejudices and his convictions terminating in a professed ataraxia, or philosophical indifference on the subject of politics. For, in our opinion, we must not attribute the care with which he generally avoided active interference in worldly affairs entirely to that love of studious leisure which has caused the retirement of several philosophers and scholars. He had many of the tastes and most of the habits of a man of the world; but he possessed also a considerable share of prudence and forethought, was little susceptible of enthusiasm, and could calculate with tolerable exactitude the chances of life. He understood well that the interests of the people were in no way concerned in the success of either of the two great parties that divided the kingdom; and saw that, for the third and least influential, composed of those who dared to sigh for real liberty, there was no hope of success.

It would be wrong, however, to suppose that these considerations alone induced him to steer his bark out of the foaming and turbulent stream of events, and anchor in the little sheltered haven which Fortune permitted him to choose. He certainly, though in a less degree, perhaps, than has been imagined, was disposed by his natural constitution to an inactive and speculative life; and he was, doubtless, right in thinking that the agitation and excitement of war or business would have disturbed the translucency of his mind, by stirring up the grosser particles that usually sink to the bottom in the calm and repose of comparative solitude.

But Montaigne's seclusion differed very widely from that melancholy misanthropy to which Stephanus Guazzus* attributes so many evils, and among others the liability to hypochondriacal affections. He was of the world, though not in it; and he would occasionally sally forth and try the dangers and taste the pleasures of a society the most brilliant and most immoral at that time existing in Europe. It would be vain to assert, that at any period of his life he came off unscathed from these expeditions. They left him restless and uneasy, and, no doubt, fostered that skeptical spirit which perverted his happiness, and from which all his attempts at dogmatism could never completely rescue him. It must be observed, moreover, that the decline of his years brought along with it cravings for pleasures which he had neglected when they were more in his power, and that before he died the passion for retirement, instead of growing into a habit, had nearly spent its vigor. He grew young as he grew old. In spite of the peevishness bred of continual suffering, he was more alive to the realities of existence, more obedient to the blandishments of sense, more sensible of pleasure, even than when a youth. His taste became delicate, even to sensitiveness, and his mind, by excessive refinement, acquired something of a feminine character.

All this, however, proves that Montaigne was, in some respects, the creature of his age, far more so than is generally acknowledged. Certainly he dived deep into the well of antiquity to fetch up many of his thoughts and illustrations, and delighted in shocking the opinions of his contempora-

* De Conversatione Civili, i. 2.

ries by strong doctrines and paradoxical theories; but this was eminently the character of the age. The world was rife with new theories, new ideas, new sentiments. Every man undertook to examine and confute the opinions of every other man. A moral insurrection raged over the whole of Europe, and, accordingly, we discover in the very circumstances which are thought to isolate Montaigne the proof that the development of his mind was in accordance with a law at that time in universal operation. We are almost tempted to regret that so fine an intellect was exposed to such influences. We attribute many of the defects of his theories, and the deplorable wanderings of his imagination, to the unfortunate company in which he found himself; and so far from regarding him as an independent spirit, rising superior to the vices and follies of those around him, we feel it to be our duty to pity, and sometimes to despise him.

In viewing the early portion of Montaigne's life, we shall discern the origin of many of his peculiarites and oddities; for he was odd—the odd son of an odd father. Many of his eccentricities came to him by inheritance. We are not disposed to exaggerate the influences of "birth and blood," but still the parentage of a person celebrated for any great qualities is a just object of curiosity. No man's fortunes are independent of the auspices under which he is laid in the cradle, and it is not at all unimportant whether a couch of gold, a buckler, or a manger, be a child's first resting-place. It is worth while knowing, therefore, that the ridiculous accusation of Scaliger—for he contrives to make an accusation of it—that Montaigne was the son of a herringmonger, is totally without foundation. He was a gentleman born and bred, as we shall presently proceed to show. Before doing so, however, it may be as well, both as some excuse for Scaliger and as a specimen of the spirit of the age, to illustrate the perfectly Cambrian respect for pedigree at that time prevalent.

Two noblemen having quarrelled on a point of etiquette, a meeting of friends was called to adjust their differences. One of them had put forward a claim, based on his title and descent, which would have raised him above all his neighbors, whereupon they, taking alarm, sided against him, and began to assert their equality, some alleging one ancestry, some another, one citing a name, a second a scutcheon, a third an old family parchment, and the least among them proving himself the scion of some outlandish king. When they were about to sit down to dinner, a friend of Montaigne's, who happened to be present, instead of taking his place, began to retreat with profound obeisances, begging all present to excuse him for having, up to that time, had the audacity to live with them on terms of equality, but promising that henceforth, now that he had been informed of their *ancient qualities*, he would respect them according to their deserts. At any rate, he protested, he could not think of sitting by the side of so many princes. Having played these pranks for some time, he suddenly changed his tone, and indulged them with a copious flood of abuse, winding up thus, —"Be content, in the name of God, with what contented our fathers, and with the knowledge that we are well enough if we only know how to behave ourselves. Let us not disavow the fortunes and conditions of our ancestors, and away with these stupid conceits, which may always be called in to prop up the dignity of any man who has the impudence to advance them." The astonishment of the sons of kings whom he addressed may be more easily imagined than described.

To return to our subject: Pierre Eyquen, seigneur de Montaigne, father of our hero, was an *écuyer*, which signifies something more than our esquire; and of his three brothers, the Sieur de Cairac, was a distinguished member of the church; another, the Sieur de St. Michel, was only prevented, say the biographers, by an early death, from distinguishing himself; and the third, Raymond Eyquen de Montaigne, seigneur de Bassaguet, was councillor in the parliament of Bourdeaux, and head of that branch of the family which now exists in Guienne.* The surname Eyquen was never adopted by Michel, who, despite the strong objection he had in theory to the practice of deriving titles from estates, took that of Montaigne from his father's château and grounds. He informs us in one of his *Essais*, that he knew a family of Eyquens in England, where the name, as has been conjectured, was corrupted to Egham;† and further adds, that even that which he selected was not peculiar to him or his relatives. There were families in Saintange,

* Essais, vii. 30; Querlon i. 135.

† Hazlitt. *Life of Montaigne*, prefixed to his excellent edition of the English translation.

in Brittany, in Paris, and Montpellier, which bore it. In the latter town, contemporary with Michel, dwelt a learned man named De Montaigne, who had composed, though not published, a life of Mary Queen of Scots.* We find also that one George Montaigne, D. D. was master of the Savoy Hospital in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Montaigne's father, who was born in 1490—not 1495, as Coste would have it—was a country gentleman of sufficient consideration in Guienne to be elected to fill several important offices in the municipality of Bourdeaux. In 1530 he was first jurat; in 1536, deputy-maire; in 1540, jurat again; procureur of the city in 1546, and maire from 1553 to 1556. When in this responsible situation, he was remarkable for the excessive attention he paid to his duties,† in spite of the disinclination to bodily exertion natural to old men. In his youth he had served in the Italian wars, and kept a minute journal, both of his own adventures and the public transactions; but although this came into his son's possession, he seems only to have preserved one fragment. This is an account of a most extraordinary madness which seized the inhabitants of Milan during his stay there impelling them to self-destruction. No fewer than twenty-five heads of families destroyed themselves within one week. A similar monomania once exhibited itself in New England, and was only checked by the magistrates, who ordered that all who made away with themselves should be exposed on a gallows: the feeling of shame proved stronger than the fear of death.

Returning to France, doubtless with the wrecks of Lanlier's army,‡ he met on the way with some young person to whom he attached himself, and whom he married in 1523, aged thirty-three, having led up to that time, says in one place his son, a most virtuous and exemplary life.§ But from certain expressions dropped in another of the *Essais*, we are inclined to think that he was no stranger to the gallantries and immoralities of his time.

By his wife, who, perhaps, died young, as the philosopher had no tender expression to consecrate to the memory of his mother, Pierre Eyquen had several children, of whom Michel, the third, was born at Montaigne in Périgord, between the hours of eleven and twelve in the morning, on the last day of February, 1533. There must have been something peculiar in the circumstances of his birth, in his infantine physiognomy, or in the state of his father's mind at the time, for M. Eyquen immediately determined to depart from the plan he had adopted in the training of his first-born, and to educate the little Michel as no man's child was ever educated before. So here at once we find our philosopher paying the penalty or enjoying the advantage of having a theoretical father, and are reminded of the fact, that if Montaigne's character was of independent formation, it was not for want of extraordinary efforts to mould and fashion it according to a system.

At the risk of detaining the reader from the educational details we have promised, we must here give some further accounts of the eccentric old gentleman who presided over them. He was a little man of vigorous constitution, well skilled in all the gymnastic exercises of his time, and particularly fond, even to a late period of his life, of exhibiting his agility, of which Montaigne gives some extraordinary instances. In manner he was grave and modest, in dress, whether he rode or walked, quite point device. To these exterior attributes of a gentleman, he added great scrupulousness of word and a very religious turn of mind, leaning rather towards superstition than the other extreme. Many eccentric notions did he indulge, which he transmitted to his son, not the least remarkable of which was his enthusiastic and bigoted hatred of the medical profession. Some of his notions were curious and useful. He seems to have originated the idea of Servants' Register Offices,* which he made part of an extensive plan for facilitating, in the absence of the advertising system, the interchange of the wants and wishes of society.

Though not learned himself, the Sieur

* Du Verdier *Bibliothèque*, t. ii. p. 143. There is one allusion to the death of Mary in the *Essais*.

† Essais, t. viii p. 286, of Coste's elaborate edition. We do not think it necessary to refer constantly to the portions of Montaigne's works on which we found the present article. Our studies of his life and character contain many thousand references, a small portion even of which would render the page unsightly without answering any good purpose

‡ See De Thou, Mezeray and the other historians of the time.

§ See *Essais*, iii. 273.

* Essais, ii. 269.

Eyquen wished to be the cause of learning in others. He had always been partial to men of letters, and endeavored, in a small way, to imitate Francis I., and to collect at Montaigne a little court, as it were, of *literati*. But when there was born unto him a son on whom the professions to which the family had for centuries been devoted had no particular claim, he determined, with what success the whole world knows, to make him a prodigy of learning and science. It is, of course, impossible to estimate exactly the amount of influence exerted on his resolution by the theories current in his time, but it would seem that very peculiar notions on education had been broached in the sixteenth century.

The old formal scholastic system was, however, generally retained in practice, and it is not surprising that those who perceived its defects should, in endeavoring to remedy them, have run into the very opposite extreme. The extraordinary and truly Spartan training of Henri Quatre by his grandfather Henri d'Albert, king of Navarre,* may have been suggested by the same considerations which influenced Pierre Eyquen, and both the king and the philosopher incurred the risk of a novel experiment and benefited in an equal degree.

It was already a custom in the villages in the neighborhood of Montaigne's birthplace for women to suckle their children for seven or eight days, and then to surrender the tender office of nurse to a she-goat, and some extraordinary instances are given of affection reciprocally engendered between the infant and dumb foster-mother. But it does not appear that it entered into the system of our philosopher's father to discover by this means the origin of language. However, no sooner was Michel born than he was sent to be nursed at a poor village in the neighborhood, where he remained even some time after he was weaned. He was fed on the coarsest food, dressed in the commonest raiment, exposed to every hardship. Never, says Montaigne, generalizing on his own experience, set yourself up, much less suffer the women of the family to set themselves up, in judgment over children's diet. Leave them to chance. Let experience habituate them to frugality and austerity. Let them, as they grow older, descend from a rugged life, not ascend from this to a more effeminate. It was in accordance with this same theory that Montaigne's father caused him to be held over the font by persons of the meanest and most abject condition, in order, as he beautifully expressed it, that the boy might early learn to feel affection for the humble rather than for the great, and to bend his eyes upon those who stretched out their arms towards him for assistance, not upon the backs of such as had passed him and were climbing still higher.

This part of the system adopted by the worthy *écuyer* in his son's training seems to have answered admirably, for Montaigne alway felt inclined to compassionate the misfortunes of the poor, and was particularly remarkable for the clemency and gentleness of his disposition, which greatly influenced his determination in refusing wholly to abide by the maxims of the Stoics. He severely blamed the barbarous manners of his times, when children were early accustomed to the sight of blood and brought up in cruelty, mothers considering it as an agreeable amusement to behold their offspring wringing the necks of pullets, or wounding and harassing dogs, cats, or any other animals in their power.

Whilst young Michel was knocking about the village and associating with goats, cows, horses, and asses, probably also with swine, his father, comfortably wrapped in silks and furs, was concocting in his arm-chair a scheme for the future. It was his desire that the boy should attain extraordinary proficiency in the learned languages; but he was, at the same time, loth to behold him spend upon them time that might be better employed. Revolving, accordingly, the matter in his mind, and conversing with divers learned men of his acquaintance, he at length hit upon a new plan, or rather perfected an idea which he had brought with him from Italy. It was not of easy execution, but paternal fondness, directed and fortified by the enthusiasm natural to the creator of a new system, enabled him to surmount all difficulties. He sent to Germany for a preceptor totally ignorant of French, but well versed in Latin, and domiciliating him in the château, gave into his charge the precious baby before his tongue had learned to articulate one single syllable. This German, who was well paid for his trouble, became at once tutor and nurse. His old friends at the university would have smiled to behold the change in his occupation. Instead of walking about in the morn-

* Préfixe, *Life of Henry IV.*

ng with a Suidas or an *Etymologycum Magnum* under his arm, he might have been seen dangling an obstreperous infant, whom it was his duty to scold in Latin, to coax in Latin, to overwhelm with all the tender epithets that Plautus and Terence, Catullus and Propertius supply. The worthy Teutonian must have been sadly put to it, and much midnight toil must he have spent after his little charge had squalled itself to sleep, whilst searching into classic lore for new expressions adapted to the new circumstances in which he constantly found himself placed. By degrees the infantine histories of Jupiter and Hercules were exhausted; even the stories of Medea and Thyestes furnished few parallel cases. So the amorous vocabulary of the poets was called in to complete that of the nursery, as the language of passion has sometimes been adapted to the exigencies of religious ecstasy. In some way or other the matter proceeded satisfactorily for a few weeks. It was then, however, perceived that the duties were too onerous to be comfortably discharged by one, and accordingly two minor Baiuli or bull-nurses were imported from Germany and taken into pay. Their business was to follow the principal, relieve him occasionally from his burden, and keep up a colloquy in choice Ciceronian for the benefit of the little Michel. Under heavy penalties, they were bound to talk no other language but Latin in the child's presence; and in order that what was then learned might not be lost, not only did the father accustom himself to speak in the same tongue, but even the mother. The man-servants and the maid-servants were compelled to be silent or to utter such words of Latin as they could pick up. Whether this was a piece of sly contrivance of the old Gascon gentleman to procure for once the blessings of silence, appeareth not. At any rate, if such was his object, he was by no means successful. The irresistible craving after speech overcame all difficulties, and every body began, *tant bien que mal*, to speak Latin. Thus the rare blessings of learning were diffused far and wide. Pierre Eyquen, Madam Eyquen, not to mention Michel, became perfect proficients, and even many of the servants acquired a tolerable knowledge of the language. In fine, so completely did they Latinize themselves, that the stream swelled around them and overflowed into all the neighboring villages, where many Latin expressions and names of tools remained in use for more than half a century. Perhaps even to the present day some fragments of this temporary civilization might be discovered in the mouth of the peasantry.

It was not until Montaigne was six years old that his native dialect was suffered to approach him. By that time, without book, rule, precept, or grammar of any kind—and above all, without punishment and tears,—he had made himself perfect master of Latin. His themes were given him in bad Latin to turn into good, and he acquitted himself so well that Nicholas Grouche, who wrote *De Comitiis Romanorum*; Guillaume Guerente, who commented Aristotle; George Buchanan, the Scotch poet and historian; and Marcus Antonius Muretus, the best orator of his day in either France or Italy, used to tell him when he grew up that he was so perfect that they were afraid to accost him. Buchanan, whom he afterwards met when tutor of the Maréchal de Brissac's son, said that in an essay on education, which he was writing, he intended to propose the example of Montaigne as one well worthy of imitation. We may observe, by the way, that in giving the above list of learned men whom he called his preceptors, in the first edition, published in 1580, he had omitted Muretus. But having met him at Rome in 1581, he remembered his early obligations, and inserted his name with a parenthetical expression of praise in the next edition.

These scholars, however, became known to him only at a subsequent period. For a time his education proceeded at home on the original plan. His father now began to think of instructing him in Greek. If we may believe Montaigne, he failed, not so much through the fault of the system pursued as through the inaptitude of the scholar. He has not entered into very minute details on the subject, merely intimating that his father adopted the plan of teaching him Greek as geography and arithmetic are sometimes now taught, in the shape of a game. Probably this was the first germ of many of the royal roads to learning which have since become so popular in modern Europe.

M. Eyquen did not confine his cares to the perfection of his model son in the learned languages; he bestowed likewise great pains on his moral and physical developement, and fell, in so doing, into many contradictions. Whilst professing to pursue every method of hardening Michel and preparing him to encounter the rough treatment of the world, he actually accustomed him to the effeminate practice of being

awakened in the morning by the dulcet sound of some instrument of music, played by a musician entertained for the purpose. It does not appear that, like the Dutchman in Le Vaillant, he was partial himself to this delightful method of being won back from the land of dreams, but he imagined that nothing was more injurious for children than to be startled suddenly out of their slumbers, in which he believed them, with reason, to be more deeply plunged than grown-up men. May not this indulgence have encouraged the sleepy and indolent habits of Montaigne? This seems more probable from a fact which he tells us, viz., that in the tower where he slept, every day at early dawn, and in the evening, a bell rang the Ave Maria. The peel seemed to shake the very tower, and yet it often did not even awake him.

As frequently happens in this world, M Pierre Eyquen's courage failed, and his enthusiasm cooled as the child grew up, and by the time he had reached six years of age, resolve was made to submit him to the ordinary course of education. Probably the good old gentleman yielded in part to the solicitations of his neighbors. Doubtless, he had many friends to give him advice and to take him by the hand, and to hope that no harm would come to little Michel, that too much learning would not make him mad.

Such predictions would find their excuse in the early developed character of the boy, in his pride, his obstinacy, his dogged self-will, inaccessible to threats and violence, yielding only to gentleness and persuasion; in his dislike of those things which to children are the great prize in the lottery of the world—of cakes, and sweetmeats, and confectionery of every kind; in his abhorrence of all the trickery of the playground; in his reserved habits, his thoughtful manner, his slowness to appreciate the ideas of others, his independent style of thinking, and opinions far above his age. All these signs, which revealed an extraordinary mind, fashioned by an extraordinary education, may easily have been represented by wiseacres and gratuitous advisers, by old women and friends of the family, as most sinister and disastrous. M. Eyquen began to be alarmed at the work he had undertaken. Mediocrity was awed in the presence of precocious genius. The responsibility in case of failure was tremendous. Accordingly, it was resolved that Michel should go to college; and to college he went, as we have above hinted, at the age of six.

The College of Guienne was at that time very flourishing, and considered to be at least one of the best in France. Students flocked to it from all parts, and some of the most learned professors in Europe occupied its chairs. Thither, then, our young collegian repaired to finish his studies, furnished with his father's advice, and very excellent private tutors. It was requested that every possible facility should be given him, and some modifications of the ordinary routine seem in this instance to have been made.

As early as the age of seven or eight, Montaigne conceived a great affection for books, but, unlike the other children of that time, took no delight in reading such romances as *Lancelot du Lac*, *Amadis de Gaul*, or *Théon Bourdeaux*. Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, written in what was then to him the easiest language, afforded him infinite delight; and his master (one of the learned men already mentioned) dexterously connived at these irregular readings, pretending not to know of them, though he gently urged on his other studies, allowing him to run through in secret, not only Ovid, but Virgil, Terence, Plautus, and the Italian comedies. "Had he been mad enough," observes Montaigne, "to have pursued any other course, I should have brought back from college the same detestation of books with which our nobility return therefrom."

But, in spite of all this care, Michel's Latin, which he had brought pure to college, by degrees became corrupted. He insensibly lost the habit of speaking it, and although it enabled him to pass so rapidly through the classes that he finished his *cours* and left college at the age of thirteen, yet, he says, his peculiar education was of no subsequent value, which may serve to refute the popular maxim, that "well begun is nigh ended." He knew, according to his own account, a little of every thing and nothing entire—*à la Francoise*. He was aware that there existed a medical art, a jurisprudence, four parts in the mathematics, and their general pretensions, but nothing more. He had never studied any science, never made himself master of the Aristotelian philosophy; he could not even trace the outline of any department of knowledge; and when asked to examine a child of the lower form, was compelled to draw him into generalities in order to test his natural ability, being totally ignorant of the method of making him display his acquired knowledge.

Montaigne, however, may exaggerate the

deterioration which took place in his knowledge during the seven years he was in college. What leads us to suspect this is, that in another part of his book he tells us that Latin was natural to him, that he understood it better than the French, and that, although since his childhood he had ceased to speak or even write it, yet when he was strongly stirred by some sudden emotion, he would by a natural effort utter his feelings in Latin. He mentions one occasion particularly, when seeing his father, before apparently in a state of health, suddenly fall upon him fainting, he uttered at first his exclamation in the language that had been originally taught him.

Another proof of his proficiency in learning is, that whilst at college he sustained the chief characters in the Latin tragedies of Buchanan, Guerente and Muretus, which were played with great pomp and circumstance. This took place when he was not much more than eleven, before the usual age at which such parts were confided to scholars. He acted with great propriety of voice, expression, and gesture. It was André Govea,* the principal of the college, who instituted and arranged these spectacles; for which Montaigne praises him, thinking it not improper for youths of good family to resort to such an amusement.

It is not easy to reconcile with these facts the assertion that he was slow of apprehension, dull of invention, and extraordinarily deficient in memory; that, in fact, he was the most backward in learning, not only of his brothers, but of all the children of his province. Few authentic instances of proficiency equal to his are recorded, except in the case of some of those monsters whose early development has insured premature decay. We are persuaded that no one of Montaigne's *condiscipuli* finally left college at the age of thirteen; and he expressly informs us that he had gone through all the classes, besides obtaining an extensive acquaintance with Latin literature. He does not, certainly, profess to have entirely mastered the *belles lettres* by twelve years of age; and philosophy, mathematics, Greek, and Hebrew, at thirteen;† but at a time when most boys are beginning to enter on their serious studies, he had concluded his. So far from this rapidity being common, the contrary defect of slowness is constantly made a reproach to the education of the sixteenth century. The fifteen thousand students who flocked to the University of Paris, wasted there some of the most valuable years of their lives. And the misfortune was, that their acquisitions had no direct bearing on the professions to which they were destined. Nearly every family was ambitious of placing one of its members either in the law or the church, and the competition therefore was great; so that, in addition to the knowledge actually required, it was made incumbent to penetrate into other useless departments of science. The great end of education, therefore, had become perverted. No man thought of making of his mind an instrument to effect a definite purpose, but every one labored to accumulate vast masses of facts and theories in his head that had no bearing whatever, at least but a very remote one, on the affairs of this life. Doubtless the result of all this mental activity was good. The labors of the human mind can never be entirely sterile, and it is natural that among the number of those who addicted themselves to study, many should really, whether by accident or in consequence of the original good constitution of their minds, make a good use of what they acquired. Among the benefits resulting, that which principally struck Michaelo Euriano, a Venetian ambassador contemporary with Montaigne, was the fact that the bishoprics began no longer to be bestowed on ignorant persons; "and would to God," he naïvely exclaims, "that this matter had been earlier taken into consideration for the benefit of Christendom!"*

The great evil, however, of the system pursued was the loss of time it entailed.—The picture of it by Rabelais, when due deduction is made on account of exaggeration, will give the reader some idea of the slowness of the process. Five years did Thubal Holofernes employ in teaching young Gargantua his letters, and forty-five years more did Jobelin Bride occupy in directing the remainder of his studies; "after which," says the satirist, "he was as wise as when he began."† So far from being able to use his knowledge, when called upon to reply to an address, his eloquence was on a par with that of a dead ass! This reminds one of the anecdote of the young Prince of France,

* See Bayle, *Dict.* v. "Govea."

† Griselini, *Memorie Anedote spett. alla Vita del sommo Filosofo e Giureconsulto F. Paola Servita*, p. 78.

* "Il che Dio volesse che fusse stato considerato molto prima bene della Cristianita!"—I. 488.

† "Il devint aussi saige qu'oncques puis ne fourneas mes nous"—an extraordinary idiom.

who, after having completed his studies, was offered some mark of respect by the corporation of a great town. Rising to reply, he cast his eyes around him and said, "Messieurs!" Having made this observation and allowed due time for applause, he bethought him that it would be worth while saying it again, and accordingly he repeated, "Messieurs!" This, at least, was emphatic; the whole assembly hung upon the word, and listened anxiously for its successor; but the princely lips were stationary, his eye was vacant. An uneasy sensation began to spread; each man looked at his neighbor; people felt ashamed, as they always do when listening to a hesitating orator. At length, however, a third time the air was moulded into sound, and a third time the emphatic "Messieurs!" was uttered. The force of patience, or even loyalty could no farther go; a general titter went round, and the unfortunate young man rushed out of the room, hid himself from the public gaze, and, with tears in his eyes, cursed the tutors who had given him the rudiments of all the sciences, but had not taught him how to express himself in his own language.

From what we have said above, it would appear that the rapidity with which Montaigne went through his studies was almost unexampled. His extravagant assertions of incapacity, therefore, seem designed to exalt his natural powers by the depreciation of his acquirements. The truth seems to be, that young Montaigne was not what is called a brilliant boy. He was inclined to physical inactivity, so much so that it was difficult to persuade him to join in the games natural to his age; but it is evident that his idleness arose partly from love of contemplation. When he did condescend to play, however, his thoughts and sentiments so governed his actions, that he never attempted to gain an advantage by any of those arts of childish dishonesty which evince the absence of a rule within.

The slow, deliberate, and somewhat stolid manners of Montaigne when a boy, arose in part, likewise, out of a certain pride springing from a consciousness of superiority. His meditations, which he employed about few things, and such only as he could seize with a firm grasp, produced as offspring ideas singularly daring, and opinions above his age. These, in general, he kept to himself, digesting them in private for his own use. His character seems to have been at all times gentle, and rarely was it necessary to inflict any chastisement upon him. Twice only was he beaten, and then very gently. For acts of commission he seems rarely to have deserved punishment. No one feared that he would do ill, but that he would do nothing. He was not even greedy after those things which children most covet, as sugar, sweetmeats, and cakes. It was necessary to compel him to eat them, which was done from an opinion that this refusal of delicate food arose from excessive delicacy of taste.

Montaigne left college in 1546, and from that time until he was grown up little or nothing is known of his life. We must suppose that he continued, though not very assiduously, the studies he had begun, but that the manners, habits, opinions, and ideas of his times, opposed themselves to any inclination he might have felt to devote the principal part of his leisure to the acquisition of book-learning. It would seem that, from the period of which we speak until he was nearly forty years of age, his life resembled that of his neighbors and equals. We know that he early became councillor in the parliament of Bourdeaux, that he led a dissipated life for some time, that he made a *mariage de convenance;* but it is almost impossible to trace the progress of his intellect. That it did develope itself we know, and likewise that it developed itself in the direction which might have been expected from his early education. But there is little beyond conjecture to enable us to determine whether he lost or gained more from having been plunged for nearly twenty years in the gaieties of French society in the sixteenth century.

From Tait's Magazine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

Some four or five years ago, the inhabitants of a large city in the north of Scotland were apprised, by handbills, that James Montgomery, Esq., of Sheffield, the poet, was to address a meeting on the subject of Moravian missions. This announcement, in the language of Dr. Caius, "did bring de water into our mouth." The thought of seeing a live poet, of European reputation, arriving at our very door, in a remote cor-

ner, was absolutely electrifying. We went early to the chapel where he was announced to speak, and ere the lion of the evening appeared, amused ourselves with watching and analyzing the audience which his celebrity had collected. It was not very numerous, and not very select. Few of the grandees of the city had condescended to honor him with their presence. Stranger still, there was but a sparse supply of clergy, or of the prominent religionists of the town. The church was chiefly filled with females of a certain age, one or two stray "hero worshippers," like ourselves, a few young ladies who had read some of his minor poems, and whose eyes seemed lighted up with a gentle fire of pleasure in the prospect of seeing the author of those "beautiful verses on the Grave, and Prayer," and two or three who had come from ten miles off to see and hear the celebrated poet. When he at length appeared, we continued to marvel at the aspect of the platform. Instead of being supported by the *élite* of the city, instead of forming a rallying centre of attraction and unity to all who had a sympathy with piety or with genius for leagues round it, a few obscure individuals presented themselves, who seemed rather anxious to catch a little *éclat* from him, than to delight to do him honor. The evening was rather advanced ere he rose to speak. His appearance, so far as we could catch it, was quite in keeping with the spiritual cast of his poetry. He was tall, thin, bald, with a face of sharp outline, but mild expression; and we looked with no little reverence on the eye which had shot fire into the Pelican Island, and on the hand (skinny enough we ween,) which had written "The Grave." He spoke in a low voice, sinking occasionally into an inaudible whisper: but his action was fiery and his pantomime striking. In the course of his speech he alluded, with considerable effect, to the early heroic struggles of Moravianism, when she was yet alone in the death-grapple with the powers of Heathen darkness, and closed (when *did* he ever close a speech otherwise?) by quoting a few vigorous verses from himself.

We left the meeting, we remember, with two wondering questions ringing in our ears: first, Is this fame? of what value reputation, which, in a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, is so freezingly acknowledged? Would not any empty, mouthing charlatan, any "twopenny tear-mouth," any painted, stupid savage, any clever juggler, any dexterous player upon the fiery harp-strings of the popular passions, have enjoyed a better reception than this true, tender, and holy poet? But secondly, Is not this true, tender, and holy poet partly himself to blame? Has he not put himself in a false position? Has he not too readily lent himself as an instrument of popular excitement? Is this progress of his altogether a poet's progress? Would Milton, or Cowper, or Wordsworth have submitted to it? And is it in good taste for him to eke out his orations by long extracts from his own poems? Homer, it is true, sang his own verses; but he did it for food. Montgomery recites them, but it is for fame.

We pass now gladly—as we did in thought then—from the progress to the poet-pilgrim himself. We have long admired and loved James Montgomery. We loved him ere we could admire him: we wept under his spell ere we did either the one or the other. We will not soon forget the Sabbath evening,—it was in golden summer tide—when we first heard his "Grave" repeated, and wept as we heard it. It seemed to come, as it professed to come, from the grave itself—a still small voice of comfort and of hope, even from that stern abyss. It was a fine and bold idea to turn the great enemy into a comforter, and elicit such a reply, so tender and submissive, to the challenge, "O Grave, where is thy victory?" Triumphing, in prospect over the Sun himself, the grave proclaims the superiority and immunity of the soul—

> The Sun is but a spark of fire,
> A transient meteor in the sky;
> But thou! immortal as his Sire,
> Shalt never die.

Surely no well in the wilderness ever sparkled out to the thirsty traveller a voice more musical, more tender, and more cheering, than this which Montgomery educes from the jaws of the narrow house. Soon afterwards we became acquainted with some of his other small pieces, which then seized and which still occupy the principal place in our regards. Indeed it is on his little poems that the permanency of his fame is likely to rest, as it is into them that he has chiefly shed the peculiarity and the beauty of his genius. James Montgomery has little inventive or dramatic power; he cannot write an epic: none of his larger poems, while some are bulky, can be called great; but he is the best writer of hymns, (understanding a hymn simply to mean a short religious effusion,) in the language. He catches the transient emotions of the pious

heart, which arise in the calm evening walk, where the saint, like Isaac, goes out into the fields to meditate; or under the still and star-fretted midnight; or on his "own delightful bed;" or in pensive contemplations of the "Common Lot;" or under the Swiss heaven, where evening hardly closes the eye of Mont Blanc, and stirs lake Leman's waters with a murmur like a sleeper's prayer: wherever, in short, piety kindles into the poetic feeling such emotions, he catches, refines, and embalms in his snatches of lyric song. As Wordsworth has expressed sentiments which the "solitary lover of nature was unable to utter, save with glistening eye and faltering tongue," so Montgomery has given poetic form and words, to breathings and pantings of the Christian's spirit, which himself never suspected to be poetical at all, till he saw them reflected in verse. He has caught and crystallized the tear dropping from the penitent's eye; he has echoed the burden of the heart, sighing with gratitude to Heaven; he has arrested and fixed in melody, the "upward glancing of an eye, when none but God is near." In his verse, and in Cowper's, the poetry of ages of devotion has broken silence, and spoken out. Religion, the most poetical of all things, had, for a long season, been divorced from song, or had mistaken pert jingle, impudent familiarity, and doggerel, for its genuine voice. It was reserved for the bards of Olney and Sheffield, to renew and to strengthen the lawful and holy wedlock.

Montgomery, then, is a religious lyrist, and as such, is distinguished by many peculiar merits. His first quality is a certain quiet simplicity of language, and of purpose. His is not the ostentatious, elaborate, and systematic simplicity of Wordsworth; it is unobtrusive, and essential to the action of his mind. It is a simplicity, which the diligent student of Scripture seldom fails to derive from its pages, particularly from its histories and its psalms. It is the simplicity of a spirit which religion has subdued as well as elevated, and which consciously spreads abroad the wings of its imagination, under the eye God. As if each poem were a prayer, so is he sedulous that its words be few and well ordered. In short, his is not so much the simplicity of art, nor the simplicity of nature, as it is the simplicity of faith. It is the virgin dress of one of the white-robed priests in the ancient temple. It is the simplicity which, by easy and rapid transition, mounts into bold and manly enthusiasm. One is reminded of the artless sinkings and soarings, lingerings and hurryings of David's matchless minstrelsies, which come and go like the sounds of music borne on the wind. Profound insight is not peculiarly Montgomery's forte. He is rather a seraph than a cherub; rather a burning than a knowing one. He kneels; he looks upward with rapt eye; he covers at times his face with his wing; but he does not ask awful questions, or cast strong, though baffled glances into the solid and intolerable glory. You can never apply to him the words of Gray. He never has "passed the bounds of flaming space, where angels tremble as they gaze." He has never invaded those lofty but dangerous regions of speculative thought, where some have dwelt till they have lost all piety, save its grandeur and gloom. He does not reason, far less doubt, on the subject of religion at all; it is his only to wonder, to love, to weep, and to adore. Sometimes, but seldom, can he be called a sublime writer. In his "Wanderer of Switzerland," he blows a bold horn, but the echoes and the avalanches of the highest Alps will not answer or fall to his reveille. In his "Greenland," he expresses but faintly the poetry of Frost; and his line is often cold as a glacier. His "World before the Flood," is a misnomer. It is not the young virgin undrowned world it professes to be. In his "West Indies," there is more of the ardent emancipator than of the poet; you catch but dimly, through its correct and measured verse, a glimpse of Ethiopia, a dreadful appellant, standing with one shackled foot on the rock of Gibraltar, and the other on the Cape of Good Hope, and "stretching forth her hands" to an avenging God. And although, in the horrors of the middle passage, there were elements of poetry, yet it was a poetry which our author's genius is too gentle and timid fully to extract. As soon could he have added a story to Ugolino's tower, or another circle to the Inferno, as have painted that pit of heat, hunger, and howling despair, the hold of a slave vessel. Let him have his praise, however, as the constant and eloquent friend of the negro, and as the laureate of his freedom. The high note struck at first by Cowper in his lines, "I would not have a slave," &c., it was reserved for Montgomery to echo and swell up, in reply to the full diapason of the liberty of Ham's children proclaimed in all the isles which Britain claims as hers. And let us hope that he will be rewarded before

the close of his existence, by hearing, though it were in an ear half shut in death, a louder, deeper, more victorious shout springing from emancipated America, and of saying, like Simeon of old, "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

The plan of "The Pelican Island" was an unfortunate one, precluding as it did almost entirely human interest, and rapid vicissitude of events; and resting its power principally upon the description of foreign objects, and of slow though majestic processes of nature. Once, and once only, in this and perhaps in any of his poems, does he rise into the rare region of the sublime. It is in the description of the sky of the south, a subject which indeed is itself inspiration. And yet, in that solemn sky, the great constellations, hung up in the wondering evening air, the Dove, the Raven, the Ship of Heaven, "sailing from Eternity;" the Wolf, "with eyes of lightning watching the Centaur's spear;" the Altar blazing, "even at the footsteps of Jehovah's throne;" the Cross, "meek emblem of Redeeming love," which bends at midnight as when they were taking down the Saviour of the world, and which greeted the eye of Humboldt as he sailed over the still Pacific, had so hung and so burned for ages, and no poet had sung their praises. Patience, ye glorious tremblers! In a page of this "Pelican Island," a page bright as your own beams, and like them immortal, shall your splendors be yet inscribed. This passage, which floats the poem, and will long memorize Montgomery's name, is the more remarkable, as the poet never saw but in imagination that unspeakable southern midnight. And yet we are not sure but, of objects so transcendent, the "vision of our own" is the true vision, and the vision that ought to be perpetuated in song. For our parts, we, longing as we have ever done to see the Cross of the South, would almost fear to have our longings gratified, and to find the reality, splendid as it must be, substituted for that vast image of bright quivering stars, which has so long loomed before our imaginations, and so often visited our dreams. Indeed, it is a question, in reference to objects which must, even when seen, derive their interest from imagination, whether they be not best seen by its eye alone.

Among Montgomery's smaller poems, the finest is the "Stanzas at Midnight," composed in Switzerland, and which we see inserted in Longfellow's beautiful romance of Hyperion, with no notice or apparent knowledge of their authorship. They describe a mood of his own mind while passing a night among the Alps, and contain a faithful transcript of the emotions which, thick and sombre as the shadows of the mountains, crossed his soul in its solitude. There are no words of Foster's, which to us possess more meaning than that simple expression in his first essay, "solemn meditations of the night." Nothing in spiritual history is more interesting. What vast tracts of thought does the mind sometimes traverse when it cannot sleep! What ideas, that had bashfully presented themselves in the light of day, now stand out in bold relief, and authoritative dignity! How vividly appear before us the memories of the past!

How do, alas! past struggles and sins return to recollection, rekindling on our cheeks their first fierce blushes unseen in the darkness! How new a light is cast upon the great subjects of spiritual contemplation! What a "browner horror" falls upon the throne of death, and the pale kingdoms of the grave! What projects are then formed, what darings of purpose conceived, and how fully can we then understand the meaning of the poet,

"In lonely glens, amid the roar of rivers,
When the still nights were moonless, have I known
Joys that no tongue can tell; my pale lip quivers
When thought revisits them!"

And when, through the window, looks in on us one full glance of a clear large star, how startlingly it seems, like a conscious, mild, yet piercing eye; how strongly it points, how soothingly it mingles with our meditations, and as with a leash of fire leads them away into still remoter and more mysterious regions of thought! Such a meditation Montgomery has embodied in these beautiful verses; but then HE is up amid the midnight and all its stars; he is out amid the Alps, and is catching on his brow the living breath of that rarest inspiration which moves amid them, then and then alone.

We mentioned Cowper in conjunction with Montgomery in a former sentence.—They resemble each other in the pious purpose and general simplicity of their writings, but otherwise are entirely distinct.—Cowper's is a didactic, Montgomery's a romantic piety. Cowper's is a gloomy, Montgomery's a cheerful religion. Cowper has in him a fierce and bitter vein of satire, often irritating into invective; we find no

traces of any such thing in all Montgomery's writings. Cowper's withering denunciations seem shreds of Elijah's mantle, torn off in the fiery whirlwind. Montgomery is clothed in the softer garments, and breathes the gentler genius of the new economy.—And as poets, Montgomery, with more imagination and elegance, is entirely destitute of the rugged strength of sentiment, the exquisite keenness of observation, the rich humor and the awful personal pathos of Cowper.

Montgomery's hymns (properly so called), we do not much admire. They are adapted, and seem written, for such an assemblage of greasy worshippers, such lank-haired young men, such virgins wise and foolish, such children small and great, as meet to lift up their "most sweet voices" within Methodistic sanctuaries. They have in them often a false gallop of religious sentimentalism. Their unction has been kept too long, and has a savor not of the sweetest; they abound less indeed than many of their class, in such endearing epithets as "dear Lord," "dear Christ," "sweet Jesus," &c.; but are not entirely free from these childish decorations. A stern Scottish taste, accustomed to admire such effusions as the Dies Iræ, and to sing such productions as our rough and manly Psalms, and our sweet and unpretending Paraphrases, cannot away with the twopenny trump of the English devotional hymn, degraded by recollections of Watts' Psalms, Wesley, Tate, and Brady, even when it is touched by the master hands of a Cowper or a Montgomery. That one song, sung by the solitary Jewish maiden in Ivanhoe, (surely the sweetest strain ever uttered since the spoilers of Judah did by Babel's streams require of its captives a song, and were answered in that melting melody which has drawn the tears and praises of all time,) is worth all the hymnbooks that were ever composed. Montgomery's true hymns, are those which bear not the name, but which sing, and for ever will sing, their own quiet tune to simple and pious spirits.

Of Montgomery's prose we might say much that was favorable. It is truly "Prose by a Poet," to borrow the title of one of his works. You see the poet every now and then dropping his mask, and showing his flaming eyes. It is enough of itself to confute the vulgar prejudice against the prose of poets. Who indeed but a poet has ever written, or can ever write good prose, prose that will live? What prose, to take but one example, is comparable to the prose of Shakspeare—many of whose very best passages, as Hamlet's description of man, Falstaff's death, the speech of Brutus, that dreadful grace before meat of Timon, which is of misanthropy the quaintest and most appalling quintessence, and seems fit to have preceded a supper in Eblis, &c., are not in verse? Montgomery's prose criticism we value less for its exposition of principles, or for its originality, in which respects it is deficient, than for its generous and eloquent enthusiasm. It is delightful to find in an author, who had so to struggle up his way to distinction, such a fresh and constant sympathy with the success and the merits of others. In this point he reminds us of Shelley, who, hurled down at one time, by universal acclamation, into the lowest abyss of contempt, both as an author and a man, could look up from it to breathe sincere admiration toward those who had usurped the place in public favor to which he was, and knew he was, entitled. We are not reminded of the Lakers, whose tarn-like narrowness of critical spirit is the worst and weakest feature in their characters.—Truly a great mind never looks so contemptible as when, stooping from its pride of place, it exchanges its own high aspirations after fame, for poor mouse-like nibblings at the reputation of others.

Many tributes have been paid of late years to the Pilgrim's Progress. The lips of Coleridge have waxed eloquent in its praise; Southey and Macaulay have here embraced each other; Cheever, from America, has uttered a powerful sound in proclamation of its unmatched merits: but we are mistaken if its finest panegyric be not that contained in Montgomery's preface, prefixed to the Glasgow edition. In it all the thankfulness cherished from childhood, in a poet's and a Christian's heart, toward this benign and beautiful book, comes gushing forth; and he closes the tribute with the air of one who has relieved himself from a deep burden of gratitude. Indeed, this is the proper feeling to be entertained toward all works of genius; and an envious or malign criticism upon such is not so much a defect in the intellect, as it is a sin of the heart. It is a blow struck in the face of a benefactor. A great author is one who lays a priceless treasure at our door; and if we at once reject the boon and spurn the giver, ours is not an error simply, it is a deadly crime.

The mention of Bunyan and Montgomery in conjunction, irresistibly reminds us of a

writer who much resembles the one, and into whom the spirit of the other seems absolutely to have transmigrated; we mean Mary Howitt. She resembles Montgomery principally in the amiable light in which she presents the spirit of Christianity. Here the Moravian and the Friend are finely at one. Their religion is no dire fatalism, like Foster's; it is no gloomy reservoir of all morbid and unhappy feelings, disappointed hopes, baffled purposes, despairing prospects, turning toward heaven, in their extremity, for comfort, as it is with a very numerous class of authors. It is a glad sunbeam from the womb of the morning, kindling all nature and life into smiles. It is a meek, womanlike presence in the chamber of earth, which meanwhile beautifies, and shall yet redeem and restore it—by its very gentleness righting all its wrongs, curing all its evils, and wiping away all its tears. Had but this faith been shown more fully to the sick soul of Cowper! were it but shown more widely to the sick soul of earth,

> Soon
> Every sprite beneath the moon
> Would repent its envy vain,
> And the earth grow young again.

And how like is Mary Howitt to Bunyan! Like him, she is the most sublime of the simple, and the most simple of the sublime; the most literal, and the most imaginative, of writers. Hers and his are but a few quiet words: but they have the effect of "Open Sesame;" they conduct into deep caverns of feeling and of thought, to open which ten thousand mediocrists behind are bawling their big-mouthed talk in vain. In "Marion's Pilgrimage," (thanks to the kind and gifted young friend who lately introduced us to this beautiful poem,) we have a minor "Pilgrim's Progress," where Christianity is represented as a child going forth on a mission to earth, mingling with and mitigating all its evils; and is left, at the close, still wandering on in this her high calling. The allegory is not, any more than in Bunyan, strictly preserved; for Marion is at once Christianity personified and a Christian person, who alludes to Scripture events, and talks in Scripture language; but the simplicity, the childlikeness, and the sweetness, are those of the gentle dreamer of Elstowe. Why does she not more frequently lean down her head upon his inspired pillow?

We return to James Montgomery only to bid him farewell. He is one of the few lingering stars in a very rich constellation of poets. Byron, Coleridge, Southey, Crabbe, Campbell, Shelley, Keats, &c., are gone: some burst to shivers by their own impetuous motion; others, in the course of nature, have simply ceased to shine. Three of that cluster yet remain, in Wordsworth, Moore, and Montgomery. Let us, without absurdly and malignantly denying merit to our rising luminaries, (some of whom, such as Browning, Tennyson, and Baillie, we hope yet to see emulating the very highest of the departed,) with peculiar tenderness cherish these, both for their own sakes, and as still linking us to a period in our literary history so splendid.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE "ECRIVAIN PUBLIC."

A SKETCH FROM PARISIAN LIFE.

"My lord, beware of jealousy!"—SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER I.

WHO has resided in Paris for any length of time without becoming acquainted, at least by sight, with some of those humble temples of literature which abound in that city, resembling cobblers' stalls, kept by the very poorest of the brethren of the quill, who announce their calling to the world by the somewhat magniloquent title, inscribed on their little bricks, of "Ecrivains Publics?" How many a tale of love in humble life, how many an intrigue, how many a reputation, lie at the mercy of these humble and busily employed agents of illiterate Paris! They are said to be a class of men who, though steeped to the lips in poverty, invariably display the most scrupulous integrity and discretion towards their employers; and, according to general report, the confession of St. Roch or Notre Dame de Lorette are not more sacred than the secrets confided to the penmanship of these miserable scribes. Their *boutiques* are usually found in retired parts of the town, where a spot of waste ground, or a friendly gable of a house, affords space for their erection, without the awkwardness of a demand for rent. A description of this class of the sons of literature, so totally unknown to fame, would be worthy the pen of the Fielding of former days, or the

Charles Dickens of our own. But, as we, alas! have no skill in this admirable species of portraiture, we propose to lay before the reader a romance of modern Paris, an "ower true tale," in which one of these worthy public *littérateurs* enacted a not undistinguished part, and one which amply bears out the high character for integrity and honor ascribed to the brotherhood.

The reader must accompany us to a small apartment on the second floor, in a retired, quiet street, situated in the most aristocratic quarter of Paris, the Faubourg St. Germain. Though small, the rooms were neat in the extreme, and while nothing that could properly be called luxury was visible, except one of Erard's grand pianos may be thus denominated, the presence of a presiding taste was every where apparent, and threw a certain air of unpretending elegance over the modest sojourn.

A young lady was seated near the window, busily employed at her embroidery-frame. Her eyes were steadily and earnestly bent upon her work; occasionally she raised her long dark eye-lashes to the time-piece which stood on the mantle-shelf, the hands of which seemed to move too rapidly for her wishes. Her dress was simple and becoming, but had it been directly otherwise, no style of dress could conceal the captivating beauty of her form and features. The former was exactly of that character which a painter would most prize as a model of feminine grace and elegant proportions; and her countenance, beaming with intelligence and feeling, was a living portrait of some of those immortal creations with which the pencil of Raffaelle has enchanted the world.

At length she raised her head, and regarded the clock with an air of satisfaction. Her work was completed. She rose and rang the bell. An old servant appeared.

"Marian," said her mistress, in a tone which showed her satisfaction, "it is finished. Look! What do you think of it?"

Marian, having put on her spectacles with the air of a grand judge, proceeded to examine the work.

"Ah," said she, "how beautiful! What colors! Only let me dispose of it, and I'll get you a far better price than you were paid for the last."

"You know very well," replied her mistress, "that it is already sold to the same house, and the price agreed upon."

"The Jews!" muttered Marian.

"Nay, Marian," said her mistress, "you must not forget that these good people have given me constant employment, and so saved us much trouble."

"Ah!" returned the servant, in a tone of impatience, "You could have done without them if you would but have spoken one word."

A look of some severity from her mistress cut short the further loquacity of Marian, who with some embarrassment added,—

"I meant, by your teaching the piano, *dame!* at ten francs a lesson!"

"You know it displeased M. Alfred."

"That is true enough; and after all I like this better than your teaching—obliged to be abroad in all sorts of weather, and coming home sometimes so harassed and fatigued. At present you never go out at all, except when M. De Monville gives you his arm, and that is not too often."

Another look from her mistress again arrested the garrulity of the old servant, which, be it observed, was seldom without a slight infusion of malice. While she had been speaking, the former detached her work from the frame, and carefully rolling it up,—

"Here," said she, "go with this at once before M. Alfred arrives; it is now near his hour. Put this frame also out of the way that he may not see it."

"Take care, take care," said the old woman; "you know how he hates mystery."

"Alas! Heaven knows how it pains me to conceal any thing from him. But this——" She made a sign, and Marian took the things and went out, leaving her mistress plunged in melancholy reflection; for this brief conversation had brought her situation—the present and the future—sadly and painfully before her.

Louisa Chatenay was but three years old when she experienced the loss, always deplorable, of her mother. Her father, a highly learned and esteemed professor in a provincial town, had spared neither care nor cost on her education; and his best and most distinguished pupil was his darling Louisa.

To a singular aptitude for all kinds of elegant literature, he saw that she added a decided taste for music. Instructors were procured, and her progress was even more rapid in this most fascinating of the sciences than in the other branches of her education, as though there existed some hidden sympathy between the enchanting art and the soul of the fair musician, now

become a charming girl of sixteen. Her playing seemed less execution than inspiration; and though unequal to the tremendous crashes of the modern tornado school, which makes one feel even for the unfortunate instrument, her facile comprehension of the great masters appeared rather divination than study. Her voice, too, was magnificent, a rich mezzo soprano, which thrilled in the solemn strains of the divine Pergolèse, or the touching melodies of the too-early-lost Bellini (for her exalted admiration of the master-spirits of the times gone by did not render her insensible to the beauties of the moderns—so ignorant was Louisia of the rules laid down by modern criticism). At this period Louisa was, both in mind and person, every thing that the fondest father could desire; and though she, perhaps, enjoyed a greater share of liberty than a mother's anxious vigilance would have allowed, her natural prudence and a sensitive delicacy of character supplied the want of experience.

Among the more intimate friends of her father was a family named Preville; the children had been infant playfellows, and their friendship afterwards continued without interruption. During the age of childhood a marriage had even been talked of between the little Louisa and the elder boy, Julian Preville; and although no mention had been made of this project of late years, the parents on both sides, particularly the father of Louisa, looked forward to it as an event which, though not certain, might be regarded as far from improbable. The boy, who was some two or three years older than Louisa, was, perhaps, even more sanguine in his hopes.

These hopes, however, if he really entertained them, were neither shared nor thought of by Louisa. Whether it was that the hour of her heart's awakening had not yet come, or from whatever other cause, she continued to regard Julian with the kindness due to the friend of her childhood, but without a ray of warmer feeling; and her life glided on peacefully and tranquilly until her eighteenth year. She was now struck with a dreadful calamity—the death of her father.

He died suddenly, leaving no fortune. Louisa would have been nearly a beggar, but for a trifling income derived from her mother. Julian Preville, now engaged in commercial pursuits, was absent at the time; his family learning the extent of Louisa's poverty, prudently evinced no desire to renew the recollection of the formerly projected marriage; and with the advice of her friends she determined upon proceeding to Paris, where she had an old relative, the only one left her in the world, but the amount of whose assistance on her arrival was, counselling her to employ the little money she had remaining in perfecting her talents, and to receive lessons before commencing to give them.

Louisa, however, soon succeeded in procuring a few pupils, and her talents were already securing for the friendless girl a modest independence, when, at the residence of a family of rank in which she gave lessons in music, she met M. Alfred de Monville,—an event which materially affected the color of her future life. Without entering into details of the growth of their acquaintance, it is only necessary here to state, that, struck by her uncommon beauty, he became an assiduous and devoted admirer, and that the passion thus commenced was daily augmented by a further knowledge of her mind and character. He was also a passionate lover of music, and this led to a dangerous intimacy between them. His assiduities and devotedness made an impression upon her heart; and, not unnecessarily to prolong our narrative, Louisa for the first time felt the loss —the irreparable loss of a mother.

Six months had passed; and although the affection of Alfred seemed constantly to increase, during his absence a corroding sentiment of sorrow and remorse would frequently intrude. Her sole happiness rested upon the continuance of his love, and she knew that his family were unceasingly urging him to a union with a young lady of rank and fortune. Louisa had other motives for uneasiness—in the character of her lover himself. With a tenderness and depth of affection, almost without example, mixed with great nobleness of mind, he displayed some defects which she could not regard without inquietude. Of these, jealousy and a proneness to suspicion were the principal. On this account she had long since given up her music-lessons, for he had, with some justice, objections to a profession which led her so much into public without adequate protection. But in sacrificing this source of income, Louisa would accept of nothing in return from her lover, giving him to understand that the small succession left her at the death of her father was sufficient for her wants. We have seen how the deficiency was supplied.

The servant had not left the house many minutes, when Louisa was aroused from her reverie by the ringing of the bell. "Marian went in time," mentally exclaimed she, as she hastened to open the door.

M. de Monville entered. He was a young man of dark complexion, tall and well made, apparently about thirty years of age. His manner and appearance bore that unmistakable impress of high life, which is, perhaps, never to be imitated with success. Habits of serious study had imprinted something of precocious gravity upon his features; and though naturally kind and indulgent, the expression of his dark and piercing eye denoted the suspicious, or, at least, highly impressionable disposition to which we have already alluded, and which is not altogether unfrequent with those who have passed more of their time in company with books than with the world.

De Monville looked round on entering, and inquired for Marian.

"I have just sent her out," said Louisa, without further explanation.

"I am glad we are alone," rejoined Alfred. He entered the little saloon, and taking both the hands of Louisa in his own, he imprinted a tender kiss on her forehead. There was something in his manner which seemed to indicate that he had something of importance to communicate; and in the course of a long and interesting conversation between the lovers, which we generously spare the reader, he acquainted her that the constant importunities of his mother and friends on the subject of his marriage had at length forced him to come to a determination.

"Well?" said Louisa, turning rather pale.

"Well," continued he, "I have chosen a wife. I have not sought her among those who, gifted with birth and fortune, conceive that they can dispense with the amiable virtues and acquirements which to my mind constitute the real ornaments of life. I have found one, kind, modest, gifted, and loving,—one whose heart has made sacrifices for me, which a life of devotedness only can repay. Louisa, will you accept my hand and name?"

It is not necessary to state the reply of Louisa? The noble and generous offer which comprised in her eyes not only happiness, but the establishment of honor and reputation, was received with tears of love and gratitude.

A long conversation followed, chiefly upon their future arrangements; in the course of which Alfred entreated her to give him a small gold ring which Louisa's mother had tied round her neck with her dying blessing, praying Heaven that it might be as a talisman to shield her child from evil. This gift Louisa had guarded with religious love and reverence. Alfred had before frequently solicited it in vain. He now claimed it in the right of her future husband.

Louisa promised that it should be her wedding-gift to him. He was fain to be satisfied with this promise, for before he could reply to it the entrance of Marian put a stop to their further discourse.

The old servant was evidently in a very bad humor. She made signs to her mistress that she had not found the shopkeeper at home, and that she had brought back the embroidery unsold.

Alfred perceived some of this dumb show, and inquired what it meant.

"Nothing," said Louisa, with a smile.

"Always mysterious!" returned Alfred, taking his hat, half angrily.

"No," said Louisa, arresting his ill-humour with a kiss.

Alfred was satisfied—or nearly so, and tenderly took his leave.

CHAPTER II.—OBSTACLES.

During the hours which the lovers were passing so happily together, a scene was proceeding in a neighboring street at the Hôtel de Monville, Rue de Grenelle, the *dénouement* of which, if realized, promised effectually to interfere with their plans. The mother of Alfred was at that time receiving the formal—nay, almost solemn visit of the Countess de Châteauneuf, a lady immensely rich, of the ancient noblesse, and influentially connected with the highest personages of the court. The countess had an only daughter, and hence her present visit to Madame de Monville. The negotiations had been going on for some time; the present interview was long, and the ladies, in separating, had lost something of the stiff and ceremonious dignity which marked their meeting. The two mothers had agreed to the marriage of Alfred and Mdlle. de Châteauneuf.

Madame de Châteauneuf had scarcely quitted the drawing-room, attended by her hostess, at one door, when a personage of some consequence in our story entered by another. This was a lady, who had probably reached her twenty-sixth year, but whose features still retained the charm and fresh-

ness of youth. The expression of her countenance was replete with winning modesty and in harmony with all her movements, which were marked by serene gentleness and grace. The beauty of Madame Valmont was not of that description which captivates at first sight, but it stole upon the heart, and left an indelible impression. A slightly brown complexion, as if colored under the sunny skies of Italy, was contrasted by her deep blue eyes and fair hair—peculiarities which not unfrequently mark an organization uniting two opposite natures, the deep passions of the South with the voluptuous languor of the East. This charming person, notwithstanding all her external advantages, was far from happy. Married by her parents at an early age to M. Valmont, a man more than double her years, she had never known the felicity of mutual affection, nor even the tranquil comforts of ordinary wedded life. Her husband was a man without either vices or virtues properly so called. His mind was too much absorbed in commercial or other speculations to appreciate or even to think of his wife.

Any novel mercantile scheme, or extraordinary invention, particularly if there appeared any thing very impracticable about them, was certain to find in M. Valmont an active and zealous patron. But the numerous undertakings he had taken up had never but one result—failure. At last, nearly ruined, but still as sanguine as ever, he embarked the residue of a once large fortune in a miscellaneous cargo, with which he freighted a vessel for the antipodes. A newly invented soap, and some thousand cases of eau de Cologne, formed a large portion of his cargo, upon the sale of which he calculated upon realizing at least five hundred per cent. in Australia, and thus being enabled to reconstruct his shattered fortunes. To direct so important an operation he had himself embarked for New South Wales, leaving Madame Valmont behind him in France, in possession of so much of her fortune as he had been by law unable to touch.

The mother of Alfred, who was a distant relative, and had always been much attached to Madame Valmont, invited her to take up her abode in her hotel during her temporary widowhood—an offer which Madame Valmont gratefully accepted, as affording her not only a home and society, but the kind of protection which is necessary to a young woman in a position of some difficulty as well as delicacy.

Matilda Valmont had now been several months a member of the family, during which time her amiable character had ingratiated her into the most intimate confidence of Madame de Monville and Alfred. Indeed, had the heart of the latter not been entirely absorbed by his passion for Louisa, he might have found himself in dangerous proximity with his beautiful cousin.

Madame Valmont stood for a few moments after entering the room plunged in deep thought; but her countenance brightened on the re-entrance of Madame de Monville, who returned accompanied by another friend of the family—a M. St. George. This gentleman appeared some forty years old. He had quitted the army to become partner in a Paris banking-house, of which one of his friends was at the head, and without remarkable talents of any kind, M. St. George before long found himself master of a considerable fortune, the acquirement of which, after the manner of most successful adventurers, he attributed solely to his own excessive cleverness. Without possessing the manners, and still less the feelings of a gentleman—for the French army, whatever be its other merits, is decidedly the worst school in the world for that species of knowledge,—his military habits had given him a certain frankness, which found favor in many of the aristocratic saloons of the Faubourg St. Germain; and perfectly alive to the advantages of such a connexion, the ex-captain assiduously cultivated the good graces of the noble owners. In this he succeeded so well, particularly where the reigning powers happened to be vested in the hands of elderly ladies, that M. St. George was in certain families of distinction the chosen counsellor, friend, and agent in all cases of difficulty. He had been apparently sent for on the present occasion by Madame de Monville to be consulted upon some affair of importance, for the old lady told Matilda that she had to speak to him on particular business.

"You wish to be alone? I will leave you," said Matilda, rising.

"Order the carriage, my dear, and drive to the Champs Elysées. The day is beautiful, and it will do you good. You are looking a little pale." Madame de Monville, as she spoke, pressed the hands of Matilda affectionately. "By the way," she added, "you received letters with news of M. Val-

mont last night. I have not seen you since. I hope it was satisfactory—he is well?"

"Quite," returned Madame Valmont, with a slight alteration of voice,—"quite well. Thanks, dear madam, for the interest you take in all that concerns me. Perfectly satisfactory."

With an amicable salutation to St. George, Matilda retired to her apartment.

She had no sooner quitted the room than Madame de Monville acquainted her confidant that she had concluded the arrangements for the marriage of Mademoiselle de Châteauneuf and her son. St. George was proceeding to congratulate her upon this splendid alliance, when she informed him that she had discovered the existence of a serious obstacle; one which she feared from the character of Alfred would be almost insurmountable.

This obstacle was her son's passion for Louisa, with which Madame de Monville appeared acquainted.

St. George treated it lightly, as an attachment natural at the age of Alfred, but which he had too much good sense to permit to stand in the way of an advantageous marriage. He would see the *person* in question himself—a milliner? a *danseuse?*

"Neither," said Madame de Monville. "I hear she is of honest parents, and has received a distinguished education. Of course, a creature without morals."

St. George readily assented to this conclusion.

"I will explain matters frankly to her," continued he. "Persons of this class don't want discernment. Alfred is rich, the thing must be done handsomely. A present of 500*l.*, perhaps much less, will remove every difficulty. Make yourself perfectly easy, I'll answer for settling the affair. Where does she live?"

"In the Rue St. Romain, near this."

"I'll see her at once," said St. George, rising and taking his hat.

Madame de Monville, however, advised him first to see her son on the subject; as if he were really so attached to his mistress as represented to her, he would be disposed to resent any interference of which she might complain to him, and as in that case she would, doubtless, represent every thing that was said so as to suit her own views, it would be better to apply to her only as a last resort, should Alfred be inflexible. For herself, Madame de Monville confessed her reluctance to enter upon the subject with her son, knowing the determination with which he adhered to any resolution once taken, and doubting her own firmness, from knowing the influence he had over her mind.

St. George at once set about the task he had thus undertaken, for, be it observed, he was never so much at home as when meddling with the affairs of others. His interference, as might be anticipated, was very ill received by the young man. St. George, however, had no superfluous delicacy to be wounded, and returned to the charge with such boldness and pertinacity, that, after several warm discussions, a serious quarrel was nearly occurring between them in consequence of his speaking of Louisa in a tone which might be expected from his principles, but which M. de Monville warmly resented. St. George, however, wisely considered that, though an ally of the mother, it was no part of his mission to fight a duel with the son; he therefore resolved to change his tactics, and appeal, as he originally intended, to Louisa herself.

In the mean time Alfred was wearied and annoyed by these discussions, and still more by the change of manner of his mother, to whom he was affectionately attached, and who, while she forebore to urge him on the subject of Mademoiselle de Châteauneuf, omitted no occasion of showing how earnestly she desired his marriage with that lady. The time he passed at home would have flown heavily indeed, had it not been that he had there one friend, his kind cousin Madame Valmont, to whom he could confide all his annoyances, all his hopes; his love for his Louisa, their intended union—all was confided to her friendly ear. She used to question him on the beauty and accomplishments of his future wife, and charmed him by listening to his delighted descriptions until she appeared nearly as much in love with her as Alfred himself.

But before these anticipations could be realized, a grand obstacle had to be removed—the terrible marriage with Mademoiselle de Châteauneuf, which his mother had so near at heart. The negotiations were silently proceeding, and the day next but one was fixed upon for the formal introduction of the two families at a grand dinner, given by Madame de Monville. Alfred owned his perplexity to his cousin. The union was impossible, yet he shrank from acquainting his mother with his refusal, which he knew would so seriously grieve her.

"There is a good angel who watches

over true love," smilingly observed Madame Valmont. "Who knows, perhaps an objection may come from the other side? Hope!"

The day following Alfred was greatly surprised to learn from his mother that she had received an excuse from Madame de Ch teauneuf, who could not dine with them as had been arranged. She was suddenly about to quit Paris with her daughter for a short time. No further explanation was given, but the chagrin and disappointment visible in her countenance showed that something had taken place to affect the threatened matrimonial project. Madame de Monville left the room to write a note, requesting to see M. St. George.

"My dear cousin," said Alfred to Madame Valmont, joyously, "this looks like a rupture. Is it one?"

"I hope so," returned Matilda.

"The 'good angel' that watches over true love is then yourself?"

"Silence!" said Matilda, "silence!"

"But how has it occurred? Tell me, dear cousin, that I may thank you—that I may ——"

"Hush!" interrupted Madame Valmont, in a low voice. "What I have done is nothing. I saw you unhappy, and this is my sole excuse. Go, think only now of your Louisa. Marry her, as she is worthy of your heart. Adieu! in a short time your mother will yield to your prayers and forgive you. Farewell!"

In order to keep aloof from the little family discussions which were now likely to occur, Matilda accepted an invitation to pass a few days with a friend in the vicinity of Paris.

Nothing further was said of the marriage with Mademoiselle de Châteauneuf. Yet Alfred could not obtain the consent of his mother to his union with Louisa. When she appeared disposed to yield, St. George, who seemed to consider that his credit as a man of business would be compromised were this marriage to take place, reproached her with weakness. At length, however, she did yield a reluctant assent; but on condition that she should not be asked to see her daughter-in-law. With this De Monville was fain to be content for the present, relying upon the good offices of his gentle cousin, and upon that great softener of all asperities—Time, for a reconciliation at some future period.

Alfred possessed in his own right a small property, delightfully situated about twenty leagues from Paris. It was arranged that the marriage should take place there, in order to avoid all unnecessary publicity. As the château had not been inhabited for some years, it was requisite to put it into a state fit to receive its new mistress; and for this purpose Alfred determined to proceed thither to superintend in person the alterations and repairs. He was to be absent a week, and to return two days previous to the celebration of the marriage. It was the first separation of the lovers, and, brief as it was to be, they parted with ominous grief—many tears on one side, deep sadness on both.

M. St. George resolved to take advantage of his absence and make a last effort to put a stop to the marriage. He accordingly saw Louisa two or three times.

On the return of Alfred to town he descended at his mother's hôtel previous to hastening to Louisa. The concierge handed him a letter—it was anonymous! What this letter contained will be seen in the following pages.

CHAPTER III.—THE LETTER.

The eight long days of absence had expired. Louisa was anxiously expecting De Monville when she was startled by a violent ringing at the bell.

"'Tis he!" cried Louisa, joyously flying towards the door, "'tis he!"

De Monville entered.

Louisa's joy was short-lived. He was no longer the same being. His face was deadly pale, and she could only gaze on him in silence. Without a word, he entered and closed the door behind him. With hasty strides he entered the inner room. She followed him.

His penetrating glance seemed to dive into the deepest recesses of her heart. One of his hands, placed under his cloak, was agitated by a convulsive motion; with the other he seized Louisa's arm and forced her to remain near him. His look, his silence, were dreadful.

"Heavens!" cried she, "what is the matter? You terrify me!"

"Be seated," returned he.

She sat down at once, awed by his tone and gesture.

De Monville endeavored to surmount the emotion he was laboring under. He remained silent for a few seconds, as if enjoying the increasing agitation of Louisa, and

then, without taking his eyes from her face, he exclaimed,—

"And so you have deceived me!"

The poor girl drew back in stupor. It was now her turn to gaze in silence, to feel her words expire on her lips. De Monville, who still held her arm, shook her roughly, and, in accents of fury, exclaimed,—

"Answer, answer me, I say."

But it was in vain he tried to awaken her from the horrid trance. She did not reply, for the thought that he could believe her guilty had never entered her mind. All her fears were realized; the recollection of the intrigues, the manœuvres she had so dreaded, assailed her at once. The horrible suspicion darted across her mind that Alfred no longer loved her—that, vanquished by the importunities of his family, he sought but a pretext to break off his engagements with her. An abyss had opened under her feet, and she had sunk into it.

De Monville, astonished at his easy triumph, again endeavored to restrain his feelings.

"I will be calm," said he. "Listen to me. This interview is most probably our last. If you cannot justify yourself it will lead to an eternal separation. But I will not judge without hearing you. If you have deceived me, Louisa, you are very guilty, for I had placed boundless confidence in you. I should have blushed to set a spy over your actions. I loved you, and would have sacrificed all for you—family, friends, all"

She moved; she understood at last that he accused her of perfidy, of infamy. A flush of indignation covered her face and forehead, and when Alfred's glance again demanded an answer, it was met by a look of pride, but with the calmness of death.

A fresh pause ensued. Alfred continued.

"Speak candidly, Louisa. Am I the only man who has entered this apartment since my departure?"

"Ah! is that all?" said she, coldly. "Yes, a friend of yours—M. St. George."

"St. George!" exclaimed Alfred, surprised.

"Yes; he endeavored by his counsel and persuasions to prepare me for the meeting of to-day."

"He shall explain his conduct. But I do not mean him; you do not mention another, a young man, whose mysterious visits have been made known to me."

"Indeed!" said Louisa, recollecting a circumstance she had forgotten. "What have you been told?"

"What have I been told?" cried De Monville, crumpling in his rage a paper he had just drawn from his breast. "I have been told that the night before last a young man, muffled up in a cloak, secretly visited you, introduced by your servant; that he remained with you two hours; that he had before paid you similar visits, though you never spoke to me respecting him, or mentioned his name; in a word, that he knew you before I did, that he loved you, that you were to have been his wife. Is it true? Must I name him?"

"It is needless," said Louisa, coldly and haughtily. "Who gave you these particulars?"

"This letter," said Alfred, "Can you deny its contents?"

"By whom is it written?"

"It has no signature; but that is of no consequence if its contents be true."

"An anonymous letter!" replied Louisa, with a contemptuous smile. "You believe an anonymous letter! A dastardly denunciation is stronger in your mind than all the proofs I have given you of my affection! You esteem me so highly that the first slanderer who chooses to blacken me in your eyes is believed without even being obliged to verify his calumny by his name! Ah! what will be our future life!"

"Instead of accusing others, defend yourself. If the author of this letter is a calumniator, I'll discover him; and, by Heaven! I'll punish him. But if he have only opened my eyes to your falsehood—if he prove me to be the victim of your perfidy, I am his debtor for more than life. Listen, and tell me which of these titles he deserves."

"Then unfolding the paper he read, in a voice nearly stifled by agitation, as follows:—

"Sir,—A person who takes an interest in your honor deems it a duty to assume the veil of an anonymous friend to acquaint you with the character of the woman who is soon to receive your name. I know not if you be the first in her affections, but you are not the first who was to have led her to the altar. A young man, named Preville, whom she has known from her childhood, was to have married her; but this match was far from being so advantageous as that offered her by your love. She has, therefore, broken off with him, although she still continues to receive his visits. As, however, they must now separate,

she saw him the evening before last to bid him adieu. Your absence from Paris favored this rendezvous, which lasted for two hours. He then quitted her, as he had arrived, taking the utmost precaution to avoid discovery."

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed Louisa. "What a web of falsehood! M. Preville ——"

"Ah!" cried De Monville, "you acknowledge he has been here?"

"Yes! but hear me in your turn."

"No! I have heard enough—too much," said De Monville, in a voice of mingled fury and despair.

"Listen to me, Alfred. Do not accuse me without allowing me to answer. I am innocent. My only error is to have made a secret of his visits. I did so partly because I dreaded your jealous suspicions, but chiefly because I held them of so little consequence as not to be worth remembering or naming. Yes, it is true that, almost in childhood, our families being neighbors and friends, in Provence, a union was talked of between us. But I never entertained a feeling towards him beyond the coldest indifference; and, grown up, the project, if ever really contemplated, was no longer thought of. Since I have been in Paris, business has two or three times led M. Preville to town, and he never failed to bring me tidings of my old friends. The day before yesterday he again returned, and it is true that he called in the evening, and true that he remained some time, for I had much to tell. I concealed nothing, neither my love for you, nor your generous conduct, nor our approaching union. As to the precautions he is said to have used I know nothing of them. His visit was of no importance; I did not expect it, and if I did not mention it, it was because it had escaped my memory."

De Monville's suspicions were shaken by this simple recital. As she spoke he became less agitated and began to feel ashamed of his credulity. Half convinced of his error, he was ready to fall down at her feet and supplicate the pardon of the woman he adored, when his eye fell on the latter part of the letter, which he had not read. He hesitated and determined to make a last trial.

"Pardon me, dearest," said he, "if I have suspected you unjustly. The excess of my love renders me distrustful. Besides, the secrets you confess to have concealed from me must serve to excuse my first transports. Can you forgive me?"

She placed one of her hands on her heart, and offered him the other. He covered it with kisses.

"Ah!" said she, "Alfred, how you have grieved me! I did not think it possible to suffer so much and live."

"And now, dearest," said De Monville, "as a pledge of our reconciliation, give me that ring you have so often refused me—your mother's ring. The more your heart values the gift, the dearer will the sacrifice be to me."

She replied, smiling, "Why this new desire? What value can it have in your eyes?"

"Does it not contain my Louisa's hair, cut from her forehead when she was a child? Do not refuse me. Give it me, I conjure you! I know where you keep it; in a small box in your secretary. Give me the key!"

His looks were tender and caressing, but his voice trembled with a strange emotion. Louisa remarked it.

"Ah!" said she, "is it thus you sue for pardon?"

"I will have it!" cried De Monville, giving vent to the passion he had hitherto suppressed with a struggle: "I'll take it by force!"

"Still suspicious!"

"Still mysterious!"

"Well, sir, I will explain all. If I have refused till now to allow you to open my secretary, it is because it contains papers which would have let you see that, unable to live on my small income, as you imagined, I have supported myself on the produce of my labor. I did not acquaint you with this because I was too proud to receive your gifts. Was it a crime?"

De Monville heard her; he wished to believe what she said; but, like a fatal poison, the letter burned his hands. He resumed, with a bitter smile,—

"And thus you have again deceived me?"

He snatched the key from her hand. Stupified at his violence, she sunk half fainting in a chair.

De Monville opened the secretary, searched—seized the box—opened it—the ring was gone!

"Ah!" cried he, casting on her a look of concentrated fury, "I knew it"

At these words Louisa rose, ran to the secretary, and searched in vain for her ring.

"My ring!" she exclaimed. "Where is it? "Where is my ring?"

"Gone!"

"Stolen, stolen?"

"Yes, stolen," said Alfred. Then taking her rudely by the arm he read aloud from the letter,—

"The proof that all ties are not broken off between this woman and her former lover—a proof that they still love each other—is, that she made him a present of a ring, a family ring, given her by her mother, enclosing some of her own hair."

"Now," cried De Monville, "can you deny it? You refused to give me the ring, you refused to give me the key. Falsehood upon falsehood, infamy upon infamy!"

In a frantic voice she called her servant, "My ring, Marian! where is my ring? What have you done with my ring?"

"You know Marian is not here," said De Monville, with a smile of scornful bitterness. "Farewell, madam; tell your lover he can return."

Louisa had fallen senseless on the ground. De Monville cast a last look at her as she lay, pale and motionless. He took a few steps towards her; but indignation arrested this movement of returning tenderness.

He threw a purse of gold upon the table and disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.—THE "ECRIVAIN PUBLIC."

Eighteen months after the terrible scene we have just narrated, we find De Monville seated in his study in the Rue de Grenelle. He had grown pale and much thinner, and appeared several years older than at that period He was married. Madame Valmont, his cousin, of whose estimable qualities we have before spoken, had become his wife. A few words are necessary to explain this change in the situation of the two relatives towards each other.

After De Monville's rupture with Louisa a violent fever had for some time endangered his life. He must have died had it not been for the tender and unremitting care of his mother and his gentle cousin. And on his recovery, though broken in spirit, gratitude and friendship bound him to existence, for their sakes more than for his own. But the deepest melancholy succeeded the exhaustion of his fever. He allowed himself to be transported to the country, agreeably to the advice of his physicians, who hoped that a purer air would restore his sunken energies, and a change of objects aid in obliterating the impressions of the past.

His mother and Madame Valmont accompanied him to a fine old château they possessed down in Touraine. They had some intention of getting M. St. George to bear them company; but though Alfred, morally convinced that he had written the anonymous letter, was grateful to him for having opened his eyes, still he felt his presence oppressively painful. Whatever recalled the perfidy of her he had loved excited in his mind the most uncontrollable emotions. He even cherished a hope that she would write to him and justify herself. But he never heard of her since the moment of their parting. Ashamed of his weakness, he never suffered himself to breathe her name, and those around him were of course silent on the subject. It was in this state he left town, concealing from all the passion which was preying on his peace—too deeply wronged to think of a reconciliation, and yet too loving to seek consolation by imparting the source of his distress.

But each hour that passes sheds a drop of balm on the most poignant of our griefs.—Every new day extirpates one by one the thorns which have pierced the heart. It is true the first months of De Monville's sojourn in the country gave no visible sign of improvement in his health. In vain for him Nature spread forth her beauty and luxuriance; the sunny days, the balmy nights of summer equally weighed down his sinking frame. But by little and little the warmth of summer declines, autumn appears with her empurpled shades and her urn of dew, and with its coming gloom the invalid felt his grief diminish and his health improve. The sadness of the season suited the melancholy tone of his mind, and he at length relieved his sufferings by imparting them.

He was now accompanied in his rambles by his mother and his cousin, and each day saw his intimacy with the latter increase.—It was natural that she who had been the confidant of his hopes should be the first to console him. To her alone did he venture to speak of the lost Louisa. In their long walks, now become a daily custom, in the long evenings passed at the fireside, she listened to his wrongs, to his sufferings. She wept for the sorrows he had undergone, and he found his unhappy love half consoled by the tender sympathy of friendship.

She was at length induced to acquaint him with a secret which she had until then

concealed, lest she might have increased his afflictions by her own. She had been unwilling to deprive him of a single consolation by letting him know that she herself was unhappy. Her husband, M. Valmont, was dead. This sad news had reached her but a short time before Alfred had found himself so cruelly betrayed.

De Monville was struck with admiration at the inexhaustible fund of kindness which made his cousin ever ready to sacrifice herself for others. This treasure of a heart was now at liberty. Their conversations henceforward gradually became longer and more frequent, and although they lost nothing of their charming familiarity, they often became timid and embarrassed on both sides. The name of Louisa was less frequently pronounced, and one evening, Alfred holding Madame Valmont's hands in his, and fixing on her a tender inquiring glance, asked her if she would complete her work and reconcile him entirely to existence.

"We have both suffered," said he. "You, united to a man who could not appreciate your worth, I from a fatal, misplaced passion. We are now both free; you from a chain which was forced upon you, I from a delirium—a dream! We both require the repose of a sincere, tranquil affection. Will you be mine?"

She did not then reply; but two months afterwards their marriage was celebrated at the château. The year following their union was passed in the country. The death of the mother of Alfred, which took place during that period, seemed to increase their affection for each other.

They returned to town about the beginning of the winter. De Monville resumed his avocations, but sought in study, rather than in the enjoyments of wealth and luxury, a diversion to the melancholy which still hung over him, and which now seemed to have become a part of his character. During their long absence, his friend M. St. George had contracted other intimacies and visited him but seldom, and when he did, carefully abstained, by the advice of Madame de Monville, from all allusion to the past.

In addition to his usual occupations, Alfred had his family papers to regulate, to examine title-deeds, and copy a number of letters and other papers. He had requested a friend to recommend him a person to whom he could intrust this copying, and this brings us to the point of time described at the opening of the present chapter.

Alfred, as we have said, was seated in his study. Madame de Monville opened the door and told him the person recommended as a copyist was come.

"Will you see him now," said she, "or shall I desire him to wait?"

De Monville wished him to be shown in immediately.

"Will you allow me, my dear," said his wife, "to remain in the room?"

"Certainly, if you desire it. But as we have to speak of papers, business, ciphers, our conversation will be the reverse of amusing. Why do you wish to stay?"

"I have but spoken a few words to your copyist, and, if I do not greatly mistake the person, he is a most diverting original."

"Oh, remain, then, by all means!"

He ordered him to be shown in.

An old gray-headed man presented himself on the door being opened, and his *debût* seemed fully to justify the lady's anticipations. He was attired in a very old surtout, which, perhaps, had originally been black, but, from exposure to wind and weather, had become a kind of ambiguous brown.—It was buttoned to the topmost button, as if to disguise the absence of a waistcoat; his trousers, of the coarsest material, were so short, as to leave a considerable distance between their nether extremities and his shoes, or rather *sabots*, for this part of his costume was made not of leather but of wood, such as are worn by the French peasantry and individuals of the very poorest class in Paris. With all these indubitable marks of extreme poverty, there was a something in his aspect which created a liking, and even commanded respect. Though somewhat bent by age, he was tall and uncouthly massive of frame, and the broad German cast of his plain features bore an impress of extreme simplicity and a kindness of heart which not all the marks of pinching want and privation, too visible in every lineament, could change or conceal.

As the door was opened, this strange-looking figure stopped at the threshold to make an awkward, over-polite bow; a manifestation of respect which he thrice repeated, advancing a step at each salutation, with a solemnity so ludicrous that Monsieur and Madame de Monville had considerable difficulty in restraining a burst of laughter. When the poor man had concluded this ceremony, he raised his eyes and cast a bashful, humble look around the room. Suddenly his features assumed an expression of extreme surprise, and he remained with his mouth

open, gazing bewilderedly upon De Monville, who, to the great astonishment of his wife, exclaimed, in a tone of animation unusual with him,—

"What! my old friend, Reinsberg?"

"M. de Monville,' said the old man, "how kind of you to remember me! not to forget the professor who taught you the rudiments of an art now despised, and of which I am, I fear, the last representative!"

De Monville here introduced the old man in form to his wife, as having been professor of writing at the College Charlemagne when he was a pupil. The cordiality of his reception put the old man quite at his ease.

"It was very different," said he, "at the time I gave you your lessons, now more than eighteen years ago. I beg pardon, madam, If I speak so freely before you, but I grow young when I think of bygone times. Do not, I entreat, pay attention to my wardrobe. I have brushed and cleaned these poor habiliments as well as possible; but they are very, very old, and miserable. I was ashamed to knock when I saw this rich hôtel; and probably if you had not accidentally been here, your servants would not have admitted me, but turned me from the door for a beggar. This thought made me timid, and I fear you must have thought me very ridiculous in presenting myself as I did. Such, madam, is poverty, humiliating both to mind and body; for I once knew how to enter a room in a proper manner, and have often scolded and punished young ladies as rich and as charming as yourself."

Madame de Monville smiled with such kind affability, that the poor professor felt quite at home.

"Indeed," said he to De Monville, "I am delighted to see you!"

"And I also," said De Monville, shaking the old man kindly by the hand.

"Come, you are still the same,—kind, and without pride; you set me so much at ease that I will ask permission to sit down at the fire while you explain what I can do to be useful to you. It is long since I saw any fire in my own room, save that of a candle, and I go to bed often with the sun."

He drew an arm-chair towards the chimney, sat down, stretched out his legs, placed his elbows upon his knees, and held his wrinkled hands to the fire.

De Monville, who found his old professor as simple and good-natured as formerly, looked at him with complacency.

"I see, my poor old friend," said he, "Fortune has not been kind to you; but since you sometimes thought of me, why did you not come to see me? You would have been always welcome."

"I was, perhaps, wrong; but you who have been always rich know but one side of charity. It is easy to give, but it is difficult to beg."

"Well, at all events, I thank the chance that has again brought us together. There is something here to employ you for a few weeks, and you must allow me to set my own price upon your work."

"We must fix a fair price, sir, and the little talent I have remaining is at your service."

"You live in our neighborhood?"

"I occupy a small room in the Rue St. Romain, No. 4."

Reinsberg did not perceive that his answer startled both De Monville and his wife. A short silence ensued, during which they looked at each other with an air of constraint.

"Come, sir," said the old man, "what am I to do for you?"

De Monville placed before him the packet of papers he wished him to copy; and the old man was about to depart, but Alfred detained him. Afraid to interrogate him openly, the words, "Rue St. Romain, No. 4," rang in his ears. If his wife had not been present, he would have questioned him at once on the subject nearest to his heart.

"And what have you been doing these many years?" inquired De Monville.

"Something that ill-suited me. I lost my situation as a writing-master in a school, and my pupils fell off, not because I was unable to teach, but because a new style of tuition had come into fashion, by which the entire art of calligraphy was taught in a dozen lessons. What could I do? I was forced to take a little shop, or, more truly, a stall, and became a public letter-writer. The trade was, perhaps, more profitable than that I had lost; but it made me a kind of accomplice in so many intrigues and so much wickedness that I became disgusted with it. More than once I thought of giving it up; and a circumstance which, in spite of me, troubled my conscience,—a letter I had been weak enough to copy for a miserable reward, made me at length finally abandon it."

"A letter?" said De Monville, with seeming indifference.

"Yes, an anonymous letter, which contained a most serious accusation. I must

tell you, I always held in contempt accusations that the authors were ashamed to sign. My opinion through life has been, that truth can show itself barefaced any where. Don't you think so, sir?"

"I do," said De Monville, so much taken up by the old man's discourse that he did not look at his wife, who had become of a deathlike paleness. "But how could this letter affect you so much as to induce you to give up your business?"

"Because it might have injured, or, indeed, have been the death of, an innocent person; it might also, it is true, have enlightened another and unmasked the blackest perfidy."

"And why," observed Madame de Monville, in a calm voice, but not free from a certain tremulousness,—"why, for your own tranquillity, not believe the second supposition as probable as the first?"

The poor professor lifted his eyes to heaven and sighed.

"Once I could have done so, madam, but now——"

"Now!" repeated De Monville.

"Now I cannot," said Reinsberg, sadly. "It was a presentiment, too soon, too fatally realized!"

"Of whom did the letter speak?" asked De Monville.

"Of a young woman."

"And to whom was it directed?"

"That I never knew. It was a boy who brought it me to be copied, and he had orders to have the direction written by another person; nor would he inform me whether he had received his directions from a man or woman. Such mystery made me uneasy; the singular precautions taken appeared to me so strange and sinister that I had a superstitious foreboding of evil to spring from it. It was not the first time I had felt my apprehensions excited by such letters, but never to such an extent. The more I reflected the more convinced I became that I had made myself an instrument of evil to the innocent by this deed. So I closed my shop and took up my residence in Rue St. Romain. The first two nights I passed in my new habitation were calm and silent; but, about the middle of the third, I heard stifled moans as of a person in extreme suffering. The next day I was informed that the apartment opposite mine was occupied by a young woman, whose life was despaired of.

"A few days had elapsed, when one afternoon, as I returned home was surprised to see her door standing wide open. I looked in—no one in the first room; I called—no answer; the silence was alarming. I entered the inner room, and there I saw, stretched on a bed, the pallid, inanimate form of a once beautiful young woman. I replaced her poor head, which had fallen off the bed, upon her pillow; and, by the aid of a bottle of salts, which stood on the chimney, after some time restored her to consciousness. I found, on inquiry, that her servant had left her that very day. Without inquiring into her pecuniary resources, I hired a nurse. She had, fortunately, a few pieces of gold, and the unfortunate Mademoiselle Chatenay, for I forgot to tell you her name——"

De Monville rose with a convulsive start, and Reinsberg, interrupting himself, saw him pale as ashes, his face bathed in tears: he looked at Madame de Monville, despair seemed written upon every feature. Her husband approached her; he took her hand and said,—

"Matilda, these tears, which flow in spite of myself, are an offence to your love. I feel it; pray leave the room, and forgive me!"

She looked down, and replied in a low voice, but in a tone of indescribable anguish, as she withdrew,—

"I knew you still loved her?"

Reinsberg had risen also, he was confounded, and when he saw himself alone with De Monville, he scarcely knew whether he ought to go on or not; but Alfred, delivered from the restraint he had until then imposed on himself, seized his arm with frantic eagerness, and exclaimed,

"Is she dead?"

"Yes."

De Monville sank on a chair, and covered his face with his hands. For a few moments he successfully endeavored to suppress his feelings, but the effort was beyond his strength; and his whole frame became shaken by an agony of grief. After a few minutes he rose, and, pressing the hand of Reinsberg,—

"Excuse this weakness, my old friend," said he.

The old professor wiped his eyes, but he spoke not.

"And she was calumniated?" said Alfred.

"She was."

"Who told you so?"

"Herself. The proofs of her innocence are undeniable."

"What proofs? Explain—tell me all you know!"

"Her sufferings were long protracted," said the old man, "and I passed whole days and nights by her bedside. I tended her as a father, and gained her entire confidence; she told me her miserable story; that the day before that fixed for her marriage, her lover came to her residence excited to madness by an anonymous letter, in which she was accused of infidelity to him. She shewed it to me. Judge of my feelings when I recognized my own writing! It was the letter about which I had felt such an ominous presentiment. I besought her—for, as I had involuntarily injured her, I wished to repair the wrong I had done her—to tell me the name of the person to whom the infamous calumny had been written, that I might acquaint him with his error. She was inflexible. 'It is too late now,' said she, laying her white thin hand upon her bosom, 'death is already here. Why importune him? Let him forget me, though it is cruel to be thus forgotten. I still love him so tenderly, that it would be yet more cruel for me to know I had afflicted him with unavailing regrets. Her dying agony was long, and she bore her sufferings with a resignation more like that of a heavenly spirit than a poor being of human clay. One evening the nurse and I were seated near her. She saw my tears, for I had began to love her as my own child, and the hour of separation was visibly at hand. 'Nay,' said she, in her low angelic voice, do not weep, my last, my only friend, but rejoice, for your poor Louisa's sorrows and sufferings are at an end.' My hand was in hers, I felt a faint pressure, and all was over!"

No words can do justice to the feelings with which De Monville listened to the old man's tale. For some time after he had closed his mournful narrative, he remained gazing silently on the ground. At length, suddenly starting to his feet, as if his last refuge lay in doubt, he approached Reinsberg.

"You say she was calumniated, but the proof?—Where is the proof?"

"Listen," said the old professor. "It appears that she had satisfactorily explained the visit of a person mentioned in the anonymous letter. The circumstance which occasioned the rupture was the abstraction of a ring. This ring she was accused of having given to her pretended lover, and she was unable to account for its loss. Now this ring had been stolen by her old servant, a woman named Marian, who had been bribed to purloin it from her desk. The day I first saw poor Louisa, this wretched woman, stung by remorse, had suddenly left her, but had left behind her a written account of her crime, without, however, naming the person who had bribed her. She had laid this letter on the bed of her dying mistress during her sleep, not daring to confess it herself, and supplicated her pardon. Louisa fainted on reading the letter, and then it was I first entered her room, as I have told you."

"Enough, enough!' said De Monville. "It was I who received that anonymous letter, I who murdered the unfortunate Louisa! But who can have formed such an infernal plot? Had my poor lost angel no suspicion?"

"She mentioned no one, but she spoke to me sometimes of a friend of her intended husband's family."

"M. St. George! Ah! he it was, without a doubt! my mother's confidant. Could they have plotted together? Oh, no, no! my mother could not—would not! No, he acted alone. I remember his opinions on the subject."

"If you were more calm," said Reinsberg, "I would give you the proof you require—the original of the letter."

"Have you got it still?"

"Yes, I kept it: I have it at home."

"Bring it me to-morrow—nay, this evening—this very moment—I must have it. Let us go for it at once!"

When the old professor saw the eagerness and the sinister expression of satisfaction which lighted up the features of De Monville, he repented having owned that he had the letter still in his possession.

"We could not find it now. I must search for it," said he. "Perhaps I have mislaid it. Besides, I will not give it you till I know what you intend to do with it."

"I want a proof, that's all," replied De Monville, with apparent calmness.

"Very well, I now take my leave, and will bring it you to-morrow, if I find it, as I trust I shall."

It was dark. Reinsberg took leave of his friend, and returned to his humble home. He was nowise embarrassed about giving him the letter he desired. He had merely thought it prudent to take some precautions respecting the use he intended to make of it, and the assumed calmness of

Alfred had completely satisfied his more than pacific nature.

De Monville did not think his old friend quite so simple-minded as he really was; for as soon as he was alone, he said to himself, "He will not bring it me; but I do not want it."

An hour afterwards a servant was despatched to carry three letters; two were directed to a couple of De Monville's friends, the third was to M. St. George.

CHAPTER V.—THE UNEXPECTED VISIT.

Scarcely had ten minutes elapsed after Reinsberg's return home when he was disturbed by a low tap at his door. As he was busily occupied in looking over his old papers to find the manuscript he had promised Alfred for the next morning, he did not answer the summons. Indeed, as he expected no visit and had heard no one ascend the narrow staircase, he concluded the noise must have been occasioned by some window left open, and agitated by the wind. He, therefore, quietly continued his search. In a few seconds his attention was again drawn to the sound of somebody groping at his door, evidently feeling for a bell-rope. Alas! a bell was an article of household luxury long unknown among Reinsberg's domestic chattels. Soon after the visitor gave an audible knock.

"Who's there? What do you want?" said the professor.

The stranger returned no answer, but knocked again.

"Come to-morrow," said the old man. "Come back to-morrow; I am in bed, and have no light."

Unfortunately, the light was seen through the chinks of the door, and contradicted his assertion.

"Open! pray open!" said a gentle, timid voice. "You have nothing to fear. Do you not recognize me?"

Reinsberg opened the door. A female covered with a veil entered with precipitation. She appeared a prey to the most violent agitation. She removed her veil to breathe more freely, and the old professor uttered an exclamation of surprise on seeing the alteration a few hours had wrought in the features of Madame de Monville.

"Shut the door," said she.

Before he did so, Reinsberg looked down the staircase.

"You are alone, ma'am!"

"Nobody knows, or is to know, I am here. If ever you should be interrogated on the subject, swear you will not betray me."

"Madam," replied the professor, whose surprise was increased by the excited manner of his visitor, "I do not like to bind myself by an oath, which it is sometimes both difficult and painful to keep. Be kind enough to let me know the motive of your visit."

"I conceive your prudence, but fear nothing. The discretion I require is far more necessary for me than for you."

She looked around the room, and, after a pause of a few seconds, added, "We must speak low, must we not? Our conversation can be heard in the next room?"

"Yes, madam, it was in this room I overheard, without listening, the moanings of the unfortunate Louisa. You had left the room, madam, when I terminated the sad recital."

"Yes, yes," interrupted she, in a brief, agitated voice, "this Louisa is dead: I know that."

"Ah, your husband has had time to relate it you since I left!"

"I have not seen him."

"Is he aware of your being here?"

"No."

"But, madam, should he remark your absence this evening?"

"This evening! oh, he'll not think of inquiring about me this evening! I am far enough from his thoughts."

Notwithstanding his want of penetration and his complete ignorance of the passions, Reinsberg began to guess the secret pain which had so altered the charming features of his visitor, and given them such an air of wildness. He remembered the tears De Monville had striven in vain to conceal from her, the words he used when he prayed her to withdraw. He saw that jealousy had stung her to the heart. Still he could not discover the motive of her visit to him. She motioned him to take a seat at her side.

"You have kept the copy of the anonymous letter?"

Reinsberg looked at her with surprise, not clearly understanding whether she interrogated or affirmed a fact she was certain of.

"You have kept it. You are to give it to-morrow to my husband. Do not endeavor to deny it. I was in the next room, and overheard all you said. You must give me the copy of that letter."

"I have promised it, madam, to your husband."

"To him or to me, what does it signify?"

"If you were here with his consent."

"You will tell him you have mislaid it, and he will believe you without hesitation. You told him you were not quite certain of finding it."

"I greatly fear I spoke the truth."

"No; you first declared you had it in your possession, and I see you have already begun to look for it. I must have the copy of this letter!" said she with energy, increasing to wildness. "Give it me—sell it me! Set on it what price you will. I must have it. You are poor, and I can make you rich!"

Though she spoke with such rapidity that Reinsberg could not interrupt her, she had opened her reticule.

"Take this," continued she; "here are four bank-notes of 1000 francs each!" Seeing the poor professor's look of bewildered astonishment, she took it for sordid hesitation. "It is not enough, I know it is not. I had no more in my desk. But you shall have whatever you desire; triple this sum, 20,000 francs, if you demand it—my whole fortune. Besides, here are my jewels. Look, take them!"

Her features, lately so pale, were now flushed and animated; her eyes shone with unnatural lustre, her hands with a motion so rapid as to be almost imperceptible, emptied her reticule. A necklace of the finest pearls, rich jewellery, diamonds, rings, fell in a shower upon the table.

The poor man looked at her in utter bewilderment. There lay before him more money than he had seen throughout his whole life. And this unhoped-for fortune was thrown at his feet—all his own; he had but to extend his hand, and it was his. But these were not the thoughts which dwelt upon his honest mind. Between the wealth he had never known and the destitution which was abridging his old age, no idea of speculation rose even for an instant; and it was with tears in his eyes, and in a voice tremulous with pity, that he said,—

"How unhappy you must be, madam!"

"Yes, I am unhappy; but it depends on you that I cease to be so. You can restore me to repose, to happiness? Will you accept my offer?"

"The recital of this melancholy event has revived the remembrance of past affections. I ought to have perceived it and interrupted my story when he requested you to withdraw. I should not have reopened an ill-closed wound. You must pardon me, madam, for the ill I have involuntarily caused. I had still present to my memory the death of this poor girl, so infamously calumniated. Had you known her as I did, madam, had you heard her protest her innocence, you would not now require this undeniable proof to be convinced of it. But pardon, madam, I am again afflicting you, and forget what I did not know till now, that love is jealous even of the grave. You tremble lest the memory of one he formerly loved should rob you of a part of his tenderness. I shall ever, madam, reproach myself with having occasioned you this distress. But how can the possession of this letter restore you to happiness? What can make you desire it so ardently as to be ready to purchase it at the price of your whole fortune?"

Whether Matilda had no satisfactory answer to give to this question, or was too much agitated to reply, we cannot tell, but she remained silent.

Reinsberg continued,—

"When I found M. de Monville so determined on having this letter, I was afraid he might know the writing, and that it might lead to a duel with the author of it. He convinced me these apprehensions were groundless. But what must I think now?"

"Yes," exclaimed Matilda, seizing the idea thrown out by the old professor, "your friendship for him anticipated the danger my love would prevent. I fear for his life. You now understand why I came here at this hour of the night—why my coming must remain a secret. I know—no matter how—I know who wrote this letter; my husband will recognize the hand, he will challenge the writer, and I shall lose him a second time through this wretched girl. Give me, then, the letter,—let me annihilate this proof; and when the fact is reduced to a mere suspicion, when the writer can deny it with security, I shall be happy,—at least, delivered from all fears for my husband's life. The letter—the letter! On my knees I entreat you to give it me!"

"Rise, madam," said Reinsberg, "I regret too deeply what has taken place not to restore you to peace if it be in my power. But take back your money and your jewels. I shall accept of nothing; it is a reparation that I owe you, not a proof that I sell."

And so saying, the noble-minded old man returned Madame de Monville her money and jewels. He then rose and went to his desk, and having looked over the papers for a short time, returned towards her. On beholding the sheet of yellow paper he held in his hand she sprang forward and seized it with a convulsive grasp. As she perused it, the extraordinary change of expression her countenance exhibited would have been ill explained to a more penetrating eye than that of Reinsberg by the pleasure of preventing a duel: her joy was a species of delirium. It seemed as if the stronger of the opposite dispositions combined in her character—a contrast we have already remarked—had broken loose, and, disdaining all control, all dissimulation, burst through the wall of iron which had so long compressed it. Her features seemed to have taken another character. She was no longer a gentle, timid, supplicating woman, but a lioness. And as if her hands were not sufficient, she tore the letter with her teeth, collected every particle of it, and burnt it piece by piece at the candle. As it consumed, her brilliant eye followed the progress of the flame, as if it had been the suffering of an expiring victim. When all was destroyed, she blew upon the black ashes, and dispersed them with a breath.

"Nothing more—nothing more—not a trace—the letter never existed! Saved, saved!" exclaimed she; "I am saved!" And she laughed, she wept, in a breath. She clasped the old man round his neck before he had time to express his surprise at her frantic joy.

"It is to you I am indebted for my happiness," said she. "Never, never shall I forget it! You have refused my gifts, but come and see me; my fortune is yours, as I have already told you. Farewell!—it is late. I have your word. You will be discreet, will you not? Farewell—farewell! Do not come out, I need no protector. My only danger is past."

She opened the door, sprang to the staircase, and, despite the darkness of the place, such was the lightness of her tread, that Reinsberg could scarcely hear her step. The street-door closed, he turned to the window, and through the glass, dimmed by frost and snow, he perceived, by the faint light of the lamps, a slight female figure turning the street-corner.

The old professor was some minutes before he recovered himself, and then a thousand different ideas crowded themselves into his poor brain. An evil thought was the last he could conceive; and if the thoughts of his hopeless penury for a moment intruded, it seemed as if the gifts he had refused would have laid heavy on his conscience had he accepted them.

He wrote to De Monville, and told him that he had searched in vain for the letter; that he had kept it a long time, but that it was no longer in existence. He went to bed, but he could not drive away the vague forebodings of evil which haunted his mind.

CHAPTER VI.—EXPLANATION.

Matilda returned home; her husband had not inquired for her. The next morning at daybreak, De Monville rose from the secretary at which he had been writing since the preceding evening, after having received answers to the three letters which he had despatched. He read over some letters and sealed them. One, a very long one, and bathed with his tears, was directed to his wife. Another, which covered several sheets of paper, was to be delivered to his notary, to whom he had entrusted his title-deeds: it contained his will. He placed them both in his pocketbook and left the others on the mantelpiece. His wife's apartment was separated from his by a small room, the door of which opened into his library. He laid his hand on the lock, and paused to listen: all was calm.

"She is asleep," said he; "I can go out, and, if Heaven be just, return without having disturbed her rest. In two hours it will be all over; he or I——I must go!"

He muffled himself up in his cloak, took a case of pistols from the table, and turned the key gently in its lock. At the same instant the door opened on the other side, and he found himself in the presence of his wife, pale, haggard, and in a dress which attested that she had been up all night.

De Monville drew back some steps. Matilda entered the study, pushed the door to with violence, and without a word, without asking or giving an explanation, with a rapid and imperious gesture, she opened his mantle, and snatched the case of pistols from her husband's hands.

"You are going to fight a duel?" said she.

De Monville, who had scarcely recovered from his surprise, replied—

"I am this morning to act as a second to one of my friends. Do not be uneasy, my love, and let me go."

"You cannot deceive me; you are going to fight a duel!"

"My dear ——"

"No useless words, no false oaths! You are going to fight; no one has told me so, but I know it"

"Fight!—For what?—With whom?"

"With whom?—with the man who you suppose wrote the anonymous letter, and whom you think you know. Why?—to revenge the death of a woman you have always loved, always regretted. I know it to be so. Does not the heart feel its abandonment? Does jealousy require to be warned? Does it want eyes? Did I not see you yesterday, while the old man was speaking to you, entirely absorbed by the remembrance of your mistress? You thought, indeed, of me—poor, abandoned creature!—but only to tell me to withdraw, and not to disturb your affliction by my presence. And do you think that because I retired I neither saw your tears nor heard the resolution you took? Now tell me again you are not going to fight a duel!"

"Matilda," replied he, in a low, solemn voice, "it has always been my fate to test too severely the inexhaustible goodness that makes you an angel. You alone were just towards *her* whom your title of wife to-day makes you detest. When I was sinking under my grief for her loss, you alone consoled me. For two years past, every day has witnessed fresh proofs of your devoted love; and, believe me, without the unforeseen revelation of yesterday, which has cast me so violently back upon the past, no complaint, no regret, no sign of remembrance, should ever have escaped my heart. Seek, then, my Matilda, in that virtue no woman but yourself possesses, fortitude equal to the trial of to-day! Yes, I am going to meet an antagonist. I no longer endeavor to deceive you. You have nothing to fear from love, for it is not in the power of revenge to bring back to life the being I have adored; but the wretch by whose slander she perished, must receive the just reward of his infamy. To-day, tomorrow, twenty years hence, as long as my arm can wield a sword, or aim a pistol at his heart, I shall seek satisfaction and revenge for the death of poor Louisa. I wished to avoid you; I dreaded your tears, your reproaches, your despair! But my last thoughts were for you. Here is the letter I wrote to you, in which I bade you farewell. Receive it now, since a fatal chance has placed you on my road. Do not endeavor to detain me. It is a reparation I owe, and in risking my life I expiate in some sort my wretched credulity, and the error I should have been the first to disbelieve."

Matilda stood before him dumb, motionless, her hands joined; but when she saw him preparing to depart, she seized him violently by the arm.

"What!" cried she, with an accent of concentrated rage, "I must be again resigned! patience, for ever patience! Another can know the passion, feel and awaken a heart to love; but my lot is ever the coldness and the insensibility of the marble! No, no; it shall not be thus. You ask too much; you ask for one act of virtue more. I ask of Heaven but to preserve my reason, which I feel ready to abandon me, to prevent the fatal secret of my heart ascending to my lips; that my voice may expire, before, in my madness, I reveal the terrible truth!"

"What do you mean?" demanded De Monville, alarmed, and, in spite of himself, impressed with a vague foreboding of something horrible, "What does this folly imply?"

"Must I again explain why I suffer? Can you deceive me? Was this woman, then, so very beautiful? She must have been so, since even the recollection of her is stronger than my love! Tell me how could she have loved you with a passion deeper than mine?" Here Matilda threw herself madly upon her knees before him. "Promise me," said she, "that you will not go—that you will forget this woman—for my sake—for me, a bewildered, wretched suppliant at your feet!"

De Monville was moved, but not shaken. He felt the distress of his wife, and knew how violent must be her grief to dictate such passionate and incoherent language. But her words fell upon his ear more than upon his heart. Since the eve, his whole thoughts, his whole soul, were devoted to the memory of Louisa. He disengaged himself and advanced towards the door.

Matilda rose precipitately, and gazed on him for a few seconds, as if to be certain he was going to quit her.

"And so," said she, "you leave me! All I have said to detain you is vain. You mean to go?"

"I must."

"And return here avenged or dead?"

"Yes."

"And you leave me during your absence

to my solitude and despair! In the presence of your adversary no thought of me will make your heart beat quicker or your hand less steady. And what awaits me? You will return to deplore her loss, or be brought back a corpse—perhaps, a dying man, whose last accents I shall hear repeating the name of Louisa. Oh, on such terms I would rather, a thousand times rather, see you dead at my feet! Alfred, Alfred, you cannot know the agony you cause me! You cannot know that you are driving me to madness! But," she exclaimed, with sudden vehemence, and placing herself before the door, "you shall not go—you shall not fight! Who is your antagonist? St. George, is it not?"

"Who else can it be?"

"And if he refuse?"

"He will not refuse. I have received his answer."

"But if he deny having written the letter, what will you then do?"

"I will brand him as a coward. I will collar him with one hand, and strike him to the earth with the other."

"And then he will fight, and you will perish! Hear me!" said she, approaching him, and speaking in a hoarse, unnatural whisper, "it was not he who wrote the letter."

"Who then?" asked De Monville, with a fearful apprehension of the truth.

"One whom you cannot strike. One who cannot, will not let you expose your life. One who, on her knees, again beseeches you to remain; whom her love for you alone has rendered criminal; whose love for you now betrays her. It was I."

At this frightful revelation, the features of De Monville assumed a ghastly hue; he laid his hand on the chimney to support himself, but speedily recovered.

"You!—you!" repeated he, after an interval of terrible silence.

"Yes, I!" said she, endeavoring to take his hands; but he shuddered at her touch, and cast her violently from him.

He looked earnestly upon her, and in an instant, as it were, all was explained; his mind fathomed the depths of that profound dissimulation, the abyss of that heart, a volcano burning beneath its snows. At length, he cried,—

"What had she done to you, madam?"

Matilda advanced towards him.

"You asked me what she had done.—She loved you!—that was her crime. Do not ask how I was informed of the visits of M. Preville. I was jealous. With gold I bought all the secrets I wanted to know.—I it was who wrote the letter, and took every precaution related by the old professor. Yesterday evening I went to his lodging, obtained the paper written in my own hand, and destroyed it. I bribed Marian, and she stole the ring which was to serve as a proof against her mistress. I did all this, and it seems to me a dream; I can scarcely believe it myself. I cannot even think I have revealed my dreadful secret to you. Alas! my reason wanders. But why have I spoken? Because your life was in danger—because I desired to save you!"

"It was, then, to you her servant delivered the ring?" said De Monville, with a look of indescribable fury. "Give it me!"

"It is no longer in my possession—I have not got it. Your looks terrify me—your voice makes me tremble! Have you no pity for me?"

"Had you any for her!"

"Her, always her!"

"Do you forget she is dead—that you are her assassin? Pity for you!" said he, with a frightful laugh; "pity!—never, never!"

"And have I not suffered? Have I not been jealous? Am I not still so? Did I not suffer when, victim to a passion which has made me the wretch I am, I saw you day after day leave the house to visit her? Did I not devour my tears in silence?—Calm and insensible to all appearance, did not my heart beat with joy even at the sound of your footsteps? Did I not tremble with rapture at the tone of your voice, or when your hand touched mine? And what has been my lot for the last two years? During the day, she, she alone occupied your thoughts. At night, in your dreams, her name alone was on your lips. Did I ever complain? And to-day, when the fear of losing you has driven me to madness, and forced me to speak, you cast me from you without pity! Your eyes have not a tear for my agonies, your heart not an excuse for my guilt—guilt occasioned by excess of love! She could die, for you loved her. But what will be my fate, to live, if you love me no longer? Oh, pity me, Alfred,—pity me, pity me! Let fall on me but one look of former times—of yesterday, and I will leave you! You will deplore her loss; and when the bitterness of grief is past, I will return.—I will kneel to you, and crave forgiveness!"

She had crept close to him; he thrust her back again.

"Infamous woman!" exclaimed he.—"Give me the ring, if you still possess it!"

"What will you do with it?"

"Cover it with kisses before your eyes, that you may witness, before our eternal separation, how fondly I loved her to whom it belonged!"

"Separation!" exclaimed Matilda, rising with the energy of despair,—"separation! Ah, this is too much! You think me weak and trodden down to earth!—Separation! Am I not your wife? How will you obtain it? Will you say I killed your mistress through jealousy? Where is the proof?—The letter? I have destroyed it! Never will I quit you with life!"

"Madam, after this hour, we shall never more see each other on earth."

"Every day—I will daily importune you with my love, my complaints, my jealousy!"

"Silence, madam, silence!"

"Ah! you think you have suffered because you have lost a mistress; and another woman, whose mind you have distracted, obtains from you, as the price of her love, but threats of a separation. No, no; we are bound, indissolubly bound to each other; no power on earth shall separate us. Our life may be a hell, but, accustomed to suffer, I accept my lot."

Wild and distracted, she had seized her husband's arms, who vainly endeavored to free himself, and who felt himself provoked beyond endurance. At this moment the study door was suddenly thrown open, and three men entered. De Monville, making a last effort to disengage himself, pushed his wife rudely from him. She staggered and fell to the ground.

Alfred turned to the intruders.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the hour fixed for the duel is past; without doubt, M. St. George, this is the object of your visit. An instant later and I should have been on my way to apologize for the letter I wrote you yesterday. Pray accept my apologies!—You see the cause of my delay—a domestic quarrel, which I cannot hide as I have done the preceding ones. My wife desires a separation, which I would not consent to. But I no longer object to it. Your testimony to what has just taken place shall be my punishment for an act of brutality I blush for too late."*

He drew near his wife, and said, in a low voice,—

"Madam, if you refuse to agree to a separation, I will dishonor you in the eyes of these gentlemen by acquainting them with your crime."

A month afterwards the separation was legally pronounced. Two months had scarcely elapsed, when De Monville appeared in mourning for the death of his wife; and before the year was over, Reinsberg followed a rich funeral, which came out of an hôtel in the Rue de Grenelle.

The old professor was handsomely provided for by his friend, but he never quitted his humble garret in the Rue St. Romain.

* It may be necessary to explain to the English reader, that in France it is necessary to prove an act of violence on the part of the husband to afford grounds for a claim of separation made by the wife.

From the Athenæum.

ENGLISH POETS, PREACHERS, AND POLITICIANS.

Pen-and-Ink Sketches of Poets, Preachers and Politicians. Bogue.

FREQUENT as these light personal books have become—trifling as, for the most part, are their contents—yet, appealing as they do to an appetite so general as that of curiosity, they are sure of sufficient currency to reward the slight pains and small amount of talent required for their composition. Let us not, however, misstate the matter; for there is a kind of tact involved in their production which is of more importance, as an element of success, than the degree of merit exhibited,—and is not, at the same time, to be despised. There may be more of observation in them than of reflection; but there *is* observation—a rarer gift than is commonly supposed. True, it deals chiefly with outlines and externals; but even these cannot be faithfully and graphically presented without suggesting resemblances and contrasts,—elevating, in fact, the mind of the thoughtful reader to the perception of relations which the author himself may never have intended.

The present volume opens with some Recollections of Robert Hall, that include lively dashes at Lord Brougham's prominent organ of Restlessness, and Sir James Mackintosh's contrasted Calm. The sketch, however, contains, nothing novel,—or suffi-

ciently remarkable, being old, for revival. The article on John Foster has more value; being, it is stated, the only memoir of that distinguished writer which has yet appeared. Mr. John Foster is better known as an essayist than a Baptist minister at Broadmead; and we read with interest, in these pages, that, from the moment when Robert Hall began to preach there, Foster resolved to cease lecturing, and became, though himself a good speaker, a patient listener to the great orator:—

"Not one of the published portraits give any thing like an idea of Foster; the one by Branwhite resembles him when he was younger; but as we saw him, we should not have recognized in it any traces of the original. Mr. Foster's face was large, and the features massive; the forehead was very high, and pyramidal in shape, being broadest at its lower portion. His head was covered by a very evident curly wig, which one might at a glance discover was not of the most fashionable manufacture. A huge pair of silver spectacles, with circular glasses almost as big as penny pieces, nearly concealed two dark small eyes, which glistened brightly beneath a couple of shaggy eyebrows; the face was ploughed with deep lines, and the forehead furrowed all over with 'wrinkles of thought;' around his neck was a dingy white cravat, and his coat was ill-fitting, and of a rusty black. Altogether he was the most slovenly-looking man we ever saw in a pulpit. As we are not going to write a critique on Mr. Foster's sermon, we shall not dwell upon it, but confine ourselves principally to the describing his manner in the pulpit. After he had given out his text in a mumbling, gurgling, husky, voice, he commenced somewhat in this way—'Now, I dare say some of you will think I am going to preach a very odd sermon from such an odd text;' and then he went on, gradually enlisting the attention of his hearers, whilst he described in magnificent language, the idol temples of the East. Soon, his congregation was wrapt in wonder and delight, as they listened to his gorgeous descriptions, and we do not think that one individual present stirred hand or foot until his glowing discourse came to an end. Then long-suspended breathing found indulgence in deep-drawn sighs, and every one gazed at every one else, and looked or nodded admiration. Some remained for a time with lips apart and eyes still fixed upon the pulpit, as if spell-bound; and all felt, on the termination of the discourse, a relief from the pressure on the intellect, which the ponderous stores, heaped on it from the magazine of the orator, had occasioned. * * Foster was a man of strong prejudices. In the year 1838, Robert Southey paid his last visit to his native city; and Mr. Foster was invited to meet him at the house of a mutual friend, but he declined doing so, and accompanied his refusal with some very severe remarks on what he called the Laureate's apostacy from his former principles. His antipathies did not, however, extend to Southey's *writings*. Take, for example, his review of the 'Chronicles of the Cid,' in which he does ample justice to the genius and industry of its author."

The portrait of an eminent contemporary of the two last originals is graphic:—

"William Thorpe was another celebrated preacher in Bristol during the times of Hall and Foster. Some one, Coleridge, we believe, who was intimate with all three, said that 'Hall's mind was a fountain exhaustless in its resources, and Thorpe's a reservoir vast in its capacity.' Mr. Thorpe possessed a prodigious memory, but he was by no means an original-minded man. Fancy, reader, a person of amazing bulk—a very Daniel Lambert in canonicals, and you will have a general idea of Mr. Thorpe. Physically considered, he was indeed a '*great* man;' and if the term were applied, too, to his mental organization, it would be by no means inapplicable. His face was large, and so fleshy, that the superabundant fat seemed to have availed itself of the laws of gravitation, and fallen down in huge folds beneath his chin. His head was partially bald, covered on the temples with short curly black hair; his eyes were dark and bright, and the mouth possessed a very sweet expression. Most bishop-like was his person, which, when attired in the gown, looked like a large terrestrial globe, with an equator of black silk girdling its majestic proportions. His arms, short, hung like the flippers of a monstrous turtle by his side, and, whenever he moved, the very pulpit creaked again. Mr. Thorpe's voice, as might be expected, from the depth and breadth of his chest, was sonorous and melodious; and occasionally, when he poured forth a very torrent of eloquence, it produced a most solemn impression. His forte was gorgeous description, and the exposition of the prophetic books. No one surpassed him in this respect. We have heard him hold an audience enchained for two mortal hours, by his wonderful power of word-painting, if such a word may be coined, to express just what we may mean. On one occasion, we well remember the prodigious impression which he produced by a sudden question; he had been describing the angel of death as hovering over the vast audience, with a scroll in his hands, on which was inscribed the names of those who would be his next victims After a powerful passage, he suddenly paused, and then with solemn emphasis exclaimed, 'And who amongst you has his name written on that scroll?' This will not, perhaps, *tell* in narration, but the effect at the time was electrical."

The next noticeable person on our list

of extracts is Hannah More. Of her, the author has attempted a sort of Daguerréotype portrait. The sketch contains a touching anecdote of Mrs. Garrick, which we do not remember to have seen before—though the fond remembrance, consecrating relics, which is its touching element, is preserved in many a more familiar one :—

"It is well known that Mrs. Garrick was most devotedly attached to her 'dear Davy,' as she called him. When the great tragedian died, his wife would not allow a single article in his room to be removed from its place; and as soon as the coffin was borne from the house, the room in which he died was locked up, and for thirty years no one was permitted to enter it. At the end of that period, Mrs. More informed me, she happened to be visiting her old friend Mrs. Garrick, whom she described as a little, bowed-down old woman, who went about leaning on a long gold-headed cane, dressed in deep widow's mourning, and always talking of her 'dear Davy.' Some circumstances occurred which rendered it necessary that she should quit her residence, and Mrs. More was present with her when the long closed room was opened. She said that when the door was thrown back on its hinges, and the window-shutters unbarred, the room was actually darkened by millions of moths, which arose from the mouldered bed and the hangings of the room—every square inch of the bed furniture was eaten through and through, and, on the air being admitted, dropped to pieces.—The solid articles of furniture alone remained uninjured—but the mouldy smell of every thing around was so unendurable, that the place had to be fumigated before it was habitable, even for a short time."

The description of Coleridge is more justly appreciative, but still wanting in intelligence :—

"I had just returned from my Lake visit, referred to in the preceding pages, and was strolling in a beautiful meadow of romantic site, five miles from the metropolis, and outside of the village of Highgate, when I passed a rather corpulent, clerkly-looking man of the middle size, sauntering along, the autumn evening being a glorious one, when a courteous kind of voice said, 'Look to your pocket-handkerchief, sir,' which was, indeed, nearly trailing the ground behind. Turning to thank him, I saw a pale, rather heavy, phlegmatic-looking face, apparently of from fifty to sixty years' standing, with grey hairs, grey eyes, of a benign expression, yet somewhat inexpressive as a whole, marked with a peculiar languor, that might be a calm interval of pain, or profound pensiveness, or an absence of mind that often mimics deep thought, when perhaps the mind rests from thinking. His twinkling eyes seemed to enjoy the landscape. A rich sweep of meadows far below our feet closed by the renowned metropolis, its vast overhanging cloud now actually adorning the view, being umbered by the level sun—a dusky red ariel roof of majestic circular extent, in the boundless fading blue, dim cupolas, and spires innumerable glittering or darkening beneath it; in the midst one, in form and stature proudly eminent, rising dark as a rock of black marble, and as stupendous—St. Paul's Cathedral. 'The clergyman of Highgate, possibly,' I said to myself. Yet there was a something of the remains of troublous thinking, a look of worn and wearied sensibility, that hardly suited the idea of fat, contented piety 'looking downward on the earth,' which, as yielding an English clergyman a tenth of the treasures of her 'ample lap,' may very reasonably attract down to her even the eye of an enlightened son of mother church. He looked very like a comfortable priest, at least, and only that cast of thought redeemed the whole outer man from fulfilling the idea of Thomson's 'round fat oily man of God.' What if *that* should be Coleridge himself? I meditated again; and reconnoitred my gentleman from a distance, whose only business seemed the same as mine, to catch the last of a glorious day unbroken by walls. 'After all, perhaps, he is one of the happy, sleek cits located in romantic Highgate, just waiting 'dinner going up;' and now he seemed fixed in reverie, gazing at mighty London (from this point of view truly picturesque). 'He's trying *now* to guess exactly the whereabout of his little dusky room behind a huge warehouse in the Minories, or the old alley streets, that unluckily escaped the fire; now he looks at his watch. Ah! he smells, in the fine frenzy of gastric imagination, the soup!' Unworthy conjecture!—no—his *was* the poet's eye—he *was* admiring nature; albeit all Cockaigne was in his cue. It *was* Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the metaphysician and poet—both, or must not truth almost say *neither*, or not the perfection of either, through the collision of the two characters? I had in my pocket letters from the North, partly introductory, and, next day, recognized the saviour of my bit of silk in the celebrated inmate of Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate. * * He told me that he owed all his poetical inspiration to Bowles's sonnets. He has said, I believe, the same in his Life, which I cannot say I ever met with; and not only his love for poetry, but his fortunate reclamation from a rage for metaphysical disputation that threatened to utterly engross his entire mind. Probably many will think that he never *was* cured—that his dreaminess still runs into his poetry, and the fantastic creations of his imagination turn all his philosophy into dreams. His metaphysics sorely clog the wings of his fancy: Pegasus falls into a heavy trot over thorny ground full of old roots, and his fancy flies away with him while theorizing up to the 'highest heaven of invention,' leaving common

sense to wonder at his vast flight to the clouds, and how far within none know, until he comes down again with a demonstration from Latmos, or some such grand mount, blessed with lunar favor and influence. * * He inquired about Edinburgh chit-chat with ostensible indifference, but ill-concealed eagerness, especially of the doings and sayings of the great little pole-star of the literary world—Jeffrey, whose battery of long range against him, as one of the 'knot of hypochondriacal and whining poets that haunt the Lakes,' as he wickedly described them, evidently broke through his habitually lofty elevation of thoughts, which kept, or seemed to keep, a calm for ever round him. He even anxiously hinted repeatedly his non-relationship to that family, in a manner which I fancy his friend Wordsworth (whose opinion of Coleridge I had listened to not a fortnight before) would have deemed an 'unkind cut' at least, and Southey not less so.—Of his friend Wordsworth, however, he spoke with admiration, though disclaiming for himself, as well as him, all pretension to be considered of any school, much less founders of one. Yet Wordsworth enunciated the pretension himself in the long preamble to the Lyrical Ballads, and the fact seemed certain; but it was not for me to controvert so eminent a man's manifesto of abdication for himself and compeers. Mr. Wordsworth had, however, so recently maintained the precise contrary, even to eager vindication of its peculiar tenets, as constituting a new 'school,' chiefly that the most familiar dialect is fit for poetry, and the humblest subjects for its matter, that I felt rather astonished, and thought that poets differed more widely even than doctors. At a subsequent interview, Mr. Coleridge favored me with some hints of an attempt on his own life—which I found afterwards was even then almost completed, being published either that year or the next. I refer to the 'Biographia Literaria.' I fancied then that it was one of the shadowy embryos of his fertile mind, never to be embodied, for he was never without a project, and the last was usually the chosen one, his well beloved above the rest, on which he proposed to 'build his fame.'"

The following adventure, related of Shelley, reads, we are bound to say, somewhat apocryphal. That it is, at any rate, an incorrect version, can scarcely be doubted:—

"I had crossed the fine fields between Highgate and Hampstead to the latter place, when just entering on the Heath, at rather a late hour, I was startled by a sort of disturbance among a few persons at the door of a large house. Drawing near, I perceived what seemed the lifeless body of a woman, by the imperfect light of one lantern, upheld in a half-sitting posture, with lolling head, by a tall young man, evidently no vulgar brawler by his speech, but in a highly excited state, who seemed disposed to force an entrance with his senseless charge, which two or three men-servants resisted. There was a voice, or more than one, almost screaming from within,—the tall stranger's tones were as high without; all were too busy to have satisfied any inquiry; and in the midst of uproar, the sound of wheels was heard—it was the carriage of the master of the mansion returning home. To him, who seemed astonished at the scene, the friend of the dead or dying woman turned, and detained him on the steps of the carriage, before he could set foot on the ground, pointing at the same time to the female figure. The servants, however, quickly explaining the cause of the turmoil, angry words passed, and he was no nearer to his benevolent object—the introducing his burden (which he had brought on his back from Heaven knows where) into the house. Some wine, restoratives, and volatile essences, and smelling-bottles, were sent out from the dwelling, and I was gratified to find the 'suspended animation' of the sufferer itself happily suspended so far as to admit the entrance of a whole glass of wine, her deglutition seeming to me better than 'could be expected.' It was a young woman in draggled plight, but her features were hardly visible where I stood. Her humane but unreflecting friend had found her in a fit, or fainting from illness, and insisted, on the score of humanity, on the admission *for the night* of this poor woman into the strange gentleman's house; so I was informed afterwards. He forgot that, he himself being unknown, the inmates might justly fear that it was a *ruse* to rob the house, concocted between some 'Jack Sheppard' of the day and his lady; or even if he could have proved his own respectability, he could not answer for hers. The air was no bad aid to recovery from syncope, and every relief but a lodging was afforded, as I have shown. This did not content Percy Bysshe Shelley, for he it was; but he vociferated a philippic against the selfishness of the aristocracy; he almost wept; he stood prophesying downfall to the unfeeling higher orders! a servile war! a second edition, in England, of the bloody tragedy of the French revolution, and I know not what more; the gentleman being at all this very indignant, and the servants insolently bantering him. Indeed, one could not well wonder at this, for his gestures and deportment were like those of a madman. Meanwhile, his female *protégé*, finding attention directed from herself to the parties quarrelling, very quietly adjusted her drapery, seemingly making up her mind that no more relief was likely to be forthcoming; and I fancied that her tones, when she made some passing remark, were of the harsh, hoarse, unfeminine kind, which is soon acquired by those wretched women who perambulate London streets after nightfall, in cold and damp weather, when on the very brink of starvation."

One of the best sketches in this somewhat indifferent gallery is that of Haz itt:—

"In his parlor, which was well furnished. (a back room, and very still, the street being little of a thoroughfare,) sat a middle-aged man, slippered, and in a dishabille indicating recent uprising (he had probably not retired until it was daybreak). He had rather hard but strongly-marked features, which only became expressive after much drawing out of his feeling by intercourse. He received me with what appeared shyness or reluctance to be disturbed, but which I afterwards found to be his habit at first meeting. His tones were quite as low as those of Coleridge: when not excited, they were almost plaintive or querulous, but his placidity breathed more of unconscious pensiveness than that of his brother thinker, whose complacent meekness always rather savored of *acting*, at least of a conscious attention to sage or martyr-like bearing, until his aroused enthusiasm broke through all, elevated his tones and even stature, and the man was forgotten in the inspired declaimer. Both these men were living in marital celibacy; that is, married, but separated; the lady of each could say of each, 'his soul is like a star, and dwells apart.' The secrets of married homes, like those of the last long home, should be let alone, for clouds and darkness always hang over them to third parties. I have only to do with the literary 'star,' not the frail mortal, except so far as the latter may be pleased to reveal *himself*. The soft-looked maiden who announced me having withdrawn, he proffered me a cup of his strong tea, seemingly without lacteal adulteration, to employ me whilst he made up his packet for the boy who was in waiting to convey it to the printing-office. I had brought him some letters from Edinburgh,—an object, at that time, to those who maintained a large correspondence, for there was no penny postage in those days; and amongst them a parcel of missives from Mr. Jeffrey, at my mention of whose name his features seemed at once lit up, as a dark lake is irradiated by the flash of a sunbeam. Some thought darted from behind his rather troubled and fretful-looking phiz, which I do not agree with some persons in calling handsome, and his languor and constraint of manner, that had almost damped me into dislike, gradually wore off, and ease, cordiality, warmth, and at last outbreaks of uttered feeling in unstudied eloquence, as we conversed, created, in a manner, a new being before my eyes; and then, and not till then, I could harmonize the two ideas which before clashed strangely,—the vivacious, high-spirited, rampant author, pugnacious as those who monthly and quarterly baited him, and the low-spirited, low spoken, almost whining recluse, sitting over his solitary tea at midday, whom I had half disliked while I pitied. I could now imagine, in the energetic speaker before me, the ill used, insulted, belied—highly-gifted, but rather perversely given to startling paradox and literary dandyism—William Hazlitt."

In the next attempt the writer has been fortunate in his subject:—

"In the month of July, 1824, the body of Lord Byron was brought from Missolonghi to England, and on being landed from the 'Florida,' was removed to the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, who then resided in Great George Street, Westminster. Having availed myself of peculiar facilities, I saw, on one occasion, the corpse of the poet—the lid of the coffin being for some necessary purpose removed. It was at night that the work of opening the shell commenced. This was soon effected, and when the last covering was removed, we beheld the face of the illustrious dead,

All cold and all serene.

Were I to live a thousand years, I should never, never forget that moment. For years I had been intimate with the mind of Byron. His wondrous works had thrown a charm around my daily paths, and with all the enthusiasm of youth I had almost adored his genius. With his features, through the medium of paintings, I had been familiar from my boyhood; and now, far more beautiful, even in death, than my most vivid fancy had ever pictured, there they lay in marble repose. The body was not attired in that most awful of habiliments—a shroud. It was wrapped in a blue cloth cloak, and the throat and head were uncovered. The former was beautifully moulded. The head of the poet was covered with short, crisp, curling locks, slightly streaked with grey hairs, especially over the temples, which were ample and free from hair, as we see in the portraits. The face had nothing of the appearance of death about it—it was neither sunken nor discolored in the least, but of a dead, marble whiteness—the expression was that of stern quietude. How classically beautiful was the curved upper lip and the chin. I fancied the nose appeared as if it was not in harmony with the other features; but it might possibly have been a little disfigured by the process of embalming. The forehead was high and broad—indeed, the whole head was extremely large—it must have been so to have contained a brain of such capacity. But what struck me most was the exceeding beauty of the *profile*, as I observed it when the head was lifted, for the purpose of adjusting the furniture. It was perfect in its way, and seemed like a production of Phidias. Indeed, it far more resembled an exquisite piece of sculpture than the face of the dead—so still, so sharply defined, and so marble-like in its repose. I caught the view of it but for a moment; yet it was long enough to have it stamped upon my memory as

A thing of beauty,

which poor Keats tells us is 'a joy for ever.' It is indeed a melancholy joy to me to have gazed upon the silent poet. As Washington

Irving says of the old sexton, who crept into the vault where Shakspeare was entombed, and beheld there the dust of ages, 'It was something to have seen the dust of Byron.'"

There are other sketches: and of these Robert Southey and Joseph Cottle, Abernethy and Faraday, Paganini, Joanna Baillie, Count d'Orsay, James Montgomery, Edward Irving, Sir Robert Peel, Cobbett, and other political characters, are hit off with various degrees of effect,—but not with sufficient insight into character to justify quotation. The author is, unfortunately, somewhat deficient in the literary qualifications for the task which he has undertaken.

Dickens and Mrs. Trollope in Russia.—Immortal Pickwick has just made his bow to the Russians in Russian costume; in more prosaic language, the *Pickwick Papers* have been translated into Russian. Notwithstanding it requires a complete knowledge of Cockney language and peculiarities to appreciate thoroughly the sayings, doings, and adventures of the hero of the tights and gaiters, and of his friends, acquaintances, persecutors, and enemies, I am told that the translation has excited very great interest indeed, and obtained very great success among all readers of this northern clime. Yet it is certain that *Pickwick* must have suffered cruelly in being conveyed from one language to another—he and his are too thoroughly and completely Cockney. Dickens must be delighted with this translation; for it is impossible to conceive a greater popularity for a work than to be presented to a people and in a language so little known to the rest of the world as those of the Czar.

Another personage of our acquaintance has also recently had the honor of being brought out in Russian—the coarse and clever *Widow Barnaby* of Mrs. Trollope. As I believe Mrs. T. is a red-hot Tory, she will no doubt be particularly gratified at figuring in a land where good old Tory absolutism flourishes in all its strength and all its glory. At all events, she will value her Russian honors as a set-off to the tarring and feathering to which her beloved and loving friends on the other side of the Atlantic hope some day to subject her.—*Correspondence Lit. Gaz.*

Ascent of Mont Blanc.—Mr. J. Wooldey, of Baston, Notts, and Trinity College, Cambridge; and Mr J. T. Hurt, of Winkwath, Derbyshire, aged nineteen years, attained the summit of Mont Blanc on the 5th of August, 1846. They left the Hôtel de Londres about eight o'clock in the morning of the 4th, and arrived at the Grands Michts soon after 3 P. M., where they rested, but could not sleep for fleas and avalanches. At 2 A. M. they left the rock amidst flashes of lightning from the distance, arrived at the Grand Platium about seven, and at the summit about half-past one, in a high wind. By this time two of the guides had fallen off. They stayed at the summit about half an hour, and returned by the Grand Michts to Chamonix, where they arrived about half-past nine, after nineteen hours of walking, part of the time up to their middles in snow. This was Contil's twelfth ascent, and he thinks his last. The wonder is, that all the time only three lives and two feet have been lost. They wish particularly to mention the attention they received from the master of the Hôtel de Londres during their subsequent confinement, four days, from bad eyes and faces. To conclude: they wish for all future aspirants the same good luck they met with themselves." The youths were seen on the summit from the valley with the aid of telescopes, and looked like emmets.

Original Miniature of Oliver Cromwell.—We have been shown, by an artist just returned from Italy, a most interesting miniature portrait of Oliver Cromwell, and decidedly one of the finest and most expressive heads we have ever seen of the Lord Protector. It is in a circular silver mounting, with a gold rim, and set as a star in very showy Bristol diamonds, and was evidently intended to be worn pendent round the neck. It was purchased from a dealer in curiosities at Milan, who was entirely ignorant of whose portrait it was. He stated it to be that of, he believed, "un certo ministro Inglese chiamato Ottobaldo," "a certain English minister called Ottobald," which was doubtless a clever attempt on the part of an Italian to say Oliver; and further, that he had bought it among some other things from an old French officer. It is difficult to account for so valuable a portrait (we should say probably by Cooper, though in a bolder style than his usual high finish) finding its way to Milan; but as we know that some of the Republican party—Ludlow and Broughton, for instance—fled to Switzerland, and resided there, and their families for many generations, it may have fallen into the French officer's hands as part of the spoil when Switzerland was occupied by the French troops during the revolutionary period, or it might be, at some former period.—*Lit. Gazette.*

New Sign of Death.—The following discovery may be of great service in cases of suspected death. The communication was lately made to the Royal Academy of Sciences, Paris, by M. Ripault; who, in directing the attention of members to the discovery, observed, that it consisted in perfect flaccidity of the iris when the globe of the eye is compressed in two opposite directions. If the individual be living, the pupil retains its circular form, notwithstanding the compression: if dead, the aperture becomes irregular, and the circular form is lost.

Louis Buonaparte.—The death of this ex-king belongs to literary history. Like his elder brother Lucian, he was not only distinguished for his love of literature and the arts, but the author of several productions of an interesting character; of which we may mention a series of historical documents, given to the world above twenty years ago, and a story called *Marie, ou les Peines de l'Amour.* Amiable and upright through life, he has bequeathed some honorable reminiscences to his once-kingdom of Holland, and the bulk of his large property to his son and heir Louis, the late prisoner of Ham.

TO NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

Good night.
Let troubles pass away with light.
Day declineth, fades away:
Till breaks forth the new morn's ray
Busy hands shall cease their toil:
Good night.

Go to rest;
Let the eyes in sleep be press'd.
All is silent in the streets;
The watchman alone the hour repeats,
And stilly night doth beckon all,
Go to rest.

Slumber light;
Of Paradise your dreams be bright;
Let glorious visions gild thy dreams;
Fancy thou feelest love's warm beams,
Though waking love is cold to thee,
Slumber light.

Good night;
Slumber till the day is bright;
Slumber till the morning fair
Brings its trouble and its care;
Fearless slumber—God is watching.
Good night.

M. T.

LAY OF A NEW ERA.

The world is earnest now,—the power that built,
Or crush'd an empire in the years of old,
Is deem'd a mockery, a thing of gilt
And glitter, worthless of the lyre that roll'd
Its lud afar, that the heroic mould
Of later ages might aspire to sin
More gloriously, a bauble name to win,
By spilling tides of blood, where tides before were spilt.

What childish fooleries were mankind then!
Mankind and all their masters, grasping keen
The puppetries of folly,—mowing men
Like weeds, for objects scorn'd as soon as seen!
Yes, future times, believe me,—men have been
In myriads hewed to earth, or joyful stood
Splashing and dripping with their brethren's blood,
To help some tiger-fiend to make a wider den.

Glory, and Fame, and Honor, were the names
That knaves invented, fools to lure and lead
To slavery's mesh; they call'd the trumpet Fame
That led their million victims on to bleed
Thank God, the world is wiser now than heed
Such puny things as gold or empire,—we
Have cast the slough, and wing'd all gloriously,
We scorn the ancient world, its splendors and its shames.

Before the majesty of Truth we stand,
And bow with reverent front; the bauble forms
Of rank, and pomp, and wealth—accursed band,
We fling to all the winds with all their storms.
In the dark chambers of the bats and worms
We lock the old-world pageantries, and claim
As ours a might, a beauty, and a fame,
Compelling suppliant knees in every age and land.

Yes, we have seen the march, the fight, the roll
Of victory's shout, proclaiming mind hath won
The standard and the throne, and freed the soul
From vassalage to aught beneath the sun,
To earth-born wormhood, and to things that run
Along the earth, with faces prone and mean;
Things which delude the eye with glittering sheen,
And bid it vault to heaven, and seek no humble goal.

* * * * * * *

MY OWN HOME.

"There is no place like home."

Why is thy bridal wreath
Gemmed, love, with tears?
Why weep the memories
Of early years?
Why falls the pearly dew
On thine orange flowers?
Why yearns thy spirit now
For bygone hours?
Hope, love, should wile away
Shadows of pain!
While away, while away,
Let them remain!

Why is thy spirit sad,
Saddening mine own?
Why does remembrance bring
Sorrow alone?
Why should thy childhood's home
Bid thee to grieve,
Asked for a season
That loved spot to leave?
The hour of returning
Will be rapture in store!
It is my home, love!
My own home no more!

From the (Eng'ish) People's Journal.

LA FATA MORGANA;

OR A VISION OF "WHAT MIGHT BE."

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Weary and sickening of the dull debate
And clang of politics; weary of hate
Tossed at our heads from o'er the Atlantic main
With foolish speeches; weary of the pain
And sorrow, and calamity, and crime
Of daily history told us in our time;
Weary of Wrong, that reared its hydra head,
And hissed from all its mouths: dispirited
With rich men's apathy to poor men's hurt,
And poor men's ignorance of their own desert;
And for a moment hopeless of mankind
And that great cause nearest to my mind—
I leaned back in my chair, and dropped the page
Diurnal, filled with all the misery,
And fell asleep—if sleeping it could be,
When, in the natural sequence in the brain,
Thought followed thought more palpable and plain
Than when I waked; when words took music's [voice,
And all my being inly did rejoice.
So felt sweet Coleridge, when of Kubia Khan,
And the great river that through deserts ran,
He sang the glories; and so I, that night,
Felt when this vision passed before my sight:
And what I saw, I sang of at the time
With ease unparalleled by waking rhyme,
And to this time, which many a day since then
A haunting music has come back again.

Oh the golden city,
Shining far away;
With its domes and steeples tall,
And the sunlight over all;
With the waters of a bay
Dotted over with a fleet,
Rippling gently at its feet!
Oh the golden city—so beautiful to see!
It shall open wide its portals,
And I'll tell you if it be
The city of the happy,
The city of the free.

Oh the glorious city,
Shining far away;
In its boundaries every man
Makes its happiness a plan,
That he studies night and day,
Till he thinks it not alone,
Like his property, his own:
Oh the glorious city—so beautiful to see!
But spread it round about him,
Till all be blessed as he:
His mind an inward sunshine,
And bright eternally.

Oh the splendid city,
Gleaming far away;
Every man by Love possessed,
Has a priest within his breast,
And whene'er he kneels to pray,
Never breathes a thought unkind
Against men of other mind:
Oh the glorious city—so beautiful to see!
But knows that God Eternal
Will shower His blessings free,
On hearts that live to love Him,
And cling to Charity.

Oh the gorgeous city,
Shining far away;
Where a competence is bliss,
And each man that lives has this
For his labor of the day;
A labor not too hard,
And a bountiful reward:
Oh the glorious city—so beautiful to see!
Where mighty wheels to aid him
Revolve incessantly,
And Science gains to cheer him
A daily Victory.

Oh the glorious city,
Shining far away;
Neither misery nor Crime,
Nor the wrongs of ancient Time,
Nor the Kingly lust of sway
Ever come within its wall,
To degrade or to enthral:
Oh the glorious city—so beautiful to see!
But Peace, and Love, and Knowledge,
The civilizing Three,
Still prove by Good that has been,
The BETTER that may be.

Thus dreamed I, to this rhythm, or something near,
But far more musical, and bright, and clear;
And then I wakened, still my fancy ran
'Twas not *all* dream: and that large Hopes for man
Were not such idle visions as the wise
In days like ours should heedlessly despise.
I thought that Love might be Religion yet,
Not form alone, but soul and substance met;
The guide, the light, the glory of the mind,
The electric link uniting all mankind;
That if men loved, and made such Love their Law,
All else would follow—more than ever saw
Poet or Prophet in the utmost light
Of heavenly glory opening on their sight.
But dream or no dream, take it as it came:
It gave *me* Hope—it may give *you* the same.
And as bright Hopes make the intention strong,
Take heart with me and muse upon my song.

From the London Daily News.

THE THREE PREACHERS.

There are three preachers, ever preaching
Each with eloquence and power;
One is old, with locks of white,
Skinny as an anchorite:
And he preaches every hour
With a shrill fanatic voice,
And a Bigot's fiery scorn:—
"Backwards, ye presumptuous nations:
Man to misery is born!
Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer—
Born to labor and to pray:
Priests and Kings are God's Vicegerents,
Man must worship and obey.
Backwards, ye presumptuous nations—
Back, be humble and obey!"

The second is a milder preacher:
  Soft he talks, as if he sung;
Sleek and slothful in his look,
And his words, as from a book,
  Issue glibly from his tongue.
With an air of self-content,
  High he lifts his fair white hands—
Stand ye still, ye restless nations,
  And be happy, all ye lands!
Earth was made by One Almighty,
  And to meddle is to mar;
Change is rash, and ever was so—
  We are happy as we are;
Stand ye still, ye restless nations,
  And be happy as ye are."

Mightier is the younger preacher—
  Genius flashes from his eyes.
And the crowds who hear his voice,
Give him, whilst their souls rejoice,
  Throbbing bosoms for replies;
Awed they listen, yet elated,
  While his stirring accents fall;—
"Forward! ye deluded nations,
  Progress is the rule of all:
Man was made for healthful effort;
  Tyranny has crushed him long—
He shall march from good to better,
  Nor be patient under wrong:
Forward! ye awakened nations,
  And do battle with the wrong."

"Standing still is childish folly,
  Going backward is a crime;—
None should patiently endure
Any ill that he can cure—
  Onward! keep the march of Time.
Onward, while a wrong remains
  To be conquered by the right—
While Oppression lifts a finger
  To affront us by his might;
While an error clouds the reason,
  While a sorrow gnaws the heart;
While a slave awaits his freedom,
  Action is the wise man's part,—
Forward! ye awakened nations!
  Action is the people's part."

"Onward! there are ills to conquer,
  Ills that on yourselves you've brought,
There is wisdom to discern,
There is temperance to learn,
  And enfranchisement for thought.
Hopeless Poverty and Toil,
  May be conquered if you try,
Vice and Wretchedness and Famine,
  Give Beneficence the lie.
Onward! onward! and subdue them!
  Root them out, their day has passed;
Goodness is alone immortal—
  Evil was not made to last.
Forward, ye awakened people,
  And your sorrow shall not last."

And the preaching of this preacher
  Stirs the pulses of the world,
Tyranny has curbed its pride.
Errors that were deified,
  Into darkness have been hurled;
Slavery and Liberty,
  And the Wrong and Right have met,
To decide their ancient quarrel.
  Onward, preacher—onward yet!

There are pens to tell your progress,
  There are eyes that pine to read;
There are hearts that burn to aid you,
  There are arms in hour of need.
Onward, preacher! Onward nations!
  WILL must ripen into DEED. C. M.

FAREWELL SONG.

BY ELIZABETH P. ROBERTS.

Inscribed to the Hutchinson Family.

Young minstrels of the West, ere ye depart
Take the warm wishes of an English heart;
And let the love your sweet clear notes have wrought
Within *my* soul, in many a truthful thought
And kinder feeling for your own loved land,
Be cherish'd in *your* hearts, Oh tuneful band!

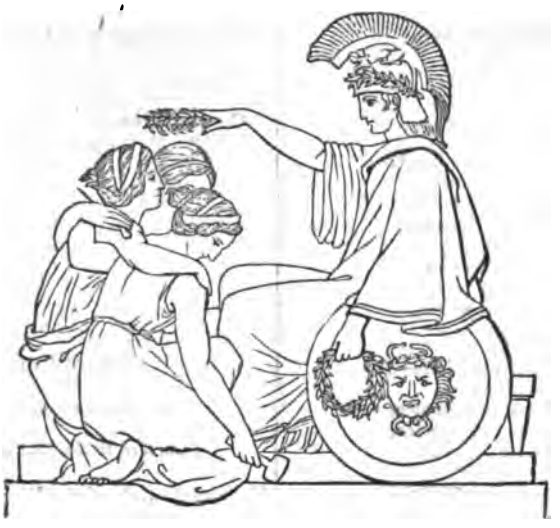
And when the yearnings of my soul are cast
Back to the true fond memories of the past,
Your sweet, heart music, far above them all,
Will like a charm upon my spirit fall,
And whisper softly, o'er the western wave,
Those tones of love and peace your voices gave.

Take back, young minstrels, to your native strand,
Kind thoughts and memories of our "Father-land;"
Bear in your hearts this loving truth, that there,
From out some spirit's depth will rise a prayer
To Him who brought you safe o'er ocean's foam,
That he may guide you to your far-off home.

Warm blessings unto you, brave-hearted band!
Warm thoughts towards your free old-forest land!
Warm wishes for its people's truest weal!
And warmest prayers that every heart may feel,
As deeply as my own, that nought in life
Must bring between our homes the brand of strife!

Farewell! and may all joy and gladness rest
With you, and your dear home in the "Far West!"
Would that those loving thoughts, which ever fill
A poet's heart, had power to work their will!
Then my wild harp should tell, in sweeter lay,
All the good wishes that my heart would say.

Farewell! and if we meet no more on earth,
Still those bright thoughts to which your song gave birth
Ne'er from my heart and harp shall pass away;
But ever, as I watch each ling'ring ray
Of the rich setting sun, shall memory rest
With you, oh gifted minstrels of the West!



MISCELLANEOUS.

SCRAPS FROM PUNCH.

Discovery for the Nerves.—Persons, especially fine ladies, who in consequence of inactive or sedentary habits, the too frequent use of close carriages, and an over-refined and luxurious regimen, are afflicted with the distressing disorder termed Nervousness, will find their complaint effectually cured by six weeks' residence in a workhouse.

Raising the Wind.—The German Band has left Ramsgate. They were compelled at last to make a raffle of their instruments before they could get money enough to leave the place. A young lady of fortune got the Ophicleide, whilst the Serpent fell to the lot of a wealthy inhabitant, who had tempted the unfortunate band to visit the town.

How to Ventilate the House of Commons.—If the House is very cold, let Lord George Bentinck begin to speak, and a gradual warmth will be the result. If this warmth is more than the Members can bear, let Mr. D'Israeli attack Sir Robert Peel, and the astonishing coolness will strike every body. If the debate is too oppressive, Mr. Peter Borthwick should be called upon to speak, and he will clear the House in a very few minutes, by sending every member out of it.

Fashionable Arrivals.—A cargo of Wenham Lake Ice from America. It is at present remaining in the Strand, previous to mixing in society; but it is expected the entire party will break up at the end of the fashionable season. The greater part of it has been invited by a noble Lord to take the waters.

Very like an Old Joe.—Elihu Burritt has lately favored the public with a batch of recipes for making cakes from Indian corn flour. One of them has been sent to our office with the following heading: 'The Language of *Flours* by the Author of "Olive Leaves."'

A Card.—Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli begs leave to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and ultra-Conservative public in general, that he attends Protectionist Parties, and has a large collection of speeches of every description always ready, together with a set of sarcasms, which he undertakes shall be carefully delivered either in Town or Country.

Royal Title.—Ex-King Hudson has been crowned lately on the Eastern Counties' Railway, under the title of 'King Boreas,' or 'Boreas the Great,' for he is found by all his subjects to be such a 'blustering railer.'

Weddings Executed at the Shortest Notice.—The Spanish Ministers have sent over an order to Coburg House for a nice young man to marry the Queen.

The Greys'-Inn Administration.—The late Earl Grey was caricatured with his tail of 70, having provided for that number of his family. The present Administration under Lord John Russell, has a strong tendency to turn grey, which is a very bad sign in a Whig.

One of his private secretaries is a Grey.

Sir George Grey is Colonial Secretary.

Mr C. Wood, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is Lord Grey's brother-in-law.

There is also Lord Grey, and his private secretary, Honorable Captain Grey.

In fact, there are so many Greys that we wish Mr Hume, when Parliament returns from grouse-shooting, would move for a list of all the Greys who are at present employed in pumping the engine of state. Should they ever resign in a body, they will certainly be able, in applying for the Chiltern Hundreds, to take a Chiltern a-piece.

Wanted, a Pair of Mustaches.—By a young gentleman who is going to spend a month (and his quarter's salary) in Paris. They must be very fierce, and have a decided military turn. Color no object. Apply, with specimen, at Somerset House, after four o'clock.

Baths and Washhouses for the Poor.—It appears that from the opening day of the establishment situate in George street, Hampstead, up to the 22d, upwards of 9613 persons have availed themselves of the facilities afforded; and owing to the insufficient accommodation, between 200 and 300 persons have been daily refused on application for baths.

At the Washhouse establishment, Glasshouse Yard, Glasshouse street, East Smithfield, there have been in one year 27,622 bathers, 35,480 washers and dryers of clothes, 4,522 ironers. This is the best proof of the desire of the poor to be neat, clean, and wholesome, when they can have the requisites; and, as to their acknowledgments, those who visit the building hear the recipients express themselves to the following effect:—'God bless those who give us this benefit! it is the best thing yet that has been done for us, for it makes us feel stronger, and better able to go to seek for work, and more likely to get it, than when we were so very dirty.'

A report of the proceedings at the latter establishment says, 'several of those applying to bathe and wash their clothes in Glasshouse Yard are so destitute, that their entire clothing is that which they have on; such applicants are provided with gowns whilst they wash, dry, and mend their scanty attire, after which they bathe, and leave the establishment so much improved in personal appearance, as to be scarcely recognized as the same individuals who, a short time before, entered in rags, and covered with dirt. Such pitiable objects possessed no means of paying even the smallest charge, and must have remained in their deplorable state, but for the gratuitous aid afforded them.

'It is worthy of remark, that among the young girls that came to wash in Glasshouse Yard, many, for the first time in their lives, there had the opportunity of using a washing-tub, and have now become expert washers; and it is no unusual circumstance to have applications at the establishment for washerwomen to wash in families, so that many not only learn a means of useful employment, but are, to a certain extent, obtaining it through the aid of the association, thus combining with its other objects of utility, a novel School of Industry.'

Self-Confidence a Duty.—When Leibnitz says, 'the present is pregnant with the future,' we are not to receive the dictum as an abstract proposition, but as one in which every individual is interested, and in the verification of which he is destined to form a part. As the child is the father of the man, so, in a moral as well as in a literal sense, the living is the parent of the unborn generations; and it should elevate us in our own estimation, as well as in our sense of the duties and powers committed to us, if we reflect that every individual mind may contain some germ, some seed, some latent principle, the development of which may sooner or later produce an important and beneficial influence upon the whole wide-spread world. Idle, not to say impious, were it to distrust God's power to work such a miracle in our own person, because our position may be humble, our means and our intelligence seemingly inadequate to the production of grand results. Neither natural nor mental expansiveness is to be measured by the capacity of the recipient. What! were not all the oak forests of the earth once contained in a single acorn? In the history of nations it would seem that some mysterious law generally deduces the greatest events from mean causes. A camel-driver founded a new religion, and changed the fortunes of whole empires; a Genoese adventurer, by discovering America, opened a new world to the conquests and the commerce of the old; an obscure German, by the invention of the printing-press, widened the whole intellectual sphere of man; and an Augustine monk, by denouncing the sale of indulgences, accomplished the greatest revolution that the world had experienced since the introduction of Christianity.

Passive Resistance.—A cannon ball, striking the oaken ribs of a man of war, pierces straight through them, scattering destruction on all sides, until its force is expended; but if it impinge upon the waves, it swerves aside, and is conquered by their unresisting softness, and finally subsides without injury. So the first burst of passion, increased and rendered more dangerous by a stubborn opposition, will generally yield and fall harmless when it is met by softness and submission. The moral, old as the fable of the wind, the oak and the reed, has been remembered long enough to be forgotten by many. Quakers, however, have obtained their objects, as a sect, by passive resistance; and many a wise wife has followed the same course with similar success. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath;' but thus to suppress your anger is not always to extinguish it. Inwardly it may smoulder, and you may be only hiding the fire with fuel that it may eventually burst out more fiercely. To secure it from rekindling you must steep your heart in the waters of oblivion.

Supply of Water to Rome and London.—A correspondent of the *Mechanic's Magazine* has the following speculations on the relative supplies of this important agent of health and comfort to modern London and ancient Rome: "The probable supply to the 1,000,000 inhabitants of which Rome could at one time boast, amounted to 50,000,000 cubic feet,—being equal to about fifty cubic feet for each individual. This is probably twenty times the quantity which London now receives for each of its inhabitants—a fact which goes far to justify the application of the disgraceful term 'bathless' to this the largest, the most opulent, and the most powerful city in the world. How miserably insignificant do our water-works appear, and how trifling the supply they furnish to this mighty city of more than 2,000,000, when contrasted with the immense flood of pure water poured into old Rome by her gigantic aqueducts! And how discreditable the difference between the two capitals, when we reflect on the far superior resources which modern science has placed at her command, and on the well-known fact, that, through the happy constitution of the strata on which London stands, she has at her command—requiring, as it were, but the smiting of the rock, to make them gush forth—boundless supplies of the purest possible water!

Expedition to South America.—The *Times* understands that an expedition, which promises the most important results both to science and commerce, is at this moment fitting out for the purpose of navigating some of the most important unexplored rivers in South America. It is to be under the command of Lord Ranelagh. Several noblemen and gentlemen have already volunteered to accompany his lordship; and the enterprising and scientific band, it is said, will sail as soon as the necessary arrangements shall be completed.

Charles Buck, Esq., the author of "The Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature," a work of great merit and excellent feeling, published some twenty-five years ago, and less known than it ought to be, died this week at Islington.—He long labored under bad health, and was, we lament to say, one of those who found that literature was a very bad nursing mother, even to the gifted and most devoted of her children. Misfortune and struggle were his lot.

Vital Statistics of the Metropolis.—The number of deaths registered during the week ending on Saturday, August 22, was 902, of which 422 were those of females. This is above the average of the corresponding weeks during the last five summers by no more than four, whilst it is below the weekly average of deaths for the same number of years by 66. The births during the week were of exactly the same number of each sex, namely, 639, making an increase in the population of 1278.

The Dauphin of France.—The Count de Paris yesterday entered on his ninth year. According to the law of succession to the throne, his Royal Highness will attain his majority on the 24th August, 1856. The young Prince enjoys good health, is tall for his age, and resembles in features his lamented father. His education has been most carefully attended to, and he expresses himself with facility in German, Italian, and French.

A Kiss for a Blow.—A visitor once went into a school in this city, says the Boston Sun, where he saw a boy and girl on one seat, who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed that rage was working within, and her clenched fist was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. 'Stop, my dear,' said he, 'you had better kiss your brother than strike him.' The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against the blow, but he could not withstand a sister's kiss.

Der Freischutz again.—Der Freischutz has been performed at Berlin, in celebration of the anniversary of its first representation five and twenty years ago. Since its first appearance, the opera has been performed at Berlin 239 times. It has yielded the treasury of the theatre one hundred thousand francs; the same sum has been paid to the editor—while poor Carl Maria von Weber received but forty louis d'ors for his score

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SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Great Britain.

The Prometheus Chained of Æschylus. Translated into English verse by the Rev. G. S. Swayne, M. A.

A new edition of Bagster's English Hexapla.

History of the Revolt of the Netherlands to the Confederacy of the Gueux. By Frederick Schiller. Translated from the German by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison.

Botany of the Voyage of H. M. S. "Sulphur," under the command of Sir Edward Belcher, R. N., &c.

Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of the late Rev. Joseph Fletcher, D. D. Edited by Joseph Fletcher, Jun.

Posthumous Sermons and Valedictory Lecture. By the late Rev. Joseph Fletcher, D. D.

The Water-Cure in Chronic Diseases. By James M. Gully, M. D.

Journals of Sieges carried on by the Army under the Duke of Wellington, in Spain, during the Years 1811 to 1814. By Major General Sir John T. Jones.

The Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind. By G. Moore, M. D.

Thoughts on some Important Points relating to the System of the World. By J. P. Nicholl, LL. D.

German University Education; or, the Professors and Students of Germany. By W. C. Perry.

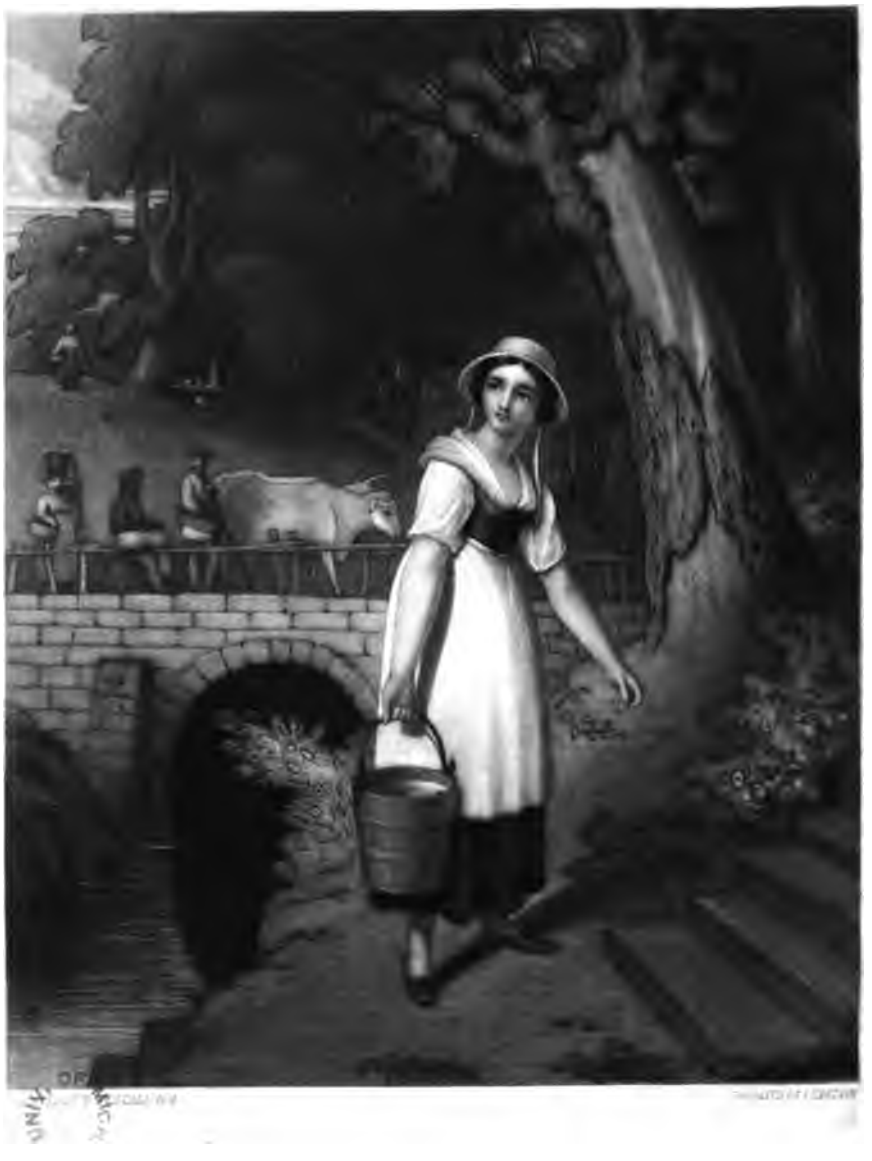
The Rainbow of the Mind, exemplified in a Dialogue between the Materialist and the Author, with the Five Senses in Council Assembled, proving the immortality of the Soul by the Evidence of Sight. By Capt. H. Rowe, R. N. Addressed to every Materialist on the Face of the Globe.

The Sailor's Hope for Himself and the Nation; or, Plea for Religion: addressed to all Persons engaged in the Maritime Service of the Country, especially that Protective Arm of the Force, the Royal Navy. By a Naval Officer.

Ninth volume of the Lives of the Queens of England. By Agnes Strickland.

St. Petersburgh and Moscow: a visit to the Court of the Czar, by R. Southwell Bourke, 2 vols.

Musings of a Musician, by Henry C. Lunn.



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THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

NOVEMBER, 1846.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN FOSTER.

[The decease of a person so distinguished in the literary and religious world as the author of the Essay on Decision of Character, and the publication of his Correspondence, have naturally called forth notices of greater or less extent in many of the leading British journals. We have seen none of these more completely and candidly presenting the life, and mental and moral traits of the man, than the following from the British Quarterly, an eminent dissenting periodical. While it will be found friendly to the subject, it deals fairly with his well-known faults as an author and a man; and as Foster's fame has become almost as familiar with us as with his own countrymen, we feel sure that the sketch will be well received and profitably read.—Ed]

From the British Quarterly Review.

The Life and Correspondence of John Foster. Edited by J. E. Ryland. With Notices of Mr. Foster, as a Preacher and a Companion. By John Sheppard, Author of 'Thoughts on Devotion,' &c. Two vols. 8vo. pp. 468. 590.

About a century since, the pass from Lancashire into Yorkshire, through the vale of Todmorden, was one of the most beautiful in England. Its hill-tops, thrown into every variety of shape, seemed to lift themselves aloft as if to break the force of the winter storm, or to present a natural resting-place to the summer clouds as they coursed each other from height to height, and threw their flitting shadows over the glens below. Some of those heights were barren, and have so been since the upburst of the mighty forces which made them what they are; but the less elevated were crowned, or clothed from base to summit, with ancient and richly hanging woods. The dells, which receded right and left from the main line of road, presented curves and slopes, and sometimes abrupt and jagged outlines, in almost every form, intersected with rock, and wood, and verdure; and, after rain, while the voice of birds welcomed the returning sunshine, every hill-side might be heard tossing forth its tributary waters to feed the Hebden, as it rolled through its deeper bed beneath. The little of handicraft which mixed itself with the husbandry of the district, was not more than sufficed to impart those traces of man to Nature, which make even Nature more beautiful. This description, be it remembered, applies

to the vale of Todmorden, as it was in the last century, when its seclusion had not been broken in upon either by canals or railways, and when the space now occupied with tall chimneys, and lofty square buildings, and with grouped or scattered multitudes of artizan dwelling-places, had little of its present appearance.

One point of this valley bears the name of Hebden bridge, and, at the time of which we speak, there stood at no great distance from that spot, in the direction of Wainsgate, a small farm-house. The couple who, about the middle of the latter half of the last century, were the occupants of that house, had their employment, after the manner of the time, partly in the labor of the farm, and partly in weaving. The husband was no common person. It was his habit of caution and forethought which had prevented his taking upon him the responsibilities of a family until he had passed his fortieth year. He was then a devout man—a Christian. Mr. Grimshaw, of Haworth, one of that small, but noble-hearted band of clergymen, who, about that time, began to preach the gospel in the manner of men who understood and believed it, had been the means of giving the mind of our farming and weaving friend this wholesome direction. But, as often happens in such cases, the convert did not remain a churchman. He became a member of the small Baptist church at Wainsgate. His temper was cheerful, and his views were much more expanded than was common with men in his circumstances; but, on the whole, his habits disposed him to avoid society rather than to seek it. Not a few of his happiest hours were given to reading, meditation, and prayer. Near Hebden bridge there is a secluded spot, at the bottom of a wood by the side of the Hebden, and marked by its projecting rock, which still bears the name of this good man. It was his 'cave' of refuge for thought and devotion. We can readily suppose that among his brother Baptists such a man would be a good deal of an oracle. He was not only better read than most of his neighbors in theology, but as possessing more than the common share of acuteness and discrimination, was better qualified than most to digest what he read. On the decease of the Baptist pastor, this gifted brother was one of a small number who read 'Gurnal's Christian Armor,' for the common benefit, on alternate Sundays. It is remembered of this reader, that when he came to passages which struck him as particularly good, the exclamation was not unfrequently heard, 'That's sound divinity,' or, 'Author, I am of thy opinion.' This estimable man lived to be eighty-eight years of age. He died in 1814. His wife, who is described as his counterpart in soundness of understanding, integrity, and piety, survived him two years.

Such was the birth-place, and such were the parents of the Rev. John Foster, who was born on the 17th of September, 1770. On the tomb-stone of the elder Foster, is the following characteristic inscription—'John Foster exchanged this life for a better, March 21, 1814, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-third after God had fully assured him that he was one of his sons.' The subject of these memoirs was the first child of his parents, and the only further addition to their family was a second son, about four years younger. Foster saw his parents for the last time in 1801, in the thirty-first year of his age, and then said of them, 'They fear not death, nor need to fear it; for they are eminently ripe for heaven. I have never met with piety more active and sublime.'

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to the vale of Todmorden, as it was in the last century, when its seclusion had not been broken in upon either by canals or railways, and when the space now occupied with tall chimneys, and lofty square buildings, and with grouped or scattered multitudes of artizan dwelling-places, had little of its present appearance.

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might not speak to others, to him it never failed to speak, and the mind must be sluggish in its discernment which does not see in that small incident a strongly-marked element of the future man.

But unfavorable as this home education, and much beside, may have been, the lot of young Foster was not wholly an adverse one. His parents exercised a most effectual guard over his moral and religious training. The circle in which he grew up was one of kindness, and one in which good sense and integrity were united with sincere piety. In the objects of his filial affection and confidence, he saw the persons who were regarded with similar feelings by the best people in all the neighborhood. One of his father's favorite sentences, he informs us, was—'The noblest motive is the public good!' His house was a kind of sanctuary. Religious meetings were often held there. On every Tuesday evening, Mr. Foster presided at a prayer meeting under his own roof, and in offering the concluding prayer, which he always did, it was observed that he never omitted the petition—'Oh, Lord, bless the lads!'—the lads being John Foster, and his then only companion, Henry Horsefall. Nor was the father altogether insensible to the intellectual aptitudes of the son. When the boy was not more than four years old, the father was known to lay his hand upon his head and say—'This head will some day learn Greek.' Some thirteen years, however, from that time, passed away, and there was still little sign that this prophecy of the good man, concerning his first-born, would be fulfilled. The education of Foster during those years had been, of course, confined to his own language. He read at times voraciously, but as will be supposed, with little system, and with a very defective and confused result. During the later portion of this space he wrought at his father's craft, spinning wool to a thread by the hand-wheel, and afterwards weaving what are called double stuffs, such as lastings, &c. But nothing, we are told, was farther from the inclination of the youth, and few things farther from his thoughts, than that he should continue at such occupations. One consequence of this sort of forecasting was, that he made but a very indifferent weaver. The change which at length opened before him is thus described by the intelligent editor of these memorials:—

'When about fourteen years old, he communicated to the associate just named, the poignant anxiety he had suffered from comparing his character with the requirements of the divine law, and added, that he had found relief only by placing a simple reliance on the sacrifice of Jesus Christ for acceptance before God. Six days after the completion of his seventeenth year he became a member of the Baptist church at Hebden bridge. His venerable pastor, Dr. Fawcett, and other friends, who had watched with deep interest his early thoughtfulness and piety, urged him to dedicate his talents to the Christian ministry. Whether he had himself previously formed such a design is not known: the object of their wishes soon became his deliberate choice, and after giving satisfactory proofs of his abilities, he was 'set apart' for the ministerial office by a special religious service. For the purpose of receiving classical instruction and general mental improvement, he became, shortly after, an inmate at Brearley Hall, where Dr. Fawcett, in connexion with his labors as an instructor of youth, directed, at that time, the study of a few theological candidates. Part of each day was still spent in assisting his parents at their usual employments. During the rest of the time, his application to study was so intense as to excite apprehensions for his health. Frequently, whole nights were spent in reading and meditation, and on these occasions his favorite resort was a grove in Dr. Fawcett's garden. His scholastic exercises were marked by great labor, and accomplished very slowly. Many of his inferiors in mental power surpassed him in the readiness with which they performed the prescribed lessons. One method which he adopted for improving himself in composition, was that of taking paragraphs from different writers, and trying to remodel them, sentence by sentence, into as many forms of expression as he possibly could. His posture on these occasions, was to sit with a hand on each knee, and, moving his body to and fro, he would remain silent for a considerable time, till his invention in shaping his materials had exhausted itself. This process he used to call pumping. He had a great aversion to certain forms of expression which were much in vogue among some religious people, and declared that, if possible, he would expunge them from every book by act of parliament: and often said, 'We want to put a new face upon things.'' pp. 9, 10.

Brearley Hall, where our young divine pursued his studies thus sedulously, was beautifully situated. It was inclosed at all points by the neighboring woods, except on the south, where it opened by a gentle descent upon the valley. With the surrounding landscape, and with the many glen and woodland retreats which were there accessible to him, Foster was deeply

interested; and the memory of those scenes is often referred to in his after life as among the most delightful visions retained from his early years. Such a mind, exposed to such influences, was not to be restricted to a dull educational routine. Beside reading such works in theology as seemed to him most pregnant with thought and earnestness, he seized with special avidity on books of voyages and travels,—productions which, in that day, were immeasurably more the staple reading of the young than at present, both the old and the new world being now so far explored, narrowed and exposed, as to afford small supply in that shape to a passion for the marvellous. Fondness for this kind of reading in Foster seemed to grow by what it fed upon, and if prosecuted with more discrimination in his subsequent years, we shall see that to the last it was somewhat unduly indulged. But locality as well as temperament tended to this result. Such was Foster's passionate sympathy with the appearances of nature, that one summer evening he prevailed on a young man to walk with him by the river side in the vale of Todmorden from night-fall till dawn, that they might watch the effect of day-break and morning on the scenery of that romantic district.

Dr. Fawcet, the master of Brearley Hall, was a personage of stately presence and bearing. He was tall, and large withal, possessing a countenance somewhat saturnine, features which bespoke habitual seriousness, and a powerful voice. His preaching seldom rose above common-place; but his almost funereal gravity, which rendered his services somewhat repulsive to the young, gave weight to his utterances with minds more of his own experience and complexion. It was not one of the doctor's most conspicuous virtues to bear opposition with patience, or, in truth, to submit readily to correction in any way. He was considerably accustomed to deference, and was disposed to expect it; but he was a person of good sense in most things, of sincere piety, and, on the whole, of kindly feeling. His reading was more free and extended than was usual in those days with ministers boasting of their puritanical descent. He had read such books as Fielding's novels; and Foster long remembered the substance of a discriminating critique which fell one day from his old tutor at Brearley Hall on one of those productions. Indeed, the worthy gentleman, grave as he was, had his vein of humor, and knew how to enjoy that thing in others; and though not very sprightly himself, was never a check on the rational buoyancy of the young about him. In the matter of industry, his example was such as often to come upon the conscience of young Foster with the force of a painful rebuke. His views of human nature, however, were of the sombre cast, and perhaps contributed somewhat to give a coloring of that sort to the early thoughts of his pupil. In regard to public affairs, Dr. Fawcett was one of that old school of dissent, who were more concerned for quiet than for change. In this respect Foster appears even then to have been little in sympathy with his venerated tutor.

Foster's education at Brearley Hall was preliminary to his admission into the Baptist Academy at Bristol. The manner of our young divine's journey from Todmorden to that city should be mentioned, as contrasting somewhat strongly with the softer habitudes of not a few modern students of divinity. To pedestrianize from Todmorden to Manchester was no very formidable business; and from Manchester to Birmingham the youth enjoyed the luxury, such as that was in 1791, of having his seat outside a coach. But then there was the journey from Birmingham to Bristol, and for securing the said wheel luxury over that space, the bank, it seems, was unequal, and within the next two days the eighty-eight miles between Birmingham and Bristol were traversed by our future essayist, yard by yard, on foot. We can imagine the arrival of the weary stranger at the door of the Academy there, opposite the Full-Moon in the city of Bristol,—a house at which, all respectable as it then was, you may now purchase drugs in the one department, if you need them, and provender for man and beast in the other. So cometh change! In that institution Robert Hall had recently been the classical tutor. His place was now supplied by the Rev. Joseph Hughes, between whom and this new student a friendship was speedily formed, not such as usually obtains between tutor and pupil, but such as binds equal to equal. Foster's friendship with that intelligent and truly estimable man was of more benefit to him than all his his other friendships taken together. That the only influence of time upon it should have been to mellow and ripen it was perfectly natural.

Foster had some peculiar notions about

biography. In that sort of composition no man could hope wholly to please him. It was almost inevitable that too much would be said or too little. Sometimes there was too much of the biographer, sometimes the praise bestowed on the subject of his memoir was censured as indiscriminate and exaggerated; or it might be, that the space allotted to materials concerning the departed personage was adjudged as monstrously disproportionate to his real claims.

Few things were less endurable to Foster than to see small men endeavoring to swell themselves into greatness, by taking upon them to become the biographers of the great —fastening upon men of genius as a kind of peg on which to hang their own tawdry imbecilities. His feeling on this point was not at times unwarrantable; but, like most of his strong feelings, was more a matter of temper than of judgment. Whether the very intelligent editor of these volumes has had a fear of this kind of displeasure on the part of the subject of his narrative constantly present with him, or whether the deficiency is to be traced to an innate modesty of his own, we cannot venture to say, but we must confess that we think there should have been some more adequate representation than is given in this publication of that ever-memorable course of public affairs which so powerfully influenced the character of Foster's inner life in his early days. He was not inobservant of those signs of change, which, like an alternate light and darkness, then came over all human affairs. Those changes, hardly less than the cast of his own mind, and the circumstances of his early history, determined the ultimate complexion of his opinions and feelings. In this respect these letters are by no means a sufficient autobiography, and what is wanting in them might have been somewhat more freely supplied by the editor, without any fear of passing beyond the line of a most scrupulous humility. It is, no doubt, in strict accordance with Foster's own canons, that his biographer has acquitted himself thus modestly; and if our own estimate of his genius should be somewhat more discriminating than has been usual in nonconformist literature, we must be allowed to plead a deference to the same authority.— Foster would have been among the first to condemn the language of undistinguishing eulogy, whether as applied to himself or to other men.

His journey to Bristol was, as we have stated, in 1791, and in the August of that year. About two years had then passed since the assembling of the States-General in France, and the fall of the Bastille. In that very month, the unhappy French king, having made concession after concession, had been seized in an attempt to escape from the personal dangers which threatened him, and was reconducted to Paris. In little more than twelve months from that time, Louis was brought to the block. There was no class of men to whom the progress of the French Revolution was not in some of its points an object of the deepest interest.— The privileged classes over Europe looked upon it with horror, as menacing the destruction of every thing most valuable in modern civilization. Even the unprivileged, for the greater part, saw in it a strange and dreadful power, which seemed bent on bringing to the dust nearly every thing which men had been wont to regard as venerable and sacred. But many, and those especially among the more intelligent and the younger men of that generation, hailed the onslaught thus made upon the old forms of corruption and tyranny, as the commencement of a mighty and ameliorating change in the condition of the human family. But the excesses of the Revolution came as a god-send to the enemies of human freedom and improvement. The timid, the imbecile, and the selfish, were soon agreed that the evil of holding corruption in perpetuity must be far less than would be attendant on seeking its abatement by such means. The cry every where raised was against atheism and anarchy; and among the dominant parties in the state, whether drunk or sober, the watchwords became 'our glorious constitution,' or, 'the altar and the throne!' Pitt, notwithstanding his recently avowed principles of liberalism, placed himself at the head of this servile reaction; and the aristocracy, the clergy, and the multitude were found, through a frightfully long interval, to be almost totally at his bidding. But the sympathizers with the professed object of the great struggle in France still remained a sturdy remnant, both in Parliament and through the country. They were not insensible to the crimes which had been perpetrated in that country in the sacred name of freedom. They mourned over them— loathed them. But nothing could reconcile them to the old abominations in the shape of misgovernment. The conflict thus originated—between the property classes, the clergy, and a besotted multitude, on the one hand; against a small, intelligent, and firm-

hearted portion of the community, bent on working out schemes of political and religious freedom, upon the other, was protracted, envenomed, and disgraced on the part of the ruling powers by outrageous acts of tyranny.

What happened at Birmingham, when a 'church and king' mob set fire to the house of Dr. Priestley, and compelled its owner to consult his safety by flight, was only a strong indication of the feeling and treatment to which Protestant Dissenters, even the most peaceful of them, were exposed throughout the kingdom.

The spirit of John Foster was not of a sort to pass through an ordeal of this nature without deriving impression from it. His principles became decidedly republican.—The maxims, temper, and conduct of the Tory and high church parties in those times became the object of his fixed and deep aversion. In the spirit and policy of those parties he saw the great antagonism of every thing just, humane, and Christian.—These notions and feelings were somewhat modified by him, but their substance always remained.

Bristol, when it first became known to Foster, was the second city in the kingdom. Its maritime enterprise and its general traffic were great; and its patronage of science and literature towards the close of the last century was such as to connect it largely with the early history of such men as Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Lamb, and Hall. Foster's stay in the academy there did not exceed twelve months; and, if we may believe his own account of the matter, he made small progress during that time.—Writing to Mr. Horsefall, he says:—

'You say I must do something great in the preaching line when I come into Yorkshire.—Let not my Yorkshire friends expect too much. Probably there never was a more indolent student at this or any other academy. I know but very little more of learning or any thing else than when I left you. I have been a trifler all my life to this hour. When I shall reform God only knows. I am constantly wishing and intending it; but my wishes and intentions have thus far displayed in a striking degree the imbecility of human nature. To-morrow is still the time when this unhappy system of conduct shall be rectified.'—i. p. 30

We are willing to hope something better as to the result of our student's bookish occupations and social intercourse while at Bristol, than this gloomy report would seem to warrant; but many are the complaints subsequently made as to the inveterate and most unfortunate habit of indolent, desultory, musing vagrancy into which his mind was disposed to fall. His first preaching engagement after leaving the academy was at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The place of worship was an ancient room called Tuthill-stairs. It was not large enough to receive a hundred persons; and during Mr. Foster's visit was never full. But of a portion of this small auditory, the preacher writes to his friend Horsefall as follows:—

'I have involuntarily caught a habit of looking too much on the right hand side of our meeting. 'Tis on account of about half a dozen sensible fellows who sit together there. I cannot keep myself from looking at them. I sometimes almost forget that I have any other auditors. They have so many significant looks, pay such a particular and minute attention, and so instantaneously catch any thing curious, that they become a kind of mirror in which the preacher may see himself. Sometimes, whether you will believe it or not, I say humorous things. Some of these men instantly perceive it, and smile; I, observing, am almost betrayed into a smile myself.'—i. p. 33.

Nothing of moment is recorded during the three months spent by our young preacher at Newcastle, save that his mind continued to be given to rambling much more than to labor, and that his habits were tending fast to qualify him for a hermitage rather than a pastorate. The following picture is much too good to be passed over:

'A correspondent of genius and observation might give you an amusing account of Newcastle, but such qualifications are but in a small degree mine. The town is an immense irregular mass of houses. There are a few fine uniform streets, but the greater number exhibit an awkward succession of handsome and wretched buildings. The lower part of the town, as being in the bottom of a valley, is dirty in an odious degree. It contains thousands of wretched beings, not one of whom can be beheld without pity or disgust. The general characteristic of the inhabitants seems to be a certain roughness expressive at once of ignorance and insensibility. I know little of the dissenters in general. I was one evening lately much amused at the Presbyterian, or Scotch meeting, by the stupidity of their psalms, the grimace of the clerk, the perfect insignificance of the parson, and the silly unmeaning attention of a numerous auditory. But *our* meeting for amplitude and elegance! I believe you never saw its equal. It is to be sure considerably larger than your lower school, but then so black and so dark! It looks just like a conjuring room, and accordingly the ceiling is all covered with curious antique figures to aid the magic. That

ning which they call a pulpit, is as black as a chimney, and indeed, there is a chimney piece and a very large old fire case behind it. There is nothing by which the door of this same pulpit can be fastened, so that it remains partly open, as if to invite some good person or other to assist you when you are in a raite. My friend Pero, who I have mentioned before (*his dog*). did me the honor one Sunday to attempt to enter, but from some prudential notion, I suppose, I signified my will to the contrary by pulling to the door, and he very modestly retired. Yet I like this pulpit mightily, 'tis so much the reverse of that odious priestly pomp which insults your eyes in many places. I hate priestly consequence and ecclesiastical formalities. When I order a new coat I believe it will not be black.'—Vol. i. pp. 50—52.

From Newcastle, Foster proceeded, in 1793, to become preacher to a small Baptist society in Swift's Alley, Dublin; and he remained in Ireland three years. Of those years in his history we know scarcely anything, beyond the little which he has himself recorded. He preached a month at Cork with some acceptance, and was much pleased with the society to which he was introduced in that city. But nothing, he assures us, could be less interesting than the group of persons to whom he had to preach in Dublin. It consisted of a few rich and worldly people, and of a few from the poorest class, wholly destitute of intelligence.—In Swift's Alley, the preacher nodded, and the people did the same. 'The congregation,' says Foster, 'was very small when I commenced, and almost nothing when I voluntarily closed.'

'After an interval of several months spent in Yorkshire,' he writes, 'I returned to Dublin, to make an experiment on a classical and mathematical school. The success did not encourage me to prosecute it more than eight or nine months. I remained in Dublin several months after its relinquishment. I attended as a hearer in Swift's Alley, when there was service, but had little more connexion with the people than if I had never seen them before.

'During my last residence in Dublin my connexion with violent democrats, and my share in forming a society under the denomination of Sons of Brutus, exposed me at one period to the imminent danger, or at least the expectation, of chains and a dungeon.

'It is now a great while (1796) since I changed, very properly, the cleric habit for a second edition of tail and colored clothes, and in this guise I have preached at several places since I returned to England; but I have not preached at all lately. Yet after all I extremely regret that I am not employed in preaching.

'That denomination of people with which I have been conversant, have stronger causes of exception than the color of a waistcoat—my *opinions* have suffered some alteration. I have discarded, for instance, the doctrine of eternal punishments. I can avow no opinion on the peculiar points of Calvinism, for I have none, nor see the possibility of forming a satisfactory one. I am no Socinian, but I am in doubt between the orthodox and Arian doctrines, not without some inclination to the latter. It is a subject for deliberate, perhaps long, investigation, and I feel a sincerity which assures me that the issue, whatever it may be, must be *safe*. In this state of thought and feeling, I have just written to Mr. David, of Frome, requesting to be informed whether there be within his sphere of acquaintance an Arian congregation in want of a preacher, expressing to him, however, that my preference of *such* a congregation does not arise from a conclusive coincidence of opinion, but from a conviction that there only I can find the candor and scope which I desire.'—Vol. i. pp. 38—41.

Foster, in addition to this unsettled state of his opinions, his recluse habits, and his peculiar style of preaching, had adopted notions concerning churches which exhibited them as organizations always tending to do more harm than good. His own mind did not harmonize with any fellowship so general, and his feeling in this respect, as in many beside, gave law to his judgment. On the whole, it can occasion little surprise that he failed to obtain a home as a pastor, either at Newcastle or in Dublin. But early in 1797, he became the minister of a General Baptist church in Chichester. He retained this office about two years and a half, and this interval in his history is marked much more decidedly than any previous period by the signs both of mental and spiritual progress. He generally preached three times on the Sunday. But the congregation continued as he found it, in a very low and formal state, and soon after his removal it became extinct, and the place of worship was closed. There is a walk near the town which is still known by his name; 'but his most favorite resort for meditation was the chapel, where the well-worn bricks of the aisles still exhibit the vestiges of his solitary pacings to and fro by moonlight.' His letters written while in Chichester, are many of them deeply interesting, evincing a much more settled creed, and a stronger religious feeling.

From Chichester Foster removed to Battersea, and resided for a while with his friend, Mr. Joseph Hughes. During this short period he was frequently engaged in preaching in the villages of Surrey, in connexion with the Surrey Mission. But his

great improvement, he tells us, by reason of this association with Mr. Hughes, and with the persons to whom Mr. Hughes introduced him, was 'in respect of manners, conversation, habits, deportment, &c.' On this subject his biographer has spoken:

'Up to the period of leaving Chichester, Foster's intercourse with cultivated persons had been very limited. But on his removal to Battersea, and soon after in the neighborhood of Bristol, he was introduced to several individuals of refined taste, and superior intelligence. It is said by those who knew him, that his manners were vivacious, and his society in a high degree captivating; his conversation was ardent, intellectual and imaginative, with no faint coloring of the romantic. His outward appearance was not thought by him so unworthy of care as in later life he looked upon such matters, in relation to himself especially.'—Vol. i. p. 71.

In 1800, Foster removed to the village of Downend, about five miles from Bristol, where he became preacher at a small chapel, erected chiefly through the influence of Dr. Caleb Evans, the pastor of the Baptist Church assembling in Broadmead, Bristol. The year following, Foster visited his native place for the second and last time. But we learn that, 'with the exception of a wild solitary vale or two,' he felt little pleasure in 'retreading the ancient vestiges.' Everything seemed to have become the memento of change, and he found it impossible to escape from the melancholy thus induced.—What man can have visited his birth-place after long absence, and not know what this means!

Downend, however, was a sorry region to dwell in after the vale of Todmorden. It is a flat neighborhood, with black roads, and much more valuable for its coal-pits than for its agriculture. It could never have possessed any recommendation to Foster, except from the two or three respectable families who chanced to reside there, and from its nearness to Bristol.

In 1804, Foster was invited to become a minister of a Baptist congregation in Frome. This invitation was given chiefly through the strong recommendation of Robert Hall. But in Frome, as every where else, Foster was doomed to preach to a congregation in a low state, and one which hardly admitted of any speedy improvement. The town of Frome had little to commend it. It resembles the contents of a stone-cart discharged into a pit. To Foster it was sadly disagreeable; and we wonder not that it should have been so. Its neighborhood, however, has its beauties, for those who are disposed to go in search of them: but Foster was so closely and anxiously employed during his stay there, as to be little disposed to make such excursions. It was soon after his settlement in Frome that he published his memorable Essays. In 1806, he resigned his charge, and was subsequently much occupied as a writer in the 'Eclectic Review.' In 1807, he contributed thirteen articles to that journal. His marriage took place in 1808, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, after an acquaintance of seven years, and a courtship of five.

Mrs. Foster, while known as Miss Maria Snooke, resided at Bourton-on-the-Water, and Foster chose his home in that village during the nine years subsequent to his marriage. During those years he was chiefly occupied as a contributor to the 'Eclectic,' and in preaching on Sundays in the adjacent towns and villages. While at Bourton he lost his parents, and became himself a father. In 1817, he resumed his charge for a while at Downend. He was willing to believe that his practice for some years past as a village preacher, would be found to have qualified him for preaching with more acceptance to the rustic portion of his auditory at Downend, than when his former experiments were made there. But a few months sufficed to convince him of his mistake. His next, and last place of abode, was Stapleton, a genteel and remarkably quiet village about two miles from Bristol.

Subsequently to this last removal, Foster wrote little for the periodical press. The affairs of the Baptist academy, and the controversy respecting the Serampore mission, engaged much of his attention: and of his chief literary labors, we have the fruit in his 'Missionary Discourse,' his 'Essay on the Evil of Popular Ignorance,' his 'Introduction to Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion,' and in his 'Letters' published in the 'Morning Chronicle.' These publications, together with his volume of Essays, his collected Reviews, and the contents of the volume before us, constitute his works—all at least that are at present published in an authentic form, or that are likely to throw any material light upon his outward or his mental history.

In 1826, Mr. Foster had to mourn the loss of his son, an amiable and pious youth, in the sixteenth year of his age. Six years later he was bereft of Mrs. Foster. These events, and the decease of so many of his

early friends, whose place he had no disposition to supply by new acquaintance, threw a gloomy shadow over his remaining days. For some years before his death, his weakness, and particularly the great failure of his sight and memory, had rendered all literary labor impracticable. Of that event, which took place in his own house in Stapleton, on the fifteenth of October, 1843, there was little to record. It came almost without pain. His mind was calm, resigned, and confiding—full of those solemn, but hopeful thoughts, which became the closing scene of such a life.

When Foster was about thirty years of age, he questioned himself after this wise —'Have I so much originality as I suppose myself to have? The question arises from the reflection that very few original plans of action or enterprise ever occurred to my thoughts.'—(i. 198.) About the same date, he makes the following entry in his Journal, suggested by his having been several times in company with Mr. Hall—'The question that leads most directly to the true estimate of a man's talents is this—How much of *new* would prove to be gained to the region of truth, by the assemblage of all that his mind has contributed? The highest order of talent is certainly the power of revelation—the power of imparting new propositions of important truth: inspiration, therefore, while it continued in a given mind, might be called the paramount talent. The second order of talent is perhaps the power of development—the power of disclosing the reasons and proofs of principles, and the causes of facts. The third order of talent perhaps is the power of application—the power of adapting truth to effect.'—(i. 216.) From many passages now printed from the pen of Foster, and from passages still stronger to the same effect which we have seen in manuscript, we conclude that Foster would have described Hall as being most powerful in what he has designated as the 'third order of talent,' as possessing his next degree of power in the second order, and as least powerful in the first. And we feel obliged to admit the substantial correctness of this judgment. The extraordinary talent of Robert Hall was not that which discovers truth, nor that which profoundly investigates its reasons or its causes; but that which presents and applies it with clearness, and with singular beauty and effect. Not that Hall should be accounted deficient in the power of investigation and analysis; on the contrary, few men ever saw a topic more distinctly, in its parts, its causes, and its consequences. In general, his mind came in upon his subject —if we may so speak—with the authority of a field-marshal, calling the stragglers, and the broken sections to their places, and imparting relation, order, and unity to the whole, with an admirable skill and promptitude. If he failed, it was in the want of comprehensiveness, not as overlooking the distinctness of the parts which were really before him, but as not seeing the subject in its entireness, and as leaving his conclusion in consequence more open to objection than he supposed. In any other man, his faculty even in this respect would have been extraordinary; if it be not so spoken of in him, it is because he possessed another in a much higher degree.

In no respect was the mind of Foster so much distinguished from the mind of Hall as on this one point. Hence it happened, that *originality*, which was the strength of Foster, can hardly be said to have been a matter of effort, and certainly was no matter of pretension with Hall. The aim of Robert Hall, through the greater portion of his life, was to establish, to commend, and to diffuse the received truth, in the best possible form, and with the best possible accompaniments. To a mind like that of Foster, the more fervid genius of Hall must often have appeared as much too eager to give enthronement to its applauded dogma, and as not by any means suspicious enough in the examination of its credentials. The great essayist would feel disposed to ask many questions, and to indulge in many discriminations, while the great orator would see no occasion for submitting to the one kind of impediment or the other. The one always wrote in the manner of the preacher—the other always preached in the manner of the writer. The one, accordingly, would not suffer his course to be hindered by attending to subsidiary points, which, in his own judgment, did not affect the main question; the other took the greater questions and the less within his ample range, and knew nothing of rest until he had equally disposed of them all. The one challenged the cultivated, but still the popular thinking and sentiment in his favor; the other made no such appeals, but seemed to fall back, as if in sullen pride, on the pure reason of the thing, and calmly left the scrutiny of the most intellectual to do its worst. The more popular effect might

satisfy the one, but that was far from being sufficient to give contentment to the other.

It was not possible that an intellect of such power as that of Foster, when taking such a direction, should fail of originality. It was an intellect which travelled further than that of other men, and it would of necessity see more. It plunged to a deeper bed, and would fix its eye on wonders to which men of ordinary power could not reach The surface of things might be beautiful, but the mind of which we speak coveted the whole beauty—the interior as well as the exterior, the beauty beneath as well as above. It was a mind bent upon knowing all the knowable. It was ever moved by the persuasion that there is a reason and a harmony in all things, and it was intent on eliciting those secret forms of the beautiful wherever that should be found possible. Foster did not need to be assured that there are barriers which the human spirit may not pass; but he was not always prepared to admit that those barriers were so near as priests and people, in their indolence or credulity, were pleased to suppose. He was convinced that there were more distinct, more profound, and sometimes far other views than the popular to be attained on most subjects, and he sought to attain them. His strong individuality, which gave so much isolation to his mind, even from his childhood, naturally led him to such conclusions, and prompted him to such effort. Take the following passage as indicating the strong Mystic or Gnostic kind of feeling which bounded in him in the seasons of his deeper thoughtfulness. Be it remembered, too, that this language is from a young man—a man of thirty.

'I want to abstract and absorb into my soul, the sublime mysticism that pervades all nature, but I cannot. I look on all the vast scene as I should on a column sculptured with ancient hieroglyphics, saying 'there is significance there,' and despairing to read. At every turn it is as if I met a ghost of solemn, mysterious, and undefinable aspect, but while I attempt to arrest it, to ask it the veiled secrets of the world, it vanishes. The world is to me what a beautiful deaf and dumb woman would be; I can *see* the fair features, but there is no language to send forth and impart to me the element of soul.'—Vol. i. p. 175.

From this characteristic tendency, it has happened, that his compositions always appear like those of a man, who, before committing himself to the act of writing, has meditated on the substance of his theme until it has not only waxed brighter and brighter under his gaze, but until the suggestive thoughts teeming from it have formed a rich halo about it; and who commonly finds himself constrained to linger for a while in this outer circle of material for reflection, before coming immediately to the central matter from which it has emanated.

Enough is before us in these volumes to show that Foster, like Archbishop Whately, was more a man of thought than a man of reading. Many of the speculations which he appears to have regarded as novelties, had been the property of a long succession of thinkers before him; but it is hardly to be doubted, that we owe many an original mode of setting forth and of illustrating these conceptions, and many a conception original in itself, to the fact that Foster, with all his book-buying, and with all his vows as to the reading to which he *would* apply himself, was not really a man of books, but almost entirely a man of reflection. If he could have been brought to read systematically and largely on any subject, we should have supposed that he would so have done on the philosophy of the mind, so cognate to his characteristic tendencies, and so necessary to an adequate treatment of many of the questions in which he felt an intense interest. But so late as the year in which he published the first edition of his Essays he thus writes:

'My total want of all knowledge of intellectual philosophy, and of all metaphysical reading, I exceedingly deplore. Whatever of this kind appears in these letters is from my own observation and reflection, much more than from any other resource. But every thing belonging to abstraction has cost me inconceivable labor, and many passages which even now may not appear very perspicuous, or not perhaps even true, are the fourth or fifth labored forms of the ideas. I like my mind for its *necessity* of seeking the abstraction of every subject, but at the same time this is, without more knowledge and discipline, extremely inconvenient, and sometimes the work is done very awkwardly and erroneously.'—Vol. i. p. 309.

Four years later he adds—'Among books I am muddling on in a poor way. Many of them I never look into, some of them when I do look into, I cannot understand (per ex. Cudworth, Locke, Hume, &c.) The bits and sections I read without order in others, I utterly forget, and in short, but for the name and notion of the thing, I might nearly as well have no books at all, excepting, indeed, those with pictures in, which I find nearer my taste and capacity.'—Vol. i. p. 408.

It was some years subsequent to the time

when these sentences were penned, that we frequently met Foster, and his conversation was generally such as to convey the impression to our mind, with regard to his metaphysical, and even his general reading, which is sufficiently indicated in these passages. To science proper, he never made any pretension. Of course, when we speak of the reading and acquirements of Foster as limited, we shall be understood as speaking of these things comparatively—considered as the reading and acquisitions of such a man. In these respects, we scarcely need say that Hall was immensely his superior. Hall was well read as a metaphysician, and his general reading, though considerably defective in some departments, was, on the whole, of large extent. On no point, perhaps, was the deficiency of Hall more observable in this respect than on the subject of English History. We remember to have heard him say—Christian, Puritan, and Whig-radical as he was—that he did not see the need of any better History of England than would be found in the volumes of Hume! With regard to Foster, it is certain that he was vastly more at home, as he states, with books which had pictures in them, than with almost any other kind of books—the books intended, however, being volumes of travels and antiquities, including just so much of the literary as sufficed to render the pictorial instructive and suggestive. He owed to the world-volume, ever open before him, more than to all other volumes; and other books were congenial to him the more they resembled th 'i vorite one, placing him amidst living men and visible nature over the widest possible surface. It was not enough that he should *read* about the distant and the past; he must *see* them: and in proportion as he could so do, they became available material to his mind. Thus aided, he could live amidst the wonders of the Egyptian Thebes, or upon the soil of old Greece, or could face the snows of the North Pole with the modern voyager. In this sort of reading few men had kept pace with him. His expenditure to gratify his taste in this way exceeded his means, and subjected him to some conscientious inquietude in his later days, though when cautioned about the excess by his friends, he generally had his strong arguments ready to prove that it was no excess at all—or to show that, if it were, it was the excess of a wise man, while many of the extravagances of his censors could not be brought under so honorable a description.

If we were required to submit to our readers, according to Foster's own rule of judgment in such cases, all the new truth which we believe him to have added to our previous truth, in the shape of 'distinct propositions,' we confess that we should feel the task to be one of great difficulty. Much, as we have intimated, was new to Foster, which was not new to the more learned of his readers; and it must be conceded, that when his thinking bears the impress of originality in the highest degree, we do not find in it the great distinct propositions which promise to impregnate the future, and to become watchwords in after generations. His manner of thinking, and his manner of writing which was moulded by it, were not of a kind to admit of such simplicity and alertness of application. His thoughts are presented to us in forms, and with accompaniments, much too huge and complicated to be susceptible of any such use, in the state in which he has left them. But we may say of Foster as we say of Bacon,—if he has not been himself a great discoverer, he has done much to put others into the way of attaining to such distinction. The electric words which vibrate through the heart of nations, or the simple but grand principles of action by which good and brave men work wonders, were not likely to be announced by him; but his thoughts abound with the elements from which such instruments of power may be wrought up, and from which they will be wrought up by the more adroit spirits to come after him. To exhibit the old truth in new aspects, is to exhibit it in new affinities and in new relations, and to convert it into a stepping-stone to the absolutely new. If we mistake not, it is strictly in this way that Foster has done his great service to the church and to Society. His mind followed out the old truth so thoroughly as to be ever converging upon the new; and, if, like another Columbus, he has not explored the strange region very largely, he has often indicated clearly enough what other men might accomplish. Let any man look to the style of thinking and writing among us in relation to evangelical truth before the appearance of Foster's Essays and since, and while many causes have no doubt contributed to the healthy change, it surely is not the least of those causes that we see in the writings of this author—writings in which there are not wanting instances of defectiveness, one-sidedness,

and of truth pushed mischievously far, but where the reasoning is in general so characterized by analytic power, comprehensiveness, and boldness, as to have come like a mission of light on a host of intelligent spirits within the last forty years.

We have just spoken of Foster's *analytical* power—a power hardly separable from some of the other forms of power to which we have adverted. The mind, anxious to attain to a real knowledge of things, is naturally prompted to resolve them, as far as possible, into their elements. The power to analyse, and the power to know, are felt to be the same thing. With physical and chemical analysis, indeed, Foster was little conversant, but on ethical and religious subjects he followed this course with a vigor which at times laid bare a frightful amount of morbid anatomy. No intelligent man can be acquainted with the writings of Foster without observing, that to detect the false and the corrupt was the kind of service to which he seemed to feel himself as especially commissioned. Imbecility and depravity were about him in forms so manifold and so extended, as to seem to leave him little room for any thing besides: and he evidently was inclined to think, that in a world in which folly and evil are so dominant, war against these things should be regarded as the great duty. Little acquainted as he was with mental philosophy, as it is expounded and systematized in books, he was a close student of mental processes in his own case, and a close observer of them in other men. Very few men, even among professed metaphysicians, have made greater effort to ascertain what the human spirit is made of, and how it works; and few have seen so far by their own unaided vision into that chamber of imagery. Small as may have been his attention to the technical forms of logic, and even to moral science considered as a science, it is with a strong and skillful hand that he separates between the fallacious in reasoning and the sound, and between the seeming in morals and the real. Rarely does he seem to be so much at home as when spoiling the game of conventional hollowness and selfishness, by stripping off from them the garb of precise virtue or extraordinary piety so often assumed by them. Politicians and religionists, of all classes, fall, in their turn, under this rigid scrutiny and censorship. It is in this examination—in this *asserting of* human thoughts, passions, and motives, that we meet with the strongest indications of Foster's originality and power. But while his labors in this department conduced eminently to those great moral results which it was so much his solicitude to promote—it is here, where we find his greatest excellencies, that we also find his greatest faults.

We have said that Foster was much more disposed to concern himself with human nature in the views of it which called for rebuke and correction, than in the views which present it as still including much that should be applauded and strengthened. And we must not hesitate to say, that we regard this tendency as an unhappy one—unhappy as regards the subject of it, and not less so as regards his usefulness as a writer. One effect of it was to subject the mind of Foster to the influence of the most gloomy and desponding thoughts in respect to human nature, and to the influence of feelings which verged too often on the misanthropic. It is a sad change we witness when we see him descend from his mystic communion with the lovely and great in the material universe, to hold converse with the real facts of the moral world. In this lower region, weakness or wickedness seems to meet him every where, leaving him little space for observation on any thing better.

It was natural that the friendships of such a mind should be few. Where Foster acknowledged such ties, they were ties which derived their strength mainly from old association. Writing in his twenty-first year, he says, 'I feel no inclination, nay, I feel a strong aversion, to any attempt to cultivate general or numerous intimacies. Nature never formed me for it.'—(i. p. 18.) Twelve years later he writes, 'I find myself not completely formed for friendship, for I often seclude myself in gloomy abstraction, and say, 'All this availeth me nothing.' '—(i. p. 148.) About the same time he records these words: 'Beyond all other extravagance of folly is that of expecting or wishing to live in a great number of hearts.'—(i. p. 223.) In his thirty-fifth year he says, 'I keep to my text on the subject of forming new friendships; I am quite too old for it. When I see people good and sensible I am glad of it for *their* sake, not for my own.'—(i. p. 324.) His letters show that he came into frequent and kindly intercourse with a few favored persons subsequently to the time in which he thus wrote; and some of the

friendships which he valued to the end of life were not formed until he had somewhat passed its middle period; but his feeling in this respect always remained very much as described in the above passages. We feel bound to add, also, that to our knowledge, some of the persons who were admitted to this favored cognizance were as little free from the follies, or from some of the graver defects, which beset humanity, as were a large proportion of their neighbors in the same social position; and in some of these instances, where our grave discerner of spirits expected to see displays of a pure and lofty patriotism, and one knows not what besides, we are sure that no other man in the kingdom ever expected to see any tolerable approach towards such virtues. It was as well, perhaps, that this blindness in part should have happened to him; but there is a good deal of what is psychologically curious in the fact that a mind so sensible to the foibles and infirmities of human nature at large, as to be constantly shrinking from all close contact with general society, should have been so proof against disturbance from appearances of this sort as belonging to the particular piece of humanity here or there with which it happened to be brought into nearer intimacy. Some of his friends were entitled to all the esteem and affection with which he regarded them: but could he only have managed to extend to society generally the benefits of that exuberant candor which he exercised in favor of a very small portion of it, humanity to John Foster would have been a very different subject to speculate upon, and this world of ours would have been to him a much more welcome place to dwell in. Even his marriage served rather to strengthen than to abate this recluse, self-reliant, and collapsed habit. If his 'domestic associate' had any fault, it was in being too much his own counterpart—a stately, grave, silent, lady-abbess kind of person. The points of agreement between them were abundant, but we suspect that a little more diversity, if only of the right kind, might have been no unwholesome ingredient in their joint cup of life.

We have seen that this singular sensitiveness to the weaknesses of human beings contributed to put Foster wholly out of humor with the very notion of a church. He was himself little disposed to become one in such a brotherhood. *He* could not bestow the expression of a strong cordiality on any such mixed multitude, and the result which is too common in such cases followed—the duty which was felt to be especially difficult, was found out to be no duty at all! The observations of Mr. Hughes on this crotchet, show the vigorous tone in which that excellent person could have written on such topics if he had chosen, and are such as should have sufficed to put his philosophical malcontent friend into a more rational and kindly mood. He thus writes:—

'I think your conclusion strange. To be sure, if there were no churches there would be no ecclesiastical squabbles; and it may be added, if there were no states, there would be no civil broils; and if there were no vegetable productions, there would be no deadly nightshade; and if there were no water, no one would be drowned; and if there were no fire, no one would be consumed; and if there were no victuals, no one would be choked. Church-framers may egregiously err; but when you scout the whole tribe, and all their works, tell us how we ought to proceed; make out a strong case, and show at least that the way you would substitute would be free from the objections that cling to the old ways, and would secure greater advantages.'

'He believed that there was more of appearance than of reality in the union of church membership; and that at all events its benefits were greatly over-rated. With the exception of public worship and the Lord's Supper, he was averse to every thing institutional in religion. He never administered, nor ever witnessed in mature life, (it is believed,) the ordinance of baptism, and was known to entertain doubts respecting its perpetuity.'—Vol. i. pp. 61, 62.

But our Essayist continued to 'loathe what bears the general 'denomination of the *church*,' and would have freed Christianity from all dependence on 'corporation forms and principles,' reducing it, as far as possible, to a matter of pure personal conviction. We repeat, that in all this we see the temperament of the man, and nothing more. It is his feeling and not his logic that is at fault. Paul could address Christian churches as his joy—his longed for—his crown, and Mr. Foster *ought* to have been capable of speaking to the same effect, in the same relations, without adopting the language of insincerity. We admit that we owe much to Mr. Foster, but we speak thus freely because we feel that we owe more to Christian consistency and to truth.

It will of course be conceded, that to feel the attraction of the higher forms of excellence, supposes in general a high or-

der of power and refinement. But when this ideal standard takes such possession of a man as to render him incapable of general and cordial action with his fellows, he therein betrays his weakness rather than his strength—his weakness, as we think, intellectually and morally. Our greatest men have been men who, while they saw the worst that is in human nature, have also seen the better which is included in it, and judging of humanity largely and hopefully, have been capable of acting with it, and for it, cordially and powerfully. The desponding temper, so naturally allied with an everlasting fault-seeing, is the reverse of the heroic, the apostolic, the truly Christian. It is not of true greatness, and can never lead to the highest achievements of greatness. The proof of greatness is not to become awe struck and prostrate before difficulty, but to surmount it; or at least to bring the ability which the great only can command to the effort to surmount it. It is no sign of wisdom to abstain from doing any thing, because we cannot do the best thing. The great men of the world, and as the natural consequence of their being such, have always been the men most alive to the littleness ever characterizing the multitude of our species. But humanity, with all its imperfections, has been the instrument with which such men have had to work, and their success has resulted, not from indulging in endless complainings about the faultiness of this instrument, but by estimating it at its proper value, and doing the best that might be done with such means. One effect, too, of always living as in the sight of a lofty ideal standard, should be to render a man particularly sensible to his own deficiencies; and that consciousness should dispose him to look with a large charity upon the deficiencies of his neighbors, and should prepare him to appreciate to the full, and with a strong positive affection, whatever of the morally or religiously beautiful may still be found among men.

We make these remarks because, with many of our young aspirants, to take on the gait of men of genius, seems just now to be as much a matter of fashion as our Paris millinery; and we have feared that not a few in reading these volumes may be seduced into the vain notion, that to assume a cynical air, and to seem to see a great deal to censure and avoid in what is doing in the church and in society, will be to see things *à la Foster*, and to be entitled to a place among men of extraordinary intelligence and genius. We would, with all deference, beseech such persons to pause before they take this notion in as gospel, and would pray them remember that to emulate genius and to ape an infirmity are not really the same thing. In this respect, what was not affectation in Foster must become glaringly such in his imitators. Foster himself should have remembered, that he is the greatest man who, with most of superiority to other men, still retains the largest share of sympathy with them. Such a man is a proper man at all points. We find pieces of humanity every where; to find something like its entireness in one character is a marvel. Foster had his seasons in which he was painfully sensible to his want of humane and Christian dutifulness in this respect, and in which he sincerely lamented it. But the cause, as we have seen, was deeply-rooted. On this subject he shall speak for himself.

'What an insipid thing this world of mankind is! How few we find whom we can at all wish to make one's intimate, inseparable friends! How trifling, too, are the efforts and productions of the human mind! The whole system of human attainments, pleasures, and designs, sometimes strikes me as a confused mass of insanity. Almost every thing carries some glaring mark of deficiency and meanness.'—Vol. i. p. 47.

'434. (In the vestry of Battersea meeting during evening service.) Most emphatic feeling of my individuality—my insulated existence. To the continent of human nature I am a small *island* near its coast.'—Vol. i. p. 183.

'625. How often I have entered a room with the embarrassment of feeling that all my motions, gestures, postures, dress, &c., were critically appreciated, and self-complacently condemned; but at the same time with the bold consciousness that the inquisitive could reach no further. I have said with myself, 'My *character*, that is, the *man*, laughs at you behind this veil; I may be the devil for what you can tell; and you would not perceive neither if I were an angel of light.'—Vol. i. p. 206.

'You are one of the very small number of persons that I have ever known, whose affection I shall always be anxious to retain.'—Vol. i. p. 327.

'While Mr. D. was reading a chapter this morning, I had a deep feeling of disliking all social exercises unless it could be with an individual or two with whom I could feel an entire reciprocation of soul. This was a feeling of *individuality*, not of impiety; and how often I have experienced it, even in the presence of worthy people—a feeling as if I could wish to

vanish out of the room, and find myself walking in some lonely wood.'—Vol. i. p. 362.

'I know not how to bring into intelligible description a feeling which I have many times been obscurely conscious of having, and particularly in two or three instances of late—a feeling of revolting when I find myself coming into any thing like intimate, confiding kindness with persons, however worthy and kind, if they are not the individual or two with whom my intimacy can be congenial and entire.'—Vol. i. p. 363.

'To-day, in seeing the numberless multitude, as they were passing backward and forward, or standing in ranks, one glanced at their countenances with a sort of recoil from each and almost all; not from the mere effect of their material cast, but also, and very strongly, from their apparent expression of character—even of those who were evidently not of what we mean by the *vulgar*.'—Vol. ii. p. 343.

'I have a thousand times felt a vain regret on this subject. It assists a very strong tendency which I feel to misanthropy. I have long been taught and compelled by observations to form a very bad opinion of mankind; this conviction is irresistible; but at the same time I am aware of the Christian duty of cultivating benevolence as ardent as if the contrary estimate of human character were true. I feel it most difficult to preserve any thing like this benevolence; my mind recoils from human beings, except very few, into a cold interior retirement, where it feels as if dissociated from the whole creation. I do not, however, in any degree approve this tendency, and I earnestly wish and pray for more of the spirit of the Saviour of the world.'—Vol. i. pp. 319, 320.

These are honest confessions. Indeed, they contain more than the truth. It is plain, from the writings of Foster, that he *could* regard men in general with a much greater degree of sympathy than the above statements would lead us to suppose. Though he despaired of being able to do much to improve the condition of his fellow mortals, it is manifest that the labor of his life was directed with a deep interest to that end. Still he wanted geniality with man as man, and with Christians as Christians. Considerations that should have bound him to the one and the other were not allowed their due influence. In this respect, the spirit of Hall was widely different from that of Foster. The former saw revolting tendencies in human nature hardly less distinctly or fully than the latter, but he saw much beside there; and one of the great charms of his character consisted in the readiness with which his heart welcomed every sign of moral or religious worth, though the attainment should be by no means perfect, and though it should be found in the humblest possible association. He was much less disposed than his gifted brother to underrate the day of small things. He could see much to delight him, where Foster would see little to call forth any such feeling; and he could in consequence see motives to action, and could labor with the freshness of hope, where his friend would have surrendered himself to musings upon the littleness and meanness of the best that might be done, and on the probabilities, or perhaps the certainty, of failure. The views of Hall, moreover, as to the propriety of means, no less than as to the value of results, were much more reasonable and confiding than those of Foster. He did not often fail in respect to his object by reason of a morbid scrupulousness about the road which might most consistently lead to it. The road must be substantially a right one, but he had the sagacity to perceive that in this world absolute perfection belongs not to means any more than to results.

When the late excellent Bishop Ryder was about leaving Lutterworth, he assembled the poor of his parish at the rectory, and the man who had grown up among peers, and who was now about to join that order in the Upper House, read with this portion of his flock, conversed with them, prayed with them, and during an intercourse of several hours commended them in every way to the esteem and affection of each other, and to the favor of God. We remember Robert Hall describing that scene with the most animated feeling of delight, and concluding with the words—'Was there ever any thing more beautiful, sir—any thing more like a primitive pastor?' What Bishop Ryder did, Robert Hall, we doubt not, would have done in the same circumstances. But to Foster the whole proceeding, we fear, would have seemed to take with it too much of the air of spiritual parade. He would have wished those persons well, would have prayed earnestly for them, but he would have chosen his study, or the neighboring field, or wood, in which so to have employed himself in their behalf. He could not have looked on those partially instructed, and still very imperfect people with a sufficient degree of complacency; nor could he in consequence have brought his feeling up to such a tone of cordiality towards them as would, in his judgment, have warranted so

strong an outward indication of interest and affection. We honor the fine scrupulous integrity of such a spirit; but we must say, that we account that as much the most healthy state of mind which, supposing a man to be satisfied as to the substantial sincerity of his feelings and purposes, should at once prompt him to do as this 'primitive pastor,' in the person of the modern bishop, is said to have done. Our young pastors, we hope, if they must be imitators of John Foster, will direct their emulation to his strong points, and not to hismis takes. In the middle ages, Foster would, we suspect, have found his home in a monastery, and his only willing employment in speculation—his speculations being sometimes restricted to the prescribed course, but more frequently diverging from it in a manner to break in strangely upon the routine thoughts of the brotherhood, and to be somewhat perilous to himself. Or might he not have become the founder of an order? In those days—with all just reverence towards his memory be it spoken—we think the pedestrian journey of Foster in his youth would have been in the direction of Kirkstall, or Bolton Abbey, and not in search of an Academy at Bristol.

But some of our readers will possibly be incredulous on this point, and almost offended at our venturing such an intimation. What!—John Foster a monk, or a patron of monkery? Good reader, bear with us a little. Allow us to remind you of the views relative to the moral state of our world which were always present to the mind of this extraordinary person, and to ask whether they are not in substance those which, if made still darker by the power of superstition, and by the abounding lawlessness which obtained in the middle ages, would naturally have pointed to a 'forsaking the world,' as it was called in those times, as a blessed privilege? Hear what he says on this matter:—

'I sometimes fall into profound musings on the state of this great world, on the nature and the destinies of man, on the subject of the question—'What is truth?' The whole hemisphere of contemplation appears inexpressibly mysterious. It is cloud pursuing cloud, forest after forest, and Alps upon Alps! It is in vain to declaim against skepticism. I feel with an emphasis of conviction, and wonder, and regret, that almost all things are enveloped in shade, that many things are covered with the thickest darkness, that the number of things to which certainty belongs is small. One of the very few things that appear to me not doubtful, is the truth of Christianity in general.'—I. 89, 90.

'I have no hope of any extensive prevalence of true religion, without the interference of angelic or of some other extraordinary and yet unknown agency to direct its energies, and conquer the vast combination of obstruction and hostility that opposes it. Men are the same they always were; and therefore till some such wonderful event takes place, their affections *will* be commanded by sense in opposition to faith, by earth in preference to heaven. The same causes operating, it were absurd to expect different effects.'—I. 91.

'Indisposition of mankind to think; souls make the world a vast dormitory. The heaven—appointed destiny under which they are placed seems to protect them from reflection: there is an *opium sky* stretched over all the world, which continually rains soporifics.'—I. 196.

'These are gloomy times—it is only the anticipation of a superior state that can save life in *any* circumstances from deserving to be called wretched.'—I. 293.

'I should nauseate the place (Frome) if I had been habituated to it a century. At first, I felt an intense loathing: I hated every house, timber, stone, and brick in the town, and almost the very trees, fields, and flowers in the country round. I have, indeed, long since lost all attachment to this world, and shall never regain it. Neither indeed for this do I care; we shall soon leave it for ever.'—I. 304.

'Probably I may before have expressed to you that I have such a horror of this world, as a scene for young persons to be cast and hazarded into, that habitually, and with a strong and pointed sentiment, I congratulate children and young persons on being intercepted by death at the entrance into it, except in a few particular cases of extraordinary promise for piety, talent, and usefulness.'—II. 96.

'I hope, indeed, may assume, that you are of a cheerful temperament: but are you not sometimes invaded by the darkest visions and reflections while casting your view over the scene of human existence, from the beginning to this hour? To me it appears a most mysteriously awful economy, overspread by a lurid and dreadful shade.'—II. 444, 445.

Let these passages be taken along with those just now cited, and it must be at once seen that the wisest and the worthiest of the men who gave themselves to the life of the recluse in past ages did so for reasons strictly of this description. Scarcely a man of them ever said any thing more truly monastic—we had almost said more thoroughly Manichean—than is the substance of these descriptions. With such views, nothing was more natural than that Foster's manner of looking upon the world and the church should be that of a man who gazed upon them from his cell.

He did not—*would* not, connect himself more than very partially and remotely with the one or the other. He was observant of what both were doing, but it was always at a distance, and almost entirely through the 'loophole' of the press. Periodical publications were the spectacles wherewith he peered out upon the doings of the living and bustling region about him. Much as he must have seen in men of genius with which to sympathize, he was as little disposed to become one with them as one with the crowd. He conversed with our great men in the pages of our literary journals, but felt no inclination towards any more intimate communication with them. This was a grave loss to him—the loss of a greatly needed stimulus; and he was thus left to depend for his friendships, in the greater part, on minds greatly inferior to his own, and whose influence tended to strengthen his natural indolence rather than to excite him to the kind of effort which became him. Foster knew, indeed, that our most able men are too often irreligious men, and the drawback from this latter circumstance, he would have felt as by no means trivial in his intercourse with them; but there is enough in these letters to warrant the impression that one reason why he did not seek a higher intellectual fellowship was, that he felt it would not be agreeable to him to be materially disturbed in the particular habits he had formed. One of his few chosen friends, who was a man of some shrewdness, and could tell a good story, but was marvellously vain withal, was a person so well informed, that he once inquired, in our hearing, if Butler's Analogy was not the book which Queen Elizabeth used to read before breakfast.

We have intimated that this recluse and gloomy temperament, which was thus unfavorable to Foster's aspirations as a man of genius, was unfavorable to his repose as a man of piety. His views of man, of himself, and of the relation of the moral world to its Creator as a moral governor, filled him with all kinds of conflicting thoughts. His solicitude to be at rest in these respects, and his inability to find the rest he coveted, are equally conspicuous. In this connexion, also, the contrast between Foster and Hall is observable and instructive. Hall was the subject of much physical suffering during the greater portion of his life, and it appears to have been given to him, as if by way of compensation against trial in another form, that he should be capable of resting on the immediate and ascertained truths of revelation with a child-like reliance, calmly leaving those great facts which are so nearly allied to the mysterious and the awful to become more intelligible beneath the light of a future state, or to be approved there, in the exercise of that degree of confidence in the Divine government which must belong to a perfected moral nature. In his earlier years, he had known what those conflicts mean which so often brought their dark shadows over the mind of Foster; but in his later life, he evinced more of the wisdom which is from above in his manner of viewing such questions, than any man at all of the same order with whom it has been our privilege to be acquainted. He knew, as few speculative minds have known, how to separate between the revealed things which belong to us, and the secret things which belong to God; and could guard with a sound Christian precaution against allowing himself to be defrauded of the benefit to be derived from the known, by indulging in undue questionings about the unknown.

The flippant maxim, that 'where mystery begins, religion ends,' with which a certain class of theologians seemed to be so much enamored half-a-century since, we need not now attempt to refute. It should have been obvious to any metaphysical mind, at a glance, that the existence of one Eternal, Infinite Nature must be an infinite mystery—an infinite mystery inseparable from all the relations of creature and Creator. No differences in the nature or condition of created beings can possibly diminish this impassable gulph, in the slightest conceivable degree. It must be a truth, and at the same time a mystery, and in the same degree a mystery to man and to cherubim, on earth and in heaven, in time and through eternity. What is thus true of the nature of Deity, will no doubt be in the same degree true of the dispensations of Deity. In his works and government, his thoughts will no doubt be above the thoughts of the created, and his ways above the ways of his creatures, throughout all duration. Nothing can be more irrational than to suppose that the distance between Him and Them should be what it ever must be, and that his works and government should not be of a nature to indicate that distance. Indeed, instead of its being true that 'where mystery begins, religion ends,' it is rather true that where there is

most of religion, there must be most of contact with the mysterious; for it is not more certain that the amount of a creature's religiousness must be determined by the amount of his rightly applied knowledge, than it must be certain that the amount of the known must be, to the creature possessing it, but as an ascent to a higher position, from which to look out more largely upon the still widening domain, and the still deepening shadows of the unknown. This is the law of progress in all knowledge. In this view, heaven will be even more a place of mystery than earth. Much that was dark will have become light, but only to shed its new light on the still onward region where the clouds and shadows are still resting, and to secure to our existence an endless progression, intellectually and spiritually. What will be attained hereafter, will not be that mystery will cease, but that our tendency to stumble at it will have come to an end—not that the line which now separates between the creature light and darkness will disappear, but that the creature mind will be so built up and braced together in right habits of thinking and affection, as to be ever capable of bowing with a glad and filial worship on the threshold which separates between the attained and the still unveiled. We do not know that Hall has any where fully and formally expounded the principle of this high order of obedience, but he has exemplified its influence in a manner which we hardly expect to see surpassed on this side heaven. When we turn to the sincerely devout and benevolent mind of Foster, we feel that to blame him because he did not pursue the same course with the same measure of docility, is more than we dare.. His not so doing, whatever the causes may have been, was his own loss, and the weight of that loss he alone fully understood. There are minds which never see the sort of difficulties to which we now advert. The fact of the Incarnation, or the Origin of Evil itself, is no more perplexing to them than the precept—'Children obey your parents.' Good, comfortable souls; to such, of course, we have been indulging in a great waste of words and thought.

Foster's doctrine concerning the moral state of man greatly influenced the general complexion of his theology. By such views of man, he was naturally prepared to retain firmly the doctrine of the Atonement and the doctrine of Divine Influence. There was in his mind an obvious relation between the greatness of the guilt and depravity of man, and the greatness of the means interposed to remove the one and to subdue the other. These truths, if not so prominent in his pulpit instructions as they should have been, are truths which he sincerely embraced, and which gave their strong impress to his religious feeling. In short, he differed from the moderate Calvinists of his time in two points only, both of which were results from his general views of human nature, and from the peculiar tone of his moral feeling. He was, upon occasions, not a little severe in his censure of particular persons, and of particular classes of men; but when he looked beyond such limits to human nature at large, he generally spoke like a man more ready to pity than to blame. This feeling disposed him to a line of argument which ended in his adoption of the doctrine of philosophical necessity on the one hand, and in his denial of the doctrine of eternal punishment on the other. In his twenty-fifth year, Foster had relinquished the latter of these doctrines, and was never afterwards a believer in it.* There is a letter in the second volume of the publication before us which states his views on this subject at considerable length.† There is also a series of letters extant on this topic, written by Foster a few years before his decease, to his justly valued friend Mr. Joseph Cottle, of Bristol. Of these letters, all of which we have been permitted to read, the one now published may be said to contain the subtance. Indeed this letter consists mostly of selected portions from the unprinted letters, as returned to Foster, in compliance with his own request, by the friend to whom they were addressed.

Foster admits that the language of scripture which seems to convey the received doctrine is very strong. He also admits that the fact that those scriptures have been understood in their literal and larger sense by so great a majority of divines, is one of great weight. But his argument in relation to this tenet is almost wholly a 'a moral argument,' consisting in an attempt to realize in the largest extent possible the idea of an ETERNITY of SUFFERING; and in a humble but distinct avowal of his inability to recognize such a doctrine as one which may be made to harmonize, in any view of it, with the infinite benevolence of God. Hence it

* Vol. i., p. 41. † Letter ccxxi.

is insisted, that the few passages of scripture in which the doctrine seems to be conveyed should be subjected to a modified interpretation, as meaning no more, at the most, than that the wicked after a protracted period of great suffering, will sink into annihilation. His feelings, indeed, would have carried him to the conclusion of a universal restitution, but his main solicitude has respect only to a negation—to a denial of the one point of eternal punishment. Mr. Cottle, in his replies to the letters of his friend, has argued in support of the received doctrine, that it does not suppose the extreme of punishment in all cases, but, on the contrary, a gradation of infliction; and adds, moreover, that the conclusion, that all who die in a state of separateness from Christian privileges, do spiritually perish, is a point not proved. None of these modifications, however, sufficed to render the doctrine admissable in the judgment of Foster. It would not be expedient that we should attempt to enter on this grave question without doing so fully, and as our limits will not admit of our so doing at present, we must content ourselves with this bare statement of the opinion of Foster in relation to it, and of the nature of the argument adduced by him in its favor.

These published letters contain little allusion to that doctrine of philosophical or moral necessity to which we have referred as maintained by Foster, and which is so freely stated and reasoned upon in his letters to Mr. Cottle. This doctrine was regarded by Foster as favorable to his views on the question of future punishment. He did not confound the notion of necessity with an absolute fatalism, in the manner of Hobbes, so as at once to efface the distinction between vice and virtue; but he certainly retained it as carrying with it a large amount of abatement in respect to the turpitude of that moral evil by which our race is every where borne away. That sin committed during so short an interval, should be followed by punishment of such duration, was to him an inexpressible difficulty; and that sin committed in such circumstances should be followed by such results made that difficulty still more insuperable. His argument on this subject is in substance as follows:—That the character and conduct of men, in all the evil they include no less than in the good, are the necessary effect of the causes which produce them; that those causes have their appointment from God; that the All-wise and All-just being who fore-appointed these causes, foresaw the consequences that would flow from them, and did really fore-ordain these consequences—fore-knowledge and fore-ordination being with the Divine nature the same thing—the same thing whether the fore-ordination be to evil and consequent misery, or to good and consequent happiness. But along with this law of necessity, which is thus rigidly established by reason, there is a 'practical law' among men, which gives them the confidence of being free agents, and which no doubt contributes much more than any metaphysical conclusion could do to the comparative good conduct of individuals, and the orderly government of the affairs of the world. Foster's reasoning on this subject is comprised of little more than an iteration of the above points, which he regards as sustained virtually or substantially both by philosophy and scripture. Compared with what he might have found on this much vexed question in our metaphysical writers, his argument is in some respects so restricted and obscure, and so ill-fenced, as to justify the conclusion that it was scarcely at all the effect of reading, but the fruit almost entirely of his own anxious thoughts. The error, for example, of supposing that moral causes, as bearing upon the doctrine of necessity, are the strict parallel of physical causes, does not appear to have occurred to him.

Mr. Cottle, in his replies, appeals with much force to the common sentiments of mankind as strongly announcing human responsibility; and also to the facts and language of scripture, in which the inspired writers, and the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit all address themselves to man as clearly an accountable being, and who as surely as they are themselves true, and can be the teachers only of the truth, must have intended, in the use of such language, to convey the doctrine which it could not fail to convey. And thus between these two good men we have the whole controversy on this subject in its old posture before us. The doctrine of necessity is proved by reasoning—the doctrine of liberty is proved by fact. The former conclusion comes purely from the understanding, the latter from the understanding and from our moral nature conjointly. What is wanting is the intermediate light that might come in and show how these two laws are made to work consistenly with each other. Both have their truth, and each proves his truth by the kind of evidence adapted to it; the

evidence being apparently as irresistible on the one side as on the other—and the error of men in all ages has been, in their leaning unduly to the right hand or the left. Foster's tendency was to verge too much towards something like the darkness of destiny, still retaining his hold on the truth, that whatsoever is, is of God, and that, in some sense consistent with his perfections, it is the best. But it does not appear to have occurred to him to ask, whether an opinion, which, if universally received, would paralyze all the moral machinery of the universe can be true; and whether the contrary opinion, which alone tends to put all into healthy action, can be a lie? Whether, in fact, the Father of truth has been obliged to borrow the mainspring of his government from the father of falsehood?

Foster, as a *preacher*, is delineated with much gracefulness and truth by his honored friend, Mr. Shepherd. We have much pleasure in extracting the following passage from the judicious 'Observations' contributed on this subject by that gentleman:—

'The sermons of Foster were of a cast quite distinct from what is commonly called oratory, and, indeed, from what many seem to account the highest style of eloquence—namely, a flow of facile thoughts through the smooth channels of uniformly elevated polished diction, graced by the utmost appliances of voice and gesture.

'But they possessed for me, and for not a few hearers, qualities and attractions much preferable to these. The basis of important thoughts was as much original or underived from other minds, as, perhaps, that of any reading man's reflections in our age of books could be; still more so the mode and aspect in which they were presented. That unambitious and homely sort of loftiness, which displayed neither phrase nor speaker, but things,—while the brief word and simple tone brought out the sublime conception 'in its clearness;' that fund of varied associations and images by which he really illustrated, not painted or gilded his truths; the graphic master-strokes, the frequent hints of profound suggestion for after-meditation, the cogent though calm expostulations and appeals, the shrewd turns of half-latent irony against irreligion and folly, in which, without any descent from seriousness and even solemnity, the speaker moved a smile by his unconscious approaches to the edge of wit, yet effectually quelled it by the unbroken gravity of his tone and purpose,—all these characteristics had for me an attractive power and value, both by novelty and instructiveness, far above the qualities of an oratory or eloquence more fashioned on received rules and models. I should scarcely be ready to except in this comparison, as it regarded my personal admiration and improvement, even the rapid and fervid, yet finished elocution of Hall; though this as being more popular, while also more critically perfect, was I suppose more generally effective.

'A comparison, which I confess may appear too far-fetched, has often presented itself to my mind, as picturing the differences between the respective style and manner of these remarkable preachers. On the noble modern road over the Alps, formed by the engineers of Napoleon, one gains here and there a view of that mountain track by which the passage had been made before. In moving quickly up the long traverses and sweeping curves of the new ascent, you trace on some opposite height the short angular zig-zags of the path that preceded it. One might compare the eloquence of Hall to this great work; carrying you with ease to the loftiest elevations, winding with a graceful and simple, though elaborate course, amidst varied sublimities, gliding smoothly beside snowy summits where angels would seem to tread, and over gulfs where the voice of the wind or torrent might bring to mind the lamentings of the lost. On the other hand, the eloquence of our more recently departed friend has reminded me of that former mountain road, with its sudden turns of discovery and surprise; bringing us now to the brink of an awful perpendicular, then startling us by the quick descent to a goatherd's quaint dwelling in the glen; advancing along the giddy ledges of a cliff, and then by a sharp turn placing us close to some household scene in its recesses. Here, if there were less comprehensive or facile views of the sublime, one had nearer and more astounding glimpses of the inaccessible.

'The path came more within the echo of avalanches; and while it oftener passed the chalet and the herd, it sometimes crossed the very inlet to dark untrodden chasms, 'which no fowl knoweth.' In that original and singular course, the guide, the mule, the litter, were forgotten; nothing was thought of but the grandeur of the mountains and the floods. If the one might be styled a road truly imperial, the other was a path worthy at once of the simplicity of Oberlin, and the daring of Alpine barons. The imperial road deserved, and had the just admiration, of the great and the many. I exceedingly admired it also; but (peril and toil being in the ideal journey excluded) I would have preferred for myself, at least at times, the original path.'—Vol. ii., pp. 487—490.

Nearly all the points most observable in the preaching of Hall and Foster were points of contrast. Even their presence in the pulpit was the presence of contrasts. The figure of Hall, while somewhat above the usual height, was more remarkable for its al-

most colossal breadth, than for its altitude—an appearance which resulted in part from his custom of standing lower than most persons in the pulpit, so as to rest himself in part if required upon the cushion and Bible. Foster, on the contrary, gave you the impression of his being a tall man; and his erect person, strongly formed, but without the least approach to corpulency or fulness, seemed to stand tree-like before you. The countenance of Hall, even during the delivery of those very simple sentences or paragraphs which were preliminary to his discourses, always bespoke a measure of excitement, and prognosticated more. The tones of his voice, the serious earnestness of his aspect, and especially the restless onward glancing of his eye, seemed to say,—the preacher will soon break away from his present hesitancy, and will expand and kindle with his theme. But in Foster there was no such appearance, nor any thing to raise such expectations. His eye was more searching than animated; and his physiognomy, while strongly marked, was of that settled cast, which bespoke the constant subordination of passion to thought. The natural condition of his features was a sort of schoolman gravity,—a frown might sometimes come over them, sometimes the play of a slight sarcastic smile, but the wit or humor must be very racy indeed which should ever move them into a state much more risible. With regard to gesture, the only appearance of that sort observable in Hall consisted, as is well known, in his rising somewhat more erect, and drawing a little back from the cushion, as he became more nerved by his subject—but in Foster there was not even such an amount of action. His hands hung at his side, or more commonly rested naturally upon his Bible, and it was by his tones of voice only that any difference of feeling was indicated. Even his voice changed but very slightly. He never aimed to be more than calmly earnest, and his manner of speaking never rose above that key. Small space was left, accordingly, for any variety of elocution. But the elocution of Foster, like his style, if less fervent than that of Hall, was more flexible and natural. Some parties, indeed, who like all persons in love, convert even blemishes into beauties, have professed to admire the hurried monotonous tone of the great orator, and have found a charm in that very clearing of the throat—the "hem-hem," which intervened between every sentence during the first quarter of an hour or more of his discourse. But sober elderly people like ourselves, who have their place on the outside of the enchanted circle, must be allowed to distinguish between the impediments which Mr. Hall surmounted, and the excellences which enabled him to do so—not confounding the things in spite of which he became effective, with those by means of which he became so. Young preachers who have been ambitious of imitating Robert Hall, have often chosen his monotony and hesitancy, minus the pathos and the animation. Foster's elocution never rose to excellence, nor did it ever descend to any very marked fault. He was generally audible, never loud, and within this limit his speaking exhibited a considerable amount of colloquial variety. But his tones expressed nothing of pathos, except as an unusual gravity and seriousness in parts of a discourse might be so accounted: and his utterance was impaired at times by an abrupt, catchy, iteration of tone, which it is not easy to describe—but which those who have heard him well remember. This last peculiarity became more conspicuous when he expressed himself much—as he sometimes did—in the way of interrogation. In this respect his preaching differed considerably from that of his distinguished contemporary. Foster never seemed to forget his auditory in his theme; never seemed to be so wrapped in his subject as not to be observant of the men and women before him. His appeals to them were frequent, and often highly felicitous; while Robert Hall, and still more the great orator in the Scottish pulpit, Dr. Chalmers, were generally so borne away by their topic, as that expanded and brightened before them, as to seem at times hardly aware of the presence of a congregation, even to the end of a discourse.—With Foster it was never thus. In his case, you felt that the theme had been chosen, not for its own sake, but for the sake of those who were to listen to it, and his mind was commonly as if in the attitude of reaching towards actual communication with the mind of his auditors.

With regard to the substance or matter of their respective discourses, precedence should assuredly be given, on the whole, to Mr. Hall. The difference in this respect did not result from differences in theological opinion, for Hall and Foster held substantially the same creed, but from different views as to the fulness and frequency with which the truths distinctive of that creed should be presented in public instruction. Hall dwelt very largely, especially, in his la-

ter years, on the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel. Foster never did so, but preferred occupying himself in discussing a multitude of subsidiary questions, all tending to prove that men ought to receive the gospel and become consistent Christians, but at the same time leaving the truths of the gospel themselves as things implied rather than explained, as supposed rather than inculcated. One effect of the publication of these beautiful letters will be, to show that this peculiarity was not the consequence of any want of truly devout feeling in relation to these truths.

The real cause of this defect—for a defect of a very serious amount we deem it—was of a nature, in our judgment, much too remote and refined to come within the range of ordinary conjecture. It should be ascribed, we think, to a peculiar sensitiveness—we had almost said fearfulness of mind, when approaching objects of thought of the more elevated and sacred description. The reverence with which Foster looked up to the Incarnate One, and to all the higher mysteries of the Christian system, was such as few men know. Nothing could appear to him more certain, than that in touching upon ideas so pure and unearthly it behoved that his words should be few and well chosen: while the rude handling of such themes by ordinary preachers, often shocked his finer feeling, as a kind of profanity.

Had we space to illustrate one other observation in this connexion, we should have endeavored to show, that while the topics generally chosen by Foster related to principles of duty, every where assuming our principles of faith, these practical or devotional lessons are too commonly inculcated in the manner of a teacher who feels little pleasure in touching on a subject upon which he is not allowed to say all that his own discursive mind might see as proper to be said upon it. We admire thoroughness in most things, but even thoroughness, to be be thoroughly wise, must have its limits. Now-a-days, to treat subjects on this *exhausting* principle, is rarely expedient, even from the press; but we know of nothing more likely to be fatal to popularity from the pulpit.

But if Hall had the advantage as regards the substance of his preaching, Foster, we think, has shown greater judgment in the adaptation of language to the legitimate aim of the pulpit. The auditory addressed by the preacher is of a more mixed nature than that of any other public speaker. He may be called to instruct the highest; but the majority of his hearers should be, and commonly are, from the middle and humbler classes. Hs language, to be well chosen, should be familiar, without being wanting in dignity: clear, idiomatic, and such as to leave the least possible chance of misapprehension. Few things can be less proper to such a speaker—if, indeed, such a thing is to be born any where—than the appearance of great care as to the niceties of style, such as might seem to betray more anxiety about words than things—about the structure and euphony of sentences, than about the presentation of truth in the form in which the language is forgotten and the thought is felt to be every thing.* Foster's style was evidently formed on principles of this nature. It consisted, in general, of the plainest words, and these were as generally allocated in their natural order. His sentences, indeed, are often much too long, partaking of the continuity, the weight, and of the inner foldings of his thoughts; and his composition generally would be accounted by the greater number of readers as wanting in lightness—in that 'move-on' kind of power which is now so necessary to success. But in the style of no man do we find a greater degree of characteristic harmony. His thoughts, and the drapery in which they are clothed, are always seen as beneath a subdued light: there is a shade of meditative gloom, an Oriental exclusion of the full glare of day, which gives the air of a religious seclusiveness and mystery to his theme, even when not in itself immediately religious. By this means, even the most gorgeous apartment has its colors blended into a soft and mystic kind of beauty. Often, also, there is a pensiveness and pathos in him, which, without descending to any thing like a sickly sentimentality, is irresistibly affecting, and his words at such times seem to melt into his thoughts, and to become parts of them. His earlier contributions to the Eclectic Review are much the most free and sprightly of his pro-

* What Foster thought of a style the contrary in this respect of that which he cultivated, may be seen in the following remarks on Blair's sermons: 'Instead of the thought throwing itself into words by a free, instantaneous, and almost unconscious action, and passing off in that easy form, it is pretty apparent there was a good deal of handicraft employed in getting ready proper cases and trusses, of various but carefully measured lengths and figures, to put the thoughts into, as they came out, in very long succession, each of them cooled and stiffened into numbness in waiting so long to be dressed.'

ductions; but the comparative buoyancy in his literary history about that time did not last. Still, he never lost his fine Saxon utterance, and never failed to subordinate his language to his conceptions with a severe and manly taste which we feel to be an indescribable charm whenever we turn to his writings.

But the style of Hall is wholly of another order. In this respect, the great preacher took counsel of Cicero more than of his own strong natural understanding. His early studies disposed him to take his place at the feet of the Roman orator, and to the taste acquired in that school he was bound ever afterwards. Eulogy on the style of Robert Hall has been so long familiar to the ears of nonconformists, that from us any thing of that nature must be very superfluous. It is a style of transcendant beauty and power—of its *kind*. But we venture to submit that it is not of the kind adapted to pulpit instruction, except in very rare connexions, and on very rare occasions. In its substance it is more the language of a school in literature, than the language of the people; and in its form, it addresses itself more to an artificial culture in the educated classes, than to the natural discernment and feeling of men in general. It is true, Hall could separate his thoughts more readily than Foster, and could present them in a form enabling his hearers to take them up with ease one at a time—a power of inexpressible value to a public speaker; but in a large proportion of Hall's passages, the elevated diction, brought in so profusely from foreign tongues, must have covered the thought as with a phosphoric light before the eyes of the uninitiated; and this cause, together with his manifestly artificial method of adjusting the relations and balancings of clauses and expressions, must often have suggested to men in a rank above the uninitiated, that the care of the preacher about this particular vehicle of communication could hardly have been less than his care about the thoughts conveyed by it. Now we suppose it will be admitted, that any effect of the former description produced by a speaker must be bad; and that any impression of the latter kind must be equally bad.

From these causes, and some others, we have never known an attempt to imitate Robert Hall in the pulpit which has not been a manifest failure. Scarcely a man in a generation could command a style so studiously arranged, and so delicately finished, except as a style to be read, or to be delivered memoriter. As a style to be read, it would be sure to be comparatively ineffective; and a man who should attempt to deliver it memoriter, must be so completely occupied with an exercise of memory about words and phrases, and the intricacies of composition, as to render it impossible that his soul should be given to the subject of his discourse. Monotony and heartlessness would certainly be the result. We concede that Hall's style has in it a fine stately gait—but after all it is a gait. He speaks like a prince addressing princes—would that he had oftener spoken as a man addressing men! His language partakes of all the refinements of a court—would that it had been such as to have found a no less natural home with the crowd! Even from the press, this elaborate classical style is no longer the style demanded by the age. None of our great writers have formed themselves after th s model. They read Johnson, but never dream of imitating him. They feel that they must have more freedom, variety, and nature, than that school will afford them, if they are to accomplish any thing. They know that they must not merely talk about 'catching a grace beyond the reach of art,' but that they must often do that thing, if they would write or speak with much effect. It is observable that the style of our most learned and accomplished authors is for the most part thoroughly popular in its cast.—We venture to predict that in the kind of style in which Hall has written, nothing so perfect will be again produced. In this respect, he will be as the last of the Romans. But while we would praise his style with the loudest for what it *is*, we must claim permission to be excused from praising it for what it is *not*. It is the language of the scholar and of the finished literary man, in the last age; but it is not the language even of such men in our day, and it is at a far greater remove from the language adapted to secure the attention of the public generally at this time. The style of Foster is much more in affinity with what now generally obtains. In its substance, and in its structure, it is thoroughly English—more in harmony with what our popular style now is, and with what that style will become increasingly.

We shall, perhaps, best illustrate what we mean, and justify the preceding observations, if that should be deemed necessary, by submitting a few thoughts to our readers, first in the style in which Foster may be considered as expressing them, and then

in the form in which these thoughts have been expressed by Hall.

On Marriage. 'Without permanence in the marriage relation, there could be no permanence in family relationships of any kind; the separation of children being a natural consequence of the separation of parents. But every family is a lesser state, and the sensibilities and affections which are awakened and nurtured in families are the germ of every thing of that nature necessary to render society at large harmonious and happy. Hence the change which should put an end to families, would bring an end to society, society itself being really little more than an aggregate of families.'

Hall's Works, i. 53. "Without the permanent union of the sexes there could be no permanent families: the dissolution of nuptial ties involves the dissolution of domestic society. But domestic society is the seminary of social affections, the cradle of sensibility, where the first elements are acquired of that tenderness and humanity which cement mankind together; and were they entirely extinguished, the whole fabric of social institutions would be dissolved.'

On Paganism. "When the idolaters of past times raised their heroes and lawgivers to the place of divinities, they still regarded them as men, but as men possessing human virtues in a high degree, and as looking with approval on those better qualities in their worshippers by which they were themselves supposed to be distinguished. Human virtues thus became divine, enlarged and purified as a property of the gods; so that the pagan, beside the benefit of having so high an example before him, was encouraged by the thought of being watched over, and patronized in all his praiseworthy doings by those higher powers."

Hall's Works, i. 31, 32. "When the fictions of heathenism consecrated the memory of its legislators and heroes, it invested them for the most part with those qualities which were in the greatest repute. They were supposed to possess in the highest degree, the virtues in which it was most honorable to excel; and to be the witnesses, approvers, and patrons of those perfections in others, by which their own character was chiefly distinguished. Men saw, or rather fancied they saw, in these supposed deities, the qualities they most admired, dilated to a larger size, moving in a higher sphere, and associated with the power, dignity, and happiness of superior natures. With such ideal models before them, and conceiving themselves continually acting under the eye of such spectators and judges, they felt a real devotion; their eloquence became more impassioned, their patriotism inflamed, and their courage exalted!"

If a comparison be made between these passages, it will be seen that the language, which we suppose to be that of Foster, is plain, calm, little expanded, and remarkably unrhetorical, as compared with that in which the same thoughts are presented by Hall. To what must we attribute this difference? In part, as we have intimated, to a difference in early education and taste—in part also to a difference in temperament; but in a still greater degree we are convinced, to the more profound views, to the consequently more sober and just estimate of thought, and to the more correct feeling as to the proper relation between language and ideas, which distinguished the mind of Foster. In his view, the thought in the preceding passages, true and valuable as it might be, would not have been such as to warrant the appearance of attaching so much importance to it, as is indicated in the elaborate process of rhetorical arrangement and finishing in its favor, observable in the composition of Mr. Hall.* And further, if the thought might be supposed to warrant so much pains, Foster would have suggested that this pains should be taken to conceal the rhetorician, instead of giving him more prominence than the teacher—instead, in short, of reducing the poor teacher to such a condition as to seem to say, that without the help of this flourishing personage going before him, however much more lucidly he might himself have told his tale, his chance of getting an audience would have been exceedingly small.

* It should be stated, that in his ordinary pulpit service, the style of Robert Hall was often remarkable, in many respects, for its simplicity, and that the least educated of his hearers—select, and comparatively elevated as his language even then was—rarely failed to apprehend his meaning. But we scarcely need say that the fame of the preacher was not the result of such discourses; but the effect of those more elaborate efforts which partook strongly of the characteristic qualities of his style. Having adverted on one occasion to the clear and forcible language in which Dumont had presented the doctrines of Bentham, he remarked—'Style, sir—style after all, is the passport to immortality.' This, we think, was not a chance utterance of the moment, but expression given to a fixed article in his literary creed—it being understood that the style intended was such as required the presence of a high order of ability to give it existence.

Now, Foster was eminently a teacher, he ever kept the lower faculties of his mind in subordination to the higher, and could not have been brought to occupy himself, after the rhetorical fashion, in adjusting artificial forms of speech, to be every where conspicuous as such—the one office of language being, in his view, to do service to thought, to do that service modestly, and never to seem so little conscious of doing it at all, as when doing it after the best possible manner. As we have said, if we regard the style of Hall, considered simply as a style of a *particular description*, we must pronounce it to be as perfect as any thing of the kind has ever been, or is likely to be; but we feel confident that the difference in the style of Foster is to be ascribed to his more searching intellect; to the more complete ascendancy of his intellectual power over his other faculties; to a more just perception as to the best method of making language the servant of instruction, or of impression only consequent upon instruction; and to a complexion of taste resulting from all these causes, which while upon the whole more simple and even more refined than that of Hall, was at the same time more manly. In short, the style we want for the pulpit is that of Foster, broken up, for the greater part, into briefer apportionments, and impregnated throughout with something of the vivacity and fire of Hall. We covet the simplicity and directness of the great essayist, but we would fain see these qualities allied with the ease, and animation, and onward speed of the great preacher. We have not the best model of style, whether for the pulpit or the press, in the writings of either of these great men, but the elements of an ideal perfectness might be selected and combined from the works of both.

We have spoken of these letters as affording abundant evidence of Foster's sincere and deep *piety*, for such, it is now evident, was the character of his religious feeling during much the greater portion of his life. Though letter-writing, in common with all writing, was a very laborious business in his case, it is evident that he felt a strong disposition to employ himself in such half-way kind of authorship. Pious persons, with whom he had chanced to be brought into nearer intercourse than with general society, often received quiet counsel and solace from his pen; while to some of his more intelligent friends, he made disclosures in his letters which he would hardly have made even to them in personal communication. His letters were something of a relief-valve to his too strong tendency to reserve. Egotism, no doubt, is a silly and offensive thing; but on the other hand, it is not the most pleasant thing imaginable that a man should seem disposed to keep, not the rude world only, but every body about him at a sort of arm's-length. On the whole, we prefer a man who may be disposed to talk a little too much about that one person whom we are all sure of holding in sufficient estimation, to a man thus excessively self-closed, if it were for no other reason than that there is less of the disagreeable in seeming to be trusted, than in seeming to be suspected. It is this better quality which gives inexpressible charm to the tales of Froissart, and to the gossip of Montaigne. But the man of the future, who would know John Foster, must read these letters. They present a faithful portraiture of the man, and a portraiture to be found nowhere else. We are not sure that the disclosures which they make as to the want of range and system in his studies; the general sluggishness of his faculties; and the dreadfully slow and laborious processes by which he effected his literary achievements, will augment his reputation in certain connexions, but these volumes are, nevertheless, themselves the evidence of extraordinary power; and the proof of earnest spirituality which is before us in not a few of these letters and memoranda, is most welcome and refreshing. The following letter is not from the series now printed. We are indebted to the lady to whom it was addressed, for permission to publish it. It was written within a fortnight after the decease of Mrs. Foster:—

'My dear Madam,—I have to accuse myself of delay in acknowledging your kind note, received five or six days since. Accept, thus late, my most sincere thanks for your and Mr. ———'s sympathy and friendly inquiries. The girls and myself are favoured with our usual health, and have many things to alleviate the affecting sense of what we have lost. The grand consolation is the perfect and delightful confidence that the beloved companion of our former years, who is now taken from us, is in possession of a felicity which shall be uninterrupted and eternal. She is in the strange and elevated, and triumphant condition of *looking back* on death, viewing its illuminated other side, and looking on to an interminable prospect; while all of us have yet the dark vision before us. When I think of this, and at the same time remenber how mnch she experienc-

ed of the ills of this mortal condition, I feel that it would be as contrary to true affection for her, as to pious submission to the divine sovereignty and wisdom, to murmur that she has not remained longer here; and there is the consoling and animating hope of meeting her again.

'With some of us, as you justly reflect, 'the day is far spent;' may God grant us that the evening of it may be so employed and devoted to him, that we may exult in the morning of the other world. With most friendly and respectful regards to Mr.——,

I am, &c., &c.

In a large number of the letters in the collection now printed, our readers will find this grave and manly expression of fervent religious sentiment. We must content ourselves with selecting the following extract from a letter written at Bourton, in 1840:—

'I look with pensive, and not a little of painful, emotion, at the rooms I frequented. the house I inhabited, the rural walks which I trod, during the course of many years, since the end of which a much longer series has passed away. It was here I formed, and for a long time had the happiness of an union, now many years since dissolved. But the pain of a more austere kind than that of pensiveness is from the reflection, to how little purpose, of the highest order, the long years here, and subsequently elsewhere, have been consumed away—how little sedulous and earnest cultivation of internal piety—how little even of mental improvement—how little of zealous devotement to God and Christ, and the best cause. 'Oh, it is a grievous and sad reflexion, and drives me to the great and only resource, to say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I also most earnestly implore that, in one way or other, what may remain of my life may be better, far better than the long-protracted past. Past! what a solemn and almost tremendous word it is, when pronounced in the reference in which I am repeating it!'—Vol. ii. pp. 338, 339.

But the piety of Foster, if somewhat monastic in certain respects, was never of the kind which separates some men from all professed interest in the general affairs of society and nations. He was, as is well known, rather a stern politician, and a no less stern nonconformist. But he wished to see good ends prosecuted by wise means, and showed himself as little tolerant of indiscreet zeal as of selfish lethargy. In 1836, when many dissenters were loudly demanding a separation of the church from the state, Foster thus writes—

'Do you stand quite aloof from the grand *dissenting commotion?* They—(I say not *we*, for I would not have been a concurring particle in the dust the Dissenters have raised—I mean as to the *extent* of their demands)—have mistaken their policy in calling out (*at present*) for the "*separation*," a thing most palpably impracticable, till a few more Olympiads have passed over us.'—Vol. ii. p. 306.

Nor could our zealous reformer bring his understanding to the conclusion, that a depraved ignorance must necessarily be a better power to place at the helm of affairs than a depraved knowledge. The following passage appears to have been elicited by the pure conduct of that high-minded race of persons, the Bristol freemen:—

'But what base, worthless wretches those fellows are. It is really grievous and surprising, that never once can a sober, honest man be found, that will do just the very moderate duty that you require. It makes one sometimes almost ashamed of one's *democracy*, to have so many glaring proofs of the utterly unprincipled character of so large a portion of what are called 'the lower orders,' in a nation so vaunted for 'enlightened'—'civilized'—'Christian'—and all that. One is amazed to hear any intelligent advocate of the 'popular rights,' stickling for '*universal suffrage*.' Think of such fellows as you have had to do with, being qualified to have a vote in the choice of legislators!!'—Vol ii. p. 123.

Writing to a relative in Yorkshire, in 1842, he thus expresses himself again on the question of the Suffrage, and upon Chartists and Chartism:—

'I suppose you have the pestilent Chartists in your part of the country. They are a very stupid and pernicious set—some of their leaders great rogues—the whole tribe a sad nuisance. They have done what they could to frustrate the exertions for obtaining the only public benefit which there is the smallest chance of getting at present, or for a long time to come—that is, an alteration or abrogation of the *Corn-Laws*, a thing which would immediately be a most important relief to that commercial interest on which so many tens of thousands are depending. And while they are doing this mischief, they are brawling about *universal suffrage*—a thing as much out of reach for a very long time to come as any thing they could dream of. And yet, unless they could get this, they say they will accept no other change for the amendment of their condition. What fools! And to judge of their recent proceedings, they are *themselves* wholly unfit for such a suffrage. What a fine and valuable thing the suffrage would be to men whose chosen business it has been to go and disturb, and break up with noise, and violence, and abuse the important meetings for discussing the best expedient for alleviating the public distress! No, no: they

have yet a great deal to learn before they will be fit for a considerate, and judicious voting for members of the legislature. I wish the people *had* the universal suffrage, provided they were better educated, more intelligent, more sober, more moral; but not in their present state of ignorance and rudeness. Their being so is, as to some of them, their own fault. But the main weight of the reproach falls on the government and the church, which have left the people in this deplorable condition from generation to generation.'—Vol. ii. pp. 345, 346.

Foster was one of the last men in England to laud 'our glorious constitution,' as the manner of some has been, or to look with an excessive reverence or confidence to the upper, or even to the middle classes of his countrymen; but he knew that change may be from bad to worse, as readily as from bad to better, and he was not disposed to attempt an escape from 'the ills we have,' without at least a tolerable prospect of securing the better issue in this alternative.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century since we took a quiet, leisurely journey with him along the road between Worcester and Pershore. On the right-hand side of the said road, a few miles from Worcester, there is a hill rising so abruptly from the almost level space around it, as to pass for an artificial elevation, were it not much too huge to have been of such an origin. It had been suggested to us before reaching this spot, that should we be enterprising enough to ascend this hill, our labor would not perhaps be accounted as altogether lost. We did ascend it, and we did so from a point which placed the hill between us and the greater part of the landscape, so that our panorama became suddenly visible and complete as we reached our purposed elevation. It was an early hour in the forenoon, towards the close of April. In the night there had been a considerable fall of rain, but the sky was now a brilliant blue, and the white clouds still floating on above us, driven and separated by the fresh morning breeze, changed their thin substance and softly feathered outlines into every form of beauty, each moving as if intent on giving us better sign of light and joyous speed than its fellows. Before us from this hill-top was the extended valley through which the Severn sends its ever flowing waters from Shropshire towards Gloucestershire. In the farthest distance on the right, are the Clay Hills of the former county, towards whose resting-place the summer sun often descends, so as to present a landscape which a Claude might have gazed upon as worthy of the best effort of his pencil. On the left, at about ten miles distance, is the Bredon Hill, with its broad shield-like side of wood and verdure, and the hill far beyond it, so faint as to be scarcely visible, is May Hill, in Gloucestershire. Between those heights, which, like separate detachments, flank them at their extreme points, you see the Malvern Hills rising immediately in front of you, whose two loftiest summits, which like twin protectors shelter the little town of Malvern, send forth their descending outlines along the horizon, measuring a space to the right and left of about twenty miles. The descent of the Malvern Hills is into the opposite side of the valley, which now lies at your feet, and that valley is about seven miles in width, and, running parallel with the Malvern Hills, is more than three times that space in length. The river is not often visible, but the whole surface bespeaks abundant fertility, and is so far undulated as to exhibit a few of those elevated wood-crowned ridges which give so much suggestive beauty to some of the landscapes of Poussin. The late fall of rain had thrown a freshness over all things; the leaves and the verdure every where, though young, were perfect. The light clouds, fleeting along as in a sea of ether, intersected the gold-like coloring of the sun by their gliding shadows, which chased each other across the valley and up the mountain sides, disappearing there only to be succeeded by others, and by others still —shadows on earth, which seemed to betoken the sudden coming of strange powers to it from heaven!

We shall not attempt to recall the things said by Foster as he looked and looked again on that scene of beauty. Certainly we never saw the countenance of our essayist more possessed with interest. His eye travelled to and fro as in greedy wonder. He muttered something about Milton and Paradise, and about this—this after all a *man's* world, a region so lovely, the home of a being so little lovely, &c., &c. At length we ventured to break in on these soliloquisings, and pointed to the cathedral, on whose time-worn walls and turrets the sun now broke forth brilliantly. 'Ay, ay,' was the response; 'there she is, sure enough, the only ugly thing in the whole scene!' Sad want of taste in such a response, some of our readers will say. It

may be so; but we have mentioned this incident, and the language thus elicited, because, taken together, they point our attention to the source of Foster's feeling as a nonconformist. It is clear he was not a nonconformist from any deficiency of imagination, nor from any want of sympathy with art, or with objects possessing remote or romantic association. He could readily have peopled the valley then before him with the generations of the past, and could have depicted to himself the Cathedral of Worcester or the Abbey of Pershore in the days of the Oswalds and Wulstans, whose mutilated monuments are still preserved there. But his power to appreciate natural beauty, was related to a sympathy, no less vivid, with all spiritual beauty; and his passionate interest in all beauty of the latter kind, was the natural measure of his passionate aversion to the deformities to which it was opposed. The bitterness with which he denounced the men who had corrupted Christianity, was determined by the strength of that inward worship wherewith he regarded it as seen in its purity. Science, art, poetry—all might have their beauties; but better that they should be wholly discarded, than that they should be employed meretriciously, so as to taint and degrade the properly Christian—scriptural Christianity being the highest form of the beautiful. The less must not be obtruded into the place of the greater. In the spirit of Milton, Foster looked on the imaginative, the artistic, and the poetical, which Romanism and prelacy have thrown about them, as one fully alive to the power of such fascinations, but as one who saw with special clearness the extent of the mischiefs which had been done by such means—as one who detected the process by which in those systems the sensual had been raised to the place of the spiritual, and by which a low idolatry of forms had been made to extrude an intelligent worship of the real. Such, in his judgment, had been the *general* effect of both systems. In the clergy of the cathedral now pointed out to him he saw a body of haughty, conventional worldlings, the fair types of a great majority of their order—priests whose influence necessarily tended to assimilate the educated classes to a manner of life like their own, and to subject the uneducated to the devices of a convenient superstition. They were men, in his view, who not only refused themselves to enter into the kingdom, but who, throughout the land, were the great hinderers of those who might otherwise have been disposed to enter in. We believe that no conviction in the mind of Foster was more habitual, or more secure against the possibility of change, than this conviction. His two Letters to the Evangelical Clergy, which are reprinted in these volumes, and the Letter, p. 165, in the second volume, will further explain the ground of his strong feeling on this subject.

But we have passed our limits. Foster's own criticisms derive their chief value from their discriminativeness—from their free and manly dealing with defects and faults, no less than with excellences. In this spirit he touched on all subjects, and estimated all men. You never find him indulging in undiscerning praise. On the contrary, he regarded the faults of good men as being hardly less instructive than their virtues; and the errors of genius as the last that should be overlooked by the critic, because of their special tendency to propagate themselves elsewhere. In no literature was an example of this kind more needed than in Nonconformist literature. Our literature has been that of a sect, as the natural consequence of its sectarianism. Our good men, according to our common account of them, have been too much a kind of angels, and our great men have been too much a kind of demi-gods. But the intelligence of general society has been far from pleased with this tendency to forget what has been forgotten, or with this disposition to exaggerate what has been remembered. Men of sense know, that partial error is often more mischievous than absolute falsehood; and that partial truth often leads to conclusions strictly the reverse of the truthful. Our readers, we trust, know enough of us to be aware, that even in dealing with such honored names as those of Hall and Foster, we were not likely to content ourselves with repeating for the hundredth time the common-places of eulogy which have been bestowed on those eminent persons. We covet something better for readers and for ourselves than could result from such employment. We hold that the best friend to the fame of Hall and Foster is the man who has best learnt how to distinguish between the stronger and weaker elements of their genius, and to distinguish, in consequence, between the basis which will be sufficient to sustain their high reputation, and that which will not be sufficient if relied upon, to that end.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ARAGO, THE PHILOSOPHER.

Of all scientific men now living, there is none whose fame is so universally diffused, and whose authority is so often invoked as M. Arago. The squatter on the banks of the Mississippi is as familiar with his name as the dweller of the Quai Voltaire. His dicta are as often quoted in the Delta of the Ganges, as in the city washed by the Thames; and this reputation is not among the followers of science, or even its would-be votaries. It is strictly popular. All who look forward to a coming eclipse, or an approaching comet—all who endeavor to prognosticate the vicissitudes of weather, and look for the lunar phases—all who are exposed to the visitations of the hurricane, or endeavor to avert the falling thunderbolt—all appeal to the name of Arago; rightly or wrongly, they quote his supposed or imputed predictions, and profess to pin their faith on his oracular voice. In short, there is no savant living whose name is at once so universally known, and whose authority is so universally popular as M. Arago.

But what says the august scientific conclave itself to this? What is the verdict of academies, and institutes, and learned societies where the equals of M. Arago sit in judgment? How does their estimate of the perpetual secretary of the Institute accord with this popular exaltation? In general, the great public, little capable of gauging the merits or measuring the authority of philosophers, takes its cue from the community of science itself, and the reputation of savans issues, ready formed, from the halls of those societies, whose members alone can be considered competent to form a correct judgment of their high merits and attainments. But the present case is a singular exception. Here the public has decided for itself, and not only passed an independent sentence, but one which is by no means in accordance with the opinions of the sages of the College Mazarin or Somerset house.* The popular supremacy of the director of the *Observatoire* is not confirmed by the voice of his colleagues. The incense offered at the shrine of the genius of Arago by the profane crowd of the uninitiated has had the effect of all praise which is immeasurably in excess; it has provoked opposition and reaction. The attempt to assign to M. Arago a niche in the temple beside the high notabilities, and to place him in juxta-position with the Newtons, the Laplaces, the Lavoisiers, and the Davys, is treated with contemptuous ridicule; and among the inferior crowd of the professors, the terms "charlatan" and "humbug" are not unfrequently heard in association with the name of this popular scientific idol.

The cause of this singular discordance of judgment will be found in a due examination of the things which M. Arago has said, the things which he has done, and the things which he has written; for, unlike most savants, M. Arago has not been merely a man of the closet—he has been eminently a man of action. In the political changes which have agitated his country, he has taken a prominent part, and the philosopher has often been forgotten in the politician, the legislator, and even the citizen-soldier. If we would, then, form a just estimate of the character of this distinguished man, free alike from the depreciating spirit of some of his rivals, and the preposterously exaggerated eulogy of some of his crowd of partizans, we must take a glance at the circumstances of his life.

M. Arago is now in his sixtieth year, having been born in 1786. His native place, Perpignan, on the confines of Spain, and the shores of the Mediterranean, raises the expectation of that ardor of character and force of will which have been so strikingly manifested in the career of this remarkable person. It has been said that his boyhood offered a curious contrast with his subsequent distinction, inasmuch as he showed singular sluggishness in his intellectual progress, having attained the age of fourteen before he could read. This tale is, however, destitute of truth. The father of M. Arago held a situation under government, at Perpignan, and devoted more than usual care to his advancement, he being the eldest of the family, and the person on whom must devolve many cares and responsibilities. He made the usual progress, during his boyhood at the College of Perpignan, from which, at a very early age, he was transferred to Montpellier, to prosecute those higher studies necessary to qualify him for admission into the Polytechnic School, an institution which had its origin in the confusion of the Revolution, and has

* The College Mazarin, on the Quai Conti, was granted to the Institute in 1806; the apartments of the Royal Society are in front of Somerset House, facing the Strand.

since become so justly celebrated. He was admitted, in 1804, into that establishment, where he passed two years, during which he became one of its most distinguished students. His surviving contemporaries remember how well and how often, during his pupilage, he fulfilled the duties of *repetiteur*,* in such a manner as to make them forget for the moment that their teacher was their competitor.

Some time after completing his course of studies at this institution, he was appointed by Napoleon (then emperor) to the office of secretary to the Board of Longitude. But about this time the grand operations which had been for some time previously in progress for measuring the arc of the meridian between Dunkirk and Barcelona, required that the course of observations should be carried across the Pyrenees, and conducted through Spain. Arago was selected as the assistant of Biot, to prosecute this investigation, which, independently of its importance as a question of physical science, was regarded with much interest, as affording the basis of the decimal system of weights and measures, which was about to be adopted, and which has since been actually adopted, and is now in general use in France. As this appointment led to adventures in which the personal character of the philosopher was developed, we shall offer no apology for narrating them with some detail.

MM. Delambre and Mechain, profiting by the admirable means of observation afforded by the repeating circle of Borda, had already carried the chain of triangles from Dunkirk, through France, to the Spanish frontiers! Although the original design contempated their termination at Barcelona, on the shores of the Mediterranean, it was now decided to continue them over that sea as far as the Balearic Isles, and it was more especially for this object that the commission of MM. Biot and Arago was issued. The Spanish government nominated two commissioners, MM. Chaix and Rodriguez, to co-operate with the two French savans. A Spanish vessel of war was placed at the disposition of the commission, to which, as science knows no enemy, Britain granted a safe conduct.

* In French colleges and schools, the lectures delivered each day by the professors or chief teachers, are repeated, accompanied with developments, examples, and details, by inferior teachers, called repetiteurs, who are often selected from the most advanced and distinguished students.

The first proceeding was to connect the coast of Spain with the island of Yvice, the nearest of the group, by an extensive triangle, one of the sides of which measured an hundred and twenty miles, and the base about an hundred miles. To render observations possible at such distances, stations of considerable elevation were necessary. The French commissioners selected for this purpose the summit of one of the highest mountains near the coast of Catalonia, while M. Rodriguez, the Spanish observer, placed his station on the summit of Mount Campney, on the Island of Yvice. In those mountainous and wild solitudes, MM. Biot and Arago passed several months, pursuing their laborious researches with that ardor which has so strongly characterized the whole career of the latter. M. Biot has not failed, in his report of these operations, to do justice to his distinguished friend and colleague.

"Often," says he, "when the furious storms of these tempestuous regions have swept away our tents, and overthrown our instruments, has M. Arago, with indefatigable constancy and patience, labored to collect and replace them, and never allowed himself to rest night or day until his task was completed."

In April, 1807, the principal observations having been made, M. Biot departed for Paris, to make those calculations upon the data thus obtained, which were necessary to attain the final result, viz., the length of the meridional arc. Arago remained for the purpose of prosecuting the observations necessary to continue the chain of triangles to Majorca. For this purpose he sailed in company with M. Rodriguez to that island, where they fixed their station on Mount Galatzo, from which they were enabled to observe the signals on Mount Campney in Yvice, and thus to obtain means of measuring the meridional arc between these two stations. While these proceedings were in progress, war broke out unexpectedly between France and Spain, and while the French savant was pursuing his peaceful labors in the mountainous wilds of the island, reports were spread among the rural population, that the signal fires which were exhibited nightly at the station on mount Galatzo, for the purposes of the scientific observations, were in fact shown as signals to the French to invade the island. The incensed peasantry flew to arms, and rushed up the mountain, crying "death to the foreigner!" M. Arago had only time to dis-

guise himself in the garb of a peasant, supplied to him by one of his assistants, and collect the papers which contained the precious notes of his observations. Thus disguised, and happily fluent in the Spanish *patois* of Catalonia, he mingled fearlessly with the crowd who were in pursuit of him, and escaped to Palma, the port of the island, where the vessel was moored, in which he had arrived. More solicitous for the preservation of the instruments which had been left at the observatory on the mountain, than for his own personal safety, he induced the commander of the vessel to despatch a boat for them, by which they were obtained and brought in safety to the vessel. The Majorcan peasants who had been engaged in his service, had become attached to him, and, remaining faithful, preserved religiously what they knew their master had so highly prized.

Meanwhile the exasperated mob, having discovered that the object of their pursuit had taken refuge on board the vessel, the captain did not dare to defend him, and determined on shutting him up in the Fort of Belver, where, during a confinement of several months, he occupied himself in the calculations consequent on the obervations made at Galatzo. During this time the monks of a neighboring convent, who entertained a feeling of rancorous hostility against the French, omitted no effort to corrupt the soldiers, and induce them to surrender their prisoner to the fury of the populace. To the credit of the garrison of the little fort, these attempts were without effect; and at length, by the persevering solicitations of M. Rodriguez with the governing Junta, Arago obtained his liberty, and was permitted to depart in a fishing smack manned by a single seaman. In this he crossed to the African coast, and landed with his baggage and astronomical instruments at Algiers.

Here the philosopher was cordially received by the French consul, who immediately procured for him a passage on board an Algerine frigate, bound for Marseilles. The vessel had already neared the French coast, and was in sight of the heights at Marseilles, when she encountered a Spanish corsair, then cruising in these seas, by which she was captured. Once more a prisoner, Arago was now conducted to Fort Rosas, where he was subjected to the harshest treatment, and given up to all the wretchedness of the rudest captivity. The Dey of Algiers, however, was no sooner informed of the insult offered to this flag, than he made the most energetic remonstrances to the Spanish Junta, and finally succeeded in obtaining the release of the captive crew, and with them M. Arago. Once more at sea, the frigate resumed her course to Marseilles, but the misfortunes of the *savant* were not destined so soon to terminate. A frightful tempest occurred off the coast of Sardinia, with which state the Algerines were then at war. To run ashore in this extremity would have been once more to rush into captivity. Meanwhile a new misfortune came: a leak was declared, and the vessel was fast gaining water. In this emergency it was decided to run her again on the African coast, and, in a sinking state, she succeeded in reaching Bougie, three days' journey from Algiers.

On coming ashore, Arago had the mortification to learn that, in the interim, the Dey, who had given him so kind a reception, had been assassinated in an emeute, and was replaced by another. His cases of instruments were seized by the Algerine authorities at Bougie, under the persuasion that they contained gold. After many fruitless remonstrances, Arago was driven to the decision to undertake the journey to Algiers, to invoke the aid and interference of the new dey. Disguising himself as a Bedouin, he accordingly set out on foot, with a Marabout guide, and, crossing Mount Atlas, reached Algiers. Here further misfortunes awaited him. In answer to his supplications the dey ordered his name to be registered among the slaves, and placed him in the situation of interpreter in the Algerine navy.

After a time, however, by the intercession and remonstrance of the French consul, Arago once more recovered his liberty, and his instruments were restored to him uninjured. He now embarked for the third time for his native shores, on board a vessel of war. On arriving off Marseilles, fate again seemed adverse: an English frigate blockaded the harbor, and summoning the vessel bearing our astronomer, ordered it to sail for Minorca. Arago having little relish, as may be well imagined, for a fourth captivity, persuaded the captain to make a feint of obeying the injunctions of the British commander, but profiting by a sudden and favorable turn of the wind, to run, at all hazards, for the harbor of Marseilles, where fortunately they arrived without further mishap or molestation.

It may be easily imagined that on arriving at Paris, M. Arago met with a cordial re-

ception from his scientific colleagues. As a recompense for the long sufferings and intrepid conduct of the young savant, the rules of the Academy of Sciences were relaxed, and at twenty-three he was received into the bosom of the Institute, and was at the same time appointed by the emperor Professor in the Polytechnic School, where he continued his courses on analysis and geodesy until 1831. At the moment of the election of Arago, the Institute was in the meridian of its splendor. There sat the great luminaries of the severe sciences; the illustrious author of the "Mecanique Celeste," and the not less eminent writer of the "Mecanique Analatique." There also sat the Monges and the Berthollets, the Biots, and the other eminent veterans of science; and around them pressed names whose lustre was then but in the dawn of its future splendor; the Cuviers, the Poissons, the Ampères, and a crowd of others. Among these, the enterprising youth of Arago assumed its place full of hope and buoyant with aspirations of a future not unworthy of the glorious fraternity with which he became associated.

It is said that Napoleon esteemed and loved Arago, a sentiment which was not extinguished or abated by the southern bluntness and republican frankness of manner which no imperial splendor or court ceremony could repress. When the emperor, after his fall at Waterloo, designed a retirement to the United States, intending to devote his leisure to the cultivation of physical science, to which from his boyhood he had been attached, he proposed to invite Arago to accompany him.

From an early period of life, Arago was an ardent politician, and after the fall of Napoleon, never disguised his republican principles. Under the restoration, however, he took no active part in the political arena, although he omitted no opportunity of making his opinions known when their promulgation might have advanced the cause of constitutional liberty. Publicly, however, he was only known as a savant and an active and distinguished member of the Institute, until the Revolution of 1830 called him forth in another and very different character.

On the 26th of July, 1830, a meeting of the institute was appointed, at which M. Arago was expected to read his Eloge of Fresnel. He had then acquired much of that popularity by his enviable faculty of rendering science familiar and accessible to those who had not become profoundly versed in its technicalities, which now constitutes the most striking feature of his genius. A large assemblage of all classes of well informed and enlightened persons were therefore collected to hear the popular eulogist. On that afternoon, the ordonnances which destroyed the liberty of the press, annihilated the electoral rights, and annulled the charter granted by Louis XVIII. at the restoration, were published in the *Moniteur*. Arago was standing in the ante-room, conversing with Cuvier, who was then perpetual secretary, when the Duke of Ragusa (Marshal Marmont) entered with the *Moniteur* in his hand, and in a state of great excitement, with fire in his eye and confusion in his looks. "'Tis well," exclaimed Marmont, addressing Arago, "these infernal ordonnances have appeared at last. I expected as much. The wretches! to place me in this horrible position! No doubt, I shall now be commanded to draw the sword to sustain measures which in my heart I detest."

The *Moniteur* was handed round, and the announcement it contained had such an overwelming effect on the assembly, that Arago declared he would postpone the delivery of his eloge, assigning as his reason the grave condition of the country. M. Cuvier, however, who partook of little of the ardor of Arago's temperament, remonstrated against any derangement of the business of the Academy, observing that the majesty of science should not be compromised in what he called the struggles of party, and that Arago owed it equally to the illustrious body of which he was a member, and to himself, not to give grounds for charging its meetings with the manifestation of any factious political spirit. Upon this M. Villemain intervened, and some warm altercation took place between him and Cuvier. Ultimately, however, Arago decided on proceeding with the eloge, with which, however, he intermingled some burning allusions to the events of the moment and the government, which drew from the assembly unequivocal marks of sympathy. This was the first outbreak of public feeling produced by the ordonnances.

While the words of Arago elicted applause at the Institute the funds declined at the Bourse. Science and finance—the noblest and the vilest of the instruments of human power, pronounced against the falling dynasty.

During the next day, the public mind in Paris was in a ferment. The tricolor flag was unfurled. The revolution declared it-

self; and on the succeeding day (the 28th) Marmont, as he anticipated, was appointed, military dictator by Charles X., and ordered to quell the *emeute*. During the day, the conflict between the troops and the people continued; Marmont directing the movement of the troops from the head quarters in the Place Vendôme. Madame de Boignes, knowing the influence which Arago had over the mind of Marmont, sent a note to the former, in the course of the morning, entreating him to repair to the marshal, and persuade him to suspend the slaughter of the people, and so save Paris from the terrible disaster which threatened it. Arago hesitated at first, fearing the misconstruction which might be put upon such a step, taken by one whose republican spirit was so well known. He determined, however, to comply with the suggestion thus urged upon him in the interests of humanity, and that no sinister imputation should rest upon him, he called his eldest son to accompany him, and be a witness of what should pass. They proceeded accordingly, and passing through a shower of balls, arrived at the head quarters. There a strange scene was presented to them. On passing through the billiard room, M. Laurentie was leaning on the table, writing an article for the *Quotidienne*, one of the Carlist journals. Confusion reigned through the building. Aides-de-camp passed and repassed, pale, disordered, and covered with sweat and dust. From the room of the marshal despatches issued from minute to minute. A thousand rumors were brought from the streets, and the increasing reports of fire-arms were heard. The superior officers standing in the embrasures of the windows, witnessed the turns of the day with attentive ear and changing features.

When M. Arago entered, presenting his well-known colossal figure, his commanding bust, and ardent look, there was a movement of agitation among the royalist officers. He was surrounded and addressed with expressions of fear by some, of menace by others. A Polish officer in the French service, M. Komierrowski, placed himself at his side, and declared that if a hand were raised against him, he would plunge his sabre in the bosom of him who should attempt such a violation of a person so sacred! Conducted to the presence of Marmont, the marshal, on seeing him, started on his feet, extending his arm to forbid his approach. "Make no overtures to me," he exclaimed, "which can tend to my dishonor as a soldier."

"What I come to propose to you," replied Arago, "will, on the contrary, redound to your honor. I do not ask you to turn your sword against Charles X., but I tell you to decline this odious command, and leave instantly for St. Cloud, to surrender your commission."

"How!" returned Marmont, "shall I abandon the command which the king has entrusted to me? Shall I, a soldier, yield to a band of insurgents? What will Europe say to see our brave soldiers retreat before a mob armed only with sticks and stones? Impossible!—impossible! It cannot be. You know my opinions well. You know whether these cursed ordonnances had my approval. No, my friend, a horrible fatality weighs upon me. My destiny must be accomplished."

"You may successfully combat this fatality," replied Arago; "means are offered to you to efface from the memory of your countrymen the recollection of the invasion of 1814. Depart—depart, without delay, for St. Cloud."

Arago referred to the long and bitterly-remembered conduct of Marmont, in being the means of surrendering Paris to the enemy, on the first invasion by the allies.

At this moment their conference was interrupted by an officer, who rushed in with disordered looks, stripped of his coat, and wearing the common round hat of a civilian. The attendants alarmed, were about to seize him, when he exclaimed, throwing off the hat, "You do not recognize me, then? Behold the aid-de-camp of General Quinsonnas." He had cut off his mustachios, thrown off his coat, and changed his hat, to enable him to make his way in safety through the excited populace to the head quarters. He came to announce that the troops posted in the Market of Innocents had already suffered much, and that a reinforcement was necessary.

"But have they not cannon?" thundered the astonished marshal.

"Cannon!" returned the aid-de-camp, "but how, Monsieur le Duc, can they point cannon *in the air?* What can cannon do against a torrent of paving stones and household furniture which are poured down on the heads of the soldiers from the windows and roofs?"

Scarcely had he uttered this, when a lancer entered, who had been unhorsed in the Rue St. Honoré. This wretched sol-

dier had his uniform torn and covered with blood. His open jacket showed his naked breast, in which a handful of printers' types was buried—the loading of a gun which had been fired upon him! By a singular retribution, the implements, the proper use of which had been destroyed by the ordonnances, were thus converted into offensive engines directed against the agents employed to enforce these ordonnances.

The marshal paced the room with hasty and agitated steps, his internal struggles being manifest in his visage. "Reinforcements!" said he, with impatience, to the aid-de-camp—"I have no reinforcements to send them. They must get out of the scrape as best they can."

The officer departed with despair in his looks. Arago resumed his persuasions.

"Well, well," said Marmont, "we shall see—perhaps in the evening"——

"In the evening!" rejoined Arago. "In the evening it will be too late. Think how many mothers will be left childless, how many wives, widows—how many thousand families will be plunged in mourning before evening! This evening, depend on it, all will be over, and whatever be the issue of the struggle, ruin, certain, inevitable ruin awaits you. Vanquished, your destruction is sure. A conqueror, who will pardon you for the blood of your fellow-citizens which will have been shed!"

Marmont was moved, and seemed to yield.

"Must I say more," continued Arago—"must I tell you all. As I passed through the streets, I heard among the people your name repeated with terrible references to past events—'so they fire on the people,' they cried—'it is Marmont who is paying his debts.'"

Arago's efforts were fruitless.

Not long after the revolution, science lost in Cuvier one of its brightest ornaments. The chair of perpetual secretary to the Institute was thus vacated in 1832, and the choice of a successor to the illustrious naturalist fell upon Arago.

We have hinted that the place which Arago holds in the estimation of men of science is not so elevated as that to which the popular voice has raised him. It may perhaps, therefore, be asked, how so high a situation, depending solely on the votes of members of the Institute, should have been conferred upon him.

The office of perpetual secretary demands peculiar qualifications. It is one for which a Laplace or a Lagrange would have been ill suited, eminent as these savants were. The perpetual secretary, the organ of the Academy of Sciences, has daily duties to discharge which demand great versatility, a ready fluency of speech, a familiarity with languages ancient and modern—in a word, a certain amount of literary acquirement, in addition to an almost universal familiarity with the sciences.

Arago has been called the "most lettered of *savants*." If he had not assumed a place in the *Academie des Sciences*, he would have held a distinguished one in the *Academie Française*.* His style of writing and speaking is remarkable for its simplicity and clearness, as well as for great force of language, great felicity of illustration, and a most enviable power of rendering abstruse reasonings familiar to minds which are not versed in the sciences. The promptitude and fluency of his extemporaneous addresses is also a quality to which he is indebted for much of his popularity. He unites to the accomplishments of a classical scholar, an intimate familiarity with modern literature, and especially those of France and England.

It may well be imagined that such a combination of qualifications rendered him eminently fitted to discharge the duties of perpetual secretary to the Institute. In seniority, and in the depth of his physical knowledge, and the extent of his original researches, Biot had higher claims, but in other respects his qualifications did not bear comparison with those of M. Arago.

The reputation of scientific men, so far as it rests upon the estimation of their colleagues, is determined almost exclusively by their original researches. The discovery of new laws or unobserved phenomena of nature, is admitted as giving them a claim to the highest grade in the corps of science. Had Newton only discovered the law of gravitation, he would have left to posterity an imperishable name. The discovery of electro-magnetism placed Oersted in the highest rank. The demonstration that the earths and alkalis are compounds, having metallic bases, registered the name of Davy in the category of those to whom mankind is most deeply indebted for the knowledge of nature.

Secondary to discovery, but still affording a high claim to distinction, is the produc-

* The Institute consists of several academies, the first of which is called the Academie Française, which is charged with the preservation of the French language in its purity, and is that to which men of literature are more especially attached.

tion of systematic works, in which the body of natural laws and phenomena, resulting from the original researches of discoverers, are arranged, expounded, developed, and pursued through their more immediate consequences.

It is uncertain whether Euclid ever discovered a geometrical truth. It is certain that the chief part of the propositions which composed his "Elements" were known to his immediate predecessors, and that some of them were ancient, having been brought from Egypt and the East, by Pythagoras and others. No one, however, can deny the genuineness of the fame which has surrounded the name of the immortal author of the celebrated "Elements."

Had Laplace never brought to light any of the great general laws of physics, which enter into the composition of the "Mecanique Celeste," yet that work itself would have been a bequest to succeeding generations, which would have registered the name of its author in a high rank of philosophers.

As the printing-press and the steam-engine have, by their combined power, tended to elevate the less informed classes of every civilized people, by multiplying the means for the diffusion of knowledge, and by giving immensely increased facility, cheapness, and expedition to the interfusion of all classes, thus imparting, by mere social contact, the elevation of the more enlightened to the less informed, and without lowering the former, raising the latter, new intellectual exigencies have arisen; philosophers have more varied calls on them. Their fellow-men asked them for the blessings of instruction in such form and measure as the duty of their avocations allow them to receive it. They knock at the gates of the temple of science, and supplicate that they may be thrown open to the world, and that all be admitted to worship and fall down in the "intima penetralia."

In a word, the public within the last half century, have called aloud for a system of adult instruction, more especially directed to the development of the laws and phenomena of nature, and to their most prominent applications to the uses of life.

But adult learners, engaged in the active business of life, and often occupied in daily toil, cannot sit down to familiarize their minds with the technicalities of science; nor can they approach its truths by the severe paths marked out for the rigorously disciplined students of academies and universities. A new style of instruction, written as well as oral, by printed books as well as by spoken lectures, was, therefore, called into existence. Mechanics' institutions took the lead in this intellectual revolution. At first those who lent themselves to the innovation were regarded with a sinister look by their learned colleagues. The great leaders of the scientific corps stood aloof. The intrinsic utility of the thing, and the irresistible character of the public demand for it in every country holding any degree of advancement, forced forward the improvement; and at length some of the most eminent names were found among the laborers in this new field of scientific distinction.

First and most honored stands the name of Henry Brougham. In establishing the "Library of Useful knowledge," and affording an example and a pattern at once for the works which were to compose it, in his beautiful "Discourse upon the Objects and Pleasures of Science," he gave the first great impulse to the movement. This was soon followed by the publication of Dr. "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia," the scientific section of which was designed on a similar plan but with somewhat an higher aim. Among the volumes that were produced in this miscellany, the work of Sir John Herschell, entitled "A Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy," formed an era in this kind of composition, and an event in the progress of scientific literature, which can never be forgotten; this work, which the venerated Mackintosh pronounced the most remarkable philosophical treatise which had appeared since the death of Bacon.

In examining the pretensions of M. Arago, and arriving at a just decision on the question raised between those whose idol he is, on the one hand, and those who would reduce him to the lowest rank in the community of science, on the other, it is necessary to keep in view these distinctions.

In original research, in observation and experiment, that highest field of scientific labor, M. Arago, say his detractors, "has done nothing." This statement is easily confuted. We have already related his early labors on the measurement of the meridional arc in conjunction with M. Biot. It may be admitted that in this there was nothing more than a fair promise in a young *savant*, which was appropriately and sufficiently rewarded by the distinction immediately conferred upon him.

In the year 1829, however, the Royal

Society of London conferred upon him the Copley medal, an annual mark of honor, which is granted by that society to persons who by their original researches promote the advancement of physical science. It was conferred on M. Arago for his discoveries connected with the development of magnetism by rotation; an inquiry in which he was immediately followed by the labors of Babbage and Herschell. His countrymen esteemed this mark of distinction to have brought with it more than usual honor, from the consideration that M. Arago had frequently rendered himself conspicuous by his efforts to wrest from British *savants* the merit claimed for them as inventors and discoverers, an example of which is adduced in his researches into the early history of the steam-engine, in which he is regarded in France as having proved that that machine is of French invention. Those, however, who better know the feelings which animate the council of the Royal Society in the distribution of scientific honors, are aware how utterly groundless such ideas are.

M. Arago was associated with Gay Lussac in conducting the series of experiments by which the table exhibiting the relation between the pressure and temperature of steam was extended to the highest practicable degrees of tension.

Besides those we have just mentioned, may be found a few other instances of original research scattered through the proceedings of the Institute, and scientific periodicals.

Admitting to these all the credit that can be fairly claimed for them, when it is considered that forty years have now elapsed since the labors of this savant commenced; that he is a member of the Institute of thirty-seven years' standing; that at the head of the Observatory, and in the laboratory and cabinets of the Polytechnic School, he had means of experimental inquiry and observation on an unusually large and liberal scale at his absolute command, it cannot be maintained that there is any thing in these labors and researches to form the foundation for the widely-extended reputation which he enjoys.

M. Arago is not the author of any systematical work in any branch of science.

In the two departments of scientific labor which are considered as giving a title to the highest reputation, M. Arago has therefore done nothing in any degree proportionate to the fame and popularity which surround his name.

In those labors which are directed to popularize and diffuse science—to bring it to the doors of the man of the world—to adorn it with the graces of eloquence, Arago stands forward pre-eminent. This is the source of his popularity, and the foundation of his fame.

It has been the laudable practice of the Institute to commemorate each of its most distinguished members, after their decease, by a public eulogy or "eloge," which is read at one of its meetings, and published in its transactions. These eloges are biographical sketches, in which the things which have been done or written for the advancement of science by the departed member, are explained and narrated with that encomium which such an occasion requires.

In the composition of those eloges, Arago has obtained a great celebrity. No one living, perhaps, combines so many eminent qualifications for such a task, and accordingly these essays have been heard and read with the greatest manifestations of enthusiasm, and have received marks of unqualified admiration. It is usual to adapt such essays not to scientific men only, but to the world in general. It is, therefore, necessary, in explaining the works from which the deceased member has derived distinction, to divest the exposition of the technical language and symbols of science, to exhibit them with simplicity and clearness, and to clothe them in the language of eloquence and poetry. Conscious of his power, Arago eagerly seizes this opportunity of displaying it, and executes his task *con amore*. Like the chisel of the sculptor, amorous of the forms of beauty and grace which are developed under its edge, the pen of Arago dwells with undissembled delight on the sentences of those charming compositions. All who are interested in the literature of science, will recall the pleasure produced by the perusal of the *eloges* of Volta, Fresnel, Ampere, and Watt.

In didactic eloquence, M. Arago has had few equals—no superior. In the scientific essays of Lord Brougham there are many qualities unfolded which exhibit the same character of genius. Indeed, between these two illustrious men there are many analogies sufficiently striking. Both are gifted with the same fluency, ease, simplicity, and clearness. Both have the rare facility of rendering simple that which is complicated; of shedding the light of their mind on that

which is obscure; of clearing to the uninitiated the thorny paths that lead to the temple of science. Both have been the ardent apostles of the diffusion of knowledge, and have stimulated others in the prosecution of that holy labor, by precept and example. Both have combined the character apparently incompatible, of the politician who rushes into the conflict of the chambers and mounts the rostrum of the popular assembly, with that of the grave instructor who unfolds the laws of the physical universe, reads to his astonished auditors what has been going on in the heavens for countless ages gone by, and foretells what will happen there for countless ages to come.

As a savant, we find many points of resemblance between Arago and Sir John Herschel. The celebrated discourse on Natural Philosophy exhibits, in the felicity of its style of exposition and illustration, those endowments which have contributed to raise Arago to so high a pitch of popularity.

As an oral teacher, Faraday exhibits, though in an inferior degree, the qualities which annually attract such crowds to the astronomical lectures delivered at the *observatoire*.

Though not deficient in some familiarity with the pure mathematics, M. Arago has not acquired that profound knowledge of them which his scientific position is considered to demand. That he is not ignorant, as some of his detractors have said, of this [illegible] of science is proved by the chair he filled for so many [illegible] Polytechnic School. But that he has not, on the [illegible] hand, prosecuted these studies so as to avail himself of them to any considerable extent, is equally certain.

It has been objected, that nothing contributing materially to the advancement of practical astronomy has issued from the observatory under his directorship; that he is neither an observer himself, nor has he the power of turning the observations of his assistants to profitable account.

Notwithstanding that it cannot be denied, that such animadversions may be to some extent justified, the friends of M. Arago reply, that no savant ever displayed more activity and untiring industry. "Ask," say they, "his assistants and colleagues in the observatory respecting his course of life. They will relate to you, with unaffected astonishment, the incredible amount of mental labor which he undergoes; that he esteems that man idle who toils less than fourteen hours a day; that with himself, days of this kind are days of comparative rest; they will tell you of the pile of correspondence, memorials, and petitions which daily load his table, relating to politics, physics, chemistry, mechanics, astronomy, natural history, and even philosophy and literature! They will tell you of his correspondence with every part of Europe; with Asia, with America, North and South; they will tell you of the uncounted committees on politics, science, and the arts, of which he is an active member; they will tell you of the plans which he has daily to examine and report upon, of the memoirs he has to analyze, and of his weekly work, as perpetual secretary and man of all work of the Institute, and they will then ask you, is not that enough to earn his reputation."

With all these calls on his attention, no one is more accessible than M. Arago. The government, the municipality, public and private establishments connected with industry and the useful arts, find in him an adviser always ready and disinterested. Yet in the midst of duties so absorbing, and calls so various, there is no one seen in the salons of Paris who shares more freely and enjoys more intensely the pleasures of society.

Arago is ambitious. He shares, in a large measure, that love of glory which is the peculiar attribute of his countrymen. This passion fills his soul. Had he been a soldier, he would have been a marshal of France, the victor of a hundred fights. He seeks fame, but is not satisfied with that remote [illegible] which comes when the bones of its owner crumble [illegible] He loves immediate honor, and thirsts for popularity. This he courts in science, in letters, in politics;—in the observatory, in his closet, in the senate, and at the hustings.

Arago is of an impetuous temper. A violent political partisan, he carries into science and letters the spirit which animates him in the tribune, and allows his estimates of the merits and claims of his contemporaries to be biassed by the hostilities or the partialities produced by their respective political opinions. Filled with the aspiring ambition so peculiar to his country, he claims for it the first and highest place in every thing which can elevate its fame. There is no invention in art, or discovery in science, which he will not strain every sinew of his mind to claim for France. If he notices the steam-engine, he is sure to prove that admirable machine to be of

French origin; according to him, the Philadelphian experiment of drawing lightning from the clouds, which all the world believes to be due to Franklin, is in reality due to a Frenchman.

If it could be assumed that France might have existed before paradise, M. Arago would demonstrate, beyond the possibility of dispute, that Adam and Eve were made, not as is commonly believed, by God, but by a Frenchman.

In his capacity of astronomer royal, M. Arago delivers each season, at the observatory, a course of lectures on astronomy. These are exquisite models of popular didactic eloquence. Notwithstanding the inconvenient locality of the observatory, and the inconvenient hours at which they are given, the theatre is filled with an audience of seven or eight hundred persons of both sexes, and of every class, who hang on the lips of the lecturer with mute and unrelaxing attention, the most grateful homage to his genius.

As a member of the Board of Longitude, M. Arago directs the publication of the "Annuaire," an almanack issued at a low price for general use by the French government. As an appendix to this work, *notices* on scientific subjects, written in a popular style, have for many years appeared. The notices of "The Steam-Engine," "Comets," "Artesian Wells," "Thunder and Lightning," "Eclipses," will be fresh in the memory of all readers. The form of its publication, the utility of its contents and tables, and its extreme cheapness (it is sold in France at one franc, equal to tenpence), have combined to give it an enormous circulation throughout every part of the world. Nothing has so largely contributed to the universal diffusion of M. Arago's name as this little annual volume. The tact shown in the selection of the topics for the "notices" is not less striking than the felicity of the style in which they are composed. That a reputation has resulted from them, considering its extent and universality, altogether disproportionate to their claims as scientific compositions, is undeniable; and that the reaction produced thus, among the scientific community, should give rise to hostile strictures and depreciating animadversions on the author is natural. The "notices" will nevertheless be read, and the name of the writer echoed in places where these strictures shall never be heard, and at times when they shall be forgotten.

The convulsions which attended the Revolution of July did not suddenly terminate. They were followed from time to time by popular outbreaks in Paris, in which the civil force and the militia of the National Guard were called upon to act. The government itself was unsettled, and the counsellors of the crown, with new functions and uncertain responsibilities, were distracted and divided—the more so, because, although the principle of the royal irresponsibility was adopted in the constitution, the personal character of Louis Philippe, not less than the exigencies and well-being of the state, did not permit that monarch to assume the position of the Lay Figure, to which the sovereign is reduced in England. In these emeutes, M. Arago was often called to appear either casually, or by his office as a deputy, or as an officer of the National Guard.

In the events which resulted in the pillage and destruction of the archbishop's palace in February, 1831, and which menaced the metropolitan church of Notre Dame, he appeared as colonel of the twelfth legion of the National Guard. During the night of the 14th, the populace in several quarters had committed violences, which presaged the proceedings of the morning. At the break of day, groups had assembled in the streets around the Palais Royale. These avenues, however, were efficiently guarded, and mysterious leaders appeared among the people, who artfully directed their course towards the Pont Neuf, and thence to the precincts of Notre Dame. On the alarm being given, the drums beat to arms, and the National Guards of the twelfth legion assembled, under the command of M. Arago, in the quarter of the Pantheon, whence they marched to the river, and crossed by the bridge near the cathedral. The adjutant of the battalion, the Comte de Clonard, in passing the crowd, unintentionally struck, and mortally wounded, one of the people. The bleeding man was carried on the shoulders of the mob to the precincts of the church, amid shouts of vengeance. Meanwhile the Comte escaped. M. Arago, following the sufferer, had him brought to the hospital (Hotel Dieu), near the bridge, and left him in proper medical care. He had scarcely, however, reappeared at the gate of the hospital, when he was surrounded by the populace who, accusing him of the murder, dragged him to the quay-wall, from which they were about to fling him into the Seine. To his courage and presence of

mind, and perhaps also to his general popularity, he was indebted for his safety.

M. Arago, returning to the head of his troop, led them round the cathedral to the archbishop's palace adjacent to it. Here a scene presented itself which baffles description. The iron balustrades around the palace had been torn down, and bent like wax under human force. The rich apartments were filled with the populace. Every window was thrown open, and the demon of destruction raged within. Rich candelabras, paintings, costly marbles, ornamental tables and chairs, carved wainscoting, splendid mirrors, rare books, priceless manuscripts, rich crucifixes, pontifical robes of cloth of gold, missals, were showered from every window into the surrounding court and streets, amidst a storm of bravos, shouts of laughter, and cries of fury. The destroying angel seemed to fly through the building.

The ninth legion of the Guard had arrived before Arago, and had entered both the palace and the church. They were paralyzed by what they beheld, and wandered through the rooms passive spectators of the scene, without order or discipline.

With a force inadequate to quell the emeute, M. Arago was compelled to look on and behold losses irreparable to art and science, inflicted by a blind and infuriate mob. He despatched one of his subalterns (a brother of M. Montalivet) to represent at head quarters what was going on, and to demand a reinforcement. No reinforcement came, and Arago became assured of what he had previously suspected, that the emeute was connived at by the government for sinister purposes. He was still more confirmed in this impression when he was told that distinguished persons were seen in the neighborhood discouraging the National Guards from interfering with the people. He was assured in particular that M. Thiers, then one of the under secretaries of state, was seen walking round the ruins with a gratified look, and a smile on his lips.

The cathedral itself was now menaced. Some persons had got upon the roof, apparently with the intention of knocking down the stone cross with which it was surmounted. Meanwhile a part of the mob had come round to the front gate, which they were in the act of forcing, with the view of destroying the contents of the church, and attacking a party of the ninth legion which occupied it, under M. de Schonen. M. Arago, seeing the impending ruin, and trembling for the precious objects of art and relics of antiquity within, left his troop, which was stationed in an adjacent street, and traversing the crowd, whom his tall form overtopped by the head, rushed amongst the foremost and, pointing at the cross, exclaimed:—"Behold that cross which shakes under the blows of the destroyers! Its height alone makes it seem small. It is in reality an enormous mass of stone. Would you await its fall in the midst of you, bringing with it, as it will, the stone balustrade below it? Away, away, or I swear to you that to-night your children and your wives will have to weep your loss!" Saying this, he himself suddenly retreated, putting an appearance of fright in his looks.

The crowd, infected with the fear they saw manifested by one whose courage they did not doubt, and whose knowledge they respected, precipitately fled in every direction. In a moment Arago led his troop into the place they deserted, and occupied every approach to the church.

On the occasion of the disturbances which took place in Paris on the 5th and 6th June, 1832, a meeting of the members of the opposition was held at the residence of Lafitte, at which it was resolved to send a deputation to the king at the Tuilleries, charged with representing to him that the existing disorders, and the blood of the people, which then flowed in the streets of the capital, were the miserable consequences of the policy adopted by the government ever since the revolution of 1830, and to supplicate him to change his counsels. This deputation consisted of Arago, Odillon Barrot, and Lafitte. Before their arrival at the palace, the revolt was in a great degree quelled. Admitted to the cabinet of Louis Philippe he received them with his usual frankness and cordiality. They represented that now that the victory was gained, the time for the exercise of clemency approached; that the occasion was favorable for the correction of past errors; that the moment at which the law triumphed over disorder was a fitting one for a change of system, the necessity of which was generally admitted; that the popularity of the crown had been compromised, party hatreds excited, civil discord awakened, all which were consequences of the system of vindictive rigor which had been pursued.

The answer of the king vindicated the policy of his advisers, and threw on the factions, and on the opposition themselves,

the blame of the evils which ensued. Arago replied, in language not to be mistaken, that his resolution was taken not to accept any office under such a government. Odillon Barrot was uttering a like declaration, when the king, interrupting him, and striking him, with a friendly gesture, on the knee, said, "M. Barrot, I do not accept your renunciation of office."

On the departure of the deputation, the king observed to one of his intimate friends, who waited in an adjoining room—"M. Barrot was sententious and gentle; M. Lafitte, solemn; and M. Arago, *extremely petulant*."

M. Arago was elected for the first time to the Chamber of Deputies, in 1831, by the electoral college of his native place, Perpignan. He immediately took his place among the party of the extreme left, which represented opinions as republican as was compatible with a seat in the Chamber. When this party, before the following general election, issued the manifesto to the electors, since known by the name of the "comte-rendue," which was followed by the dissolution of the party, Arago, who had signed that document, ranked himself with his friends, Dupont de l'Eure and Lafitte, in irreconcilable enmity with the government, to which he has ever since offered the most persevering and untiring opposition. Among his parliamentary speeches, one of the most remarkable and successful was that directed against the fortifications of Paris, and more especially against those detached forts which have been erected outside the fortifications, in such positions as to command every egress from the city.

In 1837, when a coalition was attempted between different sections of the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, and an effort was prepared to resist the corrupt influences of government at the elections, Arago was, by common consent, associated with Lafitte and Dupont de l'Eure to represent the democratic party. The combined weight of these three names was relied on as a tower of strength. The dynastic opposition was to be invited to a coalition. If it should accede, a party would be formed against which no ministry could stand. If not, no opposition could prevail which should be deprived of these names. A committee was ultimately formed to act upon the elections through the press, of which Arago was a leading member; and although the fusion of the two sections of the opposition was found impracticable, much was done to augment the Liberal party. Arago obtained a double return, being elected by two separate colleges.

The ultra-Radical part which Arago has played in the Chamber, and the unrelaxing and virulent spirit of his opposition to government, have, in some measure, impaired the benefits which the nation and the government might have derived from eminent talents. His speech on the establishment of railways in France, and that against the undue weight given to classical studies in the system of public instruction, were each marked with a certain irritating spirit, dogmatic, and offensively aggressive, which, setting at defiance a large section of the Chamber, obstructed the influence of the lucid and practical views which he advanced, and which, if presented in a different spirit, could not have failed to produce a profound impression.

Arago derives much power in the senate by his renown as a savant. A certain prestige attaches to his presence, which, when he rises to speak, represses every murmur. No noisy marks, whether of assent or dissent, are heard. A respectful silence is observed equally by friend and foe. Every countenance, leaning forward, is marked with an unequivocal expression of attentive curiosity. Every ear inclines, greedy for his words. His lofty stature, his hair curled and flowing, his fine southern head, command the audience. In the muscular play of his noble front, in which the wrinkles appear and disappear like the ripple on the ocean, there are indications of habits of meditation and power of will.

A mind so organized could not have resigned itself, in the actual condition of society in France, to the tranquil labors of the observatory or the study. Versatile in its endowments, it would yearn for action after the quietude of study. The agitation of human affairs would be sought after, as a contrast to the solemnity and repose presented by the rolling orbs of the firmament. The tempest of the forum would be welcomed after the silent grandeur of nature.

Although he derives as much of his power from the intensity of passion as from the prestige of his science, he cannot confront an adverse assembly with that towering superiority which marks the great orator. He cannot behold the tempestuous movements of the assembled people, and the outbursts of opposition, with the scornful

indifference of Mirabeau. An unfavorable reception would chill the fervor of his inspiration, and relax the vigor of his soul. Happily, he is not exposed to such trials. He is listened to, generally, by those who love to hear and comprehend him.

It is related by one who knows him, that one fine evening in spring, walking with his family in the garden of the observatory, he alluded to the subject on which he intended to speak the next day in the chamber, and mentioned the observations he intended to make. He rehearsed, in a manner, his intended speech.

"The question to be discussed," says a friend, who was present on the occasion, "was the vindication of the people from the contempt manifested towards them by the aristocracy, by showing the extent to which the people have been the means of advancing the sciences, enumerating the great men who have arisen among them. Carried away by the enthusiasm with which the subject filled him, Arago rose gradually from the familiar tone in which he had begun, and became more and more animated and sublime. I fancy still, when I behold the elevated terrace of the garden which overlooks Paris, that I see his tall figure, like an Arab chief, with head uncovered and arm extended, his eye full of fire, his hair agitated by the wind, his fine forehead lit by the red rays of the setting sun. No; never was aspect more majestic—never did man clothe his thoughts in terms more noble and more solemn. Yet, the next day I went to hear him in the Chamber deliver the intended speech, and could scarcely recognize the individual of the preceding evening, so sensible did he appear to the murmurs with which his allusions to the people were received by the sprinkling of aristocrats in the Chamber."

It may be asked why, if Arago be a republican in spirit, he should submit to the conditions which a seat in the Chamber under the monarchy of July requires?

To say that Arago is a republican is not strictly true. Like his late friend, Lafitte, and like Dupont de l'Eure, and others of the same section of the Chamber, it is not that he believes at this moment possible a great European republican state, but he thinks that republicanism is the centre, towards which European states are gravitating, and into which, in the fullness of time, they will successively fall, and that France will be the first. He regards republicanism as the most exalted form of the most advanced civilization.

When we consider how prone men of science and letters are, when they arrive at political station and influence, to prostrate themselves at the steps of thrones, and exhibit subserviency to ministerial power, and what complaisant apologists despotism every where finds in them, we cannot too much admire the spirit of independence with which Arago has rendered himself an exception to this formula, so derogatory to the dignity of mind. And in his case the temptation was even greater than it is wont to be, for his voice was all-powerful at a time when the sovereign, recently seated on his new and unsteady throne, without the support of an aristocracy of wealth or rank, stood in need of the countenance of the aristocracy of intellect. Arago, if compliant, might have obtained from the royalty of the barricades every thing which could gratify his ambition. He accepted nothing, but preserved his dignity and independence.

Arago fills a considerable number of public functions, most of which are elective, and some unsalaried. He is Director of the Observatory, a Member of the Board of Longitude, perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, Member of the Superior Council of the Polytechnic School, Member of the Council-General of the Seine, of the Committee of Public Health, Colonel in the National Guard, Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and Commander in the Legion of Honor. He has been elected also a corresponding member of most of the principal learned societies of Europe, and on the occasion of his visit to England, had the civic honors conferred upon him by the corporations of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

THE 'CAMEL' AND THE 'NEEDLE'S EYE.'—Lord Nugent, in his recent publication, 'Lands Classical and Sacred,' has given an application of the words which at once proves the fitness of the expression for the object our Saviour had in view. Lord Nugent describes himself as about to walk out of Hebron through the large gate, when his companions, seeing a train of camels approaching, desired him to go through 'the eye of the needle;' in other words, the small side gate. This his lordship conceives to be a common expression, and explanatory of our Saviour's words; for, he adds, 'the sumpter camel cannot pass through, unless with great difficulty, and stripped of his load, his trappings, and his merchandise.'

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

[The following genial notice of the life and labors of one of the most amiable and most eminent literary characters of the present century, proceeds from a source abundantly competent and willing to do him justice. A more candid estimate, or a more agreeable portraiture, it would be difficult to find.—Ed.]

From the North British Review.

The Miscellaneous Works of the Right Honorable Sir James Mackintosh. In 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1846.

These volumes present us anew with the memorials, and bring vividly before us the mental lineaments, of one of the most remarkable of recent writers or thinkers. It is scarcely possible, we should imagine, for any Scotsman to recall the name of their illustrious author without a peculiar sentiment of satisfaction and interest; or for any countryman of his, in the widest sense of the term, if but tinctured with the love of literature, and even decently impartial, to suffer the remembrance of a mind so great in its capacities and acquirements—a spirit at once so gentle and so strong, to rise slowly before him, without an impression, sincere at least however inadequate, of something far more than ordinarily striking and imposing in such an assemblage of qualities and combination of powers—something that had unquestionably been capable of being brought to bear with unusual force upon the development of thought, and the general condition of sentiment in society. The interest, however, that attaches to the image of Sir James Mackintosh's mind, as shadowed forth, or rather as now permanently fixed and pictured to posterity by the contents of these volumes, differs very considerably from that with which, but a few years ago, the perusal of a number of the very same papers that are here collected, invested to the feelings and imagination the ideal likeness of an admired and still living instructor. The value of mental excellence consists, in most cases, far less in the amount of addition, however large it may be, which its efforts have contributed to the stock of our previous knowledge, than in the inspiring and elevating encouragement with which its successful example animates the admiring observers of its footsteps to a similar and almost involuntary exercise of their own energies. The emulous sympathy awakened by extraordinary vigor of faculties is sensibly warmed and enlivened, and distant admiration is kindled into a sentiment greatly more ardent and passionate, by the felt reality—the actual life and presence amongst us, of the object of interest and wonder. Life and reality bind up into one, and present to us constantly, with the effect of their united force and splendor, those qualities which a still and unchanging embodiment in mere authorship tempts and enables us to examine coldly, and estimate rigorously, perhaps ungenerously, one by one. Hence it is, that the publication before us, though it cannot be doubted that it exhibits, with tolerable accuracy and completeness, the general massiveness and leading features, and even the reigning air and expression, of a most remarkable mind, yet, at the very moment when it gives greater precision and fixedness to the lines of our conception, fails to flood these lines with the same vividness of coloring, or to carry home the imagined reality with the same stirring power upon all the nobler and warmer sympathies, which some of the separate pieces composing the publication were, during the author's lifetime, sufficient to command. It is indeed still the same intellect and the same character which we were wont to picture to ourselves in its contour proportions and all its important lineaments, that is now to be seen imaged forth enduringly in his works: but in these it wears the calm placidity, the stony fixedness and tranquillity of marble; the picture drawn upon the tablet of our fancy was laid in breathing colors and glowed with the changeful hues of life. With the cessation of that life it is natural for those who regard always with a peculiar reverence the minds to which they have themselves been most indebted, to imagine that much also has departed and left no trace, of what they conceived themselves entitled, and were perhaps justly entitled, to ascribe to the object of their admiring regard; much, upon the believed possession of which depended, in no small degree, the exciting and ennobling influence which, as they are profoundly sensible, that object has exerted upon them. While the beautiful pieces of thought and composition which Sir James Mackintosh flung from him rapidly from time to time, and as occasion offered, were viewed rather as passing indications of endowments, well known to be extraordinary, but the entire strength and compass of which had never

been any thing like fully and fairly tried, their effect must have been materially different from any which they can soon be expected to produce, when they shall come themselves to constitute the sole evidence and measure of those endowments. In the temporary efforts which he put forth when dealing with particular subjects, or with pressing questions, many who lived along with him beheld only a strength of upward tendency, the entire force of which they found it difficult to guess—an astonishing facility of planting himself on every occasion, and how wide or intricate soever his subject, upon a position sufficiently elevated to descry all its bearings and command its whole extent—a fund of great maxims, apparently inexhaustible, that were capable of being applied with the happiest effect in almost any possible emergency, and a power of rising, almost at will, to truths of such comprehensive generality—faculties, in short, both of execution and design, the full reach and just dimensions of which they longed earnestly to see manifested in the accomplishment of some suitable enterprise that should task to the uttermost all his resources and powers. Is it wonderful then, if, by his departure before he had well begun to address himself to such an employment, and when it is known that he had marked out for himself more than one such task—is it wonderful, if many of his admiring contemporaries, believers in the possible existence of some sparks of genius more than may have actually revealed themselves, should indulge, at times, the sorrowful imagination that they have been deprived by his death of another still more ennobling enjoyment than he had yet conferred on them, and he had been robbed of a truly adequate and befitting monument—that they should look upon the different pieces which he has left behind him, and of which these volumes are composed, as mere brief essays—detached specimens of his varied skill—here a column, there a graceful portico, at one time a solid pediment, at another an exquisitely sculptured group, or, at most, but the bold outline, the extensive and masterly ground plan, of some edifice which only that hand could execute, which had been fitly given by nature as the minister of such transcendent power—rather than as any adequate memorials of the reach of his architectonic genius, or as really and fully worthy to commemorate his name.

It were very wrong in us, however, and exceedingly absurd as well as ungrateful, on account merely of what Sir James Mackintosh has *not* done—but we choose to think that he might have done, and may wish that he had—to overlook or depreciate what he has actually effected, or undervalue the instruction and pleasure to be gained from contemplating the manner in which it has been accomplished. We may regret, for our own sakes, for the sake of knowledge at large, and for the sake of his more permanent reputation, that he had not directed more of his strength to the removal of some great difficulty which yet remains to be surmounted in the path of inquiry, or the achievement of some feat which, though not more immediately useful, perhaps, than the humbler practical services in which he employed his faculties, would at least be seen to be one which nobody else, or but few, could pretend to cope with. Sir James himself, indeed, appears to have thought himself bound to do nothing less. He had early and very naturally proposed to himself, as the two special services which his abilities, tastes, and acquirements seemed peculiarly to qualify him for rendering to literature, the execution of a great work on morals and legislation, and of another on English history. He allowed it—imprudently enough it may be granted—to be known to not a few, that both these performances might be looked for at his hands. And thus pledged, as it were, to the public, or having suffered himself tacitly and imperceptibly to become so, he appears to have endured much disquietude and no little self-reproach, for the prolonged disappointment of expectations which it was no longer convenient nor easy to gratify. No one will pretend that he was in any way bound to have undertaken, at the first, either of these enterprises, or, indeed, any similar one. That employment of a man's talents, however high, is always the best and the most incumbent in the eye of a sound and enlightened reason, which is, in present circumstances, the most beneficial to himself and to society; and, as the probability of fame depends by no means on the mere utility of that which is done, but fully as much upon its being such as no one else could do even if he would, or could do so well and in the same fashion,—no wise man will be disquieted in his own thoughts, or suffer himself to be much moved by the foolish censure of others, for the omission of what he alone, perhaps, was fully qualified to effect, and the forfeiture of the credit

which he would have secured by the doing of it; provided the omission have been made for the sake of something in itself more important, and the forfeiture have been incurred, not by insensibility, or indolence, or unworthy preference of something less elevated, but dictated by a genuine taste for what is at all times truly more valuable than mere applause—the promotion of others' happiness, or the conscious satisfaction of an enlarged and richly-cultivated mind. Even this last is among the most precious fruits of literature, and far more than ten times repays to knowledge the occasional withdrawal of some small portion of the talent, that might otherwise have been directly employed in extending its boundaries. It is a splendid result of letters—a fascinating persuasion to similar pursuits—which he who invests himself with, discharges thereby a more important duty to the cause of knowledge and to society, than he could do, in by far the majority of instances, by the most complete dedication of himself to the direct business of discovery. How far conscious indolence, or the waste and dispersion of his energies over objects comparatively insignificant, might have entered, and entered legitimately, as elements, into the painful dissatisfaction with which Sir James was often visited, and to which he sometimes gives expression with a very affecting humility, it does not belong to us as literary critics, nor does it perhaps greatly concern us in any way, to determine; as, on the other hand, it is impossible for us to say how far the keenness of his self-reproach should have been mitigated—but was not—by a due consideration of the way in which, after all, his faculties had on the whole been occupied. To the public, at all events, he was under no obligation, whatever he may have felt himself to be to his own conscience or to a higher power, to do more for their gratification or instruction than he has most richly and gratuitously performed. Even the slight imprudence of furnishing them with what could, by possibility, be construed as a promise or an engagement, he has nobly expiated by his fine fragments of philosophical history—in the highest sense of the word philosophical—and by his brilliant Dissertation on Ethical Science. It is true that the former fall somewhat short, in certain respects, of the single finished piece which he had originally intended, but they extend, perhaps in other respects, just as much beyond it; and if the Dissertation omits altogether one great branch—that of jurisprudence, into which he meant to have expanded the principles of his larger work—we feel persuaded that we possess notwithstanding, in the portion which he has executed, all the really important and vital roots of his more peculiar speculations. Apart, then, from any consideration of what may have been, at one time, Sir James's own hopes or ambition, and the expectations of the public whether reasonable or the opposite, and exclusive of all reference to the extraordinary reputation for ability and eloquence which he enjoyed while living, we certainly have, under all disadvantages and drawbacks, a body of varied writing from his pen, teeming with wise, and beautiful, and elevated thoughts, on almost every imaginable subject connected with human interests and pursuits—expressed in the happiest and most impressive language—breathing, at all times, the purest and most enlightened spirit of candor and benevolent tolerance towards human errors, frailties, prejudice, and ignorance—fraught with the most conspicuous love of the true and the excellent, and with the loftiest and most ardent sympathy with whatever is most elevated in man's nature, and most auspicious and animating in his prospects or circumstances—and stamped throughout with the fervid characteristics of a great mind and nature. To be brought into close and stimulating converse with an instrument of such compass and power, to witness its evolutions, and listen, as it were, to the music which it discoursed on themes so high and universally interesting—to catch, as one could hardly fail in some slight degree to imbibe, a portion of the same fine inspiration—a desire habitually to breathe the same tranquil atmosphere—to feel one's faculties as if silently expanding after the same fashion, and quickened and smoothed onward to somewhat of a similar freedom and grace of movement—to enter, however imperfectly, into the secret of its strength and its deficiencies, so as to comprehend how the one might possibly have been knit and built up to a still greater solidity and firmness, and how the other would best have been obviated—these are advantages to be derived from the perusal of such a body of composition, glowing—as the writings of Sir James Mackintosh always did and could not but glow, to whatever subject they related—with the bright impress of the mind and heart from which they emanated, unspeakably more precious than any amount

of new and positive information which they could possibly convey. For, after all, it is not the letter of knowledge that quickens most emphatically, or that constitutes the hope of the world: it is the spirit—it is the attitude of faculty, the port and bearing of the soul to universal truth and goodness, caught up by eager sympathy from those who have instinctively, at any time, themselves assumed that attitude most perfectly, and directed on these most steadily the purged and open eye, because constituted towards them the most nobly and happily. It is with the condition of the instrument of thought, still more than with the past fruits of thinking, that the hopes of civilization and humanity are bound up; as it is unquestionably with the former, incomparably more than with the latter, that the most glorious and earnest aspirations of the growing individual spirit are involved: and he who, by precept—or, higher still, by thrilling example—teaches the young mind of the world to use its powers worthily, or clears out from their channels of operation a single strong and inveterate impediment, does more for the future health and triumphs of mankind, than could be achieved for them by the bequest of an accumulated inheritance of inventions and discoveries. It is to such minds that we particularly address ourselves—to the ardent in the pursuit of whatever stands prominently forward as true, and upright, and excellent, wheresoever it is to be found. They constitute, in our view, at all times the real hope and jewel of society: it is they only that will be moved to their depths—stirred, and strengthened, and refreshed in all their faculties, by the wise and graceful writings which we press upon their attention, or will draw from them the full measure of enlargement and fertility which they are calculated to yield; and it is to them chiefly, we confess, that we feel at present the most particular solicitude to commend ourselves.

It is out of the question, of course, to think of characterizing, one by one, even the leading pieces in the three volumes before us. It would entail on any article, however extended, the same incoherence and chance-medley character which would inevitably belong to the impression that would be left upon the mind by a continuous, uninterrupted perusal of the whole contents of the volumes themselves, an absurdity which no one we presume would dream of attempting. We have here an assemblage of papers on subjects the most miscellaneous; speeches forensic and parliamentary, disquisitions on literature, criticism, biography, history, politics, international law, curious questions of evidence, jurisprudence, the philosophy of ethics, and general philosophy—all bearing the impress, however, and pervaded by the tone, of the same lofty, sage, and comprehensive mind, marked by the same force and vigor of understanding, the same unwearied copiousness of rich but admirably assorted erudition, the same mild dignity and unvarying benevolence of spirit, the same masterly power, freedom, and grace of literary finish, together with an habitual fullness of diction and amplitude of style, that were frequently in danger perhaps of somewhat encumbering the thoughts with too uniform and stately a drapery, but only because such a sweep accorded best with the usual largeness of its circuit, and seemed the most natural attire for the dignity of a fancy essentially classical and Roman. The pieces are here brought together without regard to chronological order; their present arrangement being determined by the subjects alone, and under the three heads of philosophy, literature, and politics. A good deal of the interest that might very easily have been shed over them has been sacrificed, we think, by this departure from the order of time. By a few additional bands of narrative, connecting the different fragments in the order of actual composition, and stating shortly the few intermediate events in the author's life, and the tenor in the mean time of his studies and employments; preceded by a very brief notice of his early education and college course, and followed by a simple statement of the affecting circumstances attending the final close of his career, we should have had combined in one view, and lending mutual illustration and interest, the entire scheme of the author's life, and in corresponding series the successive literary efforts which his situation or studies had given birth to. Some extracts from his letters and journals, with the addition of a selection from among the miscellaneous articles introduced from his private papers into the larger Life, would have completed such a publication as we should have desiderated; and while it superseded with advantage the latter altogether, would have thrown all the light which, after all, is cast, even by its bulky materials, upon the interior recesses of Mackintosh's mind and character. One can hardly say, indeed, that in his case

there was properly any separate, inner history to be revealed. When a man is to be seen upon the stage of life only acting or speaking in a striking manner from time to time, it is natural to inquire into the composition of the hidden current of thoughts and feelings and motives, which constituted the true life of the individual, and which, in these outward manifestations, only revealed occasionally its strength and direction; but when a man both *thinks* as it were and *feels* in public, when the main part of his time has been passed in society, and spent in delighting or instructing it by the very disclosure of his modes of thought, and of his habits of bland, benevolent, and social sentiment, it not unfrequently happens that we are apt to be disappointed, when we discover in the utmost privacy of such an one no more than a silent continuation of the same trains of inquiry with which he had already allowed us to become familiar, and the same gentleness and kindness of general air, but leaving the less room, perhaps, on that very account, for charming us by a proportionate intensity and peculiarity of regard, when the feelings are concentrated specially on the favored individuals of the more intimate friendly or family circle.

It is needless to recapitulate the principal dates and incidents of Mackintosh's Life: we may safely presume that our readers are already in general sufficiently acquainted with them. They know also, we may take for granted, its habitual complexion and tenor, and the issues of it, so far as regards the position to which his efforts, abilities, and reputation were able on the whole to raise him in society. Very great success, certainly, was not any marked characteristic of it, nor great practical efficiency—solid, progressive, and palpable attainment of valuable results—in any one of the numerous objects which his large and powerful understanding would have eminently fitted him for compassing with almost equal facility, and all of which, owing to a very wide and susceptible but not very decided taste, obviously solicited and tempted him variously to the pursuit of them with more or less urgency and attraction. The reason is to be found in the very composition of his mind and character, and in the specific relation or adjustment subsisting among the more prominent elements that bestowed upon both their most remarkable peculiarities. From the first sudden and splendid outbreak of his reputation in 1791, when, at the juvenile age of twenty-five, he stepped forward modestly but gallantly, amidst universal surprise and admiration, as the antagonist of Burke, opposing, and we humbly think, so far as argument was concerned, overthrowing him, with all the dignity and fire of an ancient orator, and with the ripened wisdom of a statesman and a philosopher—with nothing, in short, of youth but its generous fervor, and an indestructible, though perhaps too sanguine confidence, in the necessarily beneficent operation, as well as ultimate triumph, of the principles of freedom; down to his reluctant acceptance of a foreign appointment with the view of rapidly securing a provision for his family, in the hope also of more unbroken leisure for the accomplishment of his great literary projects, and yet of being able soon to return in independence to pursue the object of his chief ambition—the distinction of a parliamentary and public career; we can discern very perceptibly the same great features of character, the silent but effectual operation of the same forces—and as nearly as possible in the same relative proportions—which continued to determine the cast and direction of his whole future life. We trace them in the way in which his time during his eight years' retirement was divided between endless preparation for his great work, the seductive delights of promiscuous literature, and impatience to appear on the theatre of European politics at one of the most eventful and momentous epochs in modern history. We trace them anew, and still more distinctly, in the slackened energy and contemplative moderation with which, when he did so appear, he threw himself into his new pursuit—in the passiveness with which he almost waited as if to have thrust upon him by acclamation those posts of distinction, which others, more confident, and more regardless of general praise or of any opinion as to their merits but their own, would have boldly and promptly seized—in the fondness with which he still apparently clung to some faint idea of parliamentary eminence, even after he had had abundant experience of the far greater efficiency, upon that arena, of vastly inferior powers to his, and of modes of argument and address to which he could not easily descend; after he had seen his long services, too, and his most delicate and disinterested sacrifices to the very shadow of public principle, not very graciously or gratefully set aside; and after he had, to

use his own language, chosen his part, with an assurance that it could never give him either power or influence. We trace them in the resignation and even contentment with which he could bring himself, during the period of his ambition, to fall back upon a quiet professorship, as probably and consciously after all quite as much his appropriate sphere; and yet the readiness with which, some years thereafter, he could forego the flattering and urgent offers of the highest preferment which this department could bestow, at the mere solicitation of political friends, who seem to have thought it quite honor enough for him to serve *them* with his talents, and be always ready to suffer loss for their cause. In the whole way, in short, in which (after making every allowance for his sadly enfeebled health) the twenty years between his return from India and his death were distracted rather than shared, between attendance with occasional displays in Parliament, the calm employments of an academical lecturer, the fascinations of literary or general society, discursive reading almost unbounded, and, at length, the hurried and earnest prosecution of the two grand projects of his life—as if he had then only, if even then fully, begun to feel where his real strength and true vocation lay—in all this there is surely indication, abundantly significant, of powers and qualities of mind which, while great enough to have followed out, with more than ordinary distinction, any one of a large range of arduous objects, could not possibly be alike and equally fitted for attaining so many different ones; and which, both in the diversity of their aims, and in the manner in which each of them in turn was prosecuted, betray not only the absence of some one taste sufficiently decided to have steadily pointed and subordinated all, but some degree of radical opposition among these powers themselves, in certain of their directions; and the operation, too, of certain deep-seated influences, affecting in common, and more or less powerfully, the probability of success, or at all events the measure of it, in any of their possible applications.

A few remarks will be sufficient, perhaps, to render this more evident, and to point out the manner in which we conceive that the composition and structure of Mackintosh's mind, and the essential qualities and texture of his character, could not but affect his success as a literary writer and thinker, but more especially as a speculative or philosophical and scientific thinker; how they would necessarily bear upon the selection of his aims and his success in pursuing them, in other words, upon his happiness and efficiency as a practical man; and lastly, upon his fitness for a sphere of exertion demanding, among other things, a combination, to a considerable extent, of the requisites of both the preceding—a union of the higher cast of thought, with the discernment, energy, and address of practical life. We may thus see not only what he was—what constituted the true sources of his strength—but the measure also of what such a mind could have become, how it might have attained that measure, and why it actually did not. The transition will be but a step—the inference, if it can be called such, a plain one, to the perception of the true value of his writings, and the properties of mind from which it is derived. We do not, however, mean to be guided rigidly by the formal lines of partition we have now indicated; but having apprized the reader of our general purpose, shall freely surrender ourselves to the natural course of thought, leaving him to determine afterwards whether, and to what extent, that purpose has or has not been fulfilled.

It is manifest, then, at a glance, that Mackintosh throughout his whole life aimed at combining the statesman with the scholar, or man of letters and philosopher. We have not the remotest intention of here raising the question how far these two characters are really incompatible, or whether the one have any tendency, and how, to interfere with or affect the other. That Mackintosh himself considered them as not very readily reconcilable, is certain; for he distinctly says so, when he declares that "society and business give the appropriate education to the statesman, and that though he ought to be well-informed and accomplished, he ought not to be, and cannot be, a professed scholar." And whether this conviction was founded exclusively on a consideration of the nature of the case, or in part also upon a consciousness, more or less distinct, of the way in which the characteristic qualities of both influenced each other in his own experience, it alters not the certainty of the fact that such really was his conviction. Yet it is evident, on the other hand, that practically he himself strove to combine both characters. Whatever might be theoretically his opinion, or secretly his personal misgivings, he never

could bring himself fairly to abandon either. No doubt he had several high endowments that qualified him, so far, alike for each, and it may safely be assumed, that if he could have attained the highest eminence in the Senate and have guided the national councils, he would have been content to merge and to forego any separate appearance as a professed man of letters or a philosopher; although, even then, his wisdom and his eloquence would continue to be still essentially, and almost in form, philosophy rather than oratory. But for which of the two employments he had been best and most immediately furnished by nature, admits of scarcely a moment's question. It could not be any secret to his own consciousness, nor was it, that like a still greater, he had not been "born under Sol that loveth honor, nor under Jupiter that loveth business, but under the planet of contemplation;" which, in his earliest aspirations, "carried" him too, like Bacon, "entirely away." This presentiment of his truly proper destiny showed itself soon, in his ambition to fill a philosophical professorship as the highest earthly happiness and dignity, and it could never afterwards be dislodged from his mind, but rather fastened itself upon him more firmly, and perhaps more sadly, in consequence of all his subsequent experience. Whether it was that he had, even then, a secret shrinking from rude struggle and outward contention, as what he was not fitted for; or that he had a lurking sense, an inward warning, that like Lord Bacon, how elegant soever his manner, or ardent his spirit, or versatile his genius, and varied his accomplishments, he was, nevertheless, "better fitted to hold a book than to play a part;" or whether it was that his secluded situation had as yet presented to him no higher aim, or had not stirred him to the consciousness of powers fitting him for greater things, or that the love of ideal excellence, intellectual and moral, which is apt at that age to be peculiarly strong, had magnified to his imagination the advantages of such a quiet and contemplative retreat; whatever may have been the cause, the feeling itself was distinctly and strongly present to him, so that how little soever "unfit by nature," like Lord Bacon, "for civil causes," he could not but be, in some degree, rendered so "by this preoccupation of mind."

He may have been gradually weaned, however, from these, his earlier and humbler preferences, by many concurring causes and circumstances. The necessity of engaging speedily in some active profession or occupation for his immediate support, growing familiarity of intercourse with men in cultivated circles, vivacity of manner and marked superiority in point of quickness of thought and power of expression, not only setting him perfectly at ease, but rendering him a favorite in society; the strong excitement of political parties, at the time when he went to reside in London, and his eager interest at all times in their contests; his ready and practised habits of debate, his extensive knowledge of the history of parties and of history at large, his fondness for historical generalizations, and his ardent admiration and devoted study of the splendid writings of Mr. Burke; but, above all, the enthusiastic reception of his own first public production upon a political subject;—these must have all tended to eclipse his earlier tastes, to overbear or banish any ill-defined feeling of distrust, and to encourage him powerfully to cherish loftier aims.

And it cannot but be acknowledged, that certain very important elements or qualifications for the formation of a practical politician and statesman he did already possess, in a far more than ordinary degree. Some of them we have just now hinted at, as probably sources of conscious hope and encouragement to him. Largeness and comprehensiveness characterized his understanding in all its operations, and in all its views upon every subject: it was always natural to it, and ever most agreeable, to consider things in their widest aspects, and under their most general relations. To determine, therefore, the probable bearing of great measures of policy, upon interests so numerous and wide spread and intricately related, as those of the various classes and bodies composing a community, was exactly such an exercise of mind as was most congenial to him. Neither the variety nor the greatness of the elements that necessarily enter into such a contemplation, nor their multiplied interdependences, perplexed or dismayed him; but only seemed to furnish sufficient scope and materials for the appropriate display of the real strength, and range, and mastery of his genius. And then the influence exerted, or likely to be exerted, by institutions, laws, and customs upon national character—upon the modes of thought and feeling, the morality and happiness of a [illegible]

him a matter of refined and favorite speculation. Moreover, the direct force of his understanding, which was really great, and which only failed at any time to produce its just impression because of its more than proportionate comprehensiveness, would enable him not only to contemplate measures in the whole extent of their contemporaneous influence, but to follow them far out in thought, and rapidly, into their remoter consequences. History, too, had put him in possession of all the results of past experience upon those subjects; had rendered him intimately conversant with her lessons, and had taught him habitually to regard the current, even of contemporary events, with her own eye, and to rise from these to the most generalized conclusions which they seemed either to warrant or to point at. His facility and eloquence in the extemporary exposition of his views—a facility and power so remarkable, that even in conversation his regards appeared spontaneously to spread themselves out to the whole extent of a subject, to exhibit all its parts in their due proportion, and fairly to exhaust it, were themselves qualifications for which no amount of labor would have been too great a price for a statesman's ambition to pay, but which, in most instances, even that price would not avail to purchase; and systematic training for the bar, followed up by hard practice in pleading, seemed likely to perfect this gift, and render it equal to any task which ambition itself might think proper to impose. And if he was without adventitious influence, arising from powerful political connexions, or property, or personal rank, the example of Mr. Burke may have early consoled him with the thought of the prodigious ascendency which, even independently of these, might be wielded over the mind and councils of a nation, by endowments in their general cast not distantly resembling his own. He had the accomplishments, the information, the largeness of mind, the philosophical views, the calm eloquence, befitting a statesman; and to sum up his qualifications, he had, by the very constitution of his nature, an ardent sympathy with generous principles of policy; a sort of instinctive public spirit or feeling; a species of political philanthropy, more remarkable for its fervor than was even the warmth of his attachments to individuals; and a strong natural confidence in the reality, power, and progressiveness of the principles of improvement, imbedded in the very foundations and incorporated with the fabric of human society. This would imply, of course, a disposition to be guided in all measures and experiments by those great simple laws, so far as they are already discoverable; to favor their development; to hope well of the interests of humanity amidst all the temporary irregularities and evils that may attend their unimpeded natural operation; and certainly by no means to be ready vexatiously and narrowly to thwart them, for the sake of interests which it might be thought expedient to secure, but which could not, without apprehension, be exposed to their free influence, or very well be shown, perhaps, to consist in any way even with their truth.

And lastly, his perfect natural candor and freedom from prejudice, the absolute fairness as well as mildness of his temper, the ready, willing, and complete subjection of his understanding to the power of evidence —to which indeed it was the noble peculiarity and distinction of his mind to be subject absolutely, and as one might almost say *helplessly*, rendered it easy for him above most men to arbitrate impartially amidst conflicting claims—or rather impossible for him to arbitrate otherwise, and made it in a manner inevitable for him to act in accordance with his unbiassed convictions of justice and the general good.

But, on the other hand, there were also disadvantages, which could not but render his ambition for political distinction extremely hazardous, and his chance of more than very partial success in it exceedingly dubious. If society and business give the proper education to the statesman, the society with which he had been conversant was that of select indeed, but very limited circles, rather than of the broad classes that form the main materials and true substance of a community. His knowledge of men, he might have felt, had been derived more from books, aiding his natural sagacity in forecasting the probable operation, under certain very plain and marked conditions, of those few great leading principles, which his own consciousness revealed to him as lying at the foundation of human character, than from actual observation of men—and of men modified in a manner and to an extent altogether beyond the reach of prediction, by the artificial and infinitely complicated influences under which they come to act, either as masses or as individual members of a commonwealth. Extensive intercourse with the different ranks, when exposed to the actual play of those subtle

and manifold influences, with a quick eye for the fugitive exhibitions of the different passions, and a fine and rapid tact in running them instantly up to their true causes, and computing their aggregate amount or force, can alone give that practical and general knowledge of mankind, which no instruction of books can go very far to impart, and no mere strength or refinement of calculus, applied to the inward springs of human conduct and the outward causes by which they are liable to be affected, has hitherto shown itself competent even feebly to anticipate. He could see what the great forces of human nature would effect, or would on the whole tend to produce, in given circumstances—for with the relative intensities of these forces he was well acquainted, profoundly convinced of the extent to which the phenomena of character and life might be accounted for by these alone, and on their mutual action and reaction he loved to speculate—but then, the circumstances must be capable of explicit enumeration, be each of appreciable influence, or be gathered into distinct masses so large as collectively to be so. It is much more, we think, than merely questionable, whether he had so ready, delicate, and accurate a power of estimating, or rather of feeling, the true force of circumstances, that having bared as it were the surface of his own mind to the complex aggregate of influences operating at any given moment upon that of the community, he could tell at once, from his immediate experience, what condition of the general sentiment, or of feeling among certain of its constituent classes, would infallibly be the result. To do so with success he had not only too little experimental acquaintance with the precise state of thought and feeling habitual to each of these classes—could assume but imperfectly at the outset the very condition of mind which was to be modified, but was moreover too much of a philosopher, too addicted to the habit of reflex inspection, to have really exposed his own nature at any time freely to the full undisturbed direct impression of the influences supposed, so as to have *felt* their operation in its result, rather than merely understood it in its ongoing, and partially apprehended its direction and tendency. And as for business, the other ingredient in a statesman's education, and certainly a main requisite in order to his success—to think, not to act, was very conspicuously Mackintosh's vocation,—that for which Nature had plainly best fitted him. To understand how a valuable end might actually be attained, to discover the process, and see clearly the adaptation of its several steps to the purpose in view—this was Mackintosh's delight, and with the clear vision of this his pleasure ended: to convert the theory into a reality, to embody it in a fact or facts, to overcome the mere inertia of matter, the intractableness of the materials given him to work with, was to him the reverse of pleasurable; it was no triumph, it was irksome and wholly uncongenial. The labour of details he could ill bring himself to undergo, even when these details were so plainly indispensable to a most valued end, as was the toil of composition to the conveyance into other minds of a glorious thought or burning sentiment, and to the excitement in them of admiration or of rapture similar to his own: how much less then could he have patiently submitted to it, when the connexion was infinitely more distant, the success exceedingly precarious and much less valuable?—when the chief pleasure of progress must have sprung from apprehended nearness to a full, actual accomplishment, which at the very best, however, was in his eyes comparatively insignificant, or from the petty gratification of having succeeded in surmounting so many impediments. But it was no part of his nature to derive satisfaction from overcoming mere resistance, to find pleasure in making proof of the tenacity of his will as evinced in triumphing over difficulties: Nor, indeed, was his will tenacious. He had but little of the fortunate power of first of all determining that a thing, in itself perhaps perfectly trivial, should be done, and was right to be done, and must continue to be right, beyond the necessity, nay to the prompt exclusion, of all subsequent re-consideration of its worthiness, merely because it happened once to please him that it should be so; and secondly, having thus resolved, the power of incorporating thereafter, by a strong illusion, the whole or a large portion of a fool's habitual satisfaction in the complacent contemplation of self with the thought of self actually doing it. With Mackintosh the highest ends, the only ones that could really be said to possess an intrinsic worth, were to think truly and to feel nobly; or at most, and besides these, to convince others and persuade them to do the same, and to enjoy their admiration and the conscious satisfaction attending the power of so thinking and so persuading them. This, however, if any

part, is but a small one—properly speaking it is none—of a statesman's talent for *business*. A high value for any ends, besides just thought and fine feeling and the conveyance of these in appropriate speech or writing; a power of steadily keeping the value of such other ends in view; of working stubbornly in the strength of it; of making it hide successively the irksomeness of each one of any number of steps that might be necessary to their ultimate attainment; and of wringing meanwhile an additional satisfaction from the thought of opposition vanquished, and of growing strength and abiding dexterity for similar exercise—all this undoubtedly he had little taste for, and probably never could have acquired much. Not that he was ever idle; but he was busy only with what was naturally easy to him—with thinking. It may have required effort, sometimes very energetic and determined effort, even on the part of his most powerful understanding: but the efforts were short and successive flights, rather than one severely sustained and continuous strain; little more, in truth, than sufficient to awaken him to a sense of his dormant powers, and each constantly within sight almost of its alighting place and of a full reward. Without such a recompense, indeed, near at hand, in the noble objects about which his mind was conversant in thinking, or the fine prospects and applications which opened up to him along his path, in all probability even thought itself would not have been prosecuted much beyond the point where it ceased to please and to animate with the consciousness of intellectual strength. And this is really perhaps the explana tion of his deficiency through life in any thing like corresponding acquirements of strict and accurate mathematical or physical science. At all events, with the task of contriving proper measures, and of eloquently and philosophically propounding them, or with little more than this, Sir James Mackintosh's discharge of a statesman's duties, not to say his constitutional aptitude for their discharge, would have probably terminated.

Nor was the example of Burke such as would warrant the expectation in his case of a like result. For, besides that a second instance of similar endowments would have lost much of its first grandeur and impressiveness—even had Mackintosh been really able to rival that extraordinary man in the astonishing wealth and irregularity of his genius, he wanted altogether that vehemence of temper which had in Burke all the effect of the most determined personal decision, and that earnestness in favor of his own views, and antipathy towards the persons, perhaps, as well as opinions of those who importantly differed from him, which assumed in him the energy almost of a moral fanaticism. For the attainment of difficult objects, and the asserting and maintaining of one's proper position among his fellows, strength of passion of some kind would seem to be indispensable; and passions the poorest in themselves—as selfishness, rivalry, dislike,—are capable of receiving a steady direction that shall sometimes result in greater good to the community and satisfaction to the individual, than would spring from a general equipoise and weakness of all the desires, although accompanied with a very correct taste and delicate appreciation of what is morally becoming and excellent. Unless the display of his claims to admiration had secured for Mackintosh the willing surrender of the position that was due to him, it does not appear that the mildness of his nature would have permitted him, or the energy of his passions have prompted, and the firmness and obstinacy of his will have enabled him, to struggle very determinedly and disregard much hostility, in order to make it good. He would have shrunk with sorrow and repugnance from any thing that imposed on him the grievous necessity of stirring up or harboring the angry and turbulent passions; and his own sensibility, and the very warmth of his love for the good opinion of all without any exception, would have made him instinctively recoil with pain from the idea of compassing almost any object by wounding the feelings of another person. He could not, therefore, have wielded with formidable power those weapons of sarcasm and personal retort and invective, which are so necessary and effective in Parliament and in popular assemblies for the repelling of bold and sudden attacks, and the exemplary chastisement of an unscrupulous antagonist. He sympathized far too acutely with the suffering which must be inflicted by the most dexterous and remorseless use of such questionable instruments, to be tempted to have recourse to them without the most manifest reluctance, even for the punishment of open cruelty and unprincipled baseness, much more for any possible purpose of personal severity or the exigencies of self-defence. Nor would the perfect truthfulness and impartiality of his

mind permit him, for the sake of any conceivable advantage, to add to malevolent intention the slightest shade of unfairness, by mutilating or misrepresenting the argument of an adversary, or exaggerating in any way the value of his own. Accordingly, we do not remember in any of his speeches, or in the most impassioned of his writings, with the exception of his very early letter to Mr. Pitt, any thing that can be called an impetuous and unqualified abandonment of himself to the full storm of a terrible resentment—any thing that can be considered as the clear manifestation of a determined, cordial, and unflinching purpose of severe retaliation. And in a single piece, and that perhaps his masterpiece, the defence of Peltier—"that most powerful and wonderful speech, the effect of which," Lord Erskine declared himself unable "to shake off from his nerves," and which he pronounced "to be one of the most splendid monuments of genius, learning, and eloquence,"—we have very remarkable illustration of the extent to which both these peculiarities—his dread of personalities and his extreme scrupulosity about fairness of statement—would have interfered with the full force and freedom of his oratorical powers. For not even the greatness of the occasion, nor the urgencies of a client's defence, nor the wide latitude of argument and reflection most justly allowed in such cases and in the place where he spoke, could prevent him from softening down the noble vehemence of an indignant appeal by carefully disclaiming all idea of disrespect towards the counsel who was opposed to him, or from too palpably indicating with his own hand the insufficiency of the defences which he was engaged in setting up, by his anxiety to guard against either carrying his ingenious suppositions a single inch beyond the lowest point which the necessities of his case absolutely demanded, or of appearing, even then, himself to lean upon their probability with any tolerable degree of confidence. His gifts and his eloquence were undoubtedly great; but by the conditions and accompaniments with which nature had surrounded them, she had herself determined their character as those of the philosopher and great moral teacher, rather than those of the practical statesman, the man of business, or the advocate.

For philosophy, however, we certainly cannot but regard his natural qualifications as having been of a very high—we are not sure whether we should not be justified in calling them of the highest order—and that, whether we consider the successful cultivation, or the impressive and splendid exposition of the subject. By philosophy we here mean that of human nature viewed either individually, or as aggregated and modified in society; that which investigates the principles of its constitution, more especially the nature and range of its great moral and practical principles, the origin and laws of opinion, sentiment, and the formation of character; the philosophy of history likewise, and that of criticism. These have evidently a very close affinity, as well as considerable subordinate diversities. They have their common root in a vivid and accurate sympathy with certain large but related departments of human impression, and in a steady discernment of the more influential among the laws, by which their rise and successions are regulated. They imply, no doubt, a far more than ordinary extent and delicacy of direct susceptibility to such impressions: but they require still more emphatically the much rarer reflex power of surveying them, swiftly yet surely, in the very instant of their passing, and of recalling them afterwards, without distortion or dimness, for more deliberate inspection;—the power of referring each, with a lightning rapidity, as it is in the very act of rising upon the theatre of consciousness, to its proper producing cause, and of then contemplating, for an instant, both, in their connexion, consciously, steadily, and fully;—and the power, lastly, of detecting any common resemblances among them, either in their features or mode of origination, as well as of marking their varying shades of intensity, and the circumstances of relative depth or order on which those variations principally or solely depend. One cannot but exceedingly regret, and this quite as much for the sake of literature as of his own comfort and fame, that Mackintosh's great talents should ever have, in any measure, been diverted by the distraction of active pursuits from contemplations and studies, in which he was so much more certain both to excel and to benefit; studies which still afforded, by their variety, scope and temptation enough for the indulgence of a wavering taste and desultory tendencies, but in which the excessive mildness of his temper, his constitutional charitableness, and his abhorrence of whatever endangered, by its turbulent virulence, the most scrupulous fairness, would have been nearly as signal advan-

tages towards philosophical serenity of view and impartiality of judgment, as they must have proved mortifying impediments in the rude scrambles and collisions of public life; and where his proneness to the luxury of admiration, rather than the harshness and bitterness—but often also, it must be added, the wholesome severity—of censure, would have been attended, at least, with no risk of humiliating personal retrospect, or suspicion of gratuitous good-nature, and indolent softness too probably abused; but would have all gone, if not to darken sufficiently the portraiture of vice, certainly to magnify and set forth, in the most attractive colors, the positive charms of that virtue, of which he was so sincere and discriminating an admirer.

Was Mackintosh fitted to excel in the more strictly intellectual departments of philosophical inquiry, or in the more purely abstract and metaphysical, had he chosen to devote himself to these?—in the analysis, for example, and classification of our mental states, the resolution of them into their ultimate constituent elements, and the detection of their laws of composition and sequence? We undoubtedly think that he was so in a very eminent degree: and, although he was deficient, perhaps, in a clear and adequate notion of the full extent and rigor of the methods of proof required by a complete code of the canons of physical inquiry, and in the practical dexterity necessary for applying them with habitual correctness—as, indeed, what writer is there to whom the same objection is not more or less applicable?—still, his understanding, while delighting undoubtedly by preference in expansion and largeness, contracted, with ease and pleasure and effect, its organs to the minuteness and subtlety of very refined and accurate research. We are inclined even to doubt whether this was not the earliest and most natural direction of his faculties: and whether his subsequent preference of a mode of exercise that demanded a freer and more varied play, together with an ampler scope, did not arise partly from circumstances in some measure accidental, and partly from the later development of a higher taste. Certain it is, that the great acuteness of his understanding, as well as its strength, and the high relish and value which he felt for the analytic and psychological—for remounting to the first elements of knowledge, and determining the precise method or process of combination by which apparent results have been thence derived, every now and then shows itself with a plainness not to be mistaken, and with a precision and stringency that manifest how easily this might have been given way to as a leading and favorite pursuit. Thus, for example, the whole character of his Dissertation is fundamentally psychological, far rather than what is usually called metaphysical—that is, abstract, speculative and general. It is an attempt, in the main and primarily, to determine the probable constituent elements of conscience, in other words, to account for the formation of a composite feeling, or faculty, having all the more obvious characteristics and properties of conscience, without having recourse to any but simple and well known ingredients; in the next place, to point out, by analogous instances, the probable process by which these ingredients were successively agglomerated and fused; and only quite secondarily, and very subordinately, does it entertain the ulterior questions, whether the inferences, theological or metaphysical, that are frequently grounded on conscience under the more common notions respecting its nature and origin, find an equally valid basis to rest upon after admitting the nature and origin which he would assign to it, or, indeed, whether in either case, or on any view of the matter, those inferences are at all warrantable or logically defensible. We need not, at this point, offer any remark upon the success or the failure of his endeavor: its ingenuity, at least, will be freely conceded: and even if that were disputed, the strongly analytic and psychological tendency of his mind, in philosophical inquiries which seemed naturally to invite or to admit of such discussion, would surely be proved by the nature of the attempt—the form, we mean, which the inquiry assumes in his hands, although we might choose to deny him the power, notwithstanding the unquestionable general vigor and refinement of his mind, to give, somehow, proper and practical effect to this tendency. We have not many specimens, however, either in his dissertation or elsewhere in his writings, of his opinions on questions of mere mental science, or mere intellectual philosophy. The essentially distinct character of those studies which came habitually to occupy him, early withdrew his thoughts from these, as matters of separate interest or connected consideration: and, in his dissertation, this department of the labors of preceding philosophers did not fall properly within the scope and

purpose of his review. They are glanced at, therefore, but incidentally and hastily: and it need not surprise us, if, in some cases, where no remark, perhaps, had better been hazarded at all, than a notice necessarily scanty, imperfect, and consequently unsatisfactory, his observations should appear, as it must be confessed they emphatically do, in reference to the physiology of Dr. Thomas Brown, not only meagre, but very superficial. That subject deserved and called for a deeper sounding and thorougher sifting than he could there possibly afford to bestow on it; and, as it fell not within the limits of his object, it had, on every account, been better if he had altogether omitted it. But if we desired to prove, and in a manner the most irresistibly convincing to competent judges, how emphatically capable he was of close, and subtle, and intricate discussion, when his purpose did properly call for it, we should unhesitatingly refer to his most masterly, admirable, and we might add, his affectingly noble and magnanimous examination of the ordinary or Benthamic form of the utilitarian theory. Perhaps its only defect is, that, feeling, as he approached the precincts of a topic in connexion with which his name as he knew had suffered much and grievous indignity—feeling, with a proud but sorrowfully indignant consciousness of inward and unalterable nobility, his immeasurable elevation of spirit above the very thought of a mean and miserable revenge, ashamed even to think of disclaiming this littleness, and much more of stooping to the humiliation of personal defence—he had hastened to lose all remembrance of real or fancied wrong in the direct contemplation of an elevating subject, and, heated and stimulated unconsciously to a high exercise of his powerful faculties, with the long familiar thoughts of many years crowding back upon him again for utterance, he strides swiftly and smoothly onward from bold and comprehensive statement to statement, until he has traversed in every direction and fairly enclosed and occupied the whole territory by a series of strong but distant positions, his own strength and sweep of regard rendering him apparently insensible to the wide interval which must often seem to separate them—the great amount of reflection required to understand fully the skill and connexion with which they have been planted—upon the part of feebler and less practised thoughts. It is indeed a fine and instructive example of his best manner, exhibiting in epitome some of his most characteristic excellencies, with distinguishable traces also of his chief occasional defects; displaying the unrivalled candor, and gentleness, and mild dignity of his nature, in union with the full force and penetration of his capacious intellect, and a minute and searching delicacy of remark combined with a ruling and powerful propensity to generalize so highly, that in the very comprehensiveness of the ultimate statement we seem not unfrequently to perceive the outline of the thought beginning to lose its edge and distinctness, and to break up and melt away gradually from our view. We have, however, at least two marked passages from his pen, in which he adverts deliberately to points so purely mental and psychological as the sources and foundation of human knowledge generally, or the celebrated question—in what sense and to what extent it can be said to be derived from experience, and to rest upon it. And as this very question is pretty plainly on the point of being revived with a new interest and importance attached to it, and of being subjected afresh to a keen examination in the light of British—as it has long been scrutinized in that of continental—modes of thinking, we make no scruple of inserting one of them—even though not proposing to enter into the controversy—not only as a sample of our author's talent for strict investigation, but as a restatement, which may not at the present moment be without some value besides its mere curiosity, of the latest shape which this question may be said to have assumed to the native philosophical mind of this country. It is taken from a paper on the philosophical genius of Bacon and Locke, in the first of the volumes before us; the other we can here only refer to as contained in a rapid notice of Horne Tooke's celebrated work, inserted, from Mackintosh's private journal, in the first volume of his Life. The first part of the subjoined extract relates to the doctrine of innate *Ideas*, the second to that of innate speculative *Principles*, or principles of belief.

"It will be found very difficult, after the most careful perusal of Mr. Locke's first book, to state the question in dispute clearly and shortly, in language so strictly philosophical as to be untainted by any hypothesis. As the antagonists chiefly contemplated by Mr. Locke were the followers of Descartes, perhaps the only proposition for which he must necessarily be held to contend was, that the mind has no ideas which do not *arise* from impressions on

the senses, or from reflections on our own thoughts and feelings. But it is certain, that he sometimes appears to contend for much more than this proposition; that he has generally been understood in a larger sense; and that, thus interpreted, his doctrine is not irreconcilable to those philosophical systems with which it has been supposed to be most at variance.

"These general remarks may be illustrated by a reference to some of those ideas which are more general and important, and seem more dark than any others. . . . If we confine ourselves merely to a statement of the facts which we discover by experience concerning these ideas [viz. of space and time], we shall find them reducible, as has just been intimated, to the following;—namely, that they are simple; that neither space nor time can be conceived without some other conception; that the idea of space always attends that of every outward object; and that the idea of time enters into every idea which the mind of man is capable of forming. Time cannot be conceived separately from something else; nor can any thing else be conceived separately from time. If we are asked whether the idea of time be innate, the only proper answer consists in the statement of the fact, that it never arises in the human mind otherwise than as the concomitant of some other perception; and that thus understood, it is not innate, since it is always directly or indirectly occasioned by some action on the senses. Various modes of expressing these facts have been adopted by different philosophers, according to the variety of their technical language. By Kant, space is said to be the *form* of our perceptive faculty, as applied to outward objects; and time is called the *form* of the same faculty, as it regards our mental operations;—by Mr. Stewart, these ideas are considered 'as *suggested to the understanding*' by sensation or reflection, though, according to him, 'the mind is not directly and immediately *furnished*' with such ideas, either by sensation or reflection;—and, by a late eminent metaphysician, they were regarded as *perceptions*, in the nature of those arising from the senses, of which the one is attendant on the idea of every outward object, and the other concomitant with the consciousness of every mental operation. Each of these modes of expression has its own advantages. The first mode brings forward the universality and necessity of these two notions; the second most strongly marks the distinction between them and the fluctuating perceptions naturally referred to the senses; while the last has the opposite merit of presenting to us that incapacity of being analyzed, in which they agree with all other simple ideas. On the other hand, each of them (perhaps from the imperfection of language) seems to insinuate more than the mere results of experience. The technical terms introduced by Kant have the appearance of an attempt to explain what, by the writer's own principles, is incapable of explanation. Mr. Wedgwood may be charged with giving the same name to mental phenomena which coincide in nothing but simplicity; and Mr. Stewart seems to us to have opposed two modes of expression to each other which, when they are thoroughly analyzed, represent one and the same fact."

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"A principle in science is a proposition from which many other propositions may be inferred. That principles, taken in this sense of propositions, are part of the original structure or furniture of the human mind, is an assertion so unreasonable, that perhaps no philosopher has avowedly or at least permanently adopted it. But it is not to be forgotten, that there must be certain general laws of perception, or ultimate facts respecting that province of mind, beyond which human knowledge cannot reach. Such facts bound our researches in every part of knowledge, and the ascertainment of them is the utmost possible attainment of science. Beyond them there is nothing, or at least nothing discoverable by us. . . . What the number and nature of the ultimate facts respecting mind may be, is a question which can only be determined by experience. . . . Whether it be among the ultimate facts in human nature, that the mind is disposed or determined to assent to some propositions, and to reject others, when they are first submitted to its judgment, without inferring their truth or falsehood from any process of reasoning, is manifestly as much a question of mere experience as any other which relates to our mental constitution. It is certain that such inherent inclinations may be conceived, without supposing the ideas of which the propositions are composed to be, in any sense, innate; if, indeed, that unfortunate word be capable of being reduced by definition to any fixed meaning. 'Innate,' says Lord Shaftesbury, 'is the word Mr. Locke poorly plays with, the right word, though less used, is connate. The question is not about the time when the ideas enter the mind, but, *whether the constitution of man be such*, as at some time or other (no matter when), the ideas will not necessarily spring up in him.'"

But whatever may have been Mackintosh's aptitude for the strict cultivation of mental philosophy, nakedly and properly so called—an aptitude arising partly from the combined vigor and refinement of his intellect, and partly from his decided unchangeable bias towards reflex subjective contemplation, of some sort or any sort, rather than what may be termed direct and objective exercise—he must have been early drawn aside from an application of his faculties comparatively narrow and monotonous, by certain other peculiarities of mental conformation. His eye, though steadfast and keen enough to have become readily micro-

scopic, had that been necessary to furnish it with interesting employment, was unquestionably, in a far higher degree, for the generalities, the great features and marking lines; the relief, in short, rather than the details of a subject. So strikingly indeed was this the case, that even with respect to feelings, opinions and mere mental operations, we find his curiosity, at a very early age, by no means confined to the nature and composition of these, or the grounds on which they rested, or the laws which they followed, when considered merely as interesting phenomena of his own mind: on the contrary, they had already struck him under an aspect still more general, and more engaging therefore, although greatly more than proportionally difficult. He had observed—or rather his earliest reading had made him aware—that on the same points and subjects, opinions and feelings, notwithstanding some general appearance of correspondence, varied nevertheless to an extent exceedingly remarkable, with difference of situation and circumstances. The modifying power of these circumstances, its mode of operation, its possible amount and its limits, assumed instantly a greater consequence in his eyes than probably the direct influences, on which the convictions and sentiments primarily and substantially depended. From that moment it became less interesting to a mind so prematurely, disproportionately, and excessively speculative in its propensities, to enlarge the number of its own positive beliefs, having, if we might say so, an objective reference; or to examine the grounds, ascertain the validity, determine the classification, and investigate generally the tests or criteria of the soundness and certainty of those it already possessed; or even to compare, with a view to the attainment of such a firm criterion, or to its practical and discriminative application, the differing convictions or feelings of other men—all this became matter of indifference in comparison with an occupation still more reflex and shadowy, but more fascinating to Mackintosh on account of the boundless extent and variety of cloud scenery, with which it rendered his imagination, fully as much as his intellect, familiar, namely, theorizing on the origin, causes, and decline of theories. We use very nearly the identical terms employed by himself, when he confesses, in a review of his college life, that so early as his sixteenth year, the investigation of—not the grounds, nor the validity, nor even the varieties of human opinion, but of all the causes that had affected it so as to produce that variety, had been a ruling passion with him; although the speculation, as he justly remarks, is one that on account of the unlimited width of the field of survey, the countless multitude of the phenomena and influences to be comprehended, and the enormous diversity of relation under which they present themselves, would require "the most arduous exertion of the human intellect," being nothing less than the magnificent attempt, after truth has been reached, separated, built up into a whole, its theory drawn out, and its permanent criteria furnished for all future trial or discovery, to close the labors of philosophy by constructing the theory of theories.

Still more influential, however, than even this disposition to the utmost possible comprehensiveness of view—this natural eye for the *summa fastigia rerum*—in withdrawing him from the drier and narrower precision of mere mental research, must have been his deep, fervent, paramount relish for moral beauty and grandeur. This, joined to his irrepressible tendency towards generalizing, constitutes, in one word, the peculiarity and the strength of his philosophical genius—the key to his cast and habits of mind as a thinker—the elevated charm of his character as a man—and, to truthful, calm, and affectionate spirits, the noble and purifying power of his writings, as the mingled and graceful reflection of both.

He had early been saved from mere pragmatical subtlety, by the perusal, while a boy, of the profound, manly, and simple discourses of Butler, from the first three of which he modestly professes to have drawn all his philosophy. They may readily be believed to have helped to determine the permanent direction of his musings towards the moral region of man's nature rather than the intellectual, and the bent of his preference for those exercises of thought, of which the character is wisdom in a still higher degree than ability. They cannot but have conspired with the native tendencies of a discursive imagination, prone of itself to the entertainment of wide analogies, to favor the habit of lookingly constant abroad on truth as a whole and in all its bearings,—as a scheme, of which it was always of greater moment, in the conduct of whatever particular inquiry, that the several parts should be preserved in harmony, than that any should be energetically explored and prosecuted while the great guiding lights

furnished by the general nature of the subject itself were in danger of being lost sight of, or abandoned. And, like Butler too, his generality of regard was, after all, restricted and peculiar. It fell short of universality. He had manifestly much of what Bacon attributes to Plato, and calls with picturesque beauty a wit of elevation, situate as upon a cliff in surveying objects; but it was for surveying objects spread out beneath him on the single level, as it were, of one great comprehensive field or scene, and tinged alike with kindred hues of moral grandeur or loveliness. The generality of his genius was not like that of Bacon himself, or of Aristotle, or d'Alembert, comprehensive of all the sciences: it did not aim at rising to a height so naked and so great as to descry the relations of all, to mark out their several places and bounds upon the map of knowledge, to open up new views of each by looking down upon it in turn from the level of a contiguous but loftier science, or to prescribe at once to the laborers toiling in all, the proper paths and methods of successful inquiry in their respective departments, from the central and commanding watch-tower of the First Philosophy.* This, the grand legislative function of the philosophical intellect in relation to the universal field of human knowledge and its various cultivators, the distribution of its provinces, and the methods of research pursued in them, and so unspeakably important now to the material enlargement of discovery in each and all equally, demanded for its safe exercise an amount of accurate acquaintance with their results, and of practical familiarity with at least their more characteristic and fundamental processes, of which Mackintosh had never had the relish or the patience to possess himself. His taste was for a region of speculation lying much more closely in the vicinity of the business and feelings, the profound and abiding interests of humanity: not for the sciences at large, but for that group of related ones,—affording, however, within their own separate compass, scope and variety enough for the largest exercise both of the observational and the generalizing faculties,—which cluster round the science of human nature in any of its complete individual specimens, as their centre and master key—round the science, that is, of its main actuating principles, whether universal convictions or sentiments, their composition, their relations of force and adjustment, the chief laws of growth or disturbance to which they are subject, with the manner and degree in which they severally tend to modify character, influence happiness, and affect the progress of the individual or of society. Among these the moral sentiments, and the emotions of taste, which in many points so closely resemble and so readily amalgamate with them, together with the influence exerted on either or both by certain very common situations or combinations of circumstances, occupy manifestly a position of great prominence. It would not be easy to specify all the actual, or the conceivably distinct, sciences, that spring from this common root; we have a little above enumerated or alluded to a very few of them—criticism, morals, the philosophy of taste, jurisprudence, the theory of opinion, the laws of social progress, and of the formation of national as well as individual character. It were a task more difficult still, to separate and distinguish precisely their respective boundaries; and yet, while they are easily seen to have each its complexional discriminating peculiarities, they are, or ought to be, no less distinctly felt to have much in common, both as respects the material they work in, and the turn of mind that bids the fairest for success in the cultivation of any one of them. And why? Because, as we conceive, the great influential constituents of human character are, after all, but few in number. The more important relations subsisting among them are also few and determinate. The effect of different degrees of one upon the rest, and of certain observable situations and circumstances on all or on some in particular, with the general influence exerted, or perceptibly tending to be exerted, by any considerable variation in their usual proportions, or by any marked alteration of outward condition, on the equilibrium, soundness and energy of character, and thereby on well-being and happiness—these are all more or less familiarly felt, and at one time or another in the course of life more or less distinctly recognized also, by all men, in their own immediate experience. He, therefore, who sits the closest to these few actuating springs of life and movement in his own character, and has habitually the clearest, most naked, and deliberate view of these in their varying play within his own bosom, is truly studying in miniature, and most simply and successfully, the complex scene of human life, the grand guiding forces in the larger mechanism of society. And this will hold true, although

* See *Bacon de Augment. Scien.* Lib. i.

what enables him to bestow so cool, correct, and systematic an inspection on the internal stage of consciousness, should be the languid movements of his own passions, that do not agitate and absorb by their direct energy, nor elude and defy review by their vehement rapidity. If the mechanism be but a complete one as respects its parts, the theory of its action, the laws of its evolution and effects, may be deduced as correctly from observation of the feeblest model as of the most powerful and admirable machinery. The power of situation, too, and circumstances, and opinions—which is the other great element in all such problems, may in like manner be equally judged of by observation of their tendency to affect the same feeble instrument, whether in proportion as approach is actually made to the external conditions in question, or the situations and opinions supposed are mentally and vividly realized.

A true knowledge, then, of these principles, relations, and influences, no matter how dull the nature from the study of which it has been drawn, or how small the direct force of the passions which it ought to impel, if it be but in skeleton and as regards its proportions a just and a true knowledge, constitutes the grand cipher for the interpretation of all human life, as well as of each particular character. To be curious about inquiring, still farther back, into the foundation, nature, and origin of the principles themselves, so far at least as to discern the reason of their being thus universal, permanent, and to a considerable extent uniform, is the indication of course, and a necessary one, of a truly philosophic cast of mind, and of a spirit properly and rigorously analytical. To be less occupied, however, with this inquiry into the amount and grounds of their absolute uniformity, than in contemplating the extent, the principal varieties, and the laws of their modification; in deducing from them their legitimate consequences—turning constantly to the facts of life for instant verification or correction of these temporary and empirical conclusions; or in applying them to the explication of the complex phenomena actually before us, and ascertaining thereby the right amount of allowance to be made for small peculiarities of individual temperament, the power of very particular conjunctions of circumstances, or the force of accidental impulse—this constitutes the habit, and success and rapidity in it the skill, requisite alike for the philosophy of life and for the business of the philosophical historian. Much observation, no doubt, or much information derived from history as to the influence of positions and combinations—either so rare as to be beyond our power of repetition, or so intricate as to render conjecture of their effects exceedingly precarious, must be added to this accurate and personal knowledge of the essential structure of humanity; for there are laws of social progression of which the keenest self-inspection, and the closest study of the few more immediately around us, could hardly suggest to us even the remotest conception. Still the knowledge we have specified must always constitute the main, by far the most important, and indeed in every case the one altogether indispensable prerequisite. And to be not only constantly rising in thought from particular phenomena, to the consideration of laws and general principles such as we have just alluded to, of which the phenomena are mere examples, and in which they find their full explanation, but further to be struggling always to ascend from these laws and principles themselves to the most generalized maxims, respecting the determining influences of human conduct, and the entire extent of those modifications of which man's constitution is susceptible, with their various effects upon his dignity and happiness, respecting human nature's laws of progress hitherto, and hence its probable ulterior advancement and destiny, is the highest characteristic of a mind eminently formed by nature for pursuing the philosophy of man and of society. Add, then, to this a paramount value, in all its contemplations, for the *moral* elements of humanity, for the good and the fair co-ordinately with the true, and for the surpassing dignity and delight which it is theirs only to shed over a nature raised in its aims, emancipated in its higher powers, and rejoicing in the full play and freedom of faculties elevated and passions harmonized, and to the meditative cast of such a mind there is at once imparted, in addition to the sobriety of truth, the mild majesty and authority of wisdom. This was emphatically the cast of Mackintosh's genius—the hue, with which were richly colored and engrained all its highest meditations. How unequivocally, and how beautifully at the same time, does he himself reveal it, when he avows his admiring sympathy with the great writers of antiquity, in the fervor of their language and the sublimity of their conceptions when expatiating on

the majesty of law or the beauty of virtue; and when he stoops to designate precision of statement or accuracy of analysis with regard to either, by no higher description, in comparison with the eloquence of their philosophy, than that of mere elementary and almost puerile or pedantic speculations. "Let not," he exclaims—"let not those who, to use the language of Hooker, talk of truth without ever sounding the depth from whence it springeth, hastily take it for granted that these great masters of eloquence and reason were led astray by the specious delusions of mysticism, from the sober consideration of the true grounds of morality in the nature, necessities, and interests of man. They studied and taught the principles of morals; but they thought it still more necessary and more wise—a much nobler task, and more becoming a true philosopher, to inspire men with a love and reverence of virtue. They were not contented with elementary speculations: they examined the foundations of our duty; but they felt and cherished a most natural, a most seemly, a most rational enthusiasm, when they contemplated the majestic edifice which is reared on these solid foundations. They devoted the highest exertions of their minds to spread that beneficent enthusiasm among men. They consecrated as a homage to virtue the most perfect fruits of their genius. If these grand sentiments of the good and fair have sometimes prevented them from delivering the principles of ethics with the nakedness and dryness of science, at least we must own that they have chosen the better part—that they have preferred virtuous feeling to moral theory, and practical benefit to speculative exactness. Perhaps these wise men may have supposed that the minute dissection and anatomy of virtue might, to the ill-judging eye, weaken the charm of beauty." "I know not," he adds, "whether a philosopher ought to confess, that, in his inquiries after truth, he is biassed by any consideration—even by the love of virtue. But I, who conceive that a real philosopher ought to value truth itself, chiefly on account of its subserviency to the happiness of mankind, am not ashamed to confess that I shall feel a great consolation at the conclusion of these lectures, if, by a wide survey and an exact examination of the conditions and relations of human nature, I shall have confirmed one individual in the conviction, that justice is the permanent interest of all men, and of all commonwealths To discover one link of that eternal chain, by which the Author of the universe has bound together the happiness and the duty of his creatures, and indissolubly fastened their interests to each other, would fill my heart with more pleasure than all the fame with which the most ingenious paradox ever crowned the most eloquent sophist."

The mode and proportion in which the two elements of the speculative or purely intellectual, on the one hand, and the tasteful or the moral, on the other, are conjoined and commingled, go far to determine the precise character and complexion of philosophical writings. When the speculative greatly preponderates, and truth is valued simply and nakedly as such, or because of the exhilarating pleasure attending on the strenuous exercise which it costs the intellect, and without any high or conscious relish for the morally excellent, the result is a philosophy, as respects human nature, not merely jejune and disappointing, but positively deformed and exceedingly inaccurate. When sentiment, again, however noble or pure, is in visible excess—when it is manifestly sought for its own sake, and is lingered over and enjoyed, not as a refreshment after toil in the pursuit of truth and a stimulant to renewed activity,—it becomes a luxurious indulgence, and tends to relaxation and turgidity. To both these charges it cannot but be allowed that Mackintosh's style of writing and of thought is occasionally, and in some measure, liable. He could not, indeed, be exposed to any danger of the intellectually meagre, shrunk, or repulsive, but he was not so exempt from all risk of the evanescently fine, airy, and illusory. His high faculty of generalization furnished inexhaustible aliment to a relish for the beautiful and the grand, of itself sufficiently keen and urgent; while the appetite for beauty, thus rarely and delicately ministered to, impelled his soaring intellect, for more refined gratification, upon generalizations still more magnificently wide, but proportionally more attenuated. His maxims, in consequence, often bordered very closely on the *axiomata suprema* of Bacon, the third and highest class of propositions, so very abstract and general as to be merely *notional*, and to contain nothing solid or practically applicable. His excessive value for that only which could be reduced under laws, and stated as an exemplification of some general principle, took off from the individuality of his perceptions, or if not of his perceptions, at least of his descriptions—his mode of stating them, and deprived

his style of that variety, liveliness, and flexibility, which are the result of a keen interest in the characteristic points of individual objects, and of a quick perception of their minutest differences; while stateliness, on the other hand, and a degree of abstraction unfavorable to graphic pictorial effect, are natural results of a taste for noting only their resemblances. To discriminate is the talent of the observer of nature; but to generalize, or discern resemblances and analogies, is the higher gift of the philosopher, to which the exercise of the former is but subsidiary and preparatory. The vividly graphic and minute in style, forms the natural utterance of the former; the comprehensive and general, that of the latter. A similarly unfavorable influence was exerted on our author's style by the very fulness and depth of his moral taste, and its reigning ascendency over every other exercise of his faculties. As in music a fine ear for the plaintive or the elevated may so possess itself with the single tones most appropriate to each of those emotions, as to be irrevocably filled with the sad or solemn echo of them, and incapable of escaping from their bondage into the mazes of harmony, or of admitting any other so long as even to enhance by variety the pleasure of return, so the taste for one particular style of beauty or excellence may become so exclusive, and domineer over the imagination so imperiously, as, though not absolutely to destroy its ability to abandon itself to any other, yet strongly and constantly to draw the powers of execution into the expression of itself alone. The result in Mackintosh was a stated tendency to a species of sustained rhetorical grandeur, incapable of falling much below the level of a lofty monotony.

We must not, however, in justice forget, that what might be considered as a somewhat disproportioned indulgence of admiration, and of the benevolent feelings connected with it, arose, in his case, not so much from any inordinate excess of the sentimental element in his natural constitution—far less from any weak and vicious tendency to ostentatious common-place, or the want of a proper strength of thought—as from a cause that was in a great measure peculiar. The remarkable mildness and fairness of his disposition, and that minute attention to the processes of his own mind, which fitted him so admirably for the office of an enlightened and impartial critic—by enabling him to enter exactly into the sentiments and opinions of other men, indisposed him on the one hand for the continued contemplation of what could only awaken disapprobation or impatience, and on the other, furnished him with so many ingenious and plausible grounds for the utmost possible forbearance in judging, as probably to have permanently somewhat affected the force and keenness, or at any rate the confidence, not of his expressions of censure alone, but, except in certain cases of flagrant and altogether unjustifiable iniquity, of his very feelings of condemnation.

That it may tend, and naturally does tend, in a greater or less degree, if not otherwise counteracted, to produce this latter consequence, may readily be perceived. Sir James's faulty propensity to a lavish bestowal of praise ought, most probably, to be ascribed in part to each of the causes just adverted to; but far more, undoubtedly, to the operation of his mildness and love of excellence in drawing him to the contemplation and praise of the good alone, than to the effect of his ingenuity, and of his knowledge of the various possible motives of conduct, in rendering him unduly or dangerous tolerant of evil. Would it be refining too far to suppose, that another reason for this proneness may have been the the greater immediate luxury of admiration indulged—not without some tacit complacency perhaps, in the thought of unusual candor, and some real though momentary glimpses of the admiration and praise, to which it would be felt by others to be justly entitled. Surely one cannot at all events be greatly mistaken, in ascribing to a nature at once so humble and so tender, as a motive for the avoidance of any unnecessary mention of moral delinquencies, and for gentleness in condemning them when inevitably forced upon its view, the humbling remembrance of its own offences or frailties, even although they should be such as coarser and more callous consciences might scarcely record as matters of self-reproach. Nor are such reserve and gentleness incompatible with a renovated sense of the authority and excellence of the law of duty, or with sincere expressions of cordial esteem and attachment. They are inconsistent only with the conscious baseness of deliberately casting at another the first stone—of assuming the self-imposed office of censor, or, when forced at any time into the seat of judgment, of exercising its functions with a depraved severity. He that feels himself to have been forgiven much, may indeed love much, not him only who

has pardoned, but the very virtue likewise against which he has sinned; assuredly, however, he will of all men be the least disposed to manifest his zeal by *censuring* much. Nor is it at all necessary, as a reparation to any violated interest whether of virtue or society, any more than it were seemly, that the stricken and humbled should evince the sincerity of their contrition by execrating or denouncing their fellow men. No: let those take to themselves the office of reproof, if it be needful that it should indeed be executed, who are strong in the consciousness that their own hands are clean. Far more befitting on the part of the lowly mind, and infinitely more graceful and affecting, as well as appropriate, is the touching tribute of a silent tear or passing sigh; and this impressive homage to the rule of purity and goodness, any one who has read the striking sentences, so deeply expressive of the most humble estimate of himself, which are scattered over Mackintosh's life and works, and who compares with these his uniformly generous indulgence to the faults of other men, will at once acknowledge that he accorded with profound sincerity. But this brings us, we find, to speak of his religious views and sentiments.

We had intended mainly, at the outset of this article, to enter into an examination of Sir James Mackintosh's chief philosophical performance—his dissertation on ethical philosophy; with the view of attempting, among other things, to estimate the value of his positive contributions to this department of science: and in connexion with our consideration of the higher bearings of his treatise on some of the questions of natural theology, the religious opinions of the author would have most properly presented themselves. This, the stricter part of our design, must for the present, of course, be relinquished. Our time and limits are already exhausted, and on what remains—his religious character—we can bestow but a very cursory notice ere we close.

It is observable, then, that although the dissertation is pervaded throughout by the purest, most elevated, and most ardent moral tone, and although the author, towards its conclusion, professes his conviction that, by the method of inquiry and proof which he has followed, the authority of morality may be vindicated, the disinterestedness of human nature asserted, the first principles of knowledge secured, and the hopes and consolations of man preserved, without the multiplied suppositions and immense apparatus of the German school, yet the dissertation exhibits no attempt to make out the last of these positions, (to say nothing at present of the sense in which it establishes the first,) although the last is obviously of unspeakable importance, and is that for which the method of the Scottish school is maintained by the Germans to furnish no tenable basis, and has by them been accordingly abandoned. One might have expected to find the validity of their objections to it examined and disproved, or to see the peculiarity of his own proof, which should specially exempt it from the force of their arguments, distinctly pointed out. All that we find, however, upon this head, is the expression of an "unwillingness to abandon the arguments by which, from the earliest times, the existence of the supreme and eternal mind has been established," and a protest, that after the being of such an eternal mind has been made out, "we, as well as the German philosophers, are entitled to call in the help of our moral nature (that is, to avail ourselves of whatever properties or convictions the Deity may have bestowed on it) to lighten the burden of those tremendous difficulties which cloud his moral government." Are we to suppose, then, that though unwilling to surrender, as indefensible, the existence of a Deity and the certainty of immortality and retribution, he was content to cling to them as beliefs having too manifest a root in some quarter of man's nature, and too indispensable to his happiness and dignity, to be hastily abandoned, even though their precise foundations might not hitherto have been laid open, nor their connexion with other beliefs, equally authoritative, have been successfully harmonized? If this were the case—and, from many passages, we suspect that the representation comes fairly up to the strength of any settled persuasion he entertained on the subject—might we not have anticipated, with confidence, in a mind so prone to speculative difficulties and so wavering in its choice, an amount of doubt, hesitation, and perplexity, which should keep the whole group of kindred tenets suspended over the fancy as an airy vision, or as the objects of an occasional faint and hopeless wish, and should prevent them from ever settling down upon it closely, and sinking into its convictions, and quickening, by and by, into lively and powerful practical principles? And should we not

expect this the more especially as in him the faint notion was not gradually vivified and strengthened into a real belief, by the borrowed force of some earnest practical pursuit, more or less plainly proceeding on it; nor studiously, energetically, and habitually, kept up, by strong representations of its actual importance to social or individual welfare? We had marked some striking and ingenious passages—particularly one, too long for quotation—in which he appears to have gone a great deal further—to have proceeded a good way toward satisfying himself that the beliefs or anticipations referred to, were beneficent illusions, the origin of which could very simply be accounted for. And yet, notwithstanding this—although it were as easy as it would be unwelcome and unprofitable, to gather from his writings manifold proofs of his exceedingly defective religious views, and of his still more defective religious sentiments,—the inbred goodness, benignity, and sweetness of his nature never ceased to attend him; the candor, the charity, and the truthfulness, which were emphatically his, could not, by any possibility, be separated from him. They marked him out for the affection of all on whose own spirits, as on his, the seal of truth was never laid, without imprinting, at the same time, some lines of beauty and goodness. They shed around him, at least to our imagination, a mild grace, a tranquil charm, an interest so very peculiar that it was natural to regard one constituted with such singular gentleness, fairness and moral serenity of temperament, as having, perhaps unconsciously, been treading during a lifetime on the very border and boundary line of Christianity—yet without ever fairly crossing it; as having even caught upon his features some faint reflection of its brightness: and, whatever might be the ultimate and mysterious destiny, as regarded an interest in supernal truth, of a spirit so gifted and so amiable, it was scarcely possible to think that any one, himself of pure and elevated mind, could steadfastly look on him without also loving him. If he wanted the consolation and the support of truths more replete with tenderness and power, than any that shed down their pale radiance from the distant region of philosophy, it must, alas, be acknowledged, that even without them his character presented a fairer draught and pattern of whatever is accounted among men as lovely and of good report, than tens of thousands of those who profess to be moulding themselves—and with the help of an agency invisible and divine—upon the model of an excellence not of this earth, and altogether faultless.

One could not but follow with earnest interest the progress of such a mind towards the farthest margin of life, in order, if possible, to mark what might be its feelings in the immediate anticipation of the unseen world, and whether before its departure, any glimpses would even yet be afforded it, of the truth and grandeur of that revelation which professes darkly to adumbrate some of its broken outlines and parts. Even if this much should not be granted, how mournfully soever our regrets might be stirred, and our awe excited, by a destiny so unfathomably mysterious, we still should not dare to murmur: and there is something so profoundly incomprehensible to us, in the circumstance of these things being revealed to any and yet not to all, that there is little additional to confound us, in the thought of their being hidden from the wisest while they are unveiled to babes. And so it seemed likely to prove in the case before us. By a trivial accident the stage of life was suddenly, but decisively, darkened, as for his departure; and gradually, amidst its gloom, the opening of that passage more and more distinctly disclosed itself, which must conduct him to that region whence no traveller ever returns. For many days his spirit labored in silence with the weight of deep thoughts, and uncommunicated perhaps incommunicable musings, and dread anticipations. A solemn, yet not terrifying, awe of the great Moral Governor, before whom he was about to appear, had fallen upon him. He was filled with reverence; but the counsels of the King Eternal were a perplexing maze, and futurity lay shrouded before him in impenetrable obscurity. Burthened in spirit, and bowed down under thoughts too deep and high for him, we seem to see him descending solitary into the dark valley, and as he fades from our view—as he approaches the curtain, whose folds are opening to receive him, that they may then hide him from us for ever, one gleam, one bright ray, as from a serener sphere, breaks transiently upon the pilgrim, and reveals him to us journeying now in immortal company; for another is with him, and as they pass together within the veil, we seem to hear, as the last accents of a warfare at length accomplished, the name of a Glorious One pronounced with adoring and devoted love,

in whose presence all mysteries shall indeed vanish, and all sorrow shall be no more known, unless it be the tender and chastened sorrow of having ever been estranged on earth from the love and the adoration of so blessed a Name.

From the Eclectic Review.

PHILOSOPHY AND PHILANTHROPY.

DAVID HUME AND DAVID NASMYTH.

[This fine contrast of two Scotchmen, each eminent in his way, forms a part of an article in the philosophical writings of Hume, and all of it that would be new to our readers. An admirable lesson is educed.—Ed.]

It is pleasant occasionally to be treated to the life of a philosopher, provided he be a genuine specimen of the class, not a *would-be*, or charlatan, but one who has with manly energy, and in sober earnestness, essayed to reach the utmost verge of metaphysical abstraction, and even to push the frontiers of that uneasy and dusky region some degrees beyond its admitted geography. Only let him be an accredited proficient in his favorite science, endued with microscopic and telescopic vision, who has made real discoveries beyond the ken of ordinary mortals, or at least thinks so, and whether he has opened up any new vista into the wide wilderness of mystery which lies on all sides round the limits of common sense, or not, we shall be sure to find something both amusing and instructive in the history of his mental adventures. To see a man laboring magnanimously by dint of reason to dispel the thick mist with which our present being is surrounded, is, at any rate, exciting and ennobling. He may have travelled far and brought home little, wrought hard and perfected nothing, soared high and returned only to tell us that, the higher he ascended the less he could see, and the less distinctly, all he had ever seen, or thought he had seen before; and yet his aeronautic circumnavigation around the vulgar sphere of human knowledge, if it only issues, like the flight of Noah's dove, in proving that there is no resting-place for the sole of his foot, may surely enhance the value of that Ark where still and exclusively safety and rest may be found. We confess that after we have endeavored to follow such lofty and erratic wanderings, as closely as common faculties will allow, we feel it a relief and a refreshment to get again into the region of common humanity; and have always felt more reconciled to bear its imprisonment until it shall be given us to come forth to brighter light and ampler liberty. We aver, then, that it is a useful lesson, a most salutary lesson, which the world, the every-day, drudging world, ought to learn from the balloonner of every sort, whether he descend again safely to his legs, or, after exhibiting ridiculous gyrations, is precipitated headlong, like another Phaeton, to the earth—if it amount to no more than this—that man is not made for the aerial ways, and that if he ever attempts to tread them, it should be modestly and cautiously, and with the reserved consciousness that he can never find safety and rest till he returns to his proper home on *terra firma*.

It is far from our intention to say or to insinuate, that there is no direct improvement to be obtained from the life and labors even of such a philosopher as Hume; or that no accession is made by men of that class to our knowledge of first principles. We believe, however, it is much more in a negative way than in a positive,—that is, they do us more good by showing what we cannot know, than by revealing to us any thing we did not know; and most assuredly a large part of their vocation, as they seem to have understood it, has consisted in obscuring and bringing into doubt what ordinary minds always thought they did know.

Some considerable advantage, however, may be always gained by comparing such characters with other eminent men of another class, and of a more practical genius. Indirectly the career of the merest speculator may be serviceable. He may save other men's time though he wastes his own. He may contribute to other men's security by his own perils; and to their content by his disappointment. Though the survey of such a history may add little to our absolute knowledge, to our practical wisdom, or the strength of our moral sentiments; and though it may show us grievous malversations of talent and influence, yet it can hardly fail to throw into bolder relief that class of minds which are always striving to make their moral power bear upon the improvement and happiness of the world.

For instance: let the results of the life of a mere philosopher be compared with

those of the life of any distinguished, or even ordinary philanthrophist; and it cannot fail to be highly instructive and beneficial. The reader may, if he please, take Hume and Howard, or the two Scotsmen and Davids, Hume and Nasmyth, and go carefully over their mental history, viewing them, if he will, by the tests of the Utilitarian philosophy; let him contrast, first their pursuits and achievements; next, the amount of their influence for good or evil upon their respective ages; and, lastly, let him estimate the debt of gratitude due respectively for their services, and to be placed to their credit with the world. There would be no great difficulty in deciding to which the palm of merit should be decreed; but, if any hesitation should arise, or any demur be made, it could only be, we suspect, in young minds, or those inordinately disposed to speculation, and sanguine of its fruits; and in such a case we should beg to lay before the doubter such an outline of the two characters as the following.

The career of this eminent philosopher, David Hume, began with a decent though limited patrimony; and with a respectable education so far as mere literature could go. His intellect was disciplined, but not his heart. That was evidently destitute from his youth up, not only of all sympathy in devotional feelings, but of all decent respect for those who professed them. In fact, all the natural emotions were reduced as near to the freezing point as humanity could bear. Whether this was the result of his collegiate education, the development of original bias, or of revulsion against the religion of his country and his times, or of all these combined, acting upon the boundless ambition of his intellect, it might be difficult to determine, and here cannot be essential. His first destination was to the legal profession, in which, no doubt, his talents would have secured success, if he could have lowered them, to bear the toil of learning technicalities and precedents. But he was making haste to be rich and great, and this profession offering no immediate prospect either of gain or fame, his attention was directed to commerce. The first effort of application to business was made at Bristol, but was speedily found to be so utterly uncongenial to the tastes and habits of a young and ardent scholar, that he hastily renounced it, and retired to France, for the purpose of making his narrow income comport with his love of intellectual pursuits. Thence he returns in a comparatively short period, to make his *debut* in the literary world, by publishing that, in all respects, extraordinary production, for a young man in his twenty-seventh year,—the 'Treatise upon Human Nature.' It was replete with subtlety, as well as with hostility to the settled opinions of mankind upon the most sacred of subjects. The author expected to reap from it both fame and riches. But the world was not to be so easily caught, nor so soon won. The failure was complete. It did not produce a ripple upon the tide; and, as he says himself, 'never literary attempt was more unfortunate.—It fell *dead born from the press*, without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots.' Shortly after he becomes guardian or companion to the young and half-crazy Marquess of Annandale, with the hope of securing to himself a handsome provision and literary leisure. But the office proved, as might have been expected, utterly irksome, and he quitted it in disgust. Waiting for what might next turn up to his advantage, he is allured by the prospect of promoting his fortunes in connexion with state affairs, into the office of secretary to General St. Clair, whom he accompanies on an expedition, as was alleged, to Canada, but which proved to be a secret attack upon the French coast at Port L'Orient, issuing in disgrace to all parties except the secretary. Subsequently he attends his patron-general on an embassy to the courts of Vienna and Turin. Between these diplomatic engagements he brought out his 'Essays, moral, political and literary,' the success of which, in good measure, compensated for the failure of his first effort, and encouraged him to attempt its resurrection, by revising, improving, and popularizing it, under the title of an 'Inquiry concerning Human Understanding.' After completing his engagement as secretary to the embassy, he retires for two years to his native country, where he is vigorously engaged in pursuing his studies, but always on the scent after novelties of opinion and paradoxes in all departments, by which he might startle the thinking world into the belief that he was *some great one*. At the end of this period, he arrives in the metropolis to publish his 'Political Discourses,' and, in a short time after, his 'Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals.' We believe he deemed this his *chef-d'œuvre;* but it attracted little attention, and again renewed

his mortification and disappointment. He had, however, by this time so well husbanded his affairs, so well employed his talents, if not in authorship, yet in secretaryship, that he congratulated himself in having secured a small fortune, and no small reputation among that class of literary men for whom skepticism had more charms than either religion or morality. The philosopher had aspired to the post of Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and been, it seems, very sanguine of success; but failing through the laxity of his opinions, and his offences against the religion of his country, he deemed himself persecuted by 'the zealots,' because the authorities, with whom rested the appointment, did not choose to commit the education of youth to a man who taught universal skepticism, and openly repudiated the very fundamentals even of natural religion. Yet they must have been, and ought to have been, branded as traitors to their trust, if they had given him the post; for assuredly it would have been difficult to find a less suitable man. To compensate him, however, for this disappointment and felt disgrace, a very few years after, the situation of Librarian to the Faculty of Advocates was procured for him; and to this appointment, most probably, is owing his fame, whatever it may be, as historian of the house of Stuart, and afterwards of Great Britain.

After publishing the first volume of his 'History of the Stuart Dynasty,'—every where received with disgust and execration,—he brought out his 'Natural History of Religion;' that was followed by successive portions of his historical work, which gradually gained upon the public, and slowly extended the author's fame. His fellow-countryman, Lord Bute, being now prime minister, a man pre-eminently gifted in discovering meritorious Scotsmen, Hume managed to procure a handsome pension from the crown; though no living mortal, not to say conjuror, could divine what claim he had either upon crown or people. Besides this, he is selected as the fittest person to accompany Lord Hertford, the British ambassador, to Paris, most probably because his well-known principles comported better with those of the court and coteries of that country, than with those of his own. Subsequently, he was made secretary. At Paris, he becomes the star of all the literary and fashionable circles; is flattered by the ladies, courted by the *savans*, honored by the princes. He seems now to have arrived at the very goal of his ambition, when he came to be consulted as an oracle by the young philosophers of France, among whom he unquestionably sat upon a higher pinnacle than was ever conceded to him among his own countrymen. But his continuance at Paris was not protracted. Political changes called him back to England within three years, having under his wing that most genuine son of genius, Jean Jacques Rousseau. This celebrated, fitful, paradoxical, brother philosopher, had been outlawed in France, exiled from Switzerland, and harrassed by his self-provoked misfortunes into a state bordering sometimes upon misanthrophy, and sometimes upon madness. Hume was moved, by his misery and poverty, generously to offer him an asylum in England, which the eccentric Frenchman embraced with extravagant gratitude. The issue of this act of humanity and friendship proved, probably, the greatest source of pain and vexation which the grave philosopher ever experienced. It might, if he had philosophized upon it, have corrected some of his favorite notions of human nature; for, after providing a comfortable residence at Wooton, in Derbyshire, for the unhappy and intractable Frenchman, and after securing from the same friend who had granted him the residence a decent provision for himself and his maid, La Vasseur, the ungrateful Frenchman chose to take umbrage, professedly at some desperate plot formed against him, but *really* at the phantasms of his own distempered brain; and, without grace or ceremony, quitted his abode and returned to France, pouring forth volcanic torrents of eloquent execration upon his benefactors, whose whole conduct had been characterized by equal generosity and delicacy. But what else could have been expected from that strange compound of brilliant sensibility, bloated vanity, and hoary vice.

Mr. Hume's association with political men had given him a pleasant relish of those more gainful pursuits to which he had always had an eye, and the year after his return from France, his friends obtained for him the appointment of under secretary of state. His political chief, General Conway, however, soon after abdicated, and two years were the limit of Hume's official service. He was now in his fifty-eighth year, and had secured an income of £1,000 per annum, upon which he retired to Edinburgh, where he had long possessed

a convenient house, though subsequently he built a new one, and where his ample fortune enabled him to attract men of learning and genius around him, in whose society he determined to spend the remainder of his life, and where, at last, he died seven years after—we cannot say, in sadness, though it was sad enough to die joking about old Charon, and the spelling of the family name. William Strahan, to whom he committed his papers, was the only one of all his friends, though they were aware of his approaching end many months before, and though among them were several distinguished clergymen of the Church of Scotland, who had the courage to question him, at the last, as to the consolations of his philosophy. Thus he wrote faithfully, yet tenderly, to the philosophic skeptic, just six days before his death:—

'My dear Sir,—Last Friday I received your affectionate farewell, and therefore melancholy letter, which disabled me from sending an immediate answer to it, as I now do, in hopes this may yet find you, not much oppressed with pain, in the land of the living. I need not tell you, that your corrections are all duly attended to, as every particular shall be that you desire or order. Nor shall I now trouble you with a long letter.

'Only, permit me to ask you a question or two, to which I am prompted, you will believe me, not from a foolish or fruitless curiosity, but from an earnest desire to learn the sentiments of a man who had spent a long life in philosophic inquiries, and who, upon the extreme verge of it, seems, even in that awful and critical period, to possess all the powers of his mind in their full vigor, and in unabated tranquillity.

'I am more particularly led to give you this trouble, from a passage in one of your late letters, wherein you say, '*It is an idle thing in us to be concerned about any thing that shall happen after our death; yet this,*' you added, '*is natural to all men.*' Now, I would eagerly ask, if it is *natural to all men* to be interested in futurity, does not this strongly indicate that our existence will be protracted beyond this life?

'Do you *now* believe, or suspect, that all the powers and faculties of your own mind, which you have cultivated with so much care and success, will cease and be extinguished with your vital breath?

'Our soul, or immaterial part of us, some say, is able, when on the brink of dissolution, to take a glimpse of futurity; and for that reason I earnestly wish to have your last thoughts on this important subject.

'I know you will kindly excuse this singular application; and believe that I wish you, living or dying, every happiness that our nature is capable of enjoying, either here or hereafter; being, with the most sincere esteem and affection, my dear sir, faithfully yours.'

Mr. Burton, the editor of the present 'Life,' observes, that 'this letter, if ever it reached *him* for whom it was designed, must have done so too late to receive an answer. But if he did peruse it, with his mind so collected and clear, yet so close on the point of being severed from those objects of literary ambition which had been its chief glory and occupation, how valuable would have been the first thought that passed across it, when the great question was brought so distinctly before his understanding.'

Thus closed the brilliant career of this great philosopher, the result of all whose studies was a metaphysical philosophy which manifestly tended to diffuse universal skepticism; an ethical system which tended to weaken virtue and strengthen vice; a history of his country, which, though well written, was a tissue of misrepresentations, designedly intended to sully the glory both of patriotism and heroism, and to reprove the resentment of mankind against tyrants and arbitrary power.

Let us now take the other side of the proposed contrast, and fix upon the salient points. David Nasmyth was a moral reformer and philanthropist from his youth, a philosopher of the best and purest class. His career was much shorter than that of Hume, but it was all devoted to the improvement of the intellect, the heart, the character, and condition of his fellow-men. He was no mere speculator in ethics, but a sturdy practitioner.

His life was spent neither in constructing nor demolishing theories, which when constructed or demolished add nothing to the virtue of actions, or the strength of conscience. The philosopher spent his long life in refining upon principles and ideas, till truth itself evaporated in his philosophic alembic, or became so subtilized that he doubted whether he held it himself, or whether any one else could ascertain its existence. The philanthropist surely was the truer disciple of the Inductive Philosophy, and pursued it to better purpose. He grappled with things as they are, and possessed an intuitive perception of the causes of human misery, against which he brought to bear all the resources of strong good sense, heroic firmness, in-

ventive genius and a benevolent heart. The degraded and suffering condition of human nature presented to his energetic and comprehensive soul a grand sphere for the exercise of all his energies. This was noble, self-renouncing, and worthier of perpetuation in perennial brass, or monumental marble, than all the achievements of David Hume. The ruling passion of the philosopher was, probably, the love of fame, and it was 'strong in death;' and next to this was the love of wealth. Self was uppermost in all he wrote and all he did, and yet he was neither an envious, vicious, nor unamiable man. The philanthropist's sphere was as far above that of the philosopher, as a moral nature is above mere intellect. He proceeded to his great work of improving his species with the courage of a hero, the tenderness of a woman's heart, the purity of a saint, and the devotedness of a martyr. His magnanimity was not limited even by his own powers, for he aimed at large, almost universal, schemes of usefulness, with no resources of his own, save such as pertained to a scheming head, a loving heart, and an inflexible will. It may be said, that he accomplished those schemes to a wonderful extent, and set them fairly on the road to complete success. Yet, in the literary sense of the term, he would be described as utterly destitute of genius; though no philosopher of the Utilitarian School, or any other, ever evinced a bolder genius for great and philanthropic enterprises, or greater skill in executing what he designed. True, he wrote no philosophy, yet he possessed and evinced it in his intuitive perceptions of the true and the fair: he composed no poetry, and yet he enacted scenes surpassing fable, and possessed an imagination which was thrilled with rapturous joy, or agonizing grief, amidst the dramas of real life with which he was hourly surrounded: he constructed no schemes of etchical philosophy, but he had discovered the purest, and extensively promoted the best: he employed no time in analyzing the human understanding, or anatomizing human nature; but he came, like the skillful surgeon, opportunely, to cut off the diseased part, and to administer the elixir of life to the drooping spirit: he wrote no histories of his country, and probably understood little of its political economy; and yet he more effectually subserved social improvement, and individual happiness, by his plans and personal labors, and is accomplishing more at this hour, than if he had followed his namesake to the arena of philosophical speculation, and had acquired an equal or superior fame. His name, while he lived, was little known to his own countrymen, and never heard of in foreign nations; and yet it stands recorded higher in the list of benefactors to the human race, commands a more affectionate reverence in the hearts of the good, and will be more permanently embalmed for future ages, than that of the man of philosophy, whose renown once filled the civilized world.

This eminent philanthropist may be said to have lived and died in comparative poverty. He had no revenues to dispense, and yet he opened and directed perennial springs of benevolence, which have fertilized thousands of desert fields, and made fruitful in virtue and benevolence tens of thousands, where, but for the energies of his genius, nothing would have been brought forth but briars and thorns. The fields that he cultivated, and the seeds that he planted, are still producing fresh and progressive harvests. Thousands have blessed his name who understood neither his philanthropy nor his philosophy; and thousands more are reaping the fruits of both, who never heard of his name, and never will hear of it, till they reach that blessed immortality, where they will be permitted to trace the causes of their felicity through its human agents up to its Divine source. Yet the philanthropist, who has thus improved human understandings which he probably could not analyze, and purified human hearts which he only knew were human and depraved, and by whose schemes these incalculable blessings will be perpetuated through ages to come, received no pension for his services to the state; but bequeathed a wife and family to be saved from pauperism by the practical influence of that charity which he had so eminently taught and practised.—The philosopher, however, whose pernicious skepticism has probably wrecked the moral principles of thousands, was flattered and rewarded while he lived, and, when dead, finds a conspicuous place in the records of fame. But there is a better record than that of fame; and better kept; where the name of the philanthropist has found a place, and where it would be a real joy to think that the philosopher had found one also, however humble.

From Tait's Magazine.

LIFE OF THE DOST MOHAMMED KHAN OF KABUL.

Life of the Dost Mohammed Khan of Kabul: With his political Proceedings towards the English, Russian, and Persian Governments, including the Victory and Disasters of the British Army in Affghanistan. By MOHAN LAL, Esq. Two volumes octavo, with numerous portraits. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans.

AFTER all that has been said and written upon the Affghan branch of recent Anglo-Indian history, Mohan Lal's work will, we think, be found of interest. In some respects that interest is of the deepest kind, as it lays bare springs of action and certain untoward causes for the disasters in Affghanistan, which have not been hitherto generally known, nor indeed at all suspected, in England. The recklessness of English sailors, and the insults and outrages offered by them to the women of savage or uncivilized tribes, have been the frequent, if not the most frequent, cause of fatal encounters with the natives, and the greatest obstacle to a good understanding and the establishment of peaceful and friendly relations; but the public of this country were not prepared to learn that something of the same sort either led to the insurrection at Kabul, and the retreat of the British force, with all its deplorable consequences, or was a main element in that unhappy affair. The light thrown upon this matter, of which nothing whatever could be gathered from the Journals of Lady Sale, Lieutenant Eyre, and the other writers on the Affghan War, is an original and not the least important part of a work curious from its parentage, as well as from its specific information, and the new views of society presented, by a spectator, who, though writing in English, looks on most objects with the eyes, understanding, and prepossessions of an oriental. The first part of the work is devoted to the early history of the Dost, who, after the late Ranjit Singh, or perhaps his over-celebrated and warlike son Akhbar Khan, is the most remarkable Chief that has figured in India during the present century. The account of his early vicissitudes, perils, and achievements, his romantic and chivalrous enterprises, and of his intrigues and craft, make up a strange and truly eastern history. A good deal of Dost Mohammed's story was already known; but many new anecdotes are given by Mohan Lal, which are not only illustrative of the able and heroic character of the Dost, but of the manners of the Affghans, and the condition of the countries in which he has acted and borne sway. Sarfraz Khan, the father of Dost Mohammed Khan, was the minister of Shah Zaman, the sovereign of Affghan; and was murdered through the intrigues of another minister, who had supplanted him in the good graces of the Shah. He left twenty-one sons and several daughters; Dost Mohammed being his son by his favorite wife, as the mother of Akhbar Khan is now said to be his favorite wife and prime counsellor. His large family connexions were to the crafty, able, and ambitious Dost, at once a source of strength and also of trouble; but not of weakness, for there seems to have been nothing weak about him. One of his amiable or humanizing traits was reverence for the memory of his father. We are told that

As soon as Dost Mohammed Khan gained distinction, and became chief of Kabul, he stamped the following verse on the coin, and thus honored and gave permanence to the name of his affectionate father:—

"Simo tila be shams o qamar medahad naved."
"Vaq te ravaj Sikhai Payandah Khan rasid."

"Silver and gold give the happy tidings to sun and moon that the time has arrived for the currency of Payandah Khan's coin."

It would certainly be wonderful if Sarfraz Khan could hear with his own ears that his enterprising son Dost Mohammed had become as celebrated as one of the kings, and that the ambassadors of the British, the Russian, the Persian, and the Turkistan governments waited in his courts.

The Dost was trained by the stern discipline of adversity. Of his early years we find this account; which, if not minutely accurate, must be substantially true, as Mohan Lal has had excellent opportunities of acquiring information, and even while in Kabul began to gather materials and write his Life of the Dost. His papers were indeed seized and lost, but the facts were deeply imprinted upon his memory.

Although the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan received kindness and honor from his principal brothers, as the Vazir Fatah Khan, &c., yet being born from a mother of a different creed, and not of a high Affghan family, he was looked upon with contempt by the

other brothers, who boasted that they were descended from pure and noble parents. On several occasions the jealousy of the brothers threw him into all the distresses of poverty. His dependents and horses have often passed nights and days without a piece of bread for the human being or a blade of grass for the horses.

In spite of this cheerless state of life, Dost Mohammed Khan never departed from the perseverance of his mind, combined as it was with all the external appearances of sincerity, and real internal hypocrisy. He was trying to gain ascendency by all means possible, and therefore, in return for all the animosity of his jealous brothers, his behaviour towards them was at all times civil and obliging. This sometimes made them exceedingly ashamed of their own conduct, and at the same time astonished at his superior wisdom and management. His sweet words were supported by flattery, and he showed himself regardless of that respect which his own age was entitled to receive from his younger brothers, who were prosperous while himself was poor; and by these means he had created and organized such sound schemes for his own success that none could dare to hope to annihilate him. I have heard with my own ears from the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan, that he had gone without food for three or four days successively, and several nights, after taking only a morsel of dry bread or a handful of half-fried grain: that in the mean time he had often laid himself down on the bare ground, making the stone his pillow; and also, having no means to maintain servants, he had many times saddled his own horse. While his heart was wounded with these painful wants, his conversation was always refreshed by a lively wit and a smiling countenance, leaving behind an impression of admiration in the hearts of the chiefs under his brothers.

The Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan was excessively fond of drinking, and carried it to an extreme excess. It is said that he has emptied several dozens of bottles in one night, and did not cease from drinking until he was quite intoxicated, and could not drink a drop more. He has often become senseless with drinking, and has on that account kept himself confined in bed during many days. He has been often seen in a state of stupidity on horseback, and having no turban, but a skull-cap on his head.

It has been stated by the early companions of the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan, and confirmed by his own mouth, that he had, and still has, an extraordinry taste for music. When pleased with drinking wine, he has often sung ballads and played upon the "Rabab," a kind of fiddle. His intimate friend and supporter was Gholam Khan Populzai; and both these persons were considered in Affghanistan the first players on the "Rabab." The fort of Nanchi was the favorite seat where Dost Mohammed Khan formed his pleasure parties. . . . . .

It was on the evening of a beautiful day in spring that the eldest son of the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan, named Mohammed Afzal Khan, drank wine with his younger brother, Mohammed Akhbar Khan, and both of them met him drunk. He was incensed at their conduct, and determined to punish them. He seized and bruised them severely; and at last, taking them up to the roof, threw them down on stony ground, by which he had nearly endangered their existence. On this, his favorite wife, the mother of Mohammed Akhbar Khan, who is wiser than the other wives of the Sardar, was informed of the dangerous state of her son. She went to her husband, and stated that he himself is desirous of drinking, while he punishes the sons, and persuades them to the contrary; and that this is not just, as the wise of former days have said, that a son cannot well inherit the property unless he follows the example of his father, and that, consequently, they imitated him in drinking. Hearing these words from the lips of his favorite, the Sardar felt ashamed, and then swore not to drink wine any more. . . .

The chiefs in Affghanistan do not value education as the first quality, for they must only know how to ride, fight, cheat, and lie; and whoever excels in these acquirements gains the renown of the time. Amongst the sons of Sarfraz Khan, the brothers of the Amir Dost Mohammed, few knew the letters of the alphabet. Their early life was spent in poverty, danger, treachery, and bloodshed; but when they came to power, the constant sight of the orders submitted by the Mirzas (Secretaries) for their signature at last enabled them to read plain writing. Mehardil Khan, one of the Quandhar chiefs, qualified himself more than the others. He composed poetry, and made himself distinguished by his literary taste in Persia; yet there are some of his brother chiefs who can neither write nor read. The Amir Dost Mohammed Khan learned the "Qoran" only at the meridian of his glory, and Nayab Amir Mohammed Akhundzadah was his tutor. However, his local knowledge, and the information he possesses in ancient and modern history, in proverbs, and in adventures, as well as in the administration of various distant kingdoms, will not fail to show him as being well stored with extraordinary talents and science. He speaks Persian, Pashto, Turkish, Panjabi, and the Kashmir languages.

Many very bad instances of the extortion and even cruelty of the Amir are related, and also of the intrigues of his harem, and the crooked methods of adding to his wealth and the number of his wives and slave girls. This altogether forms very curious reading; but is less weighty than the detail of some of the alleged causes of the conspiracy and revolt of the Affghan chiefs, which, though long whispered about in In-

dian circles, are only now first laid before the British public. Mohan Lal gives the long list of the names of those who took a share in the insurrection, and describes the various schemes they formed to expel the British; but the introduction to his narrative of the disgraceful proceedings in Kabul previous to the outbreak, is all that at present concerns us, painful as it is to see the names of Burnes and others in any way brought into question.

Before I commence the narrative of the insurrection, I feel compelled to touch on a subject which has so often been talked of, and believed in the circles of the high authorities both in Europe and in India. This is a most unjust and misrepresented accusation against Sir Alexander Burnes, for intriguing with the ladies of Abdullah Khan, the Achakzai chief. I know well that the exposure of the truth on this subject will cause the animosity of many persons towards me; but I feel assured that the vindication of the character of that deceased officer in a just cause, and that the performance of this duty, will not cause that feeling in the impartial and pure mind. However, I shall not mention the names of the persons, and shall not hesitate to say how far Sir Alexander Burnes was to be blamed in this matter, which sadly terminated in the loss of his life on the fatal morning of the 2d of November.

Abdullah Khan Ackzai could not bear the treatment we gave to the chiefs when they visited Sir Alexander Burnes. They were kept waiting for hours near the door-keeper, and then referred to me, as he did not like to see them, for fear of being supposed desirous of interfering with the business of the Envoy, as he notes himself in these words:—"I am hardly to be blamed, for I have no responsibility, and why should I work?" In the mean time our old friend Phokar Shikarpuri, a broker in Kabul, had some claim for debt against Abdullah Khan; and to show his own influence, he asked Sir Alexander Burnes to give him two of his attending servants (peons) to go with the message to the chief that he must pay immediately his debt. The Achakzai chief justly replied that his allowances and followers are diminished, and that he cannot pay his creditor in one sum. Again the peons went with the broker with fresh orders that he must sell his horses to pay his debt, and not think to show himself a great man. They spoke to him with some sharp words and in an insolent tone; and of course no Affghan chief would bear insults even though his head was placed in danger. Neither did Abdullah Khan forget the disgraceful conduct of the bearers and the tone of their message; nor did Sir Alexander Burnes drop from his memory that the Achakzai chief never waited upon him, nor acted as ordered; and hence it came that their misunde standing grew daily stronger.

After a few days one of the favorite concubines of Abdullah Khan left his house, and took shelter in the house of a "Sahab Log"* residing between his house and the Chandaul. He could not get her back through polite applications to that officer, and he therefore sent his nephew to complain to Sir Alexander Burnes. He did not wish to write, but ordered one of his peons to go with the complainant, and restore the lady to him if she is there. On his approaching the house, she was concealed, and the gentleman of the house turned furious, and accused the Ackzai of a false complaint, notwithstanding they saw her running into the back room. They returned to Sir Alexander Burnes, who, instead of giving soft words to the sufferer, said angrily that he was making false accusations against "Sahab Log," and then turned him out of the presence.

Another case was similarly brought to the notice of our authorities. A gentleman who had taken up his quarters at the house of the Navab Jabbar Khan won the heart of the favorite lady of his neighbor Nazir Ali Mohammed; and she, crossing the wall by the roof, came to him. The Nazir waited upon me, and I reported the circumstance to Sir Alexander Burnes while the defendant was breakfasting with him. He of course denied having ever seen the lady; on which the Nazir was dismissed, and I myself was always disliked from that day by that gentleman for reporting that fact. The Nazir then complained to the minister of the King, and he sent us a note demanding the restoration of the fair one. The constable saw her in the house, and gave his testimony to this as a witness; but Sir Alexander Burnes took the part of his countryman, and gave no justice. One night the very same gentleman was coming from the Bala Hisar, and abused the constable for challenging him; and next day stated to Sir Alexander Burnes that he was very ill used, on which Sir Alexander Burnes got the man dismissed by the King. The lady was openly sheltered at the house of the same gentleman after some time, and came to India under the protection of his relatives. Nazir Ali Mohammed and the constable (Hazar Khan Kotval) never forgot these acts of injustice of Sir Alexander Burnes, and thus they were stimulated to join with Abdullah Khan Achakzai, and to strike the first blow in revenging themselves on that officer.

A rich merchant of Nanchi, near the city, had two years previously fallen in love with a lady at Hirat, and after great pains and exorbitant expense he married her, and placed her under the protection of his relations while he went on to Bokhara to transact his commercial business. In the absence of the husband a European subordinate to the staff officer contrived her escape to his residence in the cantonment. The wretched man, on hearing this catastrophe, left all his merchandise unsold,

* All the English were addressed after this name.

and hastened back to Kabul; and there were no bounds to his tears and melancholy.¶ He complained to all the authorities, and offered a very large sum to the King to have his fair wife restored to him; but she was not given up. He at last sat at the door of Sir William Macnaghten, and declared that he had resolved to put an end to his own life by starvation. When that authority appeared partly determined to order the lady to be given to her lawful husband, she was secretly removed to a house in the city. Hereupon the envoy appointed two of his orderly men to enter the house, and to give her into the charge of the plaintiff; but now the very officer who had offended Nazir Ali Mohammed and Hazar Khan Kotval came to Sir Alexander and begged him to pacify the Envoy, which he agreed to do. On this a sum of four hundred or five hundred rupees was offered to the husband if he will give up his claim to his wife; and Sir Alexander Burnes employed Nayab Sharif and Hayat Quaflahbashi to persuade the poor husband of the lady to accept these terms, stating that otherwise he will incur the displeasure of that authority. The poor man had no remedy but to fly to Turkishtan, without taking the above-mentioned sum. When her paramour was killed during the retreat of our forces from Kabul, she was also murdered by the Ghazis, with the remnant of our soldiers who had succeeded in making their way forcibly as far as Gandumakh.

Two other gentlemen lived opposite to the house of the Navab Mohammed Zaman Khan, and Quddos Khan, and wrought a change upon the affections of their respective favorites. When all endeavors failed to get them back, the good Navab wrote a civil note to the possessor of his fair one, saying that he himself had no need for her, and that he (the Englishman) had better keep her for ever. That gentleman having now been joined by his own wife has at length left her, I think, in an unprovided and destitute condition. But the other one, belonging to Quddos Khan, is well and respectably treated by her paramour, who has made a will to say that she was to claim his property in case of his death, in preference to any of his own relatives.

Mir Ahmad Khan, brother of Abdullah Khan Achakzai, was returning from Quandhar to marry a lady with whom he was engaged a long time before in Kabul. On his arrival near Ghazni, he heard from his friends that she had left the roof of her parents, and taken shelter in the house of a "Sahab Log." He was incensed beyond all description, but could not show his face in Kabul; wherefore he turned back from the road, and afterwards joined his brother in the insurrection, in order to gain his revenge upon us; and the woman is now, I think, left unprovided at Lodiannah.

These instances of gallantry in the gentlemen, with numerous cases of the same nature, were disgraceful and abhorrent to the habits and to the pride of the people whom we ruled; and it was the partiality of Sir Alexander Burnes to his friends in these circumstances which made him obnoxious to dislike, and wounded the feelings of the chiefs, who formerly looked upon him as their old friend and guardian. It was not he who committed himself in any sort of intrigue; but yet it was his duty to restore the ladies to their relations, and not to sacrifice his public name and duty through any private regard to his friends,—who, in return, never contradicted the accusations which were attached to him personally instead of to them. All of those friends knew well that Major Leach, Sir Alexander Burnes, his brother, and those who were subordinate to him, had Kashmerian females in their service, ever since he proceeded on a mission to Kabul; and no just man will deny this, and allow that they were persons to intrigue with the ladies in Kabul. Sir Alexander Burnes, indeed, bitterly suffered, or I may say lost his life, for the faults of others, as far as he appears concerned at all in such intrigues.

Exasperated and disgraced as the chiefs felt by the whole line of conduct, they resolved first to attack the house of Sir Alexander Burnes.

The details of the horrible catastrophe of Kabul, so often related, will once more be perused with thrilling interest in the simple narrative of Mohan Lal, an anxious spectator and a sufferer in these complicated disasters. We may add, that he speaks in high and warm terms of Sir William Macnaghten, whose memory has not been too delicately treated by other contemporary writers. The adventures and perils of Mohan Lal himself after the retreat, and while he remained a prisoner, are briefly and modestly related, and are not without interest. The portraits of all the leading characters that figure in the narrative, whether native or British, give additional interest to the relation of their exploits. In looking on the handsome and haughty countenance of the Dost, and the yet more beautiful features of his more gallant and famous son, Akhbar Khan, one questions if these are the crafty and cruel though brave and clever men that they are described to be, and which too many of their acts proclaim them.

From the British Quarterly Review.

LIFE OF WOLLASTON, THE PHILOSOPHER.

(1.) *The Bakerian Lecture for* 1828. *On a method of rendering Platina malleable.* By W. H. Wollaston, M.D., V.P.R.S.
(2.) *Philosophical Transactions for* 1829. *A Description of a Microscopic Doublet; On a method of comparing the Light of the Sun with that of the Fixed Stars; On the Water of the Mediterranean.* By W. H. Wollaston, M.D., V.P.R.S.

William Hyde Wollaston, one of the ablest and most renowned of English chemists and natural philosophers, was born August 6, 1766, and died in December, 1828. Seventeen years have passed away since his death, and yet no biography has appeared, although he has as wide a reputation among men of science as Sir Humphrey Davy, of whom lives innumerable have been written. This has in part arisen from the comparatively retired life which Wollaston led, and the reserve and austerity of his character. He was not, like his great contemporary, a public lecturer to a highly popular institution, and thereby an object of interest, not only to men of science, but likewise to students of literature, and even to people of fashion. His life was spent in his laboratory, from which even his intimate friends were excluded; and the results of his labors were made known only by essays, published for the most part in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London. His discoveries, however, were so many, and of so important a kind, and made his name so widely known, that we cannot but wonder that no biography of him has yet appeared. Two of his publications, the one containing the description of his reflecting goniometer, the other explaining a process by which platina may be rendered malleable, would alone have entitled Wollaston to a place in the roll of natural philosophers worthy of lengthened remembrance. Had he been a German, some patient, painstaking, fellow-countryman would long ago have put on record all that could be learned concerning his personal history. Had he been a Frenchman, an eloquent Dumas or Arago would have read his eloge to the assembled men of science of the French capital, in language acceptable to the most learned, and intelligible to the most unscientific of men. His fate as an Englishman is, to have his memory preserved (otherwise than by his own works) only by one or two meagre and unauthenticated sketches, which scarcely tell more than that he was born, lived some sixty years, published certain papers, and died.

With the exception of some faint and imperfect glimpses of an austere taciturn solitary, perfecting wonderful discoveries in a laboratory hermetically sealed against all intruders, we learn almost nothing of the individuality of the worker. A few anecdotes, incidentally preserved in the lives of some of his contemporaries, contain nearly all that has been published concerning his personal history.

We have been informed that, soon after Wollaston's death, all the documents and materials necessary for his biography were placed in the hands of a gentleman well qualified for the task of writing it. The expected work, however, has not appeared, and, so far as we are aware, no progress has been made towards its production. We trust that the idea of publishing a life of Wollaston has not been abandoned, and that we shall yet see his personal history placed on permanent record.

Meanwhile, we think we shall do our readers a service, by bringing before them such a sketch of the philosopher, as the scanty materials at our disposal enable us to furnish. Imperfect and fragmentary as it necessarily is, it will give them some idea of a very remarkable man. An experienced crystallographer can tell from a few sandlike grains, or a single detached and rounded angle, that the crystal of which they once were parts was a perfect cube, a many sided prism, or a symmetrical pyramid. The geologist can infer from a tooth or claw much concerning the whole animal to which it belonged. We trust that our readers will in like manner be able to piece our biographical fragments together into 'one entire and perfect chrysolite;' and that they will find the palæontologist's guiding mottos, 'Ex ungue Leonem,' 'Ex pede Herculem,' lead them to the conclusion that they are dealing with one of the *megatheria* among men of science.

William Hyde Wollaston belonged to a Staffordshire family, distinguished for several generations by their successful devotion to literature and science. His great-grandfather, the Rev. William Wollaston, was author of a work famous in its day, entitled, 'The Religion of Nature Delineated.' His father, the Rev. Francis Wollaston, of

Chiselhurst, in Kent, from his own observations, made an extensive catalogue of the northern circumpolar stars, which, with an account of the instruments employed, and tables for the reductions, was published under the title of 'Fasciculus Astronomicus,' in 1800.

The subject of our memoir was the second son of the astronomer, and of Althea Hyde, of Charter-house square, London. He was one of seventeen children, and was born at East Dereham, a village some sixteen miles from Norwich, on the 6th of August, 1766. After the usual preparatory education, he went to Cambridge, and entered at Caius College, where he made great progress. In several of the sketches published of him, he is said to have been senior wrangler of his year; but this is a mistake, arising out of the fact, that a person of the same surname, Mr. Francis Wollaston, of Sidney Sussex College, gained the first place in 1783. Dr. Wollaston did not graduate in arts, but took the degree of M.B. in 1787, and that of M.D. in 1793. He became a fellow of Caius College soon after taking his degree, and continued one till his death. At Cambridge he resided till 1789, and astronomy appears to have been his favorite study there, although there is evidence to show that at this time, as at a later period, he was very catholic in his scientific tastes. He probably inherited a predilection for the study of the heavenly bodies from his father, and it was increased by his intimacy with the late astronomer royal of Dublin, Dr. Brinkley, now Bishop of Cloyne, and with Mr. Pond, formerly astronomer royal of Greenwich, with whom he formed a friendship at Cambridge which lasted through life.

In 1789, he settled at Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, and commenced to practice as a physician, but with so little success, probably on account of the peculiar gravity and reserve of his manner, that he soon left the place and removed to London. He succeeded, however, no better in the metropolis. Soon after reaching it, a vacancy occurred in St. George's Hospital, and Wallaston became candidate for the office of physician there. The place was gained, however, by his principal opponent, Dr. Pemberton, 'who, it is said, either by superior interest, or, as is commonly supposed, by his more pleasing and polished manners, gained the situation.' It is added in several of the notices of Wollaston, 'that on hearing of his failure, in a fit of pique, he declared that he would abandon the profession, and never more write a prescription, were it for his own father.' This statement must be received with hesitation. So staid and sedate a person as Wollaston was, is not likely to have given utterance to the hasty and intemperate expressions attributed to him; and so prudent a man would not have bound himself by a rash vow to abandon his profession, unless he had seen the prospect of occupying himself more pleasantly and profitably in another way. This account, indeed, is in direct contradiction to another; which is so far authentic, and entitled to greater credibility, that it is contained in the report of the council of the Astronomical Society of Great Britain, presented at the anniversary meeting in 1829. In the obituary notice of Wollaston, given in that report, it is mentioned, 'that he continued to practise in London till the end of the year 1800, when an accession of fortune determined him to relinquish a profession he never liked, and devote himself wholly to science.'

He had no occasion to regret the change even in a pecuniary point of view, the only one in which his abandonment of medicine was likely to have injured him. His process for rendering crude platina malleable, which conferred so great a service on analytical chemistry, to said to have brought him more than thirty thousand pounds, and he is alleged to have made money by several of his minor discoveries and inventions.

The remainder of Wollaston's life must be referred to in terms like to those in which the sacred writer of the Book of Chronicles finishes his brief record of each Jewish king: 'Now the rest of his acts and his deeds first and last are written in the book of the kings of Israel and Judah.'—What the book of the Jewish kings is to their lives, the archives and records of the Royal Society are to our scientific men.—Dr. Wollaston became a fellow of that society in 1793, and was made second secretary in 1806. He was for many years vice-president, and in 1820, between the death of Sir J. Banks and the election of Sir H. Davy, he occupied the president's chair.—There were not a few indeed, among the influential members of the society, who would have preferred him to Davy as permanent chairman; but Wollaston having signified his fixed intention to decline competition, gave the whole weight of his influence to Davy, and the latter was elected.

His communications to the Royal Socie-

ty are thirty-nine in number, and, along with his contributions to other scientific journals, refer to a greater variety of topics than those of any other English chemist, not excepting Cavendish. In addition to essays on strictly chemical subjects, they include papers on important questions in astronomy, optics, mechanics, acoustics, mineralogy, crystallography, physiology, pathology, and botany, besides one on a question connected with the fine arts, and several describing mechanical inventions.

We shall endeavor to give the reader some idea of certain of the more important of these papers, discussing them, however, not in their chronological order, but according to a classified list.

Five are on questions of physiology and pathology, and do not admit of popular discussion. The most curious of these is a paper on 'Semi-decussation of the optic nerves,' and single vision with two eyes.—Besides its interest as a scientific essay, it is important as having been occasioned by speculations concerning the cause of a remarkable form of blindness from which Wollaston suffered, during which he saw 'only half of every object, the loss of sight being in both eyes towards the left, and of short duration only.' This peculiar state of vision proved in the end to have been symptomatic of a disease of the brain, of which he died.

Eight or nine papers are on optics, but our limits will not allow us to discuss them.

Wollaston published two papers on astronomy, one 'On a Method of Comparing the Light of the Sun with that of the Fixed Stars,' of which we can only give the title; the other is, 'On the Finite Extent of the Atmosphere,' and is one of the most interesting physical essays on record. It was published in January, 1822, in the May preceding which, a transit of Venus over the sun's disc took place. Wollaston was induced in consequence to make observations on this rare and interesting phenomenon.—None of the larger observatories were provided with suitable instruments for watching it; but our philosopher, with that singular ingenuity both in devising and in constructing apparatus which we shall afterwards find to have been one of his great characteristics, succeeded by a few happy contrivances in making a small telescope completely serve the purpose. His special object in watching the passage of Venus, was to ascertain whether or not the sun has an atmosphere like that of the earth. He satisfied himself that it has not, and embodied his results in the paper, the title of which we have given.

It is a very curious attempt to decide a most difficult chemical problem by reference to an astronomical fact. The chemical question is, do the elements of compounds consist of indivisible particles, or atoms, or do they not? It is a branch of the great problem which has occupied physics and metaphysics since the dawn of speculation, in vain attempts to decide either way, viz., is matter finitely or infinitely divisible?—Our author undertakes to show, not only that this difficulty may be solved, but that in fact it was solved, though no one was aware of it, as early as the discovery of the telescope, and Galileo's first observation of the eclipses of Jupiter's moons.

His mode of reasoning is as follows. If our air consist of an infinite number of particles, then as these are known to be self-repulsive, there can be no limit to the amount of its expansion. It will spread out into space, on every side, and be found surrounding each of the heavenly bodies.

If, on the other hand, the atmosphere consist of a finite number of molecules or atoms, it will find a limit at no great distance from the earth. For the force of repulsion between the atoms will rapidly diminish as they recede from each other, till it become insufficient to oppose the counteracting force of gravity. The air will then cease to expand, and present a row of bounding molecules, prevented from falling towards the earth by the repulsion of the particles between it and them, and from receding from the earth by their own weight. The conclusion from this reasoning is, that if astronomy can show that any one of the heavenly bodies has not an atmosphere of the same nature as ours, chemistry will be entitled, and indeed compelled, to infer, first, that our atmosphere, and then that all matter, consists of finitely divisible particles or true atoms.

The astronomical problem is easily and speedily solved. The moon is *too near* us, to permit of observations of the necessary kind being made, as to her possession of an atmosphere similar in constitution to ours; but according to telescopic observation, she is a naked globe. The phenomena presented when Venus or Mercury passes close to the sun, certify that he has no atmosphere like that of the earth; but his high temperature, and its possible effect on an atmosphere, if he have one, somewhat lessen the

value of the fact. Jupiter, however, and his five moons, admit of observations which make it certain that our aërial envelope has not reached to that heavenly body.* When his satellites suffer eclipse by passing behind him, they appear to a spectator on the earth, to move across his disc till they reach its edge, when they instantaneously disappear. When they reappear, after moving round him, they emerge in a moment from behind his body, and start at once into full view. Had Jupiter an atmosphere like ours, the occultation of his satellites would not occur as it is observed to do. Our sun, when he sinks below the horizon, remains visible to us by the light bent up or refracted to our eyes, through the transparent air, and twilight slowly darkens into night. In like manner, long before the rising sun would be seen, if our globe were naked, the air sends up his rays to our eyes, and he becomes visible.—If Jupiter had an atmosphere like that of the earth, each of his moons, instead of disappearing at once behind his disc, would exhibit a twilight recession, and slowly wane away. When it returned, it would be seen much sooner, after being lost sight of, than it is at present, and would gradually wax brighter and brighter till it came fully into view. In other words, the atmosphere of Jupiter would send back the light of the satellite to us, after the latter disappeared behind the planet; and would send forward that light before the moon reappeared. Wollaston shows that, in the case last supposed, the fourth satellite would never be eclipsed, but would remain visible when at the very back of the planet.

It is certain, then, that the earth's atmosphere is limited, and according to Wollaston it is equally sure that matter is only finitely divisible.

The paper we are discussing excited great attention among men of science; and for a long period, though few implicitly assented to the validity of the argument, no one appeared able to detect any fallacy in its reasoning. It was commented on by Faraday, Graham, Turner, and Daubeny, as an important contribution to chemistry; and referred to by Dumas as the only attempt which had been made in modern times to decide by physics the question of the finite or infinite divisibility of matter. More recently, it has been shown that the fact that the atmosphere is limited will not justify the conclusion which Wollaston deduced from it.

It has been suggested by Dumas, following out the views of Poisson, that the low temperature which is known to prevail in the upper regions of the atmosphere, may be such at its boundary as to destroy the elasticity of the air, and even to condense it into a liquid or freeze it into a solid. The outer envelope of our atmosphere is thus supposed to be a shell of frozen air. If this view be just, our atmosphere is limited, not because it consists of atoms, but simply because a great cold prevails in its upper regions.

Professor Whewell has shown that Wollaston was not entitled to assume that the law which connects the density of the air with the compressing force is the same at the limit of the atmosphere, as it is near the surface of the earth. He suggests a different law which may prevail, and which would terminate the atmosphere without the assumption of atoms.

Lastly, it has been pointed out, that though all Wollaston's postulates were granted him, they would only entitle him to infer that the atmosphere consists of a finite number of repelling molecules. To establish this, is to establish nothing. We are still on the threshold of the argument. Each molecule supplies as good a text whereon to discuss the question of divisibility, as the whole atmosphere out of which it was taken. The point which most of all demanded proof, namely, that the molecule was an atom, was the very one which Wollaston took for granted.

Beautiful, then, and certain as are the artronomical facts brought to light by Wollaston, they supply no decision of the question of the divisibility of matter. That problem still presents the same two-fold aspect of difficulty which it has ever exhibited. If we affirm that matter is infinitely divisible, we assert the apparent contradiction, that a finite whole contains an infinite number of parts. If, pressed by this difficulty, we seek to prove that the parts are as finite as the whole they make up, we fail in our attempt. We can never exhibit the finite factors of our finite whole; and the so-call-

* The reader will observe that the argument is based, not on the fact of the heavenly bodies lacking atmospheres, which some of them may possess, but on their wanting atmospheres of the *same* nature as ours. We cannot apply chemistry to ascertain whether oxygen and nitrogen, or the other gases of our atmosphere, envelope distant globes. but we can bring optics to discover whether a power to refract light such as our air possesses, exists around any of these spheres From the text it will be seen that no such power has been observed in any case.

ed atom always proves as divisible as the mass out of which it was extracted. Finity and infinity must both be believed in; but here, as in other departments of knowledge, we cannot reconcile them.

The greater number of Wollaston's strictly chemical papers, with the exception of those referring to physiology and pathology, are devoted to the exposition of points connected with the chemistry of the metals. He was the discoverer of palladium and rhodium, once interesting only as chemical curiosities, but now finding important uses in the arts. He discovered, also, the identity of columbium and tantalum. He was the first to recognize the existence of metallic titanium in the slags of iron furnaces; and he is the deviser of the important process by which platina is rendered malleable. He published, also, analyses of meteoric iron, and showed that potash exists in sea water.

The majority of the essays in which these discoveries were made known, are of too limited and technical a character to admit of notice in the pages of our journal. There is one of them, however, that, 'on a process by which platina may be rendered malleable,' which cannot be dismissed without a word of explanation.

It must seem curious to a general reader, that much value should be attached to a mere metallurgical process, however ingenious. He will be further perplexed by learning that the Royal Society, passing over Wollaston's claims to reward, as the author of important speculative and purely scientific papers, selected this essay as the object of their special commendation. The strong words used by the council of the Society are, 'Your council have deemed themselves bound to express their strong approbation of this interesting memoir by awarding a royal medal to its author, and they anticipate with confidence a general approbation of what they have done.' It may help the reader to understand why the paper in question is esteemed so highly if he be made aware of the following facts.

Among other bodies which the alchemists of the middle ages thought it possible to discover, and accordingly sought after, was a Universal Solvent, or *Alkahest* as they named it. This imaginary fluid was to possess the power of dissolving every substance, whatever its nature, and to reduce all kinds of matter to the liquid form. It does not seem to have occurred to these ingenious dreamers to consider, that what dissolved every thing, could be preserved in nothing. Of what shall we construct the vessel in which a fluid is to be kept, which hungers after all things, and can eat its way through adamant as swiftly as water steals through walls of ice? A universal solvent must require an equally universal *non solubile* in which it may be retained for use.

The modern chemist's desire has lain in the opposite direction from that of his alchemical forefather. It is the *non solubile*, not the solvent, that he has sought after, and Wollaston supplied him with that in malleable platina. Long before the close of the last century, the chemical analyst found the re-agents he had occasion to make use of, alkahests or universal solvents enough, for the vessels in which he could contain them. For the greater number of purposes, glass and porcelain resist sufficiently the action of even the strongest acids, alkalies, and other powerful solvents. In some cases, however, they are attacked by these, and cannot be employed in accurate analysis. Whenever, moreover, it is necessary to subject bodies to a high temperature along with active re-agents, as, for example, in the fusion of minerals with alkalies, porcelain can seldom be employed, and is often worse than useless.

It was in vain that chemists had recourse to silver and gold, as substitutes for the insufficient clay in the construction of their crucibles. These metals melt at comparatively low temperatures, and before a sufficient heat can be attained to fuse the more refractory substances enclosed in them, they run into liquids, and the crucible and its contents are lost in a useless slag.

In consequence of this insufficiency of his tools, the analytical chemist was brought to a complete stand. Whole departments of his science lay around him unexplored and unconquered, tempting him by their beauty and their promise. He could only, however, fold his arms and gaze wistfully at them, like a defeated engineer before a city which his artillery and engines have failed to subdue.

It was at this crisis that Wollaston came forward to put a new weapon into the hands of the chemical analyst. Several years before he turned his attention to the subject, scattered grains of a brilliant metal had been found in the sands of certain of the South American rivers. To this, from its resemblance to silver, or in their language Plata, the Spaniards gave the name of Pla-

tina, or little silver. This metal was found to resist the action of nearly every substance except Aqua Regia; to suffer no change, nor to become rusted by protracted exposure to the atmosphere; and to be perfectly infusible by the most powerful forge or furnace.

Here then was a substance for the chemist's crucible, could a method of working it only be discovered. But the very properties which made its value certain, if it were wrought into vessels, forbade its being easily fashioned into them. It occurred in nature only in small grains which could not be melted, so that it was impossible, as with most other metals, to covert it into utensils by fusion. Neither was it possible by hammering to consolidate the grains into considerable masses, so that vessels could be beaten out of them, for the crude metal is very impure. Accordingly, it happened, that for years after the value of platina had been discovered, it could not be turned to account. Whole cargoes of the native metal, although it is now six times more costly than silver, are said to have lain unpurchased for years in London, before Wollaston devised his method of working it.

That method was founded upon the property which platina possesses of agglutinating at a high temperature, though not melted, in the way iron does, so that, like that metal, it can be welded, and different pieces forged into one. This property could not, however, be directly applied to the native grains owing to their impurity and irregularity in form.

Wollaston commenced by dissolving the metal in aqua regia; purified it whilst in solution from the greater number of accompanying substances which alloyed it; and then, by the addition of sal ammoniac, precipitated it as an insoluble compound with chlorine and muriate of ammonia. When this compound was heated, these bodies were dissipated in vapor, and left the platina in the state of a fine black powder, which was further purified by washing with water.

It was only further necessary to fill a proper mould with this powder well moistened, and to subject it to powerful compression. By this process the powder cohered into a tolerably solid mass, which was gently heated by a charcoal fire, so as to expel the moisture and give it greater tenacity. It was afterwards subjected to the intensest heat of a wind furnace, and hammered while hot, so as completely to agglutinate its particles, and convert it into a solid ingot. This ingot or bar could then be flattened into leaf, drawn into wire, or submitted to any of the processes by which the most ductile metals are wrought.

We have passed over unnoticed many practical minutiæ essential to the success of Wollaston's process. The reader is more concerned to know that the platina crucible has been one of the chief causes of the rapid improvement which chemistry has recently undergone, and that it is an indispensable instrument in the laboratory. The costliness of the metal has not forbidden its application to manufacturing operations even on the largest scale. In the oil of vitriol works, stills of platina are made use of for distilling sulphuric acid, each of which, though holding only a few gallons, costs above a thousand pounds. A coinage of platina was introduced into the Russian dominions, which possess valuable supplies of its ores; but though roubles and other coins struck in it, occasionally reach this country as curiosities, we understand that the coinage has been withdrawn by the imperial government, in consequence of the fluctuations that occur in the value of the metal.

In our own country, from the great consumption of platina in chemical processes, its value has rapidly risen even within the last few months; but it is constantly shifting.* Nothing but its rarity and costliness prevent its application to the construction of every kind of culinary vessel, for which its purity, cleanliness, and enduringness especially fit it. A thousand other uses would be found for it, if it were more abundant.

Were it now the custom to honor men after death according to the fashion of the Greeks and Romans, Wollaston's ashes would be consigned to a gigantic platina crucible, as to a befitting and imperishable sepulchral urn.

His other chemical papers are all important. One of them, 'on the chemical production and agency of electricity,' proved, by singularly ingenious and beautiful experiments, that identity of voltaic and friction electricity, which Faraday has since confirmed by still more decisive trials. The

* Platina costs at present, in the state of ingot or bar, from 30*s.* to 35*s.* per ounce, wholesale. Manufactured articles from 32*s.* to 42*s.* per ounce, also wholesale. The retail prices are from 5*s.* to 10*s.* higher. Virgin silver sells at 5*s.* 8*d* per ounce, wholesale; at 9*s.* per ounce, retail, when manufactured. Sterling silver is worth 4*s.* 11*d.* per ounce.

others had reference chiefly to the atomic theory, which Wollaston was a great means of introducing to the favorable notice of chemists. One was 'On superacid and subacid salts,' and contained one of the earliest and most convincing proofs which can be given of the existence of such a law of multiple proportion, as Dalton had announced. The other on 'A synoptical scale of chemical equivalents,' first brought the laws of combination within the reach of the student and manufacturer.

Wollaston published three papers on the shapes of crystals, and on the mode of measuring them. No branch of science is less inviting to the general student than crystallography. Nevertheless, we must be allowed to refer briefly to one of Wollaston's essays on that subject. The most superficial sketch of the philosopher whose works we are considering, would be inexcusably defective if it passed it by.

The paper we refer to is entitled, 'Description of a reflective Goniometer,' and, next to that containing the account of the platina process, is perhaps Wollaston's most important contribution to science. It is much more difficult, however, to convey an idea of its value, than it was in the case of that essay.

There are no bodies, perhaps, more interesting to a greater number of persons than crystals. The rarer native ones which we name gems, rank with the precious metals in expressing by the smallest bulk the greatest commercial value. The precious stones have been hallowed in the minds of many from their earliest days, by the terms in which they are alluded to in the Bible. The lavish use made of them in adorning the dress of the Jewish high priest; the manifold references to them in the books of the prophets, and in the more impassioned writings of the old Testament; and most of all the striking and magnificent way in which they are referred to by St. John as types of the glories of the world to come, must satisfy even the most careless reader of the Scriptures, that God has marked them out as emblems of indestructibility, rarity, worth, beauty, and purity. Their appropriateness for this purpose must strike every one. The painter has counted it a triumph of his art to imitate even imperfectly their colors and brilliancy. Poets have all loved to sing of them. Beauty, in every age and clime, barbaric and civilized, however much she has loved caprice in other things, and has complained of ennui and satiety, seems never to have tired of her rubies and emeralds, or to have grown weary of admiring her 'family diamonds.'

And if the symbolical, æsthetical, fictitious and commercial value of crystals has been great, their worth to the man of science has not been small. The mineralogist counts them the most precious treasures of his cabinet. The geologist defines and marks out rocks by them. The electrician has detected curious phenomena by means of their aid. The investigator of the laws of heat finds them of indispensable service in studying his subject. The optician is indebted to them for the greatest generalization of his science, and for the discovery of many of its most delightful, though most intricate departments. Recently they have been declared to present remarkable and hitherto unsuspected relations to magnetism. The chemist considers a knowledge of crystallography absolutely requisite, not merely as enabling him to identify substances without the trouble of analyzing them, but likewise as unfolding analogies of the greatest importance in relation to the classification of chemical compounds. Medical men have discovered that, in many dangerous disorders, crystals show themselves in the fluids of the body, and now study their shapes with the utmost care as a means of detecting and alleviating disease. Finally, the greatest mathematicians have counted it a worthy occupation to investigate the forms and geometrical relations of crystals. We need only remind our scientific readers of the labors of Huyghens, Young, Fresnel, Arago, Brewster, Sir William Hamilton of Dublin, Herschel, Mohs, Weiss, Mitscherlich, Faraday, not to mention a multitude of others, to satisfy them that we have not overstated matters. The undulatory hypothesis of light, the laws of its double refraction, and those of its polarization, have been suggested or discovered by observations with crystals. The same remark applies to the laws of the radiation and polarization of heat, and with limitations might be extended to other branches of natural philosophy. There is not, indeed, a single physical science which has not an interest in crystallography.

From this brief statement it will appear, that nearly every class of scientific men was certain to gain by the invention of an instrument which promised greatly to facilitate, and to render more accurate, the study of crystals. We will not say that the poet, the painter, or the beauty owed Wollaston

any thanks. They did not, at least, immediately; but in the end it may appear, and it would not perhaps be difficult to demonstrate, that they are all gainers by the progress of science. We return, however, to the reflective goniometer.

A goniometer, as its name implies, (γωνία, an angle, μέτρον, a measure,) is an instrument for measuring angles. The appellation, though susceptible, of course, of much wider application, is restricted to an apparatus for measuring the angles of crystals. Different goniometers were in use before Wollaston invented his, but they were comparatively rude, and could only be applied to large crystals. This limitation of their employment was doubly disadvantageous. Many substances can be obtained only in minute crystals. In every case, small crystals are *ceteris paribus* more perfect than large ones. Wollaston's instrument not only applied to very diminutive crystals, but gave more accurate results the smaller the crystal was, provided only it were visible. It was able to do this from the peculiarity of its principle, which lies in this, that instead of measuring the angle formed by the meeting of two faces of a crystal directly, it measures the angle formed by the meeting of rays of light reflected from them. It requires, in consequence, only that the crystal shall be large enough to have visible faces, and that these shall be sufficiently smooth to reflect light.

When Wollaston published the account of his goniometer, he stated as an evidence of its superiority to those previously in use, that whereas a certain angle of Iceland spar was reputed to be of one hundred and four degrees, twenty-eight minutes, forty seconds, it was in reality of one hundred and five degrees.

It cannot but seem surprising that it should be of interest to a mineralogist or chemist, to know that the angle of a crystal is by half a degree greater or smaller than it has been supposed to be. The importance of the observation arises out of the fact, that a great number of substances which assume the solid form affect perfectly regular shapes, or, as we say, crystallize. The figures which they thus present are not inconstant and uncertain, but, within prescribed and narrow limits, are perfectly fixed and invariable. Common salt, for example, the greater number of the metals, and many other bodies, when they occur as crystals, show themselves as cubes, or solid six-sided figures, with all the faces squares, and all the angles right angles. The well known doubly refracting Iceland spar (carbonate of lime) crystallizes in an equally regular and perfect but different shape. Its crystals are six-sided, but the faces are rhombs, or resemble the diamond on a pack of cards, and its angles are not right angles. From extended observations on the crystalline shapes of bodies, the important law has been generalized, that 'the same chemical compound always assumes, with the utmost precision, the same geometrical form.' This enunciation of the law must be accepted with certain important qualifications and exceptions, which our limits do not permit us to dwell upon. This one point, however, we are anxious to explain: the constancy of form affirmed to exist in crystals does not manifest itself 'in equality of the sides or faces of the figures, but in the equality of the angles.' It is the angle, therefore, and not the face of a crystal, which is important, the latter *may* vary, the former *must* not; hence the value of a goniometer, or angle measurer.

Again, many crystals have the same general shape. A very common form, for example, is an octahedron, or double four-sided pyramid, arranged like two Egyptian pyramids placed base to base. But though the general configuration is similar, the angles at which the faces of the pyramids incline towards each other are different in different substances, and distinguish each crystal from all its fellows. Yet the differences in angular inclination, though constant, are often very small; hence the importance of the reflective goniometer, as enabling the observer to detect the slightest difference in angular value between apparently similar crystals. For the trouble of a tedious analysis, and the sacrifice of perhaps a rare substance, we are thus frequently able to substitute the simple device of measuring the angle of its crystals.

The fact has a general interest, also. To the law which the goniometer has discovered, we are indebted for the exquisite symmetry and perfection of shape which make crystals, like flowers, delightful objects merely to gaze at. They may be crushed to fragments, or dissolved in fluids, or liquefied by heat, or dissipated in vapor, but they grow up again like trees from their roots, or flowers from their seeds, and exhibit their old shapes with a fidelity and exactitude of resemblance, which no tree or flower ever showed or can show. We heard much of the restoration of the recumbent

warriors in the Temple church of London, and still more of the skill shown in piecing together the broken fragments of the Portland vase; but all such restorations are poor and faint imitations of the art with which nature not only restores but reproduces the works of her chisel.

Were all the crystals in the world reduced to dust, in good time they would each reappear. The painter and the poet would not only find the tints, and play of color, and sparkle, exactly as before, but the mathematician would try in vain to discover the smallest fractional difference in the value of their angles. Unity in variety is the voice of all nature; but in the case of crystals, the unity almost pushes the variety aside.

To descend from these speculations, the reader will understand, that as every crystallizable substance has an unchangeable form peculiar to itself, the crystalline figure of a body is an important character by which it may be recognized and identified.

But this is the lesser service which the reflective goniometer has rendered to science. Early in this century, a great German chemist, Mitscherlich, comparing the results obtained by Wollaston's instrument, with those procured by analysis, in the case of crystalline bodies, discovered a very curious and unexpected law. It appeared, that when substances resemble each other in chemical characters, their crystalline forms are also similar. When the similarity in chemical properties is very great, the shapes become absolutely identical. It is a very singular circumstance, which no one appears to have in the least anticipated, that where two closely allied bodies, such as arsenic and phosphorus, unite with the same third substance, they should produce identical forms when the respective compounds are crystallized. Each face of the one slopes at the same angle as the same face of the other. A mould of a crystal of the one would fit a crystal of the same size of the other. A goniometer set at the angle of the one, would exactly measure the angle of the other. Such crystals are named isomorphous, a Greek word synonymous with the Latin one, similiform, also made use of.

Taught by this law, the chemist, to his astonishment, found himself able to ascertain chemical analogies by measuring angles of crystals, and supplied with a means of controlling and explaining the results of analyses, which otherwise seemed only to lead to contradiction and confusion. Crystalline form is now one of the first things attended to in classifying chemical substances, and is the basis of most of our attempts to arrange them into groups and natural families.

We cannot delay on this curious subject. Suffice it to say that the announcement by Mitscherlich of the law of isomorphism at once overthrew the prevailing systems of mineralogy, and demanded their complete reconstruction. It changed, also, the aspect of chemistry, and where its influence on that science will end we cannot yet tell.

It deserves especial notice, but has never obtained it, in histories of the progress of chemistry, that he who, by his gift of the platina crucible, enabled his brethren to extend the whole science, and especially to subject every mineral to analysis, by his other gift of the reflective goniometer showed them how to marshal their discoveries. The latter instrument has been to the chemist like a compass-needle or theodolite to the settlers in a strange country. By means of it, he has surveyed and mapped out the territory he has won, so that new comers may readily understand the features of the district; and has laid down pathways and roads, along which his successors may securely travel.

A mere list of papers is a dull thing, of no interest to those acquainted with the papers themselves, and of little value to those who are not. The reader, however, must bear with us a little, whilst we bring briefly before him three other essays by Wollaston; they are all curious, and, besides their intrinsic value, are important as illustrating the versatility of his mind, and the singular accuracy of all his observations.

One of them is on the interesting and poetical subject of 'Fairy rings.' Most persons in this country must be familiar with the circles of dark green grass which are frequently seen in natural pastures, or on ground which has long lain unploughed. They are particularly abundant on commons and in sheepwalks, such as the chalk-downs in the south of England. Their dimensions are so great, and they are so symmetrical, and so much darker in color than the surrounding herbage, that they never fail to attract the attention of even the most careless passer-by. These circles a beautiful rural superstition supposes to have been marked out by the feet of faries, whirling

round in their midnight dances: they have, in consequence, been named fairy rings. It is well known, also, that they gradually increase in dimensions: in certain cases, even by as much as two feet in a single year. A believer in elves might suppose that the fairies, from time to time, admitted their children to their pastimes, when they were done with the dancing school and fit for presentation, or in other ways added new guests to their parties, and required more spacious waltzing-ground.

These beautiful and mysterious circles the chemist would not leave to the poet. Keats has complained that—

"There was a glorious rainbow once in heaven;
'Tis numbered now amongst the catalogue
Of common things."

Science, which would not spare the rainbow, has had no mercy on the fairy rings; though, in truth, both the one and the other still are, and ever will be, as truly the possession of the poet as they were of old. There is no one, we suppose, who does not sympathize with the poetical rendering of the fairy ring; and no one, probably, who does not at the same time wish to know what the scientific version is also. Wollaston furnished us with the latter. He was led to form the opinion we are about to state, by noticing 'that some species of fungi were always fo be found at the margin of the dark ring of grass, if examined at the proper season.' This led him to make more careful observations, and he came to the conclusion that the formation of the ring was entirely owing to the action of the fungi in the following way. In the centre of each circle, a clump or group of toadstools or mushrooms had once flourished, till the soil, completely exhausted by their continued growth on it, refused to support them any longer. The following year, accordingly, the toadstools which sprang from the spawn of the preceding generation, spread outwards from the original spot of growth towards the unexhausted outer soil. In this way, a barren central place came to be surrounded by a ring of fungi, year by year increasing in diameter, as it exhausted the earth it grew upon, and travelled outwards in search of virgin soil. But this was not all. The toadstools, as they died, manured or fertilized the ground, so that, although for a certain period the place where they had grown was barren, by-and-bye the grass flourished there more luxuriantly than elsewhere, and manifested this by its greater length and deeper color. In this way, each circle of mushrooms came to be preceded by a ring of withered grass and succeeded by one of the deepest verdure, and as the one increased the others did also.

On Salisbury plain, near Stonehenge, where, as in a hallowed and befitting locality, fairy rings abound, we have tested the truth of Wollaston's view. The sides of the low mounds which cover that plain are variegated by the circles in question. A few are imperfect; quadrants and semicircles; the greater number wonderfully symmetrical, and to appearance completely circular. The latter exhibit with great uniformity the phenomena which Wollaston describes. A plot of grass, resembling in tint and appearance the ordinary herbage of the down, stands in the centre of a dark green ring five or six feet in diameter. This is fringed by a forest of fungi, and they in their turn are bounded by a circle of stunted, withered grass. This last phenomena was quite in keeping with Wollaston's theory of the origin of fairy rings. He observes that 'during the growth of fungi they so entirely absorb all nutriment from the soil beneath, that the herbage is often for a while destroyed, and a ring appears bare of grass surrounding the dark ring; but after the fungi have ceased to appear, the soil where they had grown becomes darker, and the grass soon vegetates again with peculiar vigor.' These views of Wollaston have been beautifully confirmed by the recent researches of Professor Schlossberger of Tübingen, into the chemical composition of the fungi, by which it appears that they contain a larger quantity of nitrogen, of phosphates, and of other salts, than any of our cultivated vegetables. In consequence of this, they must exhaust the soil more when they grow on it, and on the other hand, fertilize it more, when restored to it, than any other plants. Dr. Schlossberger has accordingly recommended the employment of the fungi as manures.*

We conclude this subject by remarking that our great poet, who had an eye for every thing, connects fairy rings and mushrooms together, almost as if he had anticipated Wollaston. Our readers will remember the passage in the Tempest:

* We have seen fields lying fallow in the south of England, because, as was alleged, they would not bear crops, although they were thickly covered with edible mushrooms. Where the latter grow freely, wheat, and the other grains, are certain to flourish also.

"You demy-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms."

In another, and one of the most curious of his papers, Wollaston again plays the part of disenchanter of a poetical fancy.

It is entitled, 'On the apparent direction of the Eyes of a Portrait.' Into this essay we cannot enter at length, but it deserves a word of notice. One large part of it is occupied in showing that we are unconsciously guided in our estimate of the direction in which the eyes of another are turned, not merely by the position of the iris (or colored circle) and whites of these eyes, but likewise by the direction of the concurrent features, particularly those which are more prominant, as the nose and forehead. However unexpected this statement may be, or perplexing the explanation of it, Wollaston puts it out of the power of the least credulous of his readers to deny the fact, by the plates which accompany his paper. In these he shows that the same pair of eyes may be made to look up, or down, or to either side, merely by altering the direction of the nose and forehead which accompany them. In this paper, also, he supplies an explanation of the familiar fact, that 'if the eyes of a portrait look at the spectator placed in front of the picture, they appear to follow him in every other direction.'

We need not remind the reader how many allusions are made to this optical phenomenon in the words of our poets and novelists, with whom it has ever been a favorite engine for cheering, terrifying, or instructing their heroes. Here, for example, is one of Sir Walter Scott's many references to it. When Colonel Everard visited Woodstock lodge, where an ancient family portrait hung upon the walls, 'He remembered how, when left alone in the apartment, the searching eye of the old warrior seemed always bent upon his, in whatever part of the room he placed himself, and how his childish imagination was perturbed at a phenomenon for which he could not account.'

It did not escape Shakspeare. To take a single case. When Bassanio opens the leaden casket, and beholds Portia's portrait, he exclaims

"Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion?"

A beautiful poem of Mrs. Southey's, 'On the removal of some Family Portraits,' turns almost entirely on the subject we are discussing. The explanation is very simple. The only portraits which exhibit the ubiquity of look referred to, are those which have the face and eyes represented as directed straight forwards. A certain deviation from absolute straightforwardness of look may occur, without the phenomenon disappearing, although in that case it will be less apparent; but if the face and eyes are much turned to one side, it is not observed. In a front face, the same breadth of forehead, cheek, chin, &c., is depicted on either side of the nose, considered as a middle line. The eye, also is drawn with its iris or colored ring in the centre, and the white of the eye shown to the same extent on each side of the iris. In a countenance so represented, if the eye appear fixed on the spectator when he stands in front of the portrait, it will continue to gaze on him, from whatever point he regards the picture. If, for example, he place himself far to one side of the painting, the breadth of the face will appear much diminished. But this horizontal diminution will tell on the whole face equally, and will not alter the relative position of its parts. The nose will still appear with as much breadth of face on the one side as on the other, and therefore stand in the centre. The iris will still exhibit the same breadth of white to the right and to the left, and continue therefore to show itself in the middle of the eye. The countenance, in fact, will still be directed straight forward, and its expression remain unchanged.

One other reference will conclude our discussion of Wollaston's Essays. The last paper we mention is, 'On Sounds inaudible to certain Ears.' Its object is to point out, that while, in the natural healthy state of the ear, there seems to be no limit to the power of discerning low sounds, in many persons who are otherwise quite free from deafness, there exists a total insensibility to high or shrill notes, so that they are quite deaf to these. The hearing of different persons was found by Wollaston to terminate at a note four or five octaves above the middle E of the pianoforte. His own hearing ceased at six octaves above that note. Those who were thus deaf to high notes were, in consequence, quite insensible to the chirping of the grasshopper, the cricket, the sparrow, and the bat.

With these observations Wollaston connects a beautiful speculation as to the possibility of insects both emitting and listening to shrill sounds which we never hear; whilst they, in like manner, are totally deaf to the graver notes which only affect our ears. We quote his own words:—

'The range of human hearing includes more than nine octaves, the whole of which are distinct to most ears, though the vibrations of a note at the higher extreme are six hundred or seven hundred times more frequent than those which constitute the gravest audible sound.

'As vibrations incomparably more frequent may exist, we may imagine that animals like the grylli, (grasshoppers, crickets, mole crickets, &c.,) whose powers appear to commence nearly where ours terminate, may hear still sharper sounds which we do not know to exist; and that there may be insects hearing nothing in common with us, but endued with the power of exciting, and a sense that hears the same vibrations which constitute our ordinary sounds, but so remote, that the animal which perceives them may be said to possess another sense, agreeing with our own, solely in the medium by which it is excited, and possibly wholly unaffected by those slower vibrations of which we are sensible.'

This seems to us a striking and beautiful idea, and suggests many thoughts. It is in a fine sense a fulfillment of St. Paul's declaration, 'There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification.'

Such is a most imperfect list of the additions made by a single philosopher to the scientific literature of our country; and he a private gentleman, working without help from government or any other extrinsic aid. Several of the essays we have referred to, were read before the Royal Society of London in the last year of the author's life, under circumstances which invest them with peculiar interest. Towards the latter part of the year 1828, Wollaston became dangerously ill of the disease of the brain of which he died. His complaint was a painful one, and it speedily showed such symptoms as satisfied the sufferer himself that death was at hand. He acted on the information as if the warning of coming dissolution had been accompanied by the same advice which was given to king Hezekiah in similar circumstances, 'Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.' Finding himself unable to write out an account of such of his discoveries and inventions as he was reluctant should perish with him, he spent his numbered hours in dictating to an amanuensis an account of some of the more important of them. These parting gifts of a dying philosopher to his brethren, will be found in the papers bearing his name which are printed in the Philosophical Transactions for 1829. We have placed their titles at the head of our article. In one of them he makes a touching allusion to the unaccustomed haste which he had been obliged to exhibit in drawing it up. No indications of haste, however, appear in the essay in question, or in any of the others referred to. One of them is the account of the process for working platina, and, like Wollaston's other papers, is a model of what a physical essay should be.

These were not his only legacies to science. Shortly before his death, he wrote a letter to the secretary of the Royal Society, informing him that he had that day invested in the name of the society, stock to the amount of £1000. The interest of this money he wished to be employed in the encouragement of experiments in natural philosophy. A Wollaston medal is accordingly given periodically by the Royal Society.

In the June before his death, he was proposed as a member of the Astronomical Society of London; but, according to the rules of that body, he could not have been elected before their last meeting for the year. When the society met in November, 1828, however, the alarming situation of his health, and the great probability of his dissolution previous to the December meeting, induced the council at once to recommend to the assembled members a departure from the established rule, and that the election should take place at that sitting. This was done, and received the unanimous sanction of the meeting, which insisted on dispensing with even the formality of a ballot. Dr. Wollaston, then within a few days of his death, acknowledged this feeling and courteous act by presenting the society with a valuable telescope, which he greatly prized. It originally belonged to his father, and had been subsequently improved by the application to it of an invention of his own, that of the triple achromatic object glass, a device on which astronomers set great value.

It is impossible to turn from the record of these incidents, without a feeling of strong admiration of the old Roman-like resolution and calm courage with which the suffering philosopher waited for death. We are all too apt to admire only the active agonistic courage of the battle-field, or

other arena of energetic and laborious warfare or struggle; and are prone to let our imaginations kindle over pictures of warriors dying at the moment of victory, covered, as we are pleased to say, with glory. It is well that we should admire these, for so noble a quality as courage must be honored in all its rightful manifestations. Nevertheless, there are not a few who would prove heroic enough before a visible foe, but would quail before the solitary approach of the 'Last Enemy.' They could endure even to the death, when surrounded by hundreds involved in the same peril, and stirred by the same impulse as themselves; but would lack something of their courage if the influence of numbers and the sympathy of fellow-sufferers were gone, and the excitement of active and manifest struggle were wanting. There are not many who, laid on a sick bed as Wollaston was, and certain that recovery was hopeless, would have so risen above the terror of death and the distraction of pain, as to work as if health were in possession, and long life in prospect. The great majority would think they did well if they submitted to their fate with some show of decent gravity, and made no unmanly complaint; whilst every solace that could be furnished was applied to smooth the way to the tomb. We cannot, therefore, but highly honor the resolute man of science, who did not permit sickness, or suffering, or coming death, to prevent him from putting on record the otherwise lost knowledge, which he thought might serve the cause of truth and benefit his fellow-men.

It would have been in the highest degree interesting to have known what were the grounds of this notable courage, and with what feelings Wallaston not only prepared to leave this world, but looked forward to a world to come. We long to learn whether it be but constitutional calmness and stoicism such as a Greek or Roman might have shown, or fortitude such as only a Christian can display, that we are called on to admire in the dying philosopher. But none of those who alone were entitled to speak on this point have given us information concerning it, and we forbear to form any conjectures. Whencesoever derived, Wollaston's steadfast resolution continued to the end. When he was nearly in the last agonies, one of his friends having observed, loud enough for him to hear, that he was not at the time conscious of what was passing around him, he immediately made a sign for a pencil and paper, which were given him. He then wrote down some figures, and, after casting up the sum, returned them. The amount was right. He died on the twenty-second of December, 1828, aged sixty-two, a few months before his great scientific contemporaries, Sir Humphrey Davy and Dr. Thomas Young. After death, it appeared that that portion of the brain from which the optic nerve arises was occupied by a large tumor. If we are right in thinking that the singular one-sided blindness from which he sometimes suffered was an early symptom of this malady, it must have proceeded very slowly, for his paper on the semi-decussation of the optic nerves was published in 1824. It is interesting for the sake of psychology to know, that in spite of the extensive cerebral disease referred to, Wollaston's faculties were unclouded to the last.

There remains but little to be told. No picturesque incidents or romantic stories adorn Wollaston's biography, and but few characteristic anecdotes have been preserved. His days were spent with entire devotion to science, between his laboratory and his library. For it was little better than an extension of this, that he was a diligent attendant on the meetings of the Royal, the Geological, and other societies, and took a keen interest in their proceedings. Occasional excursions to the country appear to have been his only recreation. These afforded him an opportunity of prosecuting geology, which was a favorite study, and, during the last twelve years of his life, enabled him to gratify the love for angling with which Sir H. Davy had infected him.

His reluctance, or rather positive refusal, to admit even friends to his laboratory has already been referred to. Plato is said to have written above the door of his study, 'Let no one who is not a mathematician enter.' Had Wollaston placed an inscription, or rather a proscription, above the door of his laboratory, it would have been still more brief and comprehensive. 'Let NO one enter.' It is related that a gentleman of his acquaintance, having been left by the servant to ramble from one room to another till he should be ready to see him, penetrated into the laboratory. The doctor, on coming in, discovered the intrusion; but not suffering himself to express all he felt on the occasion, took his friend by the arm, and having led him to the most sacred spot in the room, said—'Mr. P., do you see that furnace?' 'I do.' 'Then make a pro-

found bow to it, for as this is the first time, it will also be the last time, of your seeing it.'

This hermetically sealed laboratory is known to have been of small dimensions. It did not require to be large, for Wollaston's researches were systematically prosecuted on a scale of nearly microscopic minuteness. He was celebrated for the almost atomic quantities of matter on which he wrought to as much good purpose as other men on hundreds of grains. His demonstration of the identity of columbium and tantalum was founded upon the examination of a very few grains of two rare minerals. His detection of titanium in the iron slags was effected on equally small quantities.

Dr. Paris mentions, in his life of Davy, that a foreign philosopher once called upon Dr. Wollaston with letters of introduction, and expressed an anxious desire to see his laboratory. 'Certainly,' he replied; and immediately produced a small tray containing some glass tubes, a blow-pipe, two or three watch-glasses, a slip of platina, and a few test-tubes. It is added by the same gentleman, that Wollaston appeared to take great delight in showing by what small means he could produce great results. Shortly after he had inspected the grand galvanic battery constructed by Mr. Children, and had witnessed some of those brilliant phenomena of combustion which its powers produced, he accidentally met a brother chemist in the street. Seizing his button, (his constant habit when speaking on any subject of interest,) he led him into a secluded corner, when, taking from his waistcoat pocket a tailor's thimble, which contained a galvanic arrangement, and pouring into it the contents of a small vial, he instantly heated a platina wire to a white heat.

Wollaston was fond of amassing money: there have not, indeed, been wanting accusations to the effect, that if he had sought less after wealth, he would have done more for science. How far these charges are true, we have no means of judging, as it does not appear from the published accounts, in what exact way he made his money. That it was chiefly by the platina process is certain, but whether he engaged in the manufacture himself, or only superintended it, we do not know. On this point we would only remark, that there is something, to say the least of it, very partial and unfair in the way in which obloquy is cast upon men of science, if they appropriate to themselves some of the wealth which their discoveries procure for others. If a successful naval or military hero is lavishly pensioned out of the public purse, no one complains. It is not thought strange that a great painter or sculptor, whilst he justly declares his productions are worth untold gold, should nevertheless demand a modicum of coin from his admirers. Neither is the poet or musician blamed who sells his work to the highest bidder. But if a chemist, for whom there are few pensions and no peerages, think to help out a scanty or insufficient income by manufacturing gunpowder like Davy, or magnesia like Henry, or malleable platina like Wollaston, or guano like Liebig, the detractors assail him at once. He has lowered the dignity of his science, and, it would seem, should starve, rather than degrade his vocation. That vocation, so far, at least, as the practical fruits of his own labors are concerned, is to be a kind of jackal, to start game which others are to follow, a beagle, to hunt down prey which others may devour. Surely there is but scanty justice here, and some forgetfulness of a sacred text, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn.'

We are no advocates of a sordid spirit in men of science, neither do we lament that government is less liberal to them in this than in other countries. When we look at the roll of our illustrious men, we see little reason to regret that they have not the grants which France, Germany, and Russia, so freely bestow. Neither system is perfect, and our own, with all its faults, works well. But private enterprise must manifestly supplement the deficiencies of government aid. It is therefore unfair to blame an unpensioned, unplaced chemist like Wollaston, if he secure an income by his independent labor. To manufacture platina may be, in the eyes of the world, a less dignified occupation than practising medicine, but it left the man of science much more leisure for his studies than physic would have done, and paid him a great deal better.

We will not, however, take it on us to affirm that Wollaston might not have been content with less than 30,000*l.* Perhaps, and probably, he might have been, though we know too little of his circumstances to be able to judge exactly on that point. That he did not selfishly hoard his money may be gathered from the following anecdote, which is declared to be authentic. Having been

applied to by a gentleman who was involved by unexpected difficulties to procure him some government situation, Dr. Wollaston's reply was—'I have lived to sixty without asking a single favor from men in office, and it is not after that age that I shall be induced to do so, even were it to serve a brother. If the enclosed can be of use to you in your present difficulties, pray accept it, for it is much at your service.' The enclosed was a cheque for ten thousand pounds.

In attempting further to illustrate Wollaston's character, we must have recourse to the device so common with biographers, of comparing him with some of those who were engaged in the same pursuits as himself. A natural and admirable occasion for doing so, such as Plutarch would have delighted in, is afforded by the fact that Wollaston and Davy were contemporaries and friends. It is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between the eager, imaginative poet-chemist, on the one hand, and the austere, unimpassioned, monk-philosopher on the other. Davy was a man of sanguine, enthusiastic temperament, overflowing with life and animation; Wollaston's nature was as still and unmoved as the bosom of a lake hidden from the wind in the recesses of a cavern. The former was a spoiled child of nature and of fortune, and greedy of applause. He delighted in the approving smiles of ladies, and was flattered by the notice of the great. It was a source of pain to him that he was not of good family. Wollaston was a disappointed man. He begged one boon from his brethren, the physicianship of an hospital; when that was refused him, he shut himself up in his laboratory, and rejoiced, when sixty years old, that he would not ask a favor, even for a brother. He was indifferent to the notice of all but scientific persons, and avoided every occasion of attracting popular attention.

Their characters as philosophers were as different as their tastes and habits as men. Davy had far greater originating power, boldness of speculation, and faculty of generalization; and he showed great skill in realizing his ideas. Wollaston excelled Davy in extent of scientific accomplishment, in minute accuracy of observation, and in closeness of reasoning. He wrought out his conceptions with singular ingenuity, and brought the utmost mechanical experience and dexterity to the solution of difficult questions. Both were good artists and manipulators, but Wollaston was much the better of the two. Davy was very ingenious in devising, but reckless and inexperienced in constructing. Wollaston excelled him in ingenuity, and, moreover, was a first-rate workman.

The mode in which they reached their discoveries was as dissimilar as the subjects which they selected. Davy considered the faintest analogy worth pursuing. Possibilities were with him probabilities; probabilities truths. Wollaston's idea of a truth was not so much something proved true, but something which could not be proved not to be true. His most positive yes was often a *not* no, rather than a hearty yea and amen. When Davy took up an inquiry, it was with the highest hopes and visions of success. If he gained his end, he was greatly elated, if he failed, he was correspondingly depressed. Wollaston set about a scientific undertaking more as if it were a matter of duty, than an occupation which by its result could possibly give him pain or pleasure. His pulse probably never quickened or slackened a beat in consequence of success or failure. When Davy discovered potassium, his delight and agitation were so great, that he enrolled the fact in his note-book in an almost illegible scrawl. Wollaston would have written the announcement in his roundest hand. With Davy, the end of the inquiry was the great object; the shortest way by which it could be reached was the best. The means by which it was arrived at, were in themselves indifferent. He hastened impetuously to reach the goal. For Wollaston, the journey had interest, whatever might be its conclusion. He hated to make a false or doubtful move, though it might advance him towards his ultimate object. Each stage of the undertaking was, for the time, the entire subject of concern. He travelled leisurely along, breaking new ground with the utmost caution, fastidious about every step of the journey. A sufficient pathway would not content him, though no one might follow his steps. He must stop, and make it a perfect road. The one philosopher was like the stag-hound running down the game his keen eye got sight of, by speed of foot and nimbleness of limb, or missing it altogether. The other resembled the blood hound following leisurely on the trail of his prey; slow, comparatively, in his movements, and with eyes fixed upon the ground, but certain never to quit the chase, or to make one false step till he was up with his victim. Davy's genius was

like the burning thunderbolt whose forces he did so much to explain. Attracted only by towering and lofty things, it smote down from the zenith, prostrating maiden citadels, and scattering in dust, or dissipating in fiery drops, whatsoever opposed it. Wollaston's genius was like the light, whose laws he so much loved to study. It was not, however, the blazing light of day that it resembled, but the still moonlight, as ready with clear but cold radiance to shine in, on a solitary obscure chamber, as able to illuminate with its unburning beams every dark and stately hall of the closed fortresses where Nature keeps her secrets.

In their habits of laboratory working and manipulation, Davy and Wollaston have been compared to the painters, Michael Angelo and Tenier's; the former, reckless, impetuous, and turbulent in his mode of producing results; the latter, minute, microscopic, precise, and accurate, even in the smallest details. The comparison is just so far, but it either elevates Davy too high, or degrades Wollaston, too low. Davy devising his safety lamp, after a few rapidly performed experiments, may be the Michael Angelo, contrasted with Wollaston, the Teniers, slowly perfecting a process for drawing out a capillary gold wire. But Wollaston, solving by means of a little telescope of his own adaptation, the problem of the existence of an atmosphere round the sun, contrasted with Davy discovering potassium by means of a gigantic voltaic battery, and every other aid and appliance to boot, must be called (as an artist friend suggests) at least a Correggio, whilst the latter is styled rather a Titian than a Michael Angelo. Davy and Wollaston were men of most marked individuality of character, and giants both. The youthful student will do well who accepts the guidance of either. He will do better if, like Faraday, he unite the excellences of both.

To these attempts to bring out Wollaston's character by contrast with that of his great contemporary, we would add a word or two concerning his likeness in disposition to another of our distinguished men of science. Those who are acquainted with the life of the Honorable Henry Cavendish will acknowledge that he and Wollaston resembled each other greatly. In both there was the same austerity, taciturnity and reserve; the same extreme caution in drawing conclusions, and exact precision in stating them; the same catholicity of tastes as regarded their philosophical pursuits; the same relish for scientific society and dislike to any other; the same indifference to applause; the same frugal habits; the same candor and justice towards other men of science; and the same strong love of truth and perfect integrity. And as in life they were alike, so in death they were not divided. The closing moments of the one were marked by the same kind of calm courage and serenity which distinguished the death-bed of the other. Cavendish and Wollaston might in truth have been twin brothers.

In contrasting Wollaston with Davy, and in comparing him with Cavendish, we have not willingly overstated matters. But all such attempts partake more or less of rhetorical artifice, and convey at best but a partial and imperfect idea of the character of any individual. No man is exactly the opposite or exactly the image of another. If his name be worth preserving at all, his individuality must be marked, and should be susceptible of definition and demonstration. It seems to us that three predominant qualities determined the scope of Wollaston's genius. The statement of these will perhaps in some degree explain the comparatively slight impression which he has made on science, and the partial oblivion into which his name has already fallen.

We remark first, that, in common with all great observers in physics, he possessed a keen intellect, a well balanced judgment, a most retentive memory, rapidity and readiness in discerning analogies, great power of analysis and also of generalization, perseverance in working out ideas once started, and practical skill in effecting their realization.

To hold in check these estimable qualities, there existed in the first place a quite inordinate caution, which never permitted them to range freely over the domains of science. Wollaston's caution was of a peculiar kind. It was not the wariness of timidity or self-distrust. He was in all respects a courageous man, and had much more self-reliance than Davy. The boldness of a speculation would not have deterred him from entertaining it. It would, in truth, have been neither a recommendation nor an objection to any suggestion. Fearlessness or timidity, as evinced in a hypothesis or theory, were qualities intangible to science, which was only concerned with the question, was the speculation true, or was it not?

It was untruth that Wollaston so greatly dreaded; and the fear of it made him prone to underestimate the positive worth of any

fact. An inquiry thus became for him a very tedious and protracted affair. It was not sufficient that a fact, perhaps quite incidental to the main object, and what other men would have called trivial, was true enough for the use he had to make of it. It must be true enough for every purpose it could be applied to: in a word, positively and absolutely true. Wollaston was thus like a man crossing a river by casting in stepping-stones, but who would not be content, that, with here and there a pretty long leap, and now and then a plash and wetting, he should get across. He must stop and square and set each stone, before he stepped on to the next, and so measure his way to the other side. Yet the stones were no more to him than to other travellers. To cross the river was his object as well as theirs. The stepping-stones were only the means to that. But they were doubtful and uncertain means, if carelessly arranged. Many would reach the opposite side in safety, but a single pilgrim might be washed away and drowned. Wollaston made a pathway safe even for the blind.

Davy, when he discovered potassium, argued somewhat thus: It is probable for several, or (as he would say) for many reasons, that potash and soda are the oxides of metals. It is also probable that electricity, which can decompose so many things, will be able to decompose them. He tried if it would, and discovered some dozen new metals. Wollaston would have said, it is possible that the alkalies contain metals, and possible also that electricity could separate them. But at that point he would have stopped to array the probabilities against both ideas proving true; and these would have appeared so strong that he would never have gone further.

All discoverers, with the exception of the very highest, such as Newton, take a great deal for granted. They advance not by steps, but by strides, and often gain their ends in strange ways. The new country in which they land themselves and their brethren, is reached by some bold attempt which is soon stigmatized as illegitimate and unworthy. The new country, however, is there for all that, and more legitimate and worthy methods of approach are soon discovered. We have Liebig for example, in our own day, accused of assuming doctrines that he cannot prove; and of giving us hypotheses as thoroughly established generalizations. Now and then he is provoked to return some indignant rejoinder to the bitter denunciations of his angry critics. But they made no abiding impression on the eager German, who replies with fresh assumptions and new hypotheses, more aggravating than before. His successors will doubtless weed out of his system as useless many things which he counts as essential to it, and establish as only partially just much that he believes to be absolutely true. But if Liebig had stopped like Wollaston to render each step in his progress incontrovertible, organic chemistry would be infinitely less advanced than it is at the present day.

Had Wollaston been a man of as grand and as fine intellect as Newton, his caution would not have prevented him being a great discoverer; but with faculties much more limited than his, he had caution equally great. Accordingly, although he had the start of Davy in electricity, and knew that science thoroughly, he allowed the latter to carry off the greater number of the trophies in galvanic discovery. He detected for himself the law of combination in multiple proportion, and might have extended it into such a scheme as Dalton embodied in his atomic hypothesis. Wollaston was infinitely better qualified than Dalton to investigate, by experiment, laws of combination. But he stopped with the discovery of the one law, and did not even publish that, till Dalton had made it known along with several others.

But characteristic as caution was of Wollaston, it may be questioned whether it was more strongly marked in him than in many other philosophers. Black, and still more Cavendish, were as cautious as he was. We must look farther, before we can sufficiently account for the apparently small amount of fruit which his life of scientific labor yielded.

We would indicate as the second feature in Wollaston's mind which prevented his effecting greater achievements, the versatility of his tastes. There was scarcely a science which he had not studied and was not competent to extend. His Cambridge education gave him a taste for mathematics and the mathematicophysical sciences. From his father he inherited a fondness for astronomy, and by him he was probably initiated into its mysteries from his earliest years. No man can be long an astronomer without feeling it necessary to study geology. Wollaston accordingly became a geologist. Neither will any one make much use of telescopes without becoming anxious to

understand and to improve their construction: all astronomers, accordingly, are students of optics. Wollaston was a most diligent one. None of these sciences, however, will support their votaries: our philosopher accordingly studied medicine. This introduced him to anatomy, physiology pathology, botany, and chemistry, on each of which he published papers.

Davy had a most imperfect acquaintance with all the sciences, except chemistry and electricity. Wollaston knew them all, and worked at them by turns. A list of some of his papers which we have not commented upon will show how impartially he distributed his attention. The Bakerian lecture for 1803: 'Observations of the quantity of horizontal refraction; with a method of measuring the dip at sea:'—The Bakerian lecture for 1806: 'On the force of percussion.' The Croonian lecture for 1810: 'On muscular motion, sea-sickness, and carriage exercise.' The Bakerian lecture for 1813: 'On the elementary particles of certain crystals.' 'On a method of freezing at a distance.' 'On a method of drawing extremely fine wires.' 'On a periscopic camera obscura and microscope.' 'On a method of cutting rock crystal for micrometers.' 'On gouty concretions.' 'On the concentric adjustment of a triple-object glass,' &c. &c. &c. The reader will add to these, those named or discussed in our article already.

Davy was obliged to confine himself to the two sciences he knew, and in consequence, greatly extended them. Wollaston had the 'open sesame' to them all, and the result was that he did a little for every one. He who divides his fortune into a number of small bequests, and leaves one to each of those who have a claim on him, is thanked for the time, but speedily forgotten. But when a man gives his all to a single great object, it embalms his memory. Wollaston has passed from men's notice. Davy is immortal.

There remains, however, a third characteristic to be noticed before we can understand all that biassed Wollaston, and turned his thoughts away from great scientific actions. We allude to his wonderful inventiveness and mechanical ingenuity. We call it wonderful, because, with the exception of James Watt, Hooke, and a very few others, Wollaston surpassed all his scientific countrymen in this respect, and there are not many foreign natural philosophers who could be placed above him. Without entering into any detailed proof of this, we only remind the reader that he was the inventor of the reflecting goniometer, the camera lucida, the dip sector, the cryophorus of a micrometer, of various improvements on the microscope, on the common eye-glass, on the camera obscura, and of one most important one on the telescope; of the method of rendering platina malleable, of a method of drawing extremely fine wires, of a method of comparing the light of the sun with that of the fixed stars, and of many others which we cannot stop to mention. In addition to these special inventions, his papers are filled with descriptions of the most ingenious and original contrivances for securing the ends he had in view. When he became an angler, he astonished his friends by many curious devices for overcoming difficulties in the new art he had taken up.

It must have come within the observation of most persons, that very ingenious mechanical contrivers find the greatest pleasure in giving birth to inventions, and, where no other and higher taste divides their inclinations, and no pressing duty occupies their time, often devote themselves entirely to the gratification of their talent. It is most natural that they should do so. There are few intellectual pleasures greater than that of being creators, even to the extent that man may be one. The feeling of exultation with which the poet, the painter, or the musician, rejoices over the offspring of his genius, is shared, though in a lower degree, by the inventor, whose new instrument or method is as much a creation, the embodiment and monument of an idea or ideas, as the poem, or the picture, or the oratorio. In many men, ingenuity goes no further than devising. They are not craftsmen, to execute their plans; and to give them to workmen would involve too costly a gratification of their wishes. But Wollaston was an excellent workman; his hand was as ready to construct as his brain to invent; and they went together. There was thus a twofold temptation to gratify his inventive powers; and he did gratify them to the utmost: but time so spent was often little better than thrown away. We rejoice that he invented a reflecting goniometer, and supplied an achromatic object-glass for the telescope, and we do not grudge the camera lucida; but as for the not very important improvement of spectacles, microscopes, and cameræ obscuræ, they might have safely been left to be made by a duller man, when it appeared they were wanted. It was put-

ting Pegasus in the yoke, or setting Samson to grind at the mill, to waste Wollaston's energies on such work. His case should be a warning to young scientific men who have a great mechanical turn, to take care that it does not warp them aside from higher objects, and convert them into mere instrument-makers. When we think how many inventions are only works of supererogation, no better than Rob Roy's self-acting pistol, which was to protect the entrance into a leather purse; or useless toys, like the recent Eureka machine, for making nonsense Latin hexameters, or of the most circumscribed application, like patent needle-threaders: we cannot but wish that each inventor would pause, and ask whether there is, or will be any need or demand for what he is about to devise, before he proceeds to execute his project. Many of Wollaston's inventions are now forgotten or superseded.

The restraint and distraction of faculty which these three influences occasioned, were fatal to Wollaston's being a distinguished or systematic discoverer. His inordinate intellectual caution kept him from giving to the world any great generalization. Had he attempted one, he would have spent a lifetime in establishing it to his own satisfaction. His acquaintance with most of the physical sciences induced him, instead of dedicating his life to the establishment of some one great theory in a single branch of knowledge, to pursue many inquiries in each; these were sufficiently limited in scope to be brought to a conclusion, satisfactory even to his fastidious, skeptical spirit, in a reasonable time. His mechanical ingenuity constantly tempted him to improve some one of the thousand instruments of physical science which are not perfect.

He must nevertheless be counted great, on the ground of the multitude of single works which he executed so ably. He will stand in the second rank of great physical philosophers, along with Black and Cavendish, Davy and Dalton.

The portraits of Wollaston represent him as a grave, silent, meditative man: one who would excite much sincere respect, but little enthusiastic affection, among those who knew him. He led a solitary life, and was never married.

His senses were peculiarly acute, a valuable possession to a physical philosopher. Some, indeed, have dwelt upon the acuteness of Wollaston's senses as the source of his greatness as an inventor and discoverer. Others have indignantly affirmed that it was wronging a great philosopher to ascribe his triumphs over nature, merely to his having had a sharp eye and nimble fingers. The dispute seems a needless and a foolish one. That Wollaston had very acute bodily senses, has been certified to us by himself, and by those who were his associates. But if any one think that the mere possession of these will make a man a Wollaston, let him only consider that there is not a Red Indian or an Esquimaux who can distinguish a white hare from the white snow around it, who does not at least equal, if not far surpass, the philosopher in acuteness of bodily senses.

On the other hand, it would be in the highest degree unwise to despise the gifts of sensitive bodily organs, and to leave out of consideration the influence of the physical element in determining the character of men. Soul and body must be present in certain though varying proportions, to suit us for our special vocations; and the elements must be as kindly, though differently mixed, to give the world assurance of a physical philosopher as of a poet or statesman. Wollaston, like most of his distinguished fellow-men, owed a great deal to his body, but a great deal more to his soul.

From what has been already stated, it will be manifest that our philosopher was not what most people would term an amiable person. He was, however, a just and most honorable man; candid, open, and free from envy. Of this, many proofs might be given. We have already seen that he freely lent his influence to secure Sir H. Davy the chair of the Royal Society. His papers, also, afford incidentally many evidences of his candor. In the one on the finite extent of the atmosphere, he mentions, that after making his own observations on the transit of Venus over the sun's disc, he discovered that results equally accurate had already been obtained by M. Vidal of Montpelier, to whom, accordingly, he assigns the priority. In his essay on the forms of the elementary particles of certain crystals, he points out that he had been anticipated by Dr. Hooke. He states, as a reason for publishing his paper on super and sub acid salts, that he wished to furnish Dr. Dalton with a better means of proving the truth of his doctrine of combination in multiple proportions than the latter's analysis of certain gases had supplied. He had occasion to point out that the chemist Che-

nevix had committed a great blunder in reference to the properties of the metal palladium: he did it in the most delicate and courteous way.

Altogether, the combination of reserve with perfect straightforwardness; the relish for acquiring money, with the generosity in parting with it when it could be worthily bestowed; the clear intellect, the self-reliance, the aversion to interference or intrusion on the part of strangers; the impartial justice to rivals, and the business-like method of all his habits, seem to us pre-eminently to mark out Wollaston as, *par excellence*, The *English* Philosopher.

From Tait's Magazine.

LEIGH HUNT.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS"

It is singular to notice how some men "achieve greatness" by the very act of living. Eclipsed and crushed at first by successful rivals, they are fortunate enough to survive them, and to shine forth as stars in the twilight of their departed glory. How picturesque yonder solitary pine, yielding its dark cones to the wind reluctantly, as if loth to bend its aged and reverend head to a blast but newly born! Some years ago, it was lost in the crowd of the forest, till the woodman's axe cut its passage into perilous prominence. So with certain authors: they gather around them the added interest of those who have outlived a generation of giants, and who mingle with the admiration of the present somewhat of the awe of the past. Last of a noble race, the homage they receive is given ungrudgingly, and with the feeling of discharging a debt of gratitude long due, not to one, but to many benefactors. Sometimes, as in the case of Wordsworth, the merit thus tardily acknowledged is of the highest order, but which detraction, and the success of more popular writers, have unjustly veiled. Sometimes it is of minor, though real value, which, amid the blaze of contemporary genius, has been overborne and drowned. In the year 1820, such men as Croly, De Quincey, Wilson, and Leigh Hunt, were content to be *dii minorum gentium* in the literary Pantheon. We now, in 1846, regard them as a race of "elder gods," Titans partly, because they have outlived a Titanic family.

And yet we feel, that in applying the term Titan to Leigh Hunt, we are bordering upon the ludicrous. No such magnificent epithet will fit him. He is no "giant angel:" he is nothing better than an inspired and perpetual child. He is not great, nor even large; but he is the perfection of elegant and airy littleness. He flits about like an Ariel among the sons of the mighty. Ariel, indeed, the most imaginative and succinct of skyey messengers, full of playful earnestness, is an apter emblem of Hunt's genius than the tricksy Puck. He is the down of the thistle floating nowhither, while Ariel is the winged seed blown right onward to the spot where it is to take root and grow. As we have elsewhere said of Moore and Dickens we can never disconnect the idea of Hunt from that of smallness. Perhaps, instead of Ariel, he is rather a genuine brother of the Cobweb, Mustard-seed, and Pease-blossom family: like that redoubted race, tiny, swift, ethereal, with a fire in his eye, and drops of gold sprinkled on his little wing. Moore is, of the three, Mustard-seed—sharp, biting, and mischievous. Dickens is Cobweb—light, dancing, and sunny. Hunt is Pease-blossom—smelling of the fields, and shining with the hues of autumn sunshine.

Earnestness at ease, is the leading characteristic of Hunt's nature. His is not that eternal frown of certain patriots and philosophers, at which "hell grows darker." His genius wears, on the contrary, a gentle smile, to feed which every thing has run—his learning, his philosophy, his imagination, and his tears.

> "Sorrows [he sings] I've had severe ones
> I will not speak of now;
> And calmly 'mid my dear ones
> I've wasted with dry brow."

Struggles he has had,—calumnies borne,—imprisonment too known, in those dark days, when looks were watched, and words tortured, and to sigh in some cases was to sin. He has been separated from children dear to him "as the ruddy drops that visit his sad heart." A child-like friend, dearer than a brother, was severed from him; and he saw, under the darkening sky of his own fortunes, the smoke of his funeral pile rising from the sea-shore. He felt the recalcitration of the furious [illegible] Byron. He committed several [illegible] rors, and had many severe [illegible]

But all ran to fill up the channel of the gentle smile. His heart would not get old. The boy element would not extract. And the author of "Rimini" and "The Feast of the Poets," is, we believe, smiling still —smiling at the memory of his past griefs and sufferings; smiling at the changed treatment he is receiving from the literary world, and from his ancient foes; smiling pity over the dishonored dust of Byron, and over the insolent but retracted ridicule of Moore; and smiling a deeper happier smile at that milder social day which has at length risen upon his path; for him, too, as well as Virgil's shepherd,

Libertas tanquam sera respexit.

Hunt, like most writers of the day, has appealed to the public, not only at sundry times, but in divers manners. He has been a critic, a journalist, an essayist, a writer of tales and dramas, a satiric and a serious poet. As a critic, he did at one time yeoman service to the cause of letters. He stood up, in conjunction with Lamb and Hazlitt, for the three objects, first, of vindicating the fame of the Lake poets; secondly, of directing public attention to the forgotten and neglected English authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and, thirdly, of establishing a school of criticism independent of the reviews, which at that time lorded it over the world of letters, and were with a high hand abusing their power. To these objects of this triumvirate, Lamb contributed his subtle discrimination, his delicate yet cutting irony; Hazlitt, his fierce passion and vehement declamation; and Hunt, his grace, his tact, his liveliness, his learning, and his fine fanciful quaintness. The public saw with surprise the pages of a weekly newspaper, studded with critical disquisitions, as profound, and much more genial, than any to be found in the great quarterly journals; and began, in the extreme of reaction from former implicit submission, to regard these as blind guides. And although the influence of our literary reformers was counteracted by the furious abuse and victimization which they personally experienced, they in the end gained their object. They shed a new light upon the pages of our elder dramatists; they vindicated the claims of the Lake poets; and they contributed to rouse the public to that spirit of independent judgment which has more or less characterized it ever since, and has compelled journals to become rather the followers than the leaders of the national taste.

Hunt's criticism is distinguished above that of many, by its joyous geniality.—How he gloats over tit-bits!—How he enjoys a literary *bonne bouche!*—How he chuckles over a quaintness, or a recondite beauty!—He has, on such occasions, all the glee of a school-boy, who has lighted upon some peculiar pot of jam or neglected drawer of sweet-bread. He laughs, rolls, and riots, in the gladness of his heart; and, like the said school-boy, if a fine generous fellow, calls upon all his comrades to share the spoil. He reads a favorite author as a man reads to his adored, giving, in the fullness of his happy heart, beauty, and meaning, and interest to the pages, which come in reality from a sweeter and dearer source. Thus Hunt, between sympathy with his author and with his reader, gilds his refined gold, paints his lilies, and throws a perfume over his violets. Even his affectations, quips, cranks, and wreathed smiles—and they are not few—remind you of the little arts which the eye of love produces, and which it alone will pardon. The gush of genuine gladness must be permitted its little jets, freaks, and fantasies. Better far this than the cool iron composure of those miserable beings called critics by profession, who are doomed to pass from the Dan of each new title-page to the Beersheba of each Finis, and find all barren; and are capable of enjoying only the poor luxury of "establishing" when they cannot find a "raw."

Of his criticism, the better specimens, we think, occur in his earlier productions, his "Indicator," "Companion," &c. In what seems to have been an evil hour, he wrote "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries." It awoke an outcry from a large portion of the public, who had not yet recovered from that drunken dream, through the medium of which they had for a long while regarded Byron. As Macauley has well shown, the conduct of the British public to Byron was most extraordinary. First, they idolized him unreasonably; then as unreasonably they ground their golden calf to dust; and then they raised, reconstructed, and set him in a higher shrine than ever. And this latter reaction arose simply from what always seemed to us his chimerical and insincere expedition to Greece; an incident in his history no more deserving moral approbation, than the conduct of the prodigal who in his desperation *enlists*.

Who on that account dreams of canonizing the poor fellow? But, because Byron, disgusted with himself, sick of Italy, satiated with literary fame, or rather afraid of losing the laurels he had gained, exhausted in intellect, and bruised in heart, threw himself into the Greek cause, (instead of returning to England, calmly confronting his calumniators, and resuming his duties as a landlord and a senator, which had been the part of a wise man,) changed his poetic melody into a wild Albanian war-song, and perished prematurely, therefore all the past was to be forgiven and forgotten, and therefore, if an honest man ventured to blame any part of his conduct, he must be torn in pieces, and have his *disjecta membra* thrown in propitiatory sacrifice upon the poet's Grecian grave. We care very little about the charges of ingratitude and violated confidence which have been brought against Hunt. He had been treated by Byron with great liberality; and no wonder, since he had appeared single-handed in his defence, when the howl of all England was up against him. He had been admitted to his confidence, and might, had he been base enough, have claimed a similar honor with the servant who boasted that he was kicked by a Duke. He had been fed and insulted under the same roof with the noble poet. And in exchange for such favors, he was bound to flatter the man when dead, to whom, when living, he had always acted a firm and manly part! We would have preferred, indeed, had he remained entirely silent on the subject. We never think of Byron as a man, without recalling the words of Milton, in reference to the rebel angels.

> The other sort,
> In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
> Nor of renown less eager, yet, by doom
> Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
> For strength, from truth divided and from just,
> Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
> And ignominy, yet to glory aspires
> Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
> *Therefore eternal silence be their doom.*

But if Hunt was to speak of Byron at all, he was bound to speak the plain unvarnished truth, avoiding equally the extremes of sycophancy and of spleen. And now, the public, by another, and we suspect a final revulsion of feeling, has come round to his opinion, and unites in writing on Byron's bust, the most fatal of all inscriptions, "A traitor to his own transcendent genius."

Our quarrel, then, with this book, is not so much its treatment of Byron's memory, as its general spirit and execution. Its spirit is waspish, its execution feeble. In the one, you read disappointment; in the other, dyspepsia. His memoir of himself, must, from its profusion of capital *I's*, have taxed severely Mr. Colburn's printing press, and has the garrulity without the bonhommie of old age. His estimates of contemporary talent are not eminently felicitous, nor, with the exception of his personal friends, particularly candid. You see altogether, in this work, a mind, in an unhappy state of transition from its first fresh, buoyant enthusiasm, to that mild and serene twilight, which has now permanently settled upon its powers. Clinging still to our former image of a gentle smile, as the best emblem of Hunt's nature, we must grant that, in this production, it is but faintly visible, if not entirely concealed.

As a journalist, he exhibits a marked contrast, in the course of his progress, between the dashing, slashing, free and fearless style, in which (conjointly with his brother,) he conducted *The Examiner*, and the meek and almost mawkish tone of his *London Journal*. How changed from the daring libeller, whom Regency honored with its personal hatred and vengeance, and who, like another Camille Desmoulins, shot his bright and bickering shafts at sublime swindlers and crowned imbeciles, the kindly old man babbling of his green fields, looking with dim tearful eye at his old favorite authors, welcoming to his arms books which formerly seemed steeped in the green and livid slime of Bigotry, saying civil things of "The Lights and Shadows," —ay, of "Matthew Wald," and its author, —shaking (with some tremor) the huge fist of Christopher North, and instead of the bitter sarcasm in which he often indulged, just hinting faults and hesitating dislike, even to the imbecile, the impertinent, and the absurd. We prefer him, we must say, in the latter character. It is more true to his original tendencies. For the tear and wear, the fret and fever, the squabbling and heart-burning of a newspaper life, Hunt was never fitted. Only by nursing and coddling the inferior parts of his nature, could he have qualified himself for discharging its duties. And he did not too soon resign it to the hands of one much better adapted for the craft.

We regret exceedingly that *Leigh Hunt's London Journal* did not succeed. Never did a cheap periodical exhibit a more cath-

olic and genial spirit. Broad-fronted, mild-tempered, with fine imaginative sympathies, holding that "beauty is truth," it did not deny the converse of the creed, that "truth is beauty." Not a mere weekly dispenser of the cold comfort of utilitarianism, to thousands who begin to feel that thus the deeper wants of their spirits are insulted, as egregiously as were a drop to be sprinkled on a burning thirst, or a crumb to be handed to a raging hunger; it delighted in bringing out the poetry of usefulness, and the spiritual purposes which are served by even the mechanisms of the present age. He never speaks with contempt of this age, as a mechanical age; its motion, that of a rattling railway train; its agitation, the tremble of an unmanageable machine. He sees that machines contain in them a stern poetry of their own; that they present forceful and colossal images of power, of iron will and iron necessity; that in annihilating time and space, girdling the globe with Pucklike speed, "yoking their cars with whirlwinds and the northern blast," they gather round them the double interest of fact and fiction; that a railway carriage, which looks tame enough at rest, in two minutes rushes into poetry, and with its flag of flame, passes through the most beautiful country, less like an intruder than a monarch; while in a dream of beauty walks the waters of the summer sea the great steam ship, or wrestles like a demon of kindred power with the angry billows! He asks, "Has mechanism taken color from the grass and warmth from the blood?" and feels that while itself often a coarse Caliban, a strong drudge, it may be taught to do the spiriting and perform the magical bidding of the Prosperos of poetry; that in the varied and vast mechanical powers of the age, there lies over for coming artists a fund of thought and imagination not likely to be soon exhausted; that each railway train seems shrieking with that unearthly scream of its, for the coming of its poet, and shall not always scream in vain! Such views he held, and was beginning to expound, successfully, in his journal, when unfortunately, for want of passengers, *it* came to a stand-still, and now runs no more.

In the essay, Hunt found himself in his perfect element. Some minds have been as much out of theirs in it as leviathans in a pond. Foster, for instance, lashes his large tail against its narrow limits, till he bursts them asunder. Hazlitt is more at home in its small circle, only through the sacrifice of much that is peculiar, and of all that is profound in his intellect. Lamb's highest qualities are seen shyly and from afar off in even the "Essays of Elia." But Hunt is as active, and bright, and happy, in it, as a gold fish in its globe of glass. All the finer qualities of his mind,—his vinous liveliness, his recherché rather than recondite lore,—his conversational tone,—his gleesome disposition,—his snatches of higher imagination,—his wide sympathies,—the gem-like minuteness of finish he gives to his better things,—the air of fireside ease which waves like a light scarf around all his motions, are to be found in "The Indicator" and "The Companion." With what a light dainty step he conducts us along the "sweet security of streets," from shop to shop, finding incense in the perfumer's, and a dream of Golconda in the jeweller's, and Alnaschar still sitting at the door of his crockery warehouse, and an echo from the stithies of Etna lingering in the brazier's, and his own boy-self standing stealthily at the bookstall, and houri faces smiling on him under the bonnets in the milliner's, and "all the Arabian heaven" opening in the print-seller's, and in the apothecary's a blue and lurid splendor, sending him home to dream of drugs and death. Ye sticks, and hats too, how much do ye owe to his fine idealization! Memories of the metropolis, how has he embalmed you! Even mists and fogs thereof, ye are due him thanks for piercing your thick folds with a ray of poetry. And, happy above all pig-drivers, thou, the immortal genius of thine art, whom his footsteps chanced to follow, in thy difficult but glorious pilgrimage down the Strand, guiding successfully, through direr Scyllas and Charybdes, thy grunting charge! And who, in that sunnier side of the Round-table, which he contributed, has forgotten his "Day by the fireside," where "common things that round us lie,"—the crump and crackle of the hot roll,—the knock of the postman,—the song of the tea-kettle,—the tickling feeling, beneath one's feet, of the hearth-rug,—the music of the flickering flames in the grate,—the drawing in of the evening curtains,—the toasting of one's bed-itching toes,—the tying and smoothing of one's nightcap—become suddenly surrounded with an edge of imagination, and we feel that there is poetry in every thing?

"What's in a name?" asks Shakspeare. Every thing, we reply. Power, delusion,

depth of meaning, the force of fate, are all involved in names. A name cannot raise the dead; but it can start spirits stronger than that which rose at Endor, or met the patriot at Philippi. We have heard the weakness of words deplored; but we know their power—that they are things—that they often contain an omnipotence of mischief in their magic syllables, and that the most vigorous minds are not exempt from their influence. Volumes might be written, for instance, on the nuisance of nick-names—on the mischiefs they have done—the hearts they have broken—the characters they have partially or for ever clouded—the books they have strangled—the currents of progress which they, yes they, poor paltry collocations of foul air! have been able, for a season, to impede. In what a light does it represent the literature of the nineteenth century, that its principal quarrels have been carried on through the medium of contemptuous epithets, possessing neither point nor truth, and which, by *sticking*, only more convincingly proved that they were made of mud! We allude to such terms as "the Lakers," "the Satanic school," "the Cockney school," &c. Will it be believed, in an after age, that the second of these elegant combinations had, at one time, almost the power of the greater excommunication; and that one man at least, mad with the very fanaticism of benevolence, was, through its unscrupulous application, treated as a walking incarnation of the evil one? Or will it be believed, in an after age, that a dexterous ringing of the changes upon this witty epithet, "The Cockney School," was the means of plucking the bread from the mouth of more than one struggling and gifted man? "What's in a name?" O Shakspeare, with the inevitable eye, askest thou? Why, the merest misnomer—the most contemptible *alias* affixed by an enemy to a character, has been often as effectually a word of doom, as though it had been uttered in their wrath by those

> Airy tongues which syllable men's names
> On sands, and shore, and desert wildernesses.

Jack Wilkes was never a Wilkite; Coleridge was never a Laker; Shelley did not belong to the Satanic, nor Hunt to the Cockney school. His only title to the term lay in his inextinguishable desire to find the good and the beautiful in the persons and scenes amidst which his lot was cast. If there were vulgar manners in Little Britain, he felt there were also warm hearts. If there were dirt and drudgery in the city, there were also high and solemn memories shadowing its meanest streets into grandeur, and giving a certain pathos even to the sound of Bowbell. Because Richmond Hill was not the Jura, had it no beauty to be desired? Was Cowper less a poet because he was forced to complain that he had seen no mountains, nor expected to see them, unless he saw them in Heaven? Is not the Cockneyism of the country as detestable as that of the town? Is a rose less a rose because it grows within the sight of St. Paul's? And wherever stands and waves the English oak, does it not stand and wave in poetry—the poetry of the accumulated associations of two thousand years? Our great matter of offence, indeed, with Hunt is, that he is not enough of the Cockney—that he dips but slenderly into that most awful world of London—that he contents himself with partial, desultory, and outside views; and never, or seldom, descends into those abysses of wild anguish and lurid joy, of fun, fury, and madness, which the smoke of its every evening overcanopies. It was reserved for Dickens to go down in the fearlessness inspired by good-will and good-nature into those sunless chambers of city life, and show that there was a soul of goodness, and a spirit of latent poetry, and an element of hope, moving even amid their all-unutterable abominations. Blessings on the daring child, though for nothing else than for this achievement! And where he has preceded, let us hope that Marion (see Mary Howitt) will, by and bye, in her loveliness, follow.

To Hunt's contributions to *The Liberal*, we are almost ashamed to allude, they are so totally unworthy of his pen. When writing them he was in a most melancholy plight both of body and mind. Shelley, long a screen between him and pecuniary distress, as well as a link binding him to the moody and uncertain Byron, was newly drowned. Misunderstandings between him and his host were daily multiplying. The climate of Italy was rousing his bile. His "Letters from the South," accordingly, are weak, querulous effusions, looking almost helplessly insignificant beside Hazlitt's sounding invectives against the "Spirit of Monarchy;" Shelley's translations at once rendering and rivalling their originals; and Byron's "Vision of Judgment," a lampoon, such as for bitterness was never

thrown into the lion's mouth at Venice, and the blasphemy of which reduces the Satan of Milton to a driveller, and leaves even the Mephistopheles of Goethe limping behind. Hunt's small smiling countenance thrust in between those "dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms," like a stray Peri peeping in amidst the fallen gods in the inner halls of Pandemonium, looks absolutely ludicrous. That fell Titanic warfare, revolved in those dark and mighty spirits aiming on "daring doubts to pile thoughts that should call down thunder," was no scene for our mild, though manful hero.

Of his later specimens of criticism in the "Comic Dramatists," "Imagination and Fancy," &c. &c. we know only enough to convince us that they reveal in him no new powers. We find in them all his generosity of spirit, softness of heart, delicacy of sentiment, refinement of taste, with perhaps less liveliness and brilliance, and with more of those sudden and dyspeptic sinkings down from considerable elevation to weakness and languor of thought, which distinguish all his writings. We agree with a writer in *The Athenæum*, in thinking him too hard upon Dante, for being too hard upon his sinners in the "Inferno." We believe that the man Dante would have shrunk from consigning even the finger that signed his mandate of banishment, to eternal burnings; but this was not to prevent the poet Dante, when elaborating an ideal hell, heating, if he pleased, his furnaces seven degrees, and indulging his imagination in compounding into every tremendous variety the elements of torment. The poet is ever bound to give the brightness of brightness, and the blackness of darkness; to mend, if he can, the air of Elysium, "and heighten the beauties of Paradise;" and, on the other hand, to make "hell itself a murkier gloom." It will never do to argue thence either the benevolence or the cruelty of his disposition. Was Michael Angelo responsible for the awards of his "Last Judgment?" Is the illustrator of Fox's "Book of Martyrs," answerable for the kindling of all those curling, crested, reluctant or rejoicing, eager or slumbering, flames? Was Coleridge less the "Friend," because he appears to exult in the perdition of William Pitt? Is Thomas Aird less one of the most amiable of men, because his "Devil's Dream" contains a most horrific picture of the place of punishment? And has John Wilson the soul of a butcher, because in that famour Noctes directed against our friend Dr. Knox, he describes with such dreadful gusto certain unceremonious proceedings in that "other place," about the spirit of William Burke? There are, indeed, persons who exult and express their exultation in the future fate of those whom their narrow sympathies exclude from bliss: but these are fanatics; they are not artists, and we never yet heard of a true artist who was a fanatic. Art is ever too wide, restless, progressive, to remain confined in the sullen brazen furnace of a bigoted and narrow belief.

Of Hunt's contributions to fiction and dramatic literature, we know little, and prefer not speaking at all. It remains only to say something of him in the character of a poet. And it were vain to deny, that he possesses many of the elements of a genuine poet. No man could be such a good critic, and such a fine essayist without a large share of the poetic spirit. But to enable a writer to interweave his poetic power into living verse, requires a "double portion" of that indefinable and incommunicable essence. And that such a double portion has befallen him, we doubt. His great want is not of fancy, nor of feeling, nor of language; it is that of sustained and masculine strength. Beautiful imaginations abound. Fine lines drop down, soft and bright as rosebuds, winnowing their way from their mother-tree. Such is his description of a stream, which seemed

> "As if it said
> Something eternal to that happy shade."

Epithets fall, fitting themselves as perfectly to their objects as snow-flakes to the form of the yielding branches on which they descend. Indeed could epithets make an immortality, his were secure. "Scattery light," for example, what an image that presents of the sails of a ship coming up in the sunshine! Pathos, too, is frequent, always delicate, and sometimes profound. How it sighs in his poem on his children, "like parting wings of cherubim!" How it steeps with tears that fatal page in "Rimini," where the lovers stopped their reading, and stopped for ever! But while of sentiment there is no lack, there is little profound passion. While there is enough and to spare of fancy, the grand unifying influence of imagination is often absent. While there is much poetry, there is no

question is left undecided between him and Byron, not without hints which way the critic's judgment inclines, did he not too deeply reverence the delicacy of youthful modesty to express it; the public looks quietly on, and the whole thing is forgotten in a month. Meanwhile let him enjoy his little dream of immortality! Which of us is without his own vision, and even half conscious that it is but a vision—which of us loves to have it too rudely startled away? Ah, there is depth and truth in that old Gaelic song that begins—

"I am asleep, *and don't waken me!*"

Possibly, indeed, it may be this secret sympathy of personal experience that disposes us to such amiable tenderness. We cannot all at once forget how large an amount of weighty rhymes, legitimate decasyllabics of soft papaverous potency, we have ourselves achieved in our day; and how very pleasing was the childish charm of the task. How exciting to knit together for hours the intoxicating nonsense, and imagine it all we would have it; to dream each stanza very wisdom woven into a golden tissue of bright words; to feel to the heart's core the *anche io son'*, as wandering by some lone stream's bee-haunted bank, we set our thoughts to the music of its waters. In such hours we *are* for the time all we fancy; the mightiest lyrist is seldom read with the excitement with which the feeblest versifier composes. "We are seldom," writes a great critic, "tiresome to ourselves; and the act of composition fills and delights the mind with change of language and succession of images; every couplet when produced is new; and novelty is the great source of pleasure. Perhaps no man ever thought a line superfluous when he first wrote it, or contracted his work till his ebullitions of invention had subsided."*

But more than this. In moods, too, when the imagination is active and genial, even indifferent poetry answers as a sufficient *basis* for internal creativeness to build on; it sets the machinery of fancy in motion, if it can do little more. We give more than we receive; the objective poem of print and paper becomes little more than a string of hints for endless *subjective* poems that gather round it. In this way a vivid imagination in a manner equalizes all poetry; vivifies the dull, reduces the swollen, amplifies the meagre. Of course the advantage in such cases lies with the inferior bard; a great poet may be the sufferer by such capricious superadditions. The process itself, however, seems universal and incessant. How diversified it is every man can estimate, who has read over a romance (suppose) of Scott at different periods of his life, and can so recall and connect his impressions as to observe the utter difference of the imaginative scenery in which he has arranged the persons, and the utter difference of his conceptions of the persons themselves, at these different periods. These differences demonstrate the amount of the purely mental activity in every perusal; though had the reader read but once, he would probably have confounded his own portion of the complex work with the author's. The same thing, in various degrees, takes place in every form of appeal to the imagination; hence, sometimes, in felicitous moments, the very poorest productions suffice to quicken and stimulate the internal faculty; and it is even observable that poetry of an inferior artistic quality at times possesses the power of doing so, much beyond the more exquisitely finished manufacture of the muse. No doubt all this adds greatly to the difficulty of honest *criticism;* the work unaltered alters with the medium it is seen through; the standard by which we measure, itself expands or contracts with the changes of its own *temperature.* When poetry is enjoyed less as expressing than as suggesting, its power will depend on the varying susceptibility of the reader; he will approve or condemn, not as *it* is, but as *he* is.

But the Poet, even the greatest, must not complain of this capricious destiny; he has no right to better terms than his mistress, Nature; and need we insist how *Nature herself* thus varies to the varying mind? That great poem of the Universe, a few of whose innumerable pages we are permitted to scan—that mighty epic, of episodes without number and an unknown catastrophe, who reads in *it* the same unchanged record, for two successive hours? The mountains rear their eternal summits before you, the girdling forests wave around their steeps; below—the rushing river, or the solemn sea; above—the infinite sky; you beheld them yesterday, and your heart swelled with great thoughts, energy incessant and everlasting might, and the spirit of man made for both; you gazed again,

* Johnson; *Life of Prior.*

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EVENINGS WITH OUR YOUNGER POETS.

CURRER, ELLIS, AND ACTON BELL—CAMILLA TOULMIN—R. H. HORNE.

"*Poems*, by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell." Small 8vo. London. 1846.
"*Poems*, by Camilla Toulmin." Small 8vo. London. 1846.
"*Orion; an Epic Poem*," by R. H. Horne. Sixth Edition, small 8vo. 1843.

Oh, ye young Poets! What are the feelings with which we regard ye? what is the temper with which we sit down to peruse ye, and undertake the needful task of pruning your pinions that they may fly the swifter, and by this criticism, which you so abominate, narrowing at times the rush of your fountain, that the jet may be loftier and the curve more graceful? Believe us, in no ungenial spirit. The immortalizing gift is rare; the power of ennobling man by showing him a hallowed and purified image of himself, till gazing he grows like the glorious thing he contemplates; the art to weave a spell in which the marvellous music of verse, and the deeper harmony of symphonious thought shall unite to charm mankind for ages with a magic old yet ever new,—these are endowments we are not so idle as to demand of all; well content if each generation of articulate-speaking men can club together from all the families of the earth, one half dozen of such miracles of mind. But long and gradual is the flower-besprent slope that leads to the awful summits of our English "double-peaked Parnassus;" where, each in sole and unapproached majesty, sit—the myriad-minded man of Avon, and He who, midway between man and angel, heard the infernal parley by the fiery lake, and caught the whispers of the heavenly host in paradise. Many are they who at various points of elevation (but we have no time now for taking their critical altitudes), and with each his own point of prospect, gloomy, gentle, grave, or gay, people the sides of the mighty ascent. And where, upon the *lower* slopes, stretch out those vales of ever-blooming green, where the shade lies thick and the sun rests lovingly—where, in nature's own gardens, crowd her wild flowers (stray children of her summer loves), dog rose and broom, lily and meadow-sweet, harebell, and fox-glove, and sun-dew, and the rest of these *gipsies* of the floral realm—*there*, think you, we fail to find aught to please, or that, even though with eyes shaded from the day-beam we look *upward* in awful joy, those eyes are never by any chance to droop upon the pretty things about our feet? Poor justice ye do us, if you deem our taste so sublimely narrow, so magnificently exclusive. In truth, we are in heart too hospitably Irish, for such unmerciful canons of criticism; we have never without severe violence to our charitable nature, turned altogether from our door any poor dog of a poet, barked he never so whiningly. We respect his ambition when it is not wholly preposterous; when he can furnish *any* sign or token of the genuine gift; for (we confess it) while we do not demand a Prometheus hot with the fiery theft from heaven, we will not put up with puffs of unmingled smoke. Give us but one twinkling spark of the real illumination—give us but one drop of the native still of Hippocrene, the genuine distillation of the heart, and we will endure much; nay, though the inspiring fluid (to prolong the national metaphor) were drowned in ten waters of diluting verbiage, we willingly acknowledge its presence; and put by for a while, to do good-natured justice to its claims, the glittering *eau de vie* of Moore, or the strong and sterling "parliament" of George Crabbe, or the "half-and-half" of Southey, and Shelley, and Keats.

And even when there is little merit of any kind—nothing more than the old images and the old rhymes, or at best only a new revolution of the kaleidoscope, a new disposition of the old materials—we again confess, it is more to our taste to pass silently by, than to stop short, show our teeth, growl, and spring to lacerate our victim. The poor poetling,—if he does no sort of good, surely does little harm? He forces no man to read him under threats of fine and imprisonment. No action lies for leaving his hot-pressed pages uncut. The author of "Belisarius"* (and yet positively that young gentleman is tempting) does not oblige you, like Richelieu, on pain of losing court favor, to prefer him to Corneille. The young adventurer encloses his twenty-five neat presentation copies to his cousins and his school and college cronies; he gets a friend potential among the magazines to pen him a review in which the

* Belisarius: a tragedy, by W. R. Scott. London. 1846.

but those alone can do so who have with all else the secret of his matchless equilibrium; and even with that great revealer of all the mutual mysteries of imagination and nature (the Bacon of poesy, teaching and effecting the same wondrous "interpretation of nature" for the Imagination which Bacon taught for the Understanding), even with him, do we not observe how his human agents are themselves but one remove from the simplicity and invariability of inanimate nature itself? The population of his scenes are the creation of the country they dwell in; they are its *growth* as truly as the heath-flower upon its hill-sides. This, or something approaching to this, he has, indeed, himself set forth in the memorable "Preface" to the "Lyrical Ballads" (constituting, with the still more memorable preface and supplement of 1815, the most remarkable contributions to the philosophical criticism of his own art, furnished by any poet since the days of Dryden). "Humble and rustic life was generally chosen," he says, "because . . . in that condition of life our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity . . . because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings . . . and because, in that condition, the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature." Not that he who has so beautifully defined poetry as "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science," would have excluded *any* affecting department of reality from having its correspondent poetry; but that his own meditative spirit, leading him to delight in the sublime communion of the soul with still and solitary nature, led him also to combine with nature those *living* forms, above all others, which, by their intimate connection with nature, would least disturb its unity, would silently blend and mingle with its vast unchangeable repose.

And thus arises—*sit venia verbo*—a sort of refined and imaginative pantheism, purified, indeed, of all the special mischief of that creed (which lies chiefly in its confusion of *moral* good and evil as merely circumstantial manifestations of a single radical principle), but still, like the pantheist's worship, exhibiting, in the bright enthusiasm of enamored imagination, nature as all over animated and suffused with divinity. Thence, since in the soul of man dwells to the poet a kindred principle of deity, an effluence from the eternal reason, —there grows to his thought a fellowship unspeakably wondrous and profound between the Soul and Nature, insomuch that visible nature—streams, forests, mountain-heights, the blue depths beyond them—all the face of things, flushes with most earnest expression, mirrors man's inmost dreams, becomes pregnant with fathomless meaning, instinct with life and thought, echoes us to ourselves, whispers in the mute solitudes inexpressible secrets, revelations from eternity,—in simpler words, evokes feelings of such thrilling, though vague and mysterious power, as, till these later times, music alone was ever known to create in the souls of men. To these poets the visible landscape is indeed a Music of the Eye, arrested and made permanent; possessing the same sort of strange charm whereby music agitates us with its tender tumults—music that seems as though it were a fragment of the language we lost at the fall, and still, though the full interpretation is hopelessly perished, bore to our spirits the faint echoes and dimly-recalled associations of a forfeited paradise.

At times, in musing over the strange, profound, perplexing pages of Schelling, we seem to catch the *speculative* representation of all this meditative animation of Nature by our later poets; above all in that wondrous hypothesis of the ultimate identity of the conscious and unconscious activities. "The products of nature"—thus spoke the venerable old man, in the vigor of his brilliant youth, near fifty years ago—"dead and unconscious, are but abortive efforts which she makes to reflect herself; what we call dead nature is only an intellectual element which has not arrived at maturity. . . . . Nature reaches not her highest aim—that of becoming completely her own object—till she arrives at the highest perfection of her products, namely, in man, or what we style reason, by means of which nature seems first to enter and return into herself. Whence it is manifest that *nature* is primitively *identical* with *that* which we recognize in ourselves, as intelligent and possessing consciousness."* Or, again, in attempting the solution of the great problem, how our mental representations obey the influence of the objective world, and yet the objective world itself yields (in the operations of the will) to our representations, he proceeds to observe, that "this could

* *System of Transc.-Idealism.* Introduction, Section 1.

and the scene spoke but of softness and peace, sabbath stillness and quietude that loves livingly to die; you were abroad today, and that silent gospel of Nature was *wholly* silent, it had no voice, or you no ear; you listlessly looked and looked again, and hastily turned indoors to ask—heard we not the ungracious accents sharp with a reproachful impatience, that boded no mercy to the housekeeper?—to ask, when, oh, *when* dinner would be ready? As many a year since, we penned it in these pages,

> "The purpling skies of dawn and eve,
> Streams arrowing from a mountain's brow,
> Fade on the eye, nor reach the heart,
> They are *but* skies and waters now!"

But as this changeful spirit is sometimes irreverent to the majesty of Nature, and unjust to the inspiration of her great poets, so is it palpably fortunate for those minor imitative songsters of whom we discourse. Such a lyrist as one of these will sing us to sleep, but it is that we may dream; he will soothe us with his desultory harpings, even as music itself does (whose vague, mysterious language hints every thing by saying nothing) until when we are brought to the true point of stimulancy, we are independent of him, and make the rest of the poem in a deep inward fashion of our own.

We do not know how "Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," will like this treatment, or how Camilla Toulmin will approve of it, or how it will go down with R. H. Horne; but it is our way, and we are now too old and incurable to mend. Meanwhile, we beseech the said triumvirate and the rest, not to take in too literal severity all these hard things. They, and others of our young nightingales, sing no mere mockingbird melody; and it would be unfair to insinuate it. Their effusions vary, indeed, through many degrees of the scale; they are in a richer and happier vein at some than other times; but we look with fatherly tenderness upon them all; and we already thankfully acknowledge from them a precious hour or two, in which we have happily contrived to forget the world and ourselves.

Yes, it is a glorious gift in *all* its degrees and phases, this Poesy; a mighty and a blessed aspiration even when incomplete and fragmentary only. High and holy is the impulse *itself*, however it terminate; whether it come forth in the golden panoply of the divine Epic, armed at all points like a god for the battle, a gorgeous and majestic form of power; or murmur its inarticulate breathings from some young heart swelling with thoughts it cannot utter, and whispers from heaven it cannot interpret.—A dim reflection from the eternal reality, and therefore strange, and broken, and shadowy, in a world of more orderly shadows; an echo from the mighty music of the inner heavens, and therefore faint and scarce audible in this far nether orb of ours. But the quivering flame shoots upward to the sun, though it be kindled on an earthly hearth; and the fiery spirit within us, lighted as it is in clay, struggles ceaseless to rejoin its celestial fountain, to be absorbed forever in the light it now shares, possessed by that it now in part possesseth. What then? It struggles—ardent, bright, high-reaching, transient—the struggles of the soul for the pure and perfect, it conceives but touches not, it apprehends but comprehendeth not,—these struggles are *essential* poetry;—governed, embodied, harmonized, moulded by the shaping faculty of Art, they are the *concrete* poetry we read, and hear, and learn.

This high corruption of the nature and essence of the Poetic has been at all times in some degree acknowledged; (who can forget the oracular utterance of Bacon?)—yet it may be questioned whether it was ever *fully* realized till later times. The reasons for this involve, perhaps, the deepest and most interesting inquiry in all criticism; but who are we, that over our little gilded duodecimos of expectant verse (what candidate for fame ever stopped to study the preliminary philosophy of a critique on himself?) we should now and here undertake it? To set some readers thinking, we shall merely suggest how the matter must mainly turn on the sure and certain hope of *everlasting life*, the revelation of man's indefeasible inheritance of eternity. Why then, you ask—fair reader, whom our mind's ear in fancy hears, veiling in silvery softness of tone the keen archness of thy query—why should this remarkable and impressive development of the poetic spirit have been delayed till these *later* generations? Thus. The ancient heathen poets, marvellous men as they were, surpassingly gifted with bright thoughts and musical words, builders of the lofty rhyme, in all the highest pride of its loftiness—yet confined, except in the mere wanderings of unauthorized fancy, within the world of this life—could never seriously view man in his real attributes of greatness, or apprehend how Poetry was to be the mys-

terious utterance of an immortal nature.—Moreover, they were Southerns—sensuous Southerns; men of eye and ear. But observe,—when Art arose again, and words once more began to run together into music, she arose chiefly as a copyist in poesy; she hardly dared to think and frame altogether for herself, in sight of the mighty models of Greece and Rome. She arose also in the very same lovely but too voluptuous clime, and again displayed its temperament. All beginnings of poetry too,—all the *primordia poetices*—like the first tendencies of life itself, look outward; they drink in the external, and are satisfied therewith. And so it required a period, a long period, for the modern genius to realize its own independent powers; and during this period it must be remembered that a wondrous parallel growth was advancing, the unequalled *philosophy* of the last three centuries. It was almost inevitable that when Poetry began to utter a distinct and unborrowed tone she should evince the efficacy of these combined influences; that with the great truth of man's *ascertained* immortality ever before her, and with the stimulus of incessant discovery urging her to behold a new universe known at last to stretch above and beyond her to very infinity, and with a race now engaging in her service, grave even to gloom, severe, hardy, thoughtful—the great northern tribes of Europe,—she should gradually become more self-inquiring, reflective, and if you please it, metaphysical; that her utterance should wax deep, and solemn, and oracular; that the sparkling robes of classical imagery should, one by one, drop from around her; that she should feel awed by the now inexpressibly heightened marvel of the whole external system of nature itself, and should come to acknowledge between it and the unfathomable soul of man, the bond of a kindred mystery. For Mystery is the spirit of the new poetry, as distinctness and simplicity of the old. The old bards painted, and bade you see; the modern write, and bid you think. Philosophy took to herself the vision and the dream of old; she will not accept such function now, and Poetry, of old *far more clear, transparent, and definite than philosophy*, is now summoned to give voice to those deep, undefined, but not less potent aspirations of man, which must have utterance somewhere, and which only need utterance the more, the more that man, increasing in knowledge, attains some faint conception of the immensity he cannot know.

In this way of considering the matter, it might, indeed, have been predicted that the exclusive predominance of the philosophy of *observation*, whose sole object is to register and classify ascertained facts—in contrast to the philosophy of *speculation*, which, mainly lying in regions beyond direct observation, deals in hypotheses, analogies, harmonies, consistencies, to which, however vague and uncertain, the infinite importance of their subject gives an interest, in many minds far exceeding that of the happiest physical research; that this predominance, we say, would inevitably lead to the growth of a *meditative poetry* as the chief remaining receptacle for such contemplations, and the powerful emotions they excite.

This gradual revolution has of course (as all) had its occasional and detached precursors—souls in which was prematurely developed that spring which was long after to spread and quicken all; it has many, too, who even now refuse it all allegiance, whose spirit is exclusively formed for the brilliant, varied and picturesque forms of the elder time; (how little for it, for example, in Walter Scott!) but of the change itself, as a general and characteristic fact, no man can doubt, or that its regular and universal accomplishment dates in the Germany and England of the last fifty or sixty years.

It is not surprising that of such a poetry, one main characteristic should be its pervading *melancholy*. Could man live wholly—faithfully, in the future world, his present life would be one long vision of joyous hope; could he limit all his thoughts to the world that now is, he might, under fortunate circumstances—men often do—contrive to persuade himself into ease and fat content. But it is seldom that the poetic spirit can thoroughly do either. On the *one* hand—even in the highest play of a merely earth-inspired fancy, in its wildest anacreontic career, the flutter of its wings bears it beyond the sphere of sense; *all* intellectual exertion tends to this; the very effort to embody the motives and maxims of a sensual life in forms of beauty, betrays the dreamer into nobler worlds of thought. But may it not help and stimulate to the achievement of that *other* and grander task, the habitual realization of the eternal future? Let us crave indulgence while we reply—not wholly, nor without considerable qualification. Religion is a much better thing than poetry; but it is not, or not necessarily poetry. There is a life that may

be too divine for the powers of verse. The poet cannot but to the last retain a lingering love for the world in which his imagination has learned its lovely office; its forms and colorings are dear to his inmost heart —with a love most innocent, indeed, a worldliness most unworldly; but yet with a real, powerful, incessant attraction: the happiness that is erected upon its ruins is hardly the happiness habitually congenial to him. The highest form of abstract religion has a poetry of its own, because every thing great and wonderful has; but it is not the chosen "haunt and main region" of the poetic spirit. No;—the man, as man, ought to labor to do so, but the poet cannot rise wholly beyond the sphere of time, and live absolutely amid the sublime immensities of the unknown future, without, in some degree, forfeiting his peculiar and characteristic function; he cannot breathe "the difficult air of the iced mountain-top" of those mystic truths, where spreads around the thin and formless inane—and above, the lonely stars—without acknowledging the faintness and exhaustion of that high abode, and yearning for the sweet vicissitude of light and shade, below; the brooks and the trees, and the dear familiar flowers of the valley. He looks up habitually, but it is *from below*, upon the gilded clouds—things of earth made heavenly with a light from heaven; you must not ask him to make his own standing-point and dwelling-place *beyond* them. But this being so—if his step be thus on earth, and his heart promptly sympathizing with the forms and powers of earth, and if he be, at the same time, of all men the least in its coarser sense earthly, but rather a student with deep and thrilling interest, of a mystery in man and nature, beyond the common ken—if he thus move midway between divine and human, too exalted to be merely human, and far too human to be wholly divine—what shall be the result but just what we have all witnessed for more than a generation of men? a poetry sadder—a few exceptions apart—than man before has ever known; dealing largely in vague and undefined utterances of mournful feeling, such as with their rude simplicity or still more uncouth abstruseness, shocked and affrighted all traditional criticism (Jeffrey, its exquisitely acute and polished representative*), but such as the great heart of man owned for genuine, and swelled to echo from its deepest depths.

And so now moves the Poet, in so far as he represents the peculiar spirit of the time; —a light, we have granted, from heaven is around him, but his step is still on earth; his eye lingers upon its forms, which to him are charged with elevating mystery and marvel; pensively enamored of its beauty, it is his heart's home, and in its sorrows he is sad. Loving the beautiful, he knows it transitory, and but loves it the more that it is so. He bends over the beauteous ruin, as a young lover would stoop over the fading form of a dying bride. We must not censure him too harshly for this mournful fidelity to the perishable loveliness of Time; we must not censure him for the mournful gift that brings its own sufficing sorrows. To the delighted child, amid his quick creative fancies, the drop-scene alone is *play* enough; our gentle child of nature finds joy sufficient, too, in this great preliminary spectacle, nor urges that the golden-tissued curtain of the skies be undrawn (our eyes are on it at this moment in the flushing west), to unfold to view the far-withdrawing glories of the eternal scenery beyond.

And hence, too, we catch another attribute of the melancholy breathings of the modern muse—the utter and passionate *identification with inanimate nature*. It is in the loveliness of Nature, which never alters but to new beauty, which never disappoints, never betrays, that our later men of the vision seem to find almost alone the peaceful anchorage of their hearts. A great, grave, undisturbed spirit, such as Wordsworth (whose moral gifts are almost as wonderful as his intellectual), can indeed look into Man's nature and its workings with even deeper interest and delight than he can joy in the mountain and the flood;

* The judgment of this great critic was hardly flexible enough to embrace the modern revolution in its entire compass; but let justice be done him; in power and purity of composition he stands in the highest rank of English writers; and his criticism, if it possess not the searching and prophetic insight which in some rare cases places the penetration of the Critic almost on a level with the inspiration of the poet himself, is admirable in its analytic and expository qualities. More fastidious as to form than substance, essentially the heir of the D'Alemberts and Marmontels, he was easily repelled by merely superficial blemishes, and liable to prejudices of most unhappy tenacity. His estimates of Wordsworth and of Coleridge were great and blameable failures indeed; yet in relation to our immediate subject, it must be remembered, that his appreciation of Byron was thoroughly sympathetic, and that nothing in the literature of criticism can be adduced to surpass those superb essays in which he illustrated the genius of that wonderful poet.

but those alone can do so who have with all else the secret of his matchless equilibrium; and even with that great revealer of all the mutual mysteries of imagination and nature (the Bacon of poesy, teaching and effecting the same wondrous "interpretation of nature" for the Imagination which Bacon taught for the Understanding), even with him, do we not observe how his human agents are themselves but one remove from the simplicity and invariability of inanimate nature itself? The population of his scenes are the creation of the country they dwell in; they are its *growth* as truly as the heath-flower upon its hill-sides. This, or something approaching to this, he has, indeed, himself set forth in the memorable "Preface" to the "Lyrical Ballads" (constituting, with the still more memorable preface and supplement of 1815, the most remarkable contributions to the philosophical criticism of his own art, furnished by any poet since the days of Dryden). "Humble and rustic life was generally chosen," he says, "because . . . in that condition of life our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity . . . because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings . . . and because, in that condition, the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature." Not that he who has so beautifully defined poetry as "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science," would have excluded *any* affecting department of reality from having its correspondent poetry; but that his own meditative spirit, leading him to delight in the sublime communion of the soul with still and solitary nature, led him also to combine with nature those *living* forms, above all others, which, by their intimate connection with nature, would least disturb its unity, would silently blend and mingle with its vast unchangeable repose.

And thus arises—*sit venia verbo*—a sort of refined and imaginative pantheism, purified, indeed, of all the special mischief of that creed (which lies chiefly in its confusion of *moral* good and evil as merely circumstantial manifestations of a single radical principle), but still, like the pantheist's worship, exhibiting, in the bright enthusiasm of enamored imagination, nature as all over animated and suffused with divinity. Thence, since in the soul of man dwells to the poet a kindred principle of deity, an effluence from the eternal reason, —there grows to his thought a fellowship unspeakably wondrous and profound between the Soul and Nature, insomuch that visible nature—streams, forests, mountain-heights, the blue depths beyond them—all the face of things, flushes with most earnest expression, mirrors man's inmost dreams, becomes pregnant with fathomless meaning, instinct with life and thought, echoes us to ourselves, whispers in the mute solitudes inexpressible secrets, revelations from eternity,—in simpler words, evokes feelings of such thrilling, though vague and mysterious power, as, till these later times, music alone was ever known to create in the souls of men. To these poets the visible landscape is indeed a Music of the Eye, arrested and made permanent; possessing the same sort of strange charm whereby music agitates us with its tender tumults—music that seems as though it were a fragment of the language we lost at the fall, and still, though the full interpretation is hopelessly perished, bore to our spirits the faint echoes and dimly-recalled associations of a forfeited paradise.

At times, in musing over the strange, profound, perplexing pages of Schelling, we seem to catch the *speculative* representation of all this meditative animation of Nature by our later poets; above all in that wondrous hypothesis of the ultimate identity of the conscious and unconscious activities. "The products of nature"—thus spoke the venerable old man, in the vigor of his brilliant youth, near fifty years ago—"dead and unconscious, are but abortive efforts which she makes to reflect herself; what we call dead nature is only an intellectual element which has not arrived at maturity. . . . . Nature reaches not her highest aim—that of becoming completely her own object—till she arrives at the highest perfection of her products, namely, in man, or what we style reason, by means of which nature seems first to enter and return into herself. Whence it is manifest that *nature* is primitively *identical* with *that* which we recognize in ourselves, as intelligent and possessing consciousness."* Or, again, in attempting the solution of the great problem, how our mental representations obey the influence of the objective world, and yet the objective world itself yields (in the operations of the will) to our representations, he proceeds to observe, that "this could

* *System of Transc.-Idealism.* Introduction, Section 1.

never be, if there did not obtain, between the ideal world and the real world, a sort of pre-established harmony; and that one cannot conceive such a harmony unless the activity which has produced the objective world be primitively identical with that which is manifested in the will, and reciprocally. Now, there *is* a productive activity manifested in the will; every free act is productive—alone consciously productive. The two activities being necessarily, in principle, only one, if we establish that the activity which is consciously productive in free action, is unconsciously productive in the production of the world, the pre-established harmony really exists, and the contradiction is resolved."* Every work of Art, as he maintains, combines an activity at once having and not having, consciousness of itself; and similarly, the objective world "is the primitive poetry of intelligence as yet unconscious of itself."† But we must not dwell further on this, which most of our readers will probably dispatch as somewhat dangerous speculation, so far as they can venture to admit it for intelligible. Only they will see how such speculations seem at least calculated, in their own dark way, to account for and explain the mysterious sympathies that subsist between man's interior being and the exterior system of nature; how if these be the parallel growth and development of some one ultimate principle, we need not wonder, not merely that self-reflective nature should at last attain the real apprehension of itself—the true intellectual apperception of external realities; but even more than this—that in highly organized mental structures, which by habitual reflection have been brought into closer relations with the forms and laws of nature, *emotions*, kindred and congenial, should arise at the very perception of these forms; that the contemplation of nature, as thus akin to man, should stir man's soul with the vague but potent thought of that common ancestry from which both lines have diverged, and in which both were one in the unity of some parent primæval principle far away in past eternity; that thus his heart should swell with feelings he cannot define or master, when, in the stillness of contemplation, he is at last led to reallize his fellowship with the immensity of things around him—to feel his own sublime consanguinity with the universe.

Let us descend to nearer and simpler views. The affecting expressiveness of nature becomes obviously more distinct in the face of human kind; the poet—such as we sketch him in this later development of the gift—cannot but fondly recognize its more vivid and animated exhibition *there*. This opens a new topic, but one closely connected with, and largely influenced by, the last; the existing poetic conception of *human affection* in the most emphatic and the most eminently poetical of its forms; the modern poetry of Love.

The transition is obvious enough. The expression of the countenance of Nature, powerful and thrilling as it is, is yet essentially a shadowy and variable expression; it wavers under our very gaze, as images on water shift and sever in the breeze. There can be no mistake of the permanent characters that silently utter and indicate affection in the wondrous human face. It is not strange, then, that the exquisitely sensive organization of the poet should be eminently moved by that which almost appropriates the name of Beauty. This has ever been so; it has been so, far beyond the established limits of poetry. The sonnet to his "mistress' eyebrow' is not necessary to make every lover in, at least, the first stages of his affection, at heart and essentially a poet. But the poet of our modern meditative school comes to this region of his art with feelings and associations derived from his more abstract and thoughtful converse with Nature, which exercise a very remarkable and pervading influence upon his representations of the most interesting of human passions. The straining after ideal loveliness, and yet the instant readiness to diffuse it over actual objects, and believe its own creation real; the melancholy discontent with all that is, as inadequate to satisfy the inward appetites of the heart, and yet the almost inconsistent (as one would deem it) willingness of the affections to cling to any support, and welcome any home;—these habits and tendencies, combining with the ordinary constituents of love, result in a character of thought, which is assuredly among the most prominent peculiarities of the poetry of our time; and would reward, what we have now no time to execute, a patient and delicate analysis of its causes

* *System of Transc.-Idealism.* Introduction, Section 3.

† Compare the entire of Part VI. of the same work, on the Philosophy of Art, which Schelling regards as the last and highest manifestation of conscious Nature.

and characteristics. For we trust we are not subjected to the inspection of any reader who does not consider all inquiries so inward and searching as these would be, profoundly important to the gravest estimate of the character of an age, or, indeed, of the destinies of man.

Let us then reflect a moment on this. Love has in all times uttered itself in imaginative forms. Fable is, in this wide sense, what a well-known passage pronounces it, "Love's world, his home, his birth-place;" it lives in dream and vision, a soft prolonged somnambulism. But as men dream according to their waking, so the forms of beauty that at the summons of this passion gather around the soul and invest its object, will vary according to the soul's habitual conceptions of the beautiful.* And hence Love's exercise of its imaginative function is endlessly diversified; and the character of love-poesy above all others almost inevitably varies with every latitude and every century. As the natural, so the ideal zenith—the topmost point of perfection, changes with each spot; —thence the difference of local *gods*—which are but the symbols of the received conception of the perfect; and love is a feeling and a token more earnest, and thence more genuine and unequivocal, than even the popular *religion*. Thus, then, it is that this sweet idolatry has varied like any other superstition, and its variations have been as curiously characteristic. In the pensive, profound, and melancholy visionings of our day—for to this we return—it has occupied its place, and imbibed the deepening tinge of all around it. With the gifted dreamers of our epoch, the object of affection receives a tribute assuredly more flattering than the stilted supremacy she held in the code of chivalry; for her image is blended with the deepest musings and the highest aspirations of man. She is beautiful (of course); but her beauty is, after all, most glorious in being the representative of a beauty not of time or earth; as one who stands between the eye and the sun, she is encircled with a luminous halo, but the rays that formed it are from the far heavens beyond her; she is the symbol of an unseen loveliness; the temporary type of ideal perfection; loved, for she deserves it,—but loved with an affection sad, and pensive, and spiritual. If you desire to feel this (and there certainly are few things more interesting or more characteristic), turn over the fairest love-stories or love-verses of antiquity—take, if you please it, the pure and exquisite Fourth Æneid itself; and pass from it—from Dido, or even from Erminia and Clorinda—to the Julia, and the Corinne, and the Medora, and the Hinda, and the crowds of similar impersonations of our time. Passion and sorrow enough there is in all; these are enduring, unchangeable characters; but they have become the loftier passion and sorrow of an immortal nature; the earnest and melancholy devotion of beings who love as eternals may.

* We have made it a sort of charitable proverb, that "the Devil is not so black as he is painted;" when Burckhardt came suddenly upon the dusky maidens of Nubia, they screamed in horror, and pronounced him the Devil because he was so fiendishly—*white*.

So far for the special characteristics of the poetic inspiration of our day. Few and rapid are these hints—somewhat obscure perhaps; but another time we may find leisure and room to interpret our oracles more distinctly.

And now, ere the fading twilight wholly desert our casement, and the everlasting Watchers of Heaven have all assumed their starry stations—(the glittering vanguard is already hastening up the grey and glimmering east) we must unclasp the pages of some one or two of our trembling candidates for fame. For we have vowed to read them by this sunset light; we have sworn to concede them the inestimable advantage that their pages shall be bathed in the hues of Nature herself; and who can tell but we may at times mistake for *theirs* the mystic text of the eternal Volume, and ascribe to their pregnant words what is in truth the poetry of sunset skies, and infant stars, and the faint song of waters? We know no higher boon that critic can confer on poet. It stands among our special favors. Alfred Tennyson has been with us before now among the woods. We have looked down from cliff-land upon the broad plane of ocean, with the eyes of Percy Shelley. Not very long ago, we passed a summer day on Windermere with Aubrey de Vere's exquisite "Search after Proserpine" before us, and that divine mother yearning for her lost child, has since strangely woven herself into our thoughts of summer noons and heaving lakes. A true poem comes out in fine relief upon a glorious *background* like that!

Of the triad of versemen who style themselves "CURRER, ELLIS, AND ACTON BELL," we know nothing beyond the little volume in which, without preface or comment, they assume the grave simplicity of title, void of *prænomen* or *agnomen*, which belongs to established fame, and thus calmly anticipate their own immortality. Whether—as the Irish Cleon was wont, in his "physical force" days, to say so often and ferociously of his repeal shillings—there be indeed "a man behind" each of these representative titles; or whether it be in truth but one master-spirit—for the book is, after all, not beyond the utmost powers of a single human intelligence—that has been pleased to project itself into three imaginary poets,—we are wholly unable to conjecture; but we are bound, of course, in default of all evidence to the contrary, to accept the former hypothesis. The tone of all these little poems is certainly uniform; this, however, is no unpardonable offence, if they be, as in truth they are, uniform in a sort of Cowperian amiability and sweetness, no-wise unfragrant to our critical nostrils. The fairest course may, perhaps, be, to present a little specimen from each of the three.

The following pretty stanzas are from Currer's pen.

"THE WIFE'S WILL.

"Sit still—a word—a breath may break
(As light airs stir a sleeping lake)
The glassy calm that soothes my woes,
The sweet, the deep, the full repose.
O leave me not! for ever be
Thus, more than life itself to me!

"Yes, close beside thee let me knell—
Give me thy hand, that I may feel
The friend so true—so tried—so dear—
My heart's own chosen—indeed is near;
And check me not—this hour divine
Belongs to me—is fully mine.

"'Tis thy own hearth thou sitt'st beside,
After long absence—wandering wide;
'Tis thy own wife reads in thine eyes
A promise clear of stormless skies,
For faith and true love light the rays
Which shine responsive to her gaze.

"Ay—well that single tear may fall;
Ten thousand might mine eyes recall,
Which from their lids ran blinding fast,
In hours of grief, yet scarcely past,
Well may'st thou speak of love to me;
For oh! most truly I love thee!

"Yet smile, for we are happy now.
Whence, then, that sadness on thy brow?
What say'st thou? 'We must once again,
Ere long, be severed by the main.'
I knew not this—I deemed no more
Thy step would err from Britain's shore.

"'Duty commands!' 'Tis true—'tis just;
Thy slightest word I wholly trust;
Nor by request, nor faintest sigh,
Would I, to turn thy purpose, try;
But, William, hear my solemn vow—
Hear and confirm—with thee I go!

"'Distance and suffering,' didst thou say?
'Danger by night, and toil by day?'
Oh, idle words, and vain are these—
Hear me—I cross with thee the seas!
Such risk as thou must meet and dare,
I—thy true wife—will duly share.

"Passive, at home, I will not pine—
Thy toils—thy perils shall be mine.
Grant this, and be hereafter paid
By a warm heart's devoted aid.'
'Tis granted—with that yielding kiss
Entered my soul unmingled bliss.

"Thanks, William—thanks! thy love has joy,
Pure—undefiled with base alloy
'Tis not a passion, false and blind,
Inspires, enchains, absorbs my mind;
Worthy, I feel, art thou to be
Loved with my perfect energy.

"This evening now shall sweetly flow,
Lit by our clear fire's happy glow;
And parting's peace-embittering fear
Is warned our hearts to come not near;
For fate admits my soul's decree,
In bliss or bale, to go with thee!"

Ellis contributes this touching "Death-Scene."

"'O Day! he cannot die,
When thou so fair art shining!
O Sun, in such a glorious sky,
So tranquilly declining.

"He cannot leave thee now,
While fresh west winds are blowing,
And all around his youthful brow
Thy cheerful light is glowing!

"Edward, awake, awake—
Thy golden evening gleams
Warm and bright on Arden's lake—
Arouse thee from thy dreams!

"Beside thee, on my knee,
My dearest friend! I pray
That thou, to cross the eternal sea,
Wouldst yet one hour delay.

"I hear its billows roar—
I see them foaming high;
But no glimpse of a further shore
Has blest my straining eye.

"Believe not what they urge
Of Eden isles beyond;
Turn back, from that tempestuous surge,
To thy own native land.

"It is not death, but pain
That struggles in thy breast;
Nay, rally, Edward, rouse again—
I cannot let thee rest!'

"One long look, that sore reproved me,
For the woe I could not bear—
One mute look of suffering moved me
To repent my useless prayer;

"And, with sudden check, the heaving
Of distraction passed away;
Not a sign of further grieving
Stirred my soul that awful day.

"Paled, at length, the sweet sun setting;
Sunk to peace the twilight breeze;
Summer dews fell softly, wetting
Glen, and glade, and silent trees.

"Then his eyes began to weary,
Weighed beneath a mortal sleep;
And their orbs grew strangely dreary,
Clouded, even as they would weep.

"But they wept not—but they changed not—
Never moved, and never closed;
Troubled still, and still they ranged not—
Wandered not, nor yet reposed!

"So I knew that he was dying—
Stooped, and raised his languid head;
Felt no breath, and heard no sighing—
So I knew that he was dead."

And now *loquitur* Acton Bell:

"Yes, thou art gone! and never more
Thy sunny smile shall gladden me;
But I may pass the old church door,
And pace the floor that covers thee;

"May stand upon the cold, damp stone,
And think that, frozen, lies below
The lightest heart that I have known,
The kindest I shall ever know.

"Yet, though I cannot see thee more,
'Tis still a comfort to *have* seen;
And though thy transient life is o'er,
'Tis sweet to think that thou hast been;

"To think a soul so near divine,
Within a form so angel fair,
United to a heart like thine,
Has gladdened once our humble sphere."

There are pleasing thoughts, too, in Ellis's poem about the "Stars," p. 21; and his "Prisoner," p. 76; and Currer's "Gilbert" is impressively told. Altogether, we are disposed to approve of the efforts of "these three gentlemen aforesaid" (to adopt the old clergyman's substitution in the unpronounceable chapter of the fiery furnace); their verses are full of unobtrusive feeling; and their tone of thought seems unaffected and sincere.

Camilla Toulmin is mighty in anticipations of the march of public opinion, the victories of science, the demolition of outworn prejudices, and the universal cessation of war. The fair *progresista* sometimes seems to contemplate in idea more than she can achieve in words, and sometimes to express in words more than she has distinctly arrested in idea; and the result is occasional obscurity, and a good deal of what Grimm somewhere calls *pur remplissage*. Nevertheless her "Astrology and Alchymy" is striking. She contemplates with respect those two famous delusions, which have had the glory of preparing the way for the two noblest departments of modern physical science; they were the wild imaginative childhood of Astronomy and Chemistry;—

"Speak gently of those two wild dreams, nor curl the lip with scorn,
That ever, wearing human shape, such dreaming fools were born,
As they whose gorgeous errors shook the steadfast thrones of kings,
And shadow'd long the mental world with their outspreading wings.
It was an age of darkness—yea, the mighty mind of man
Was struggling 'mid the brambles which its pathway overran;
And feebly shone the star of Truth, which rises as we gaze,
Until at last we fain must hope 'twill shed meridian blaze:
But only near the horizon it glimmer'd to the view
Of the earnest ones of olden time—the seekers of the True
Speak gently of those parents old, who, dying at the birth,
Brought forth their marvellous offspring, to shed upon the earth
The truth-enkindled, living light, which never shall be lost," &c.

Her poem on "the Hand" has considerable merit; and the following little effusion is touching:—

"THE BLIND GIRL'S LAMENT.

"It is not that I cannot see
The birds and flowers of spring;
'Tis not that beauty seems to me
A dreamy unknown thing;
It is not that I cannot mark
The blue and sparkling sky,
Nor ocean's foam, nor mountain's peak,
That e'er I weep or sigh.

"They tell me that the birds, whose notes
Fall rich, and sweet, and full—
That those I listen to and love
Are not all beautiful!

They tell me that the gayest flowers
  Which sunshine ever brings,
Are not the ones I know so well,
  But strange and scentless things!

"My little brother leads me forth
  To where the violets grow;
His gentle, light, yet careful step,
  And tiny hand I know.
My mother's voice is soft and sweet,
  Like music on my ear:
The very atmosphere seems love,
  When these to me are near.

"My father twines his arms around,
  And draws me to his breast,
To kiss the poor blind helpless girl,
  He says he loves the best,
'Tis then I ponder unknown things,
  It may be, weep or sigh,
And think how glorious it must be
  To meet Affection's eye!"

The "Orion" of Mr. HORNE is a poem of more pretension than any we have yet canvassed. This gentleman, who has been for a long time before the public, and can only in figure be classed among our "younger" poets, is unquestionably possessed of a large fund of real genius; he is the master of a fine imaginative vocabulary; and can dream to very considerable purpose. Mr. Horne has lately given to the public a critical work upon the notabilities of our time, which it seems, from an angry retort of the author, has been in its turn severely criticised. His answer presents an exceedingly indifferent specimen of temper and style. But we do not desire to do him the injustice of deciding his merits by any such occasional ebullition. His farthing priced Epic (for such was his ingenious mode of ensuring its sale and circulation) is all which now concerns us; and we cannot think that any competent judge will deny it to be, on the whole, a very remarkable performance, even in despite of an unhappy proem which invites our attention to it as "a novel experiment upon the mind of a nation." Its great fault will universally be felt to be the obscurity of its general bearing and object—a blemish of the most fatal kind, when books are multiplying so enormously beyond men's powers of perusal; and when, as unfortunately the ordinary limits of life remain still unchanged amid all the appalling increase of literary claimants, it is quite vain to expect that the attention can be generally afforded which is requisite to penetrate enigmas in nine cantos. Accordingly, the chief real merits of the poem, as it stands, appear to us to be its detached passages of description, which are certainly worth preserving in every collection of choice poetry; and if we might venture, at this period of the lifetime of the poem (the edition before us is marked as the sixth), to suggest any alteration in it, our advice would be that the author should add (whether in occasional insertions, or some general *éclaircissement* towards the close), a fuller and clearer statement of the moral scope of his story. In a work whose parts are connected by links so slender and fanciful, this might easily be done; and there can be no doubt it would add materially to the enjoyment of the reader. Were the poem purely imaginative, we would receive and enjoy it simply as such; but when the allegorical import is quite obvious in some parts, and manifestly intended through almost the entire, it perplexes and annoys the reader to be forced to hunt for it in a forest of changeful though brilliant and stimulating imagery.

However, to the main incidents of the well-known classical fable, Mr. Horne adheres. Orion is beloved of Diana and Aurora among goddesses, and of Merope, daughter of Œnopion, among women; he is blinded, recovers his sight, is slain, and enthroned among the constellations.

It is thus that the poet pictures the divine love of Diana, or Artemis, as Mr. Horne prefers to call her, in order, as he phrases it, to "get rid of *commonizing* associations."

"Above the isle of Chios, night by night,
The clear moon lingered ever on her course,
Covering the forest foliage, where it swept
In its unbroken breadth along the slopes,
With placid silver, edging leaf and trunk
Where gloom clung deep around; but chiefly sought
With melancholy splendor to illume
The dark-mouthed caverns where Orion lay
Dreaming among his kinsmen.* Ere the breath
Of Phoibos' steeds rose from the wakening sea,
And long before the immortal wheel-spokes cast
Their hazy apparition up the sky
Behind the mountain peaks, pale Artemis left
Her fainting orb, and touched the loftiest snows
With feet as pure, and white, and crystal cold,
In the sweet misty woodland, to rejoin
Orion with her Nymphs. And he was blest
In her divine smile, and his life began
A high and newer period, nor the haunts
Of those his giant brethren ever sought,

* This may remind the reader of the famous picture of Endymion. He sleeps on Latmos; no visible Diana is beside him; but above the slumbering shepherd the trees open, and a *beam of moonlight*, gushing through the parted foliage, rests on the lips of Endymion!

But shunned them and their ways, and slept alone
Upon a verdant rock, while o'er him floated
The clear moon, causing music in his brain
Until the sky-lark rose. He felt 'twas love."

Listen to an Oread's mournful love-song:

"There is a voice that floats upon the breeze
From a heathed mountain; voice of sad lament
For love left desolate ere its fruits were known,
Yet by the memory of its own truth sweetened,
If not consoled. To this Orion listens
Now, while he stands within the mountain's shade.

"'The scarf of gold you sent to me, was bright
As any streak on cloud or sea, when morn
Or sunset-light most lovely strives to be.
But that delicious hour can come no more,
When, on the wave-lulled shore mutely we sat,
And felt love's power, which melted in fast dews
Our being and our fate, as doth a shower
Deep foot-marks left upon a sandy moor.
We thought not of our mountains and our streams,
Our birth-place, and the home of our life's date,
But only of our dreams—and heaven's blest face.
Never renew thy vision, passionate lover—
Heart-rifled maiden—nor the hope pursue,
If once it vanish from thee; but believe
'Tis better thou shouldst rue this sweet loss ever
Than newly grieve, or risk another chill
On false love's icy river, which betraying
With mirrors bright to see, and voids beneath,
Its broken spell should find no faith in thee.'

"Thus sang a gentle Oread who had loved
A River-god with gold-reflecting streams,
But found him all too cold—while yet she stood
Scarce ankle-deep—and droopingly retired
To sing of fond hopes past."

Now for the more absorbing passion of Orion for his earthly Merope:—

"Together they, the groves and temple glade*
That, like old Twilight's vague and gleamy abode,
Hung vision-like around the palace towers,
Roved, mute with passion's inward eloquence.
They loitered near the founts that sprang elate
Into the dazzled air, or pouring rolled
A crystal torrent into oval shapes
Of grey-veined marble; and often gazed within
Profoundly tranquil and secluded pools,
Whose lovely depths of mirrored blackness clear—
Oblivion's lucid-surfaced mystery—
Their earnest faces and enraptured eyes
Visibly, and to each burning heart, revealed.
'And art thou mine to the last gushing drop
Of these high-throbbing veins?' each visage said.
Orion straightway to Œnopion sped.
And his life's service to the gloomy king
He proffered for the hand of Merope."

Here is a picture of Oblivion:—

"Look yonder, love!
What solemn image through the trunks is straying?
And now he doth not move, yet never turns
On us his visage of 'rapt vacancy!
It is Oblivion. In his hand—though not
Knows he of this—a dusky purple flower
Droops over its tall stem. Again, ah see!
He wanders into mist, and now is lost.
Within his brain what lovely realms of death
Are pictured, and what knowledge through the doors
Of his forgetfulness of all the earth,
A path may gain? Then turn thee, love, to me:
Was I not worth thy winning and thy toil,
Oh, earth-born son of Ocean! Melt to rain."

Orion in those days wandering to the ocean side, and sinking to sleep:—

"Beyond the cedar forest lay the cliffs
That overhung the beach, but midway swept
Fair swelling lands, some green with brightest grass,
Some golden in the sun. Mute was the scene
And moveless. Not a breeze came o'er the edge
Of the high-heaving fields and fallow lands;
Only the zephyrs at long intervals
Drew a dep sigh, as of some blissful thought,
Then swooned to silence. Not a bird was seen,
Nor heard: all marbly gleamed the steadfast sky.
Hither Orion slowly walked alone,
And passing round between two swelling slopes
Of green and golden light, beheld afar
The broad gray horizontal wall o' the dead calm sea.

"O'ersteeped in bliss; prone on its ebbing tide;
With hope's completeness vaguely sorrowful,
And sense of life-bounds too enlarged; his tho'ts
Sank faintly through each other, fused and lost,
Till his o'ersatisfied existence drooped;
Like fruit-boughs heavily laden above a stream,
In which they gaze so closely on themselves,
That, touching, they grow drowsy, and submerge,
Losing all vision. Sense of thankful prayers
Came over him, while downward to the shore
Slowly his steps he bent, seeking to hold
Communion with his sire. The eternal Sea
Before him passively at full length lay,
As in a dream of the marmoreal heavens.
With hands stretched forward thus his prayer began:
'Receive Poseidon!'——but no further words
Found utterance! And again he prayed, and said—
'Receive, O Sire!'——yet still the emotion rose
Too full for words, and with no meaning clear,
He turned, and sinking on a sandy mound,
With dim look o'er the sea, deeply he slept.'"

We must now contemplate the heroic giant in his happiness with Aurora—the saffron-mantled Eos of the Greeks:—

"'Tis always morning somewhere in the world,
And Eos ever rises, circling*
The varied regions of mankind. No pause
Of renovation and of freshening rays

* The supposition that words of this formation will answer for trisyllables, seems a peculiarity of Mr. Horne's. The fault occurs two or three times in the poem.

She knows, but constantly her love breathes forth
On field and forest, as on human hope,
Health, beauty, power, thought, action, and advance.
All this Orion witnessed, and rejoiced.
The turmoil he had known, the late distress
By loss of passion's object, and of sight,
Were now exchanged for these serene delights
Of contemplation, as the influence
That Eos wrought around for ever, dawned
Upon his vision and his inmost heart,
In sweetness and success. All sympathy
With all fair things that in her circle lay,
She gave, and all received; nor knew of strife;
For from the Sun her cheek its bloom withdrew,
And, ere intolerant noon, the floating realm
Of Eos—queen of the awakening earth—
Was brightening other lands, wherefrom black Night
Her faded chariot down the sky had driven
Behind the sea. Thus from the earth upraised,
And over its tumultuous breast sustained
In peace and tranquil glory—oh, blest state!—
Clear-browed Orion, full of thankfulness,
And pure devotion to the Goddess, dwelt
Within the glowing Palace of the Morn."

And when her half-heavenly, half-earthly, lover is destroyed, a few striking lines paint the picture of her sorrows:—

"Haggard and chill as a lost ghost, the Morn,
With hair unbraided and unsandalled feet—
Her colorless robe like a poor wandering smoke—
Moved feebly up the heavens, and in her arms
A shadowy burden heavily bore; soon fading
In a dark rain, through which the sun arose
Scarce visible, and in his orb confused."

Artemis, now repentant, and Eos, unite to implore his restoration; and

"—— the dark pile of cloud shook with the voice
Of Zeus, who answered—'He shall be restored,
But not returned to earth. His cycle moves
Ascending!' The deep sea the announcement heard;
And from beneath its ever-shifting thrones,
The murmuring of a solemn joy sent up."

The entire closes with the constellated Orion's address to earth and heaven upon his final triumph; unfolding in some degree the more esoteric import of the whole fable. When he has spoken,

"At once a chorus burst
From all the stars in heaven, which now shone forth!
The Moon ascends in her 'rapt loveliness;
The Ocean swells to her forgivingly.
Bright comes the dawn, and Eos hides her face,
Glowing with tears divine, within the bosom
Of great Poseidon, in his rocking car,
Standing erect to gaze upon his son,
Installed 'midst golden fires, which ever melt
In Eos' breath and beauty—rising still
With nightly brilliance, merging in the dawn,
And circling onward in eternal youth."

It is wholly needless to say that the author of such passages as we have quoted, is no mean artist. He obviously possesses great vigor of imagination, and a facility of poetical expression admirably ministering to his conceptions. Such a man ought to achieve yet greater and nobler things. He has, or we much mistake, better work to do than penning caustic comments on his contemporaries, and getting caustically commented on in his turn. If "Circumstance," that "unspiritual god," will suffer it (for of Mr. Horne himself we know nothing whatever, except through his pages,) we would gladly hear of him as steadily concentrating his whole powers upon his divine art; it is a high vocation—that of interpreter of the great and beautiful to man; it certainly seems in no small measure to be his.

But Night—the blue and starry night—is almost upon us. The funeral pomp of departed day—its whole gorgeous catafalque of clouds—has itself long vanished in the west, and no fond flattery can call it Evening any more. The hues of heaven deepen—but heaven, like thought, brightens as it deepens; the skies are fast quickening all over with light, even as the face of the dumb fills with intense speechless expression; they are alive with the silent smile of all their thousand eyes. It is no longer time to write—it is a time to think and feel what cannot be written. There are hours when even reviewers (incredible to say!) may feel some faint tendency to pass from reviewing others, to exercising the professional function upon themselves

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From Fraser's Magazine.

HAM HOUSE IN THE DAYS OF THE CABAL.

It was a dreary summer, that of 18—, which I passed in a lodging at Petersham. My domicile was a carpenter's house close to Sudbrook Park, *then* the residence of Lord Huntingtower, since the Earl of Dysart, *now* the charming receptacle of decayed constitutions, the refuge of the dyspep-

tic, who fly to Dr. Ellis and his water-cure; and a fine English place it is, with its green lawns, and its cedars, and its noble planes, and its tulip-trees, and magnolias; and a fine place it was *then*.

Not far from the Teddington Ferry, a superb avenue of elms intersects the green meadow which reaches down to the strand. Gates there were and are; but these, whether from custom immemorial, or from the benignity of the then great lady of the precincts,—these, at the period of which I speak, were left open; and boldly, yet silently, I treaded the pathway down the avenue.

I always paused in the centre, for thence was a view of the stately mansion of Ham. Now *Ham*, be it remembered, in Saxon, means mansion; and another celebrated old place, mouldering to decay, bears the same name at Chertsey, in Surrey. That, too, was a residence of Charles II., and it is often confounded with Ham and Hatch. That, too, sheltered the second James when he meditated his flight from England; and in its roof contained a chapel, and holes in its massive walls for his guards. But Ham, the abode of the Lauderdales and Dysarts, is as yet—Heaven knows how long it may be so—in all its integrity, a well-conditioned tenement, the memento of things long passed by, the relic of the ambitious.

Day after day have I trampled down the autumnal leaves which bestrewed the pathway of that avenue, and walked musingly along until I came opposite to the mansion. It stands facing the river, a deep-sunk fence separating it from the field along which the avenue stretches. This house, still fresh in its red-brick hue as if erected yesterday, was built in 1610. Two projections at either end contain the principal dwelling-rooms, the centre being occupied by the hall. The base of these projections opens into a sort of cloister, and probably in former times steps were there, leading into the flat garden or to the broad terrace below: but these no longer exist. Along either side of the house are walls, ornamented with busts—of the Cæsars, of course—in round niches, and behind the northern wall are extensive flower-gardens. But the front, old but not antique, complete in design, lofty and commanding, as it were, even the subsidiary avenue, arrest the attention, and fix it strongly upon that middle period when chivalry and feudalism had expired, when Rebellion had recently burnt out her last brand, and when the arts of faction had succeeded to the bold efforts of the warlike. I could stand there for a good half-hour, gazing upon the changeless busts, and upon the withering flowers below. All was then still as the grave, not an object was ever seen flitting across those latticed windows or standing within the cloisters; the voice of a peacock, within the walled gardens, startled me, I remember, as if James II. had called me; or, as if on the wave not afar off, the emissaries of William had summoned me to their barge.

A court, which doubtless was formerly the back entrance, is now the approach to the house, the grand approach having been manifestly from the avenue which intersects the common. Shameful innovation!—Our ancestors never slank into their homes, but drove proudly up to them, their outriders blowing their horns, as we learn from one of the letters imputed to the bad Lord Lyttelton, who pretended to regret having turned the corner on his uncle the bishop's coach, owing to the prelate's having no horns after him. And in dark nights, how fine must it have been to see a train of some half-dozen of flambeaux, held by running footmen, carried after my lady, or her grace of Lauderdale, on her return from some gorgeous dinner or fashionable drive in the metropolis! But to return to the court. Most ignoble is it, turfed over with a *pavé*, exactly like a French road, in the centre. Some ancient trees grow in the enclosure, the ilex there displays its mournful verdure, and an ash of prodigious size throws up its branches even almost to the roof. A mean door, and a low step or two, form the entrance to the house.

"And this," thought I, "is the door of Ham House, where Clifford, and Ashley, and Buckinghan, and Arlington, and Lauderdale, met in infamous communion; and where Heaven knows what of *diablerie* went on." I mused in the sunshine for awhile; my eyes rested on an old sun-dial, set there probably to mark the time to the grooms and hostlers, and conjectured that that instrument, too much disused in our modern pleasure-grounds, had probably stood there when the deist Shaftesbury or the debauchee Buckingham had dwelt at Ham—*their* eyes had gazed upon it; and that *pavé* and that tranquil court had been paced by quick footsteps, and those walls had echoed to the whispers of their plotting tongues; and here was the old house, in

the nineteenth century, tenanted only by an aged lady, soon to be gathered to the home of her fathers.

We talk of the Cabal confidently, and the names of Shaftesbury and of Buckingham are as familiar to us as any in English history. Well, here in that old house were their meetings held, their schemes contrived. What, however, was the history of the structure in which the voices of the reprobate, and the casuistry of the profligate politicians of the seventeenth century were heard? Knowest thou, gentle reader? No. Neither did I, until I learned from long looking upon the old place to desire some knowledge of its origin, its rise; so that I yearned to penetrate into the very secrets of those ancient chambers which, in the days of the venerable countess, were so carefully immured from public inspection.

To begin from the very beginning. The manor of Ham has not, it seems, the honor of being mentioned in the Conqueror's survey of England. King Athelstane had, indeed, granted lands there to his minister, Wulgar; but, in the reign of John, these reverted to the crown, and were given to Godfrey, bishop of Winchester. It was then valued at 6*l.* per annum. In the reign of Edward I. another bishop (of Bath and Wells) had a certain interest in the warren of Ham; then a long period of darkness as to the fate of the manor, owing to the deficiency of records, succeeds; but in the reign of James I., we find that it was again in possession of the crown; and that a fair mansion, built for the residence of the heir-apparent, Henry prince of Wales, was erected, and Ham House raised its stately head upon a plain meadow near the river tide. Wherefore Hach or Hatch was coupled to Ham does not appear. Now *hach* signifies in Saxon a gate; and it is conjectured that that part of Ham thus called took its name from a gate into the ancient park of Shene, for all about the place was royal: to the north was Richmond Park, and close by was Shene. Combe was also a royal demesne; and yet Ham was then, and still is, only an appendage—a hamlet to Kingston, just at two miles' distance.

In the course of centuries, Ham owned a great variety of masters, mostly favored servants of the monarchs, who gave away leases of the lands; and then, by some mysterious process, recovered them. It was tenanted by the Lords Lovel, the last of whom, a partisan of the house of York in the affair of Lambert Simnel, was slain at the battle of Stoke in 1487. It was bestowed by Henry VIII. on Anne of Cleves, for the maintenance of her royal dignity; she resigned it, however, to King Edward VI., dying calmly and respectably at Chelsea in 1537. (How much she must have laughed in her sleeve at her escape from the tyrant!) Ham was never graced, it seems, by her presence as a resident. It is, however, recited as a parcel of her jointure, in a deed whereby James II. conferred it on his eldest born, Henry, and to his heirs for ever.

But, alas! the poor prince had no heirs, but died only two years after the pompous settlement of this scrap of crown lands, and with its dependency, Crowel, a wooded islet on the river,—with its weir on the Thames, valued at 6*s.* yearly;—its windmill, valued at 1*l.*; its dove-cot, at 5*s.*, and its acres of rich pasture-land, all mentioned in the various surveys taken: it was put into the hands of trustees in behalf of Charles prince of Wales, after the death of his brother.

It did not long continue in the hands of Charles; after his accession a wily Scotsman, William Murray, a descendant of Lord Tullibardine, son of the rector of Dysart in Fife, obtained a grant, or a lease, of it from the king; he was raised to the dignity of a peer of Scotland, by the title of Baron Huntingtower and Earl of Dysart. Now, therefore, we approach the intelligible part of this annal, though I protest between the Dysarts, and the Tallemaches, and the Lauderdales, there seems, at first sight, a mighty confusion.

Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of the first Earl of Dysart, having married a Tallemache, took upon herself to produce all this ambiguity, by assuming the title of Countess of Dysart, and hence the family name was altered; and her marrying Sir Lionel Talmache was, it seems, altogether a mistake, her father having designed her for Sir Robert Murray, afterwards justice-clerk, and one of the original projectors of the Royal Society. Her husband did not live long enough to enjoy the reflected honor of her rank, nor to contend with what appears to have been an artful and imperious temper. He left her a widow, and a widow she long remained, until John earl of Lauderdale (represented by the letter L. in Cabal), to his sorrow, undertook the management of this clever, ambitious shrew.

The acquaintance between this well-matched, worldly couple began (no offence)

years before the death of Sir Lionel Talmache, the first husband. The Earl of Lauderdale was married, it is true, to a daughter of the Earl of Home, and had a daughter; but, Scotchman and Presbyterian as he was, he was not so saintly as to abstain from a platonic with the Countess of Dysart, who had an absolute dominion over him. They quarrelled, it is true, for friendships of a questionable character are like a rope of sand; but upon the death of Sir Lionel Talmache, Lady Dysart made up all differences, and lived on such terms with Lauderdale, that she broke, according to the slanderous Bishop Burnet, his poor wife's heart, and was successful enough both to drive her to Paris and to kill her by jealousy—a very sure poison. Lady Dysart then married Lord Lauderdale,—whose history, by the way, requires some comment before I finish my vituperations against the countess. Yet, first, it is worth mentioning that Oliver Cromwell is said to have visited her in her husband's old house of Helmingham, not always in the most saintly spirit; and her influence over the Protector was supposed *not* to be the result of the highest virtue possible. But this may be the tale of party writers.

As a Maitland, the Earl of Lauderdale might be supposed to possess the integrity of that loyal race. He had, at all events, its ability. "He was," writes old Burnet, "a man of parts and learning, not of morals or imputed integrity; of an impetuous spirit, a great promoter of arbitrary power, and indeed, the underminer of episcopacy in Scotland, by laying it on a new foundation, the pleasure of the king." He was as universally hated and feared in England as in Scotland. Such was the public character of the man to whom Lady Dysart allied herself: and she did not improve his code of doubtful morality.

To go through the details of this unprincipled statesman's life were tedious. To be brief, he was a party to the bargain wherein Charles I. was sold by the Scots, though he afterwards inveighed against that transaction when it suited his purpose. He was the betrayer of that monarch at Carisbrooke, where, in one of his moments of weakness and despair, Charles, whose movements were well compared to the "doublings of the hunted hare," signed the Engagement. Latterly, however, Lauderdale suffered for the cause of Charles II. He accompanied that king on his march to England, was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and underwent a confinement of nine years in the Tower, whence he was released in 1660 by General Monk. As a reward for his sufferings in the royal cause, he was made secretary of state for Scotland, together with a catalogue of other honors, only of moment to our purpose as showing the extreme dignity of Ham House, which could contain within its walls the secretary of state for Scotland, a lord of session, a president of council, a commissioner of the treasury, a lord of the bedchamber, and the governor of the castle of Edinburgh, all in one personage. In short, the whole power and patronage of Scotland were placed at this man's control; and how did he fulfil his charge?

During his imprisonment Lauderdale had received some impressions of religion, which, however, melted away before the influence of courtly favor. His very reasons for opposing the restoration of episcopacy in Scotland were of the most crafty species; "for" he argued, "if the Scots can follow the bent of their own inclinations in these matters, they will always be at the devotion of the king." But he proved afterwards, as Rapin observes, a violent persecutor of the Presbyterians. He was, indeed, about as bad a Scot as ever truckled to power; and his infamous qualities were emblazoned in strong colors upon his hard, coarse countenance. As you walk into the Long Gallery at Ham——but stay, I must not anticipate matters; my reader is not introduced there at present. Take, then, the portrait drawn by Burnet—his enemy, to be sure. "The Duke of Lauderdale made a very ill appearance. He was very big; his hair red, hanging oddly about him; his tongue was too large for his mouth, which made him bedew all that he talked to; and his whole manner was rough and boisterous [not unlike the bishop himself], and very unfit for a court." He was haughty, too, beyond expression, and had a violence of passion which resembled madness; yet the creature was smooth and abject to those whom he would fain court. Sir Peter Lely, in his portrait, has softened these harsh points, so far as personal appearance is concerned. There is something portly rather than awkward in his broad frame, whilst the delicate hand, enclosed in its ruffle of point lace, shows—such is the popular notion—high descent. Well must his flowing wig and loose robe of silk, and his deep, embroidered collar, and still more his determined, self-conscious deportment,

have accorded with the gorgeous garniture of his own withdrawing-room, or added additional importance to the great entrance itself. "He was," adds Burnet, "the ablest friend and the violentest enemy I ever knew"—a strange complication! Obstinate, too, so that if any one sought to persuade him into a measure, it was the sure way to make him swear he would have none of it. "He was to be let alone." With all this stubborn will, he displayed the greatest inconsistency. A Presbyterian, he yet made way for Popery and arbitrary power. Beginning life with a contempt for wealth, nevertheless he ran into an expenditure which made him stick at nothing to support it. Smooth and moderate in the beginning of his ministry, he made it like an Inquisition for cruelty ere it was, happily for his country, closed for ever.

His wife was deemed responsible for many of these crying sins. She soon acquired such an ascendency over him, that he was the very slave of her humors and passions. All applications were made to her. She sold all places at court, grasping at unholy gains, which she lavished in vanities. Beautiful, although her portrait in the Gallery would not prove it (but our notions of beauty are altogether revolutionized since the days of the Charleses), yet even more endowed with ability than with beauty, witty in conversation, learned in divinity and history, in mathematics and philosophy, and so far a worthy companion of Lauderdale, who was a man of great attainments, she yet wanted the best of all learning, practical religion. "She was violent in every thing she set about; a violent friend, a much more violent enemy. She had a restless ambition, lived at a vast expense, was ravenously covetous, and would have stuck at nothing by which she might compass her ends." So says Burnet. And she was gratified, for her marriage with Lauderdale was soon succeeded by his being created a duke, and installed a Knight of the Garter.

These were the great days of Ham House. It must have been the scene of a perpetual round of courtly festivities, and during this season of prosperity it was furnished at a very great expense for those times. The countess, too, made additions to the structure, and Verrio was employed to paint its ceilings: and great magnificence of decoration was bestowed, according to the judgment of its ducal owners, in its saloons: even the bellows and brushes were made of solid silver, or of silver filigree. But every thing stands or falls by comparison, and Ham must not dare to raise its head now amid our modern mansions. One merit that the artists who furnished it may claim is—durability.

Five years ago there were not, probably, a hundred people in England who had seen the interior of Ham House, for the late venerable Countess of Dysart guarded it with a jealous care. At her death it was opened for awhile. It is now closed to the public, perhaps for ever; and who knows whether it may not soon be pulled down, and the ground let for building leases, and the mansion appropriated to a water-cure or a mad-house?

I was one of the first to enter its opened doors, and to traverse that court unappalled by the fear of the countess, and to ring the hall-bell boldly. It was a fine summer's day, and the rooks above were startled by the sound. I entered: the housekeeper, a person still of middle age, yet long a resident there, greeted me, and we passed through a long, narrow passage into the hall. It has no particular feature of antiquity, but contains some exquisite portraits of the later members of the family, more especially of the late Countess of Dysart, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The name of this exquisite creature was Magdalen—Magdalen Lewis, of a Warwickshire family, the daughter of David Lewis, Esq., of Malvern Hall. Like many of Reynolds' subjects she is in white, her hair drawn back from a forehead of marble, her features delicate as her complexion. Such was the countess in her youth; elegant, high-bred, and gentle she must have been; and the great painter must have delighted in so graceful a subject. Another lady—I forget what member of the great family—fronts you in a white riding-habit, man's hat and boots, looking audaciously, like the fashionable Amazon of the day. So far is modern. You ascend a superb staircase, balustraded with walnut-tree wood, and adorned with carvings of military trophies (the pride of the housekeeper), and you enter the peculiar region of the Lauderdales.

We have stated Burnet's opinion that the Duchess of Lauderdale would stick at nothing to gratify her vanity. What a sale of places must there have been to furnish Ham! How much shuffling and trickery on the backstairs of Whitehall to complete

it! And as it was then, in the times when Charles II. visited the duchess—and when the hatchment was placed there for the duke, dying of vexation and in despair,—so is it now. Not a chair is removed—not a mantelpiece altered. The silver bellows are on the hearth; the great cabinet of ivory lined with cedar, in the north drawing-room, is there, fresh as when placed by the Presbyterian duke's proud duchess; the settees, covered with gold-colored damask embroidered with brown, are there; the rich damask still hangs on the walls; and yet how changed, how silent, how melancholy!—if rooms so truly cheerful in point of light, and endowed with a rare appearance of comfort, *can* be melancholy.

I stopped awhile to look out over the broad window-seat—why are such window-seats out of vogue now?—into the secluded garden below, and the housekeeper, brushing from the shutter one of those huge spiders called the Cardinal's, erroneously said to be peculiar to Hampton Court, but common in all the old houses in that part of Surrey, as she spoke, pointed out to me the vista up the great avenue beyond the garden, and agreed with me that the entrance must have been *there*, and with me sorrowed—for she is part and parcel of the place—that such an approach should ever have been abandoned. And then we moved on into an inner room, containing choice minatures, fresh as if the carmine had been worked in that morning, and some rare relics,—among the rest a lock of Charles I.'s hair, kept under a glass-case, and "mightily valued by my late lady." All was in the most creditable preservation,—mind, by preservation I do not mean restoration. I have a dread of that word, an extreme dread of seeing an old house or an old picture restored. I would rather let it moulder—crumble first, I was going to say, but that is profane, than have it "restored." This room is dark—suited, therefore, to the whisperings of the Cabal (of whom anon),—suited to receive, as the secret bribes from France, the famous portraits set in diamonds, to the value of 3000*l.*, a present to each of the infamous five,—nay, for aught one knows, this chamber may have been the very spot where Clifford, the first of the junto, whispered to the king the scheme for shutting up the Exchequer.

I breathed more freely in the Long Gallery. This runs along the west side of the house, and is ninety-two feet long. It is hung with admirable portraits, and among them the Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale are conspicuous in all the insignia of their dearly purchased greatness. I could detect in the features of the duchess nothing of that beauty which is said to have enamoured the Protector, and which enslaved Lauderdale. On the contrary, a vulgar, full-blown virago is depicted on that canvass. Well may one trace the "Sultana," as she has been called, in that imperious brow. But in the low forehead, puffed-out face, and fiery eye of the Duke of Lauderdale, you see the very man himself—the *Bonner* of politics, the minister who would have burned and slayed had he dared. Well might the oppressed people of Scotland tremble at his frown, and wonderful was the loyalty which could separate the dark deeds of the minister from the true notion of a sensual, an extravagant, but not a cruel monarch, and could continue to love the Stuarts, whilst their advisers were detested!

The duke is in his Garter robes, by Lely,—the duchess by the same master; and many other portraits, of which I shun a long enumeration, give a genuine notion of the character of the times. Among the rest is a likeness of Lady Lorn, the daughter of the duchess, and the mother of the celebrated John, duke of Argyle, who was born at Ham House; and there is the most living, the most winning picture of Charles the First I ever saw, and also one of his eldest son, painted expressly for the Duke of Lauderdale. We paced the gallery, the housekeeper and I, with many a sigh given to bygone days,—though, I believe, very unreasonably, as I shall presently show. Our own are much safer, much freer, much happier days, though not so picturesque,—at least, as far as we can judge, as those of old; and, let it be remembered, we have the elegancies, the interests of olden days preserved to us, not their vulgarisms and commonplaces. We see antiquity in its holyday dress; its aristocratic manners are alone preserved to our inspection.

In the old gallery might I fancy that the laugh of Buckingham still resounded, his polished manners softening his wit; the sarcasm of Shaftesbury — all well bred, nevertheless; the sly, diabolical suggestions of Clifford—well turned with a compliment, might they not still be heard? We passed through a small, dark room, in which, observed my conductress, "they *say* the Cabal had their meetings." It seemed, indeed, just large enough to contain five persons. This room, if I remember aright, is

tapestried. Of what must that old arras have been the depository?

We descended the stairs, passed one corner of the hall, and, by especial favor, I was allowed to see a suite of rooms on the ground-floor, inhabited by the late countess, Magdalen, and erst by her great ancestress, the Duchess of Lauderdale. And most curious are these rooms. Every article of furniture is as it was originally placed there, not introduced of late years; and, at the termination of a suite of three rooms, is a smaller one, such as in olden days was called a closet. It opens into a bed-chamber, and is adapted to meditation and retirement. The walls were hung with a rich velvet, and in one corner, now mouldering with time, is a memento of the pride of the duchess. There, in that high-backed, cushioned chair, was her accustomed seat when in retirement. But even here greatness must needs be present also. Overhead is a canopy similar to that called in palaces the cloth of estate. It resembles, in homely truth, the tester and top of a bed, most rich in its texture, and its valence, to use a humble phrase, is formed into deep Vandykes. This, too, was the late countess's favorite retreat.

I could not help reflecting how different must have been the meditations of the ambitious duchess to the holy thoughts and aspirations of a happy passage to a better world of the countess. How turbulent must have been the day-dreams of the former! With what mingled exultation and remorse she must have recalled the subjugation of Oliver's proud, cold heart, and the deep wounds which she had inflicted upon the injured Countess of Lauderdale! What speculations—what calculations, worthy of the base and mean, must have been revolved beneath that cloth of estate, hanging there still, but already giving tokens that, like all that was great, all that was historical in that house, it has passed, or is passing away! When I thought of the excellent countess, I looked upon the chamber with a sort of reverence. When I recalled the duchess of Lauderdale, the half-holy, secluded character of the closet seemed all defiled. I was aroused by the sound of music, and, looking out, perceived that these apartments faced the river. A party from London were dancing on the grass, beneath the old avenues; the feeling of desecration and decay became painfully strong, and I hastened into the court again, and felt relieved by the voices of the rooks, birds of ancient descent and most perfect genealogy, whose fathers and forefathers had, doubtless, frequented the same spot, even when Buckingham and Ashley came full of dark schemes to Ham House.

This brings me to the CABAL—that conspiracy against English freedom, which did more to injure the dynasty it professed to uphold than almost any rash act of a fated and infatuated race of kings. Of what singular materials was it composed! One single bond there seems to have been between them—the absence of all principle, of all fears; and, we must not deceive ourselves, pleasant as he was handsome (for, in spite of ungainly features, his was the irresistible beauty of expression), free, and perhaps kind-hearted (though I doubt it), Charles II. was as great a miscreant as any of those who composed the Cabal.

Clifford was the first—the first to lend himself to a scheme, cherished by Charles, to make himself absolute and to re-establish Popery—a fact which rests upon the authority of the celebrated Father Orleans, and which was told to him by James II. Now the privy council was at that time composed of twenty-one persons, and it was impossible for so large a number to be the subservient tools of the king's designs. A cabinet council was therefore formed of these five persons only,—

C lifford,
A rlington,
B uckingham,
A shley,
L auderdale.

And the junto soon acquired the name which it has borne ever since.

Clifford was a Roman Catholic. In his youth he was reputed to be "of a very unsettled head, and a roving shattered brain;" yet he was a man of parts and acquirements, and of bravery, too, and had served both under James duke of York, and also Prince Rupert, at sea. He was supposed to be in the pay of France, and very likely, as every body then was in somebody's pay, and disinterested statesmen were in a chrysalis state, waiting to appear in all their beauty of wings and colors, until better times. It was Clifford who advised King Charles to shut up the Exchequer, the history of which was this. The monarch, being in want of money, offered the white staff to any minister who would assist him to raise £150,000 without applying to Parliament. The plan had been mooted by Ashley, earl of Shaftesbury; now Clifford contrived to make that

nobleman drunk, and to get his secret from him, after which he demanded the reward, and was made lord-treasurer.

This was only one of his daring designs. He was an eloquent speaker, but could not keep his temper, and the dissolution of the Cabal was partly owing to his intemperance in upholding the king's measures, when he actually called the House of Commons "*a horrible monster*." He was disgraced in 1673, three years after the formation of the Cabal, and retired to his seat at Ugbrook, where he died of a fearful inward disorder. Clifford must have been forty years old when Ham House received him and his co-mates. "He was," says an old writer, "a gentleman of a proper, manly body, of a large and noble mind, and a sound heart." A fine description, if the conduct of his life had not contradicted it. "He had a voluble, flowing tongue, a ready wit, a firm judgment, and undaunted courage and resolution." At all events, he acted from real, though mistaken enthusiasm for his faith and predilections.

Would that I could say the same of all the rest! The most skilled in low arts, the greatest adept at raillery and ridicule, was Henry Bennet, lord Arlington. He was not the upstart at whom the Duke of Ormond pointed that word of opprobrium, when, in the zenith of Arlington's fortunes, he styled him "one whom he had known a very little gentleman." On the contrary, he was, or was discovered to be when he had risen, of a very good family; so that he came into the world, in point of birth, with all the advantages that a man could boast. He had served as a volunteer in the Royalist armies in the preceding reign, and was wounded at Andover, and, at a time of life when most youths have only finished their studies, Bennet had distinguished himself as a wit, a soldier, and a statesman. Bennet had long acted as secretary to James, duke of York; he was also a favorite with the queen-mother, and when he became, in 1662, secretary of state, his feelings were deeply imbued with the convictions of those whom he had served. He is said, but without any proof, to have been the chief agent in the downfall of Clarendon, and to have promoted the black ingratitude of the king to the chancellor. At all events, he had the art of raising his own name, and, at the time when he became Baron Arlington, he was regarded as a great and favored minister.

Arlington, nevertheless, was a man of the least genius of any of his party, but he supplied his deficiency of talents by a skilful management of those which he possessed. He pleased even when he was known to deceive, and his manners commanded an influence in quarters where he inspired no respect. "The deficiency of his integrity," writes Macpherson, "was forgiven in the decency of his dishonesty." He professed the Protestant form of faith, but was at heart a Roman Catholic. Timid, superstitious, and double-minded, this minister, when the well-merited vengeance of the country fell upon the Cabal, bent like an osier beneath the blast, and, like an osier, survived to rise again. He died a minister of the crown, even William of Orange professing a regard for the aged statesman, whom none esteemed, but whom all parties endured.

Arlington, in his rise, and during his decline in royal favor, suffered much. Clarendon relates, that being ashamed of his own name, he wished, cuckoo-like, to plant himself in the nest of another. He therefore adopted the Barony of Meney, an old title long dormant, until the proper heir desired him not to affect a title to which he had no relation; he was then glad to take the title of a little farm belonging to his father, Arlington (properly Harlington), between London and Uxbridge.

In the days of disfavor, Charles used to delight in hearing the old secretary mimicked by his courtiers. The bold, brave Talbot, earl of Tyrconnel, one day seeing Arlington, who was then the lord chamberlain, represented at court by a person with a patch and a staff, remonstrated with Charles on this indecent ridicule of one who had followed the fortunes of the monarch when in exile. Charles retorted, saying he had reason to complain too, for, "not content with coming to prayers as others did, Arlington must needs be constant at the sacraments too." "And does not your majesty the same?" inquired Talbot. "Odd's fish!" was the reply, "I hope there is a difference between me and Harry Bennet!" Thus Arlington overacted his part. Some of these very sacraments—iniquitously received to keep up the mask of Protestantism—were doubtless administered in the chapel at Ham House, a plain, but ancient structure, forming part of the mansion. There, in the silence that will never again, probably, be broken by orison or sermon, still remains the cushion upon which Charles I. knelt when he visited

Ham, and there, bound in red velvet, and with a large cross, embroidered in gold on the back, is the worn prayer-book which he used.

Clifford and Bennet were fast friends; contrasts, it must be owned: the one a burning brand, like the Fiery Cross which is carried from hill to hill in Scotland to proclaim war and murder; the other the steady, systematic pioneer, who cautiously prepares the way for more commanding spirits to advance and carry their point.

Bennet appears to have been a well-looking man for a courtier. His face was composed, and the features were well-proportioned. Across his nose a patch, the theme of the king's merriment, is always depicted in his portraits; but whether owing to a wound he wore it, or whether assumed in compliance with a fashion of the Interregnum when gentlemen as well as ladies wore patches, it must be left to the curious in such matters to decide. His long flowing locks, his deep, falling cape, and rich bandeau over one shoulder and under the other, his sleeves puckered up and tied with golden cord, his delicate "linen," as they modestly called shirt-sleeves in those days, must have had a fine effect, methinks, in that old gallery, to say nothing of a rich surcoat of black velvet, lined with white satin, which he wore. Oh, days never to be recalled, when men were dressed, not like jockeys, but like gentlemen and men of taste! *A bas* the tight *culottes* and tail-coat, and welcome again the deep collar and the rich doublet, and the loose and graceful surcoat!

But the flower of the Cabal was the brave, generous, dissolute Buckingham: he was the Crown Imperial of this posy of base herbs and tiger-lilies. How singular was his destiny! By what a fatality does he not seem to have been governed! He began life under a cloud, passed it in a whirlwind; it was closed almost in obscurity. His childhood was marked by peculiar misfortune—his father's death, his mother's second marriage; the one event being prefaced by omens, and foretold by an apparition, the office of which was to avert, if possible, by supernatural means, the impending danger over George Villiers, duke of Buckingham. Few ghost stories have been so attested; for this rests upon the affirmation of a certain Mr. Towse, a "religious and virtuous gentleman," to Mr. Windham and his wife. One night Mr. Towse being in bed, and his candle standing near him burning, there came into his chamber an old gentleman, dressed in the costume of Queen Elizabeth's time. Now on the first appearance of this unexpected guest Mr. Towse was somewhat alarmed, yet collecting himself, he asked, "in the name of Heaven, who he was?" The ghostly visitant replied, that he was Sir George Villiers, the father of the Duke of Buckingham; and added, that Mr. Towse might remember his going to school at a certain place in Leicestershire; and now, in the regions of bliss, or otherwise, as it might be, remembering the former kindness of Mr. Towse to him when a schoolboy, this apparition paid that gentleman the compliment of a visit, the purport of which was, to deliver to the said Duke of Buckingham a message, forwarning him how to avoid the ruin which was likely to befall him.

Mr. Towse at first refused this commission, saying, that it would only bring him contempt and reproach; but the apparition was urgent, telling him that the discovery of certain passages in the duke's life, known only to himself, of which he (the ghost) would apprise him, should preserve him from the imputation of having a distempered fancy. So the apparition took his leave for that night, but came again the next. (How could Mr. Towse survive it?) By that time the resolution of good Mr. Towse was taken, and he assented to go to the duke; and then certain matters were disclosed to him, which afterwards the unfortunate Buckingham confessed were such as "God, or the devil, could alone have revealed." But yet, though long and private audiences took place between the duke and Mr. Towse, no impression was made upon the mind of the ill-starred and unbelieving nobleman.

When the duke fell by the hand of Felton, all who knew Towse could remember that the day had been predicted by him; for the apparition was now so frequently at the elbow of the strong-nerved Mr. Towse, that he regarded its presence with as little trouble as "if it had been a friend or neighbor that had come to visit him!" Wonderful man of iron mind! Methinks *I* should have gone to the world's end rather than have awaited another visit, whilst *he* slept calmly night after night in that same chamber, until the quilted doublet, and stiff ruff, and bombastic continuations of the old Sir George, did actually night after night appear. Mr. Towse should be canonized.

Other predictions were there, all well authenticated, namely, the singular pre-

sentiment of Lady Denbigh, the duke's sister, who, when writing to her brother on the very day of his death, did bedew her paper with her tears; and after a passion of grief, for which she could find no reason, for she knew not of his danger, fell into a swoon. Her letter ended thus: "I will pray for your happy return, which I look to with a great cloud over my head, too heavy for my poor heart to bear without torment. But I hope the great God of Heaven will bless you." When the Bishop of Ely waited upon the lady with the news of her brother's death, he found her awaking from a frightful dream, in which she had heard the people shout that the Duke of Buckingham was sick. Buckingham had, it is true, been ill, and had parted from the king, Charles I., and other friends, as if his soul "had divined that he should see them no more." Yet he was restored to full health and vigor when the murderous hand of John Felton dealt him that mortal stab into the heart, which left his son George an infant orphan, just a year old.

The baby duke was adopted by Charles I., who in his first visit to the widowed duchess promised to be a husband to her and a father to her children. She, however, chose another husband, the Marquis of Antrim, and this marriage greatly displeased the king; and the two sons of the late duke were taken from her and committed to other guardianship. They were never separated until the death of the younger one, were placed under the same tutors at Trinity College, Cambridge, and had the same masters in the art of war, namely, Prince Rupert and the Lord Gerard: and, together, they assisted at the storming of Lichfield during the civil wars; and when the king was a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, raised the royal standard in Surrey. Here, under an oak-tree in the highway, near Kingston, Lord Francis, the younger brother, was killed. The gallant youth, only nineteen years old, had his horse slain under him, but scorned to ask quarter; and the Parliamentarians barbarously refused to give it. He planted his back against the tree, and stood there, until nine wounds in his face and body finished the tragical scene.

His estates fell to his brother; and the young Villiers was now the greatest fortune in England. Yet, after various adventures, he fled to Antwerp; and, though offered his estates if he would return in forty days, he was faithful to his father's royal friend. He supported himself by selling his pictures, part of a princely collection brought over to Antwerp by Brian Fairfax, a faithful servant, from York House, that stately residence now recalled only by the name of certain streets on its site, Buckingham Street and Duke Street, in the Strand. He remained abroad with Charles II., and with that monarch escaped in the oak at Boscobel. All this time Villiers was in poverty; but he was generous, loyal, and valiant. He became rich; and he was henceforth a prodigal and a ruined man, first in character, afterwards in estate, finally, in both.

Lord Fairfax, from the fate of war and the decree of parliament, had his estates, or rather had an interest in them; he had also a daughter. The Duke of Buckingham thought he would once more try his fortune; he came over from Antwerp to make love to the lady, and prevailed on a friend to propose a match. He was then an outlaw, and ran a risk of losing both life and liberty, especially as Cromwell had had a share of the duke's estates, and had daughters also to marry. But Buckingham carried the arts of persuasion about with him: he was in person the glory of any court and of any age in which he appeared; his frame was tall, strong, active; and his manners exquisitely graceful. He had wit and good-nature, was ready to forgive injuries, and had a tender, compassionate heart. These were qualities which Fairfax's daughter did not meet with every day among the dark Puritans and hard-hearted generals who composed her father's society. She loved the duke at once; and they were married in her father's house at Nun Appleton, six miles from York; and their marriage was, though childless, as happy as the profligacy of those days permitted. They lived together "lovingly and decently;" the duchess bearing those faults in her idol which she could not cure.

Buckingham paid dearly, however, at first, for his marriage, by a long imprisonment in the Tower, and afterwards at Windsor, by the command of Cromwell; but his adversity was far less perilous to him than the season of prosperity which followed the Restoration. For, whilst he remained in his father-in-law's house he lived peaceably and innocently; but when he recovered his estates, he became acquainted with a crew of bankers and scriveners, who induced him to practices which brought the gangrene of usury, from which his property never recovered. The king showered down honors and favors which were but sources of expense

to the duke, and did not ensure his gratitude; he was too justly suspected of concurring with the enemies of Charles in rebellious designs. In these he was concerned with the celebrated Dr. Heydon, the astrologer, to whom Richard and Thurloe Cromwell had applied to cast their father's nativity, and who predicted his being hanged. Buckingham, who had acquired a faith in the art from his residence in France, applied to Heydon to cast the king's nativity, a treasonable offence; yet, in spite of all these misdemeanors, Charles afterwards restored him to favor; and he became one of the dreaded and hated Cabal. Perhaps, sometimes, as this favorite of the world, this gay but polite man, walked on the terrace before Ham House, and parallel with the river, he may have gazed with sorrow on the waters, remembering not only that the slaughtered corpse of his brother was carried on the stream to its place of interment at Westminster Abbey from Kingston, but coupling that event, and the early career of his life, with the remembrances of his early loyalty and insulted honor, in those days of energy and danger. Fame did him injustice, if to the vices of gaming he added not those of an unbridled licentiousness. His character in this last respect grew so notorious, that whether in his laboratory over the fumes of his charcoal, or meditating in his closet, scandal followed him thither. Chemistry was his favorite pursuit in-doors; in the field, fox-hunting. His extravagance was extreme, yet he paid the debts which he incurred.

How keen was his wit, how true his satire, the play of the *Rehearsal* testifies! Dryden, his early acquaintance, was personified in Bayes, being then poet-laureate. That character, as is well known, at first bore the name of Bilboa, and was intended for Sir Robert Howard. The actors were all ready to perform the comedy, when the plague of 1664 suspended that representation. Dryden had by this time become poet-laureate, and smarted under the lash of the "good-natured man with the ill-natured muse," as Buckingham has been styled. He revenged himself, and the retributive justice came down with a heavy hand, by displaying the duke in the character of Zimri in *Absalom and Ahithophel.* Such were the littlenesses of great men. To Cowley, his early friend at Cambridge, Buckingham was faithful, and, since that poet lived at Chertsey, we may conjecture that the friends may sometimes have met half-way from London, at Ham House, and that the grass walks of the avenues may have been often paced by the footsteps of the poet and the peer.

After the death of Charles II., Buckingham fell into ill health. He retired to his own manor at Helmsley, in Yorkshire, and there solaced the decline of his eventful life by the two opposite occupations of fox-hunting and writing on religious subjects. One day, in consequence of sitting on the ground after hunting, he was seized with an ague and fever. He was conveyed to the house of a tenant of his own, on Kirby Moorside, and in that lowly habitation his last sickness ran its rapid course. He sent to his faithful servant, Briant Fairfax, to prepare him a bed at his house in Bishop Hill, in York, but was speechless before his servant returned to him. Mr. Fairfax found him in that state which is the forerunner of death, indifferent to every thing, when he arrived. The duke seemed not to apprehend the danger he was in. When asked if he would have the minister of the parish to pray for him, he made no reply, but when a popish priest was proposed, the dying man made a violent effort, and exclaimed "No, no." The former question was then repeated, and received, in these few words, an assent, "Yes, send for him." The dying man appeared sensible to the consolation of these last offices, and received the sacrament. That night he expired, being, as it has been aptly remarked, one of the few who bore his title that have died quietly in their beds With him that title became extinct. Changed, indeed, was the expiring Buckingham from the wild gallant who challenged Lord Rochester to combat, or who fought with Lord Shrewsbury, whilst the countess, disguised as a page, held the duke's horse during the combat, and beheld her husband slain in that duel. Yet Pope has exaggerated the scene of the duke's death, so deeply instructive, when he writes,—

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The walls of plaster, and the floor of dung,
On once a flock bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw;
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies."

The farm-houses of that period, though possibly rude and comfortless, boasted, however, an homely hospitality, which would doubtless prompt the best exertions in favor

of the dying noblemen; and there must have been something consolatory in knowing that it was amongst his own people that death made its certain approach.

There now remains one person only in this famous, or infamous junto, to be recalled before I lay down the pen. This was Anthony Ashley, first earl of Shaftesbury, the grandfather of the well-known author of the *Characteristics*, whose education the Earl of Shaftesbury superintended. Ashley began public life by the study of the law; at eighteen he was married to a daughter of Lord Coventry's, at nineteen he bebecame member for Tewkesbury. He was a man of great discernment. "I never," said his friend Locke, "knew any one to penetrate so quick into men's breasts, and, from a small opening, survey that dark cabinet." Whether he made a laudable use of that power has been a matter of some dispute. Of his acumen the following proof is given by the same high source. Soon after the Restoration, Shaftesbury and Lord Southampton were dining with the Earl of Clarendon. The Lady Anne Hyde, who had recently married the Duke of York, was present. As the two noblemen went home, Shaftesbury remarked, "Mrs. Anne Hyde is certainly married to one of the brothers." "How," asked his companion, "can you tell?" "Be assured," replied Ashley, "that it is so. A concealed respect showed itself so plainly in the looks, voice, and manner of her mother when she carved to her, or offered her any dish, that it must be so."

Ashley commenced his political career as a Royalist, but, for reasons too long here to rehearse, became a Parliamentarian officer, the civil and military employments being generally combined in those turbulent days; Ashley had even the command of 1500 soldiers. But his opinions were in favor of a monarchical government, and he spoke ably and effectively in parliament, after the death of Oliver Cromwell. "For he had," says Burnet, "a wonderful faculty in speaking to a popular assembly, and could mix both the facetious and serious way of arguing very agreeably." He was, indeed, unequalled in the art of governing parties, and was one of the principal promoters of the exertions of General Monk. His conduct excited the indignation of Sir Arthur Haslerigg, who, with an angry countenance, exclaimed, when he saw the secluded member restored to the House of Commons, "This is your doing, but it shall cost blood." "Your own," replied Sir Anthony, "if you please, but Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper will not be secured this morning." The result was a determination to secure Sir Anthony and others; but Ashley was saved by Monk's wife, who had heard part of the discourse, in those days of tapestried chambers, behind the hangings, and who sent her brother Clarges to warn Sir Anthony to escape. Monk was privy to this scheme, but was afterwards won over by Ashley to his own views; and the Restoration was effected. Of that event Monk had the credit, but Ashley is supposed justly to have been the real mover and contriver. The plan had been laid out by him, according to Locke's account, some time before.

Ashley repaired with the other commissioners to Charles at Breda. It was during this journey that an accident befell him, to which he attributed the formation of a serious disease; it also procured him the acquaintance of Locke. In passing through a town in Holland he was overturned. He sent for a physician, Dr. Thomas, who, instead of obeying the summons, sent John Locke, then a student of Christ Church, but practising medicine. Ashley, courteous as he always was, entered into conversation with the pale philosopher, and invited him to supper. He found him to be a man of rare acquirements, and he had the sense to value them. Locke became his secretary, nor when Ashley ceased to be chancellor was the union between them dissolved, and Locke remained in the house of his patron with an annuity of 100*l.* a-year. The connexion was important and invaluable to both those great men.

For some years after the Restoration Ashley's career was one of uninterrupted prosperity. He was made chancellor of the exchequer and under treasurer, and was created Baron Ashley, and in the preamble to his patent it was acknowledged "that the Restoration was chiefly owing to him."

During the turmoils of politics and in the midst of his rivalry with Clarendon, Ashley solaced himself by occasional snatches of literature. His sketch of the character of Mr. Hastings, a graphic portrait of a country squire of those times, is the only specimen of this accomplishment published; it was printed in the *Connoisseur*, and is eulogized by Horace Walpole for the truth of its delineation. The character, with all its grossness and its virtues pretty equally balanced, has not decayed away

amongst us, but depicts a different class of individuals, and belongs rather to the yeoman, or gentleman farmer of modern times, than to the country gentleman, refined as he actually is by travel, and having imbibed London manners and adopted London hours.

Corrupt as were all public men at that era, Ashley appears not to have been so utterly depraved and venal as the rest of his associates. It is true that he gave in, after some show of reluctance, to the *Traité simule* with France, whereby, according to Sir John Dalrymple, Charles II. was to have 200,000*l.* from France for declaring himself a Catholic, and an annuity of 800,000 francs during the Dutch war; but Ashley is said to have been the only member of the Cabal who never touched French gold. Buckingham, his patron and his intimate, was, alas! (for so agreeable a sinner) shamelessly and extravagantly bribed, even Lady Shrewsbury, his paramour, being in the pay of France, and having for a consideration promised to make the duke do whatsoever was required by Louis XIV. A golden shower fell indeed upon the wives and favorites of the Cabal. The Duke of York was, there is every reason to be assured, the active, pervading spirit of that whole confederacy. Ashley, it is well known, was no favorer of that part of the plot which related to the establishment of Popery.

One day, being commanded by the king to meet him at Lord Arlington's lodgings in Whitehall, Ashley found his most sacred majesty, the defender of the faith, a little the more communicative for having dined with Buckingham and the Duke of York. It was then that he discovered the king's sentiments, and that he saw, as he observed to a friend, that a black cloud was impending over England. Afterwards, when the Cabal, never so firmly united as it was supposed, for Buckingham and Arlington hated each other at all times, broke down, these men, so thoroughly corrupt, yet so remarkably agreeable, were turned for the time into friends. "The Lapland knots are untied," wrote Ashley to a friend, "and we are in horrid storms; those that hunted together now hunt one another; but at horse-play the master of the horse must have the better." Alluding to Buckingham's appointment as master of the horse.

After the dismissal of Lauderdale and the impeachment of Arlington, Shaftesbury, whose conduct on this occasion has been defended (and it *requires* defence) retired to his seat at St. Giles's, Wimborne, Dorsetshire. Here he lived with dignity and hospitality. He was one of the most fascinating men of his time, and his conversational powers were such that Charles II. delighted in his society. Therefore we may imply that his discourse was not of the most straight-laced character. In his leisure Shaftesbury occupied himself in beginning an improvement of the Liturgy for the consideration of the bishops, for he conceived that it was not so sacred, "being drawn up by men the other day," that it might not be improved. Amongst the fragments of his papers there is a selection of psalms for particular services in the church, said to be admirably chosen. Such and so various was his knowledge, and so true was King Charles's remark "that Shaftesbury had more law than all his judges and more divinity than all his bishops." But the days of Shaftesbury were not destined to be passed in peaceful lucubrations. In 1676–7 he was imprisoned in the Tower with Buckingham for a breach of privilege of the House of Lords, and was confined there long after his fellow-prisoners had been released. He calls himself, in one of his letters at this time, "an infirm old man shut up in a winter's prison." And, indeed, his confinement was a most oppressive act. But he was henceforth the subject of plots, and the victim, a sturdy one nevertheless, of cabals and intrigues; and his conduct, in relation to the Bill of Exclusion, drawn by Shaftesbury, and his espousal of the cause of the Duke of Monmouth, sent him again to the Tower. This time he was followed by crowds of well-wishers among the people. "God bless your lordship," cried one of them, "and deliver you from your enemies." "I thank you, sir," replied the aged statesman, with a smile, "I have nothing to fear; they have. Therefore pray to God to deliver them from me."

A few days afterwards, on receiving a visit from one of the Roman Catholic lords, he observed, in reply to a question pretending surprise at his being in the Tower, "I have been lately indisposed with an ague, and came hither to take some Jesuit's powder" (bark). He was indicted for high-treason, but the grand-jury, consisting of London citizens and merchants, threw out the bill, and bonfires and bells celebrated his safety, as the

safety of the Protestant religion in England. Charles, as it is well known, was greatly irritated at his defeat. "I am the last man," he remarked, bitterly, "to have law and justice in the whole nation." So blinded does the moral sense become; nor did the monarch deem it beneath him to suggest to Dryden, then starving, the poem of the *Medal*, in which, for a hundred broad pieces, that great perverted genius penned another anathema against Shaftesbury. The *Medal* was dedicated to the Whigs. "Rail at me abundantly," said Dryden, in his dedication; "and not to break custom, do it without wit."

Shaftesbury was playing at cards with his countess when he was informed that the bill was thrown out. He then braced himself for action, and endeavored to incite the people to an insurrection. Such were now—so mutable is human nature—the sentiments of a man who was once in the dark secrets of the Cabal. He jested upon his age and infirmities, and, offering to head the revolt, remarked that he could not run away, but could die at the head of the people better than on a scaffold. He was soon obliged to fly the kingdom, and, disguising himself as a Presbyterian minister, he took a last leave of his lady and his friends, and escaped to Harwich, and thence to Amsterdam. Here he intended to reside, but fate willed it otherwise. He was attacked by the gout, and died an exile from his country, as, unhappily, too many better men than he in those days were obliged to do, on the 21st January, 1683. A ship, hung with mourning and adorned with streamers and escutcheons, conveyed his remains to England. Inconsistent and scheming, yet not venal, Shaftesbury has found some advocates. He was, however, a subtle, if not a bad man, of doubtful patriotism, which only sprang up when court favor deserted him, and of principles dubious in all things. That he was the friend and patron of Locke is the best eulogium; that he was the promoter of religious toleration his clearest merit. Yet it was, perhaps, too truly said of Shaftesbury, that "he made the pretences of liberty the stirrup to get up, and religion the steed he rode in pursuit of his monstrous designs." To Shaftesbury we owe the Habeas Corpus Act, and an endeavor, at that time unsuccessful, to render the judges independent of the crown. His forbearance, or indifference to the satires of Dryden, who makes him the hero of his *Absalom* and *Ahithophel*, is worthy of admiration, for severe was the law of libel in those days.

In his religious opinions Shaftesbury was suspected of deism. One day, as Speaker Onslow relates, he was speaking in a low voice to a friend whilst a female relation sat in a distant part of the room. Forgetting the lady's presence, Shaftesbury at last remarked, "Men of sense are all of one religion." The lady turned round quickly, "And what religion is that?" "That, madam," answered the earl, quickly, "men of sense will never tell." It is remarkable that the son of this gifted man was nearly a fool, and that nature, resting awhile, as it seemed, produced not until the next generation an intellect worthy of being akin to that of the first Earl of Shaftesbury.

Such was the Cabal. "For awhile it had sailed with a prosperous gale," so says Rapin, whom the interest of the subject has betrayed into a simile, "on a shore famous for shipwrecks without meeting any impediments. But at last they were stopped in their course by a rock which it was not possible to avoid—I mean the parliament." The Cabal was dissolved 1672–3, when the utter shamelessness of the men who composed it was manifest. Shaftesbury, as we have seen, gave up his former associates upon pretext of patriotism; Arlington disgracefully deserted his party; Clifford resigned his office as treasurer and died; Buckingham, by all manner of treacheries and falsehoods, saved himself from impeachment. When the king and the Duke of York heard the debates in the House of Lords, at which it was then customary for the royal family to attend, the latter whispered to his royal brother while Shaftesbury was speaking, "What a rogue have you of a lord-chancellor!" To which the king replied, "And what a fool of a lord-treasurer!"

To return to the Lauderdales, the defeat of the Cabal broke one proud heart, in Ham House, and, sinking under the weight of age, vexation, and infirmities, the duke died in August, 1682. He was succeeded by his brother as Earl of Lauderdale, but his English titles became extinct.

The duchess lingered at Ham, where she, too, died in 1698, during a weary widowhood, for no third claimant to her hand appeared. Her eldest son, Lionel Talmache, succeeded her; and her second, Thomas, distinguished himself at the

taking of Athlow and the battle of Aghrim. He was killed, however, at Brest, four months previous to his mother's death.

A long line of the Talmache family, all named Lionel, have since been the owners of Ham House, yet the glory of the place has been in some measure diminished, for Helingham has been the chief seat of the family since the death of the Duchess of Lauderdale. James II., upon the arrival of his son-in-law the Prince of Orange, was ordered to retire to Ham House, but he deemed an abode so near the metropolis unsafe, and fled to France.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

A RISE in condition is not always luck; it is not always synonymous with happiness, nor the means to its attainment. Hear my tale.

Alice was a blooming girl of eighteen years and a half old. She knew neither sorrow, care, nor discontent; she rose in the morning of the day as full of life and glee as the lark to whose song she listened; her elastic, cheerful spirits never flagged during its course; and she sank to rest at night tired, perhaps, with the physical exertion to which the buoyancy of her own spirit had led her, but that spirit untired still. No tear had ever dewed her pillow, and hardly a passing thought of sadness had cast gloom upon her face; so joyous was she, and so undashed and unmingled was her gladness. Her laugh was the very life of her parental home; it sent pleasure to her widowed father's heart, and woke echoes of ringing delight from her brother and her sister. They were not moving in that highly refined sphere where the very laugh is tutored, and the emotions of nature are repressed; yet let it not be argued that the essential realities of refinement were wanting to that little group.

Alice was the daughter of a country rector, a worthy man, who led his flock the way to heaven, taught them to live virtuously on earth, solaced their griefs and aided their needs, so far as his narrow income of 400*l.* per annum could permit.

Alice's brother was preparing for the church. He had been educated by his father up to the time of his entering at Oxford. She herself also, and her elder sister Charlotte, had received the benefit of his masculine and cultivated mind, in the conduct of their education; for his circumstances, equally with his affection, had led him to direct mainly himself the mental and moral development of his daughters.

The squire and chief proprietor in the parish was a kind friend and hearty coadjutor of Mr. Swinton's; and Mrs. Pemberton, his lady, had always regarded with interest his motherless children. She had herself a family; they were much younger than the rector's children; but Alice, from her gay spirits and real good-nature, was a great favorite with the young Pembertons. She was often at the hall; and her face peeping into the school-room, the nursery, or the garden, where the children were at play, was always seen with pleasure by them; whilst her gentleness, amiability, and good principle, caused her to be welcomed cordially by their parents.

Besides the squire, his lady, and their family, there was another inmate at the hall, who, though he little occupied the thoughts of Alice, had conceived deep interest in her; this was Charles Duncan, the son of a deceased Scotch clergyman. He was an orphan youth, and fortuneless; being the nephew of his wife, Mr. Pemberton had kindly taken him under his charge and care.

It happened that Alice was once at the hall when Mrs. Newby, a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton (who had arrived upon a few days' visit to them), was taken ill there. Mrs. Pemberton herself, much indisposed at the time, could not render to her friend the attention which she desired, but she did not wish to commit her into the hands of servants; and, finding Alice all kindness and consideration on the day when she had accidently dropped in, she gained her father's permission to detain her for a few days at the hall. Mrs. Newby was a great admirer of grace and beauty; Alice instantly gained her admiration, and, before the few days of her visit had expired, had won considerably upon her affections also. She lived alone, her husband had been dead three years, she had never had children, and was now advanced in life.

On her return home she thought much of her new-made young acquaintance, whose beauty, grace, and sweetness had so much attracted her. She began to think that a young companion, who would be to

her as a daughter, would be a great comfort to herself; and that, moreover, to be able to produce among her friends an elegant, sylph-like girl, might help to perpetuate the charm which she felt had long hung around her house, but was fleeting now. With these thoughts, together with which was mingled much kindness of feeling to the young Alice, Mrs. Newby wrote to her friend, Mrs. Pemberton, to ask her and Mr. Pemberton to pass a fortnight at Newby Grange, and to indulge her by bringing with them Alice Swinton, if her father's consent could be obtained. She enclosed a note addressed to the rector, which she requested Mrs. Pemberton to deliver to him, if she and Mr. Pemberton consented to the arrangement.

Having determined to accept the invitation for themselves, they drove to the rectory to carry to Mr. Swinton Mrs. Newby's note, and to second her request with respect to his daughter.

He looked, however, somewhat disconcerted and puzzled, and answered tardily,—

"My friends, I am obliged to Mrs. Newby for her wish to procure some pleasure to my daughter, and I thank you for your kindness in seconding it, but I doubt whether it would be for her advantage that I should accept this invitation for her. I question whether it answers to place the young amid two styles and habits of life so widely diverse as are those of an affluent mansion and a simple country rectory. Alice's life is so happy now, that I do not see how for the present it could be rendered more so. If I send her into the scenes of affluence and fashion, I may destroy the light-heartedness and glee which she now possesses, and render her discontented with the sphere and habits to which she must return. A fortnight's pleasure procured for my child would render her a poor equivalent for the loss of her present enviable felicity."

"Indeed it would, Mr. Swinton," said Mrs. Pemberton; "but why should you apprehend that your daughter would be so dazzled by the scene as to wish to exchange the conditions of the lot which Heaven has assigned to herself? Her very happiness is her security; her good sense and propriety of feeling are further preservatives, if preservatives are needed: but, my dear sir, you see the thing all on one side. Here is an opportunity of making a friend for your motherless girl, perhaps of providing her with some connexion for life, which I think, you would hardly wish to lose."

Mr. Swinton paused, then, after a moment's silence, said,—

"Perhaps I should not be justified in withholding from my child a possible advantage; she shall go with you, if you please; and my good Mrs. Pemberton, I must look to you, who will be at her side, to save her head from being turned."

"I think too well of your daughter's head and of her heart to allow me to entertain apprehension on that score: I am rejoiced that you will let her go!"

"I am not sure, Mary," said Mr. Pemberton to his wife, as they were driving home, "that Swinton was not right; not that I fear much mischief from a fortnight's visit: but if, as you imagine from Mrs. Newby's intimation, she plots to keep our young friend for a much longer period, then, I must confess, I do not think her father's apprehensions groundless. If she should marry well, all is safe; but even beauty and grace like hers, do not often attract so far as to induce a man who has wealth and position, to accept a girl without either; and if she does not marry well, she will not, when her rich friend is tired of her, return to her humble, quiet home, the better for the taste she will have had of affluent life."

Mrs. Pemberton looked thoughtful, but she did not express her thoughts.

Meantime the unconscious subject of these cogitations was with her brother and her sister, enjoying a botanical ramble. They met Charles Duncan; he was a great friend of her brother's. They all sat down together under the shelter of a shady beech to refresh themselves with some cold luncheon, which they had taken with them. They talked gaily over their little collation, then pursued their walk. Charles was fortunate in finding and obtaining, from a rock of difficult ascent, a plant which Alice had much desired. How lucky he deemed himself in finding it! how he toiled to reach it! would it procure one bright glance or a few words of thanks from her? He offered it; but, as she eagerly took the prize, not even *his* sanguine wish could trace one thought or sentiment beyond the plant. Somewhat disappointed, yet pleased by her pleasure, he said within himself, "Ah, may I but be able to inspire it at some future day! and yet if I succeed, what follows the effort? What pain the very success! for will her father ever give her to the poor de-

pendent, Charles Duncan? He will not, he will not! Were I myself the father of such a daughter, I would seek higher things for her than that. But," he added, in his inmost thought, "why should not I offer her higher things?"

Charles possessed a hopeful, cheerful temper, which saw things present, and figured things future, always in their brightest aspects—a possession worth 5000*l.* a year to any man, and of more *sure* profit in substantial enjoyment than 5000*l.* a-year can be.

"Why should I not offer her higher things?" thought he. "Need I be always the poor dependent, Charles Duncan? Can I not, like others, carve my own way to fortune, perhaps to fame and honor?"

And the resolution was taken; sudden, but not evanescent; to toil, to plod—perhaps for years to plod, in the ascent which Competition makes so steep. Diplomacy, the bar, the church, the army, trade, all passed in hasty review before the thoughts of the ardent youth. What would *she* like? What would *her father approve?* What would most surely, most speedily attain the end to place him in a position to carry off the prize he sought? or, rather, to seek openly the prize at which he aimed? Yes, the meeting of that morning, the bright sun of Alice's countenance, the glance of her laughing, happy eye, the gay gladness of her bearing, speaking of guileless simplicity and inward worth, produced on the orphan youth effect which endured with him to the end of life. He returned home another creature. Resolve filled his soul, and that resolve was carried out in the untiring effort of years; it became in itself an object after the bright, dear hope, which had inspired it had ceased.

Oh, woman! what is in your power? or rather, we may ask, what is not in your power, when the true subject is brought by destiny under your spell? That is, indeed, seldom, but you are omnipotent when such destiny occurs. Yet is that pure and living essence, true love, a rare visitant on earth, and rarer still its reciprocation in perfect sympathy.

When Alice, with her brother and sister, returned home, they entered the rector's little study (it was always the first room entered by his children after their rambles).

"Oh, papa!" said Alice, as she stood by his arm-chair, her hands filled with spoils, and a trailing plant around her neck and festooning upon her shoulders,—"oh, papa! we have brought such treasures—we have had such a successful walk; I hope you will be able to help us to classify them this afternoon before they are faded. And, papa, you must, indeed, go with us our next walk; it is such a pleasure to have you with us!"

"You have not walked much with us lately, papa," said Charlotte. "How is that?"

"Whilst your brother is with you, my dear daughters, he is escort enough for you; and your father, I think, grows an old man, and loves his arm-chair better than he used to do."

"No—no—no! do not say that, dear papa!"

"Well, when Henry returns to Oxford, I will resume my old habits."

"Thank you, and we will show you all that we have explored lately. We met Mr. Duncan this morning in our walk; we gave him some of our luncheon, and he gathered us some plants."

"An equitable and harmonious agreement," said the rector, laughing. "But Alice, my dear, I have received an invitation for you to pass a fortnight at Newby Grange. Should you like to go?"

"Yes, indeed, I should very much like it! Mrs. Newby was very kind to me when she was ill at the hall. I hope you mean to let me go, papa?" and Alice's eye kindled.

"Yes, my dear, you shall go. I wish I could be quite sure that I shall do you good by accepting the invitation. Do you think, Alice, that you shall return to your humble home with quite as much affection and content as you leave it?"

The tears were starting into Alice's eyes as she answered,—

"Oh, papa, what a question! Do you think *any thing* could diminish my affection for you and my home?" She, however, sent them back; instinct told her that they would distress her father; and she gayly added, "Mrs. Newby must, indeed, show me bright things, if they are to make me see dimly the endearments of my youth!"

When Charles Duncan returned to the hall, which was not till six hours after he had left it, (for, in the meditations which had followed his meeting with his friends, he had forgotten time,) he sought his uncle, and at once disclosed to him his desire to follow some career which might lead him to independence, and, if possible, to fame

and honor. His uncle was gratified, promised him his aid and influence, and such help from his purse at the starting as might be required, provided it came within his power.

The bar was the profession chosen, and the first steps were instantly taken.

It was not till two or three days later that Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton mentioned to Charles their projected visit: they were considering the arrangements for the little journey.

"My dear William," said Mrs. Pemberton, "we must take the green carriage, for as we shall be three inside, and several servants outside, we shall want the accommodation of all the carriage-boxes."

"And who is your third inside?" said Charles.

"We take Alice Swinton with us; the invitation has been extended to her also."

Charles's countenance fell, and his heart fell also.

"What are *my* hopes," said he to himself, "if that beautiful girl is to be produced amongst the exquisites that assemble at Newby Grange?"

He made a feint to play at peep with one of the children, who was always ready to invite or to answer his caresses. His emotion passed unobserved. His hopeful temper soon suggested,—

"Why should I fear? A fortnight's visit is too short to produce impressions, or admit of mischief."

But he did fear, nevertheless; he had a little lurking fear, just enough to enhance in his own estimation the value of the object of his desire, not enough to depress his spirits seriously, or damp his hope for its attainment.

In the week intervening between the invitation and the time fixed for the visit many little cares occupied the attention of the inhabitants of the rectory. Charlotte aided Alice to select from her modest wardrobe such dress as they deemed most suited to the occasion. Poor Alice! she felt, perhaps, a little mortified as she observed to Charlotte,—

"My dress will be so entirely unlike that of the rich ladies who will be around me, that I think it had best be utterly simple and without pretension."

Charlotte thought so, too. Mortification was a new feeling to the gay, glad girl, who, in the simplicity of her country life, knew nothing of rivalry or ambition. Did it augur ill? it was, however, soon past. The sisters finished reading Tasso with their father; Alice sowed seeds in the flower-garden, which she hoped would be just peeping above the ground on her return; she went to the cottages and gave two weeks forward in her allowance to her several pensioners there; she went to the little school of the village, where she was an especial favorite, to bid adieu to the mistress and the children.

"Come back soon, Miss Alice!" lisped a little curly-headed urchin, and then six or seven others echoed the petition.

At length the appointed day arrived. It was a fine bright morning in May. Charles Duncan came down after breakfast to say that Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton would be at the door at two. He lingered long.

"Do you enjoy the thought of your visit, Miss Alice?" said he.

"Oh, yes; very much, indeed!"

"Do you think you should prefer the life of a sumptuous and magnificent mansion to that which you lead here at your father's rectory?"

"I have really never considered the subject, or balanced the advantages and disadvantages of each against the other. As my lot is cast in another sphere, it has not entered into my mind to discuss theoretically what I shall never be called upon to prove practically."

Charles felt encouraged. He soon after took his leave. His step was elastic, and his hope was high.

"If a peerage were placed in her power to-morrow, I believe she would refuse it, and continue in her own walk of life," said he, musingly.

Had she given data for such belief? or, in the delicate attempt to win her heart, would a peer stand an unequal chance with any other man?

But Charles *was* encouraged; small things did encourage *his* hopeful temper.

The carriage drove up. Mr. Swinton handed his daughter in.

"God's blessing upon you, my child!" said he: "you will write to us in a day or two?"

"Yes, papa: good-by. Good-by, Charlotte; good-by, Henry!" And the carriage rolled away as Mr. Swinton bowed to his friends, and they greeted their young companion.

They were kindly and warmly received by Mrs. Newby, who, when she had talked with them a quarter of an hour, said,—

"My house is, as usual, full of guests; some of them are out, some are already dressing; you will like to go also to your own rooms."

She led them up-stairs.

When Alice found herself alone in the room which was allotted to her, she took a general survey of its elegant appendages; then approaching the windows, she found they looked upon a spacious park. It was well wooded, and the ground undulated with advantage. A fine sheet of water spread before her; swans were sailing gracefully upon its surface, and cattle and deer were grouped upon its banks. Alice remained pondering long upon the lovely scene. When at last she withdrew her eyes from it, they fell upon her toilette-table, where lay a little packet directed to herself. Her curiosity excited, she hastily opened it. It contained some beautiful ornaments for the neck and arms, with a brooch and pendant to match, and just the words, "With Mrs. Newby's kind regards to Alice, in remembrance of *her* kindness and attention during her illness in November last." Alice was still admiring them when a maid entered.

"I have been directed by Mrs. Newby, ma'am," said she, "to help you to unpack and dress."

So Alice unpacked and dressed, and in a clean white muslin robe, with the ornaments which she had just received clasped upon her, she trusted she should not disgrace Mrs. Newby's drawing-room. The maid, perhaps, observed a timid, inquiring glance, which she cast at her mirror; for she said, as if in reply,—

"The ornaments look very well, ma'am, upon white; they set off your dress, and prevent it from looking at all singular or plain." Then she added, "Mrs. Newby desired me to say, that as you are not yet acquainted with her guests, she will call for you on her way down, and take you into the drawing-room with her."

"How considerate and kind!" thought Alice, and she sat down to begin a letter to her father. In twenty minutes Mrs. Newby appeared. Alice thanked her cordially for her beautiful gifts.

"I am glad, my dear girl," she replied, "to see that those ornaments become you so well; and I am but indulging myself in adorning you thus, for you will the better adorn my rooms."

Alice blushed, she could not quite enjoy that speech; besides, she saw the stress that it laid upon appearance, and she mournfully thought of the slenderness and simplicity of her wardrobe.

Mrs. Newby perceived the blush, perhaps, also, she divined the thought, for she added quickly,—

"You, however, have a native grace, which, in itself unaided, would adorn yourself and all who fall around it."

They descended. To Alice the sense of awe, except before her Maker, was unfamiliar; but to her eyes now, the drawing-room was awfully filled. Lord this, and Lady the other, and glittering jewels, and the easy nonchalance, and the flirtation, and the repartee, and the light airy conversation which, from its grace and flow, seemed to throw interest and importance around nothings, appalled Alice.

"What shall I do in such a party as this?" thought she. "I shall be utterly unable to meet them on their own ground, and to contribute to their amusement! They will see that I am not one of them: they will feel me in the way."

As the evening passed, she was for once silent and almost sad. She half wished herself again at her father's little tea-table, with the afternoon's reading, made so interesting by his information, and taste, and fertility of mind; and she wished for the evening ramble, with him for their conductor, and for the subjects of conversation common and interesting to all her accustomed group.

There were several little etiquettes at table which Alice, from her inexperience of the style of life into which she found herself thrown, did not understand; she made one or two blunders, and colored, and felt more uncomfortable than any thing was wont to make *her* feel. Once during the evening she overheard a lady whisper to her neighbor,—

"Who is that pretty girl? I have not been introduced to her, and I should like it."

"Ah!" said the other, set yourself at ease, you have lost nothing; that girl is only some country curate's daughter whom Mrs. Newby has taken it into her head to patronize: you will see that one or two more blunders in the style of those of the dinner-table will open her eyes; she will soon weary of her *protégée*.

Poor Alice! was she to meet mortification on every side?

However, notwithstanding this little conference which she had accidentally over-

heard, her beauty and her native grace, together with the consideration which Mrs. Newby showed to her, procured for her at least respectful attention during the evening; and when, on being asked to take her seat at the piano, she played with taste and feeling several airs, which, if not fashionable, did truly evince the soul of music, the tolerance with which she had been regarded grew (with some of the party) into admiration.

The retiring-hour arrived, and Alice entered her chamber with something like a heavy heart. She felt out of her element, and she sighed for her father's fond blessing, always bestowed upon his daughters as he parted with them for the night: she wished, too, for the presence of her sister, that she might commune with her on the events of the day.

But Alice had intelligence; she was no way inferior to the rest of that party in information or intellectual power: it was only that she did not understand all the etiquettes, and was inexperienced in the style of conversation of the circle in which she now found herself. Mrs. Pemberton knew this, and was convinced that it needed but a little custom—the custom of her present society, to cause her to appear in it equal to many, and superior to others of those who *seemed* more brilliant than herself. Alice had observation and tact; they now did her good service; she saw how much stress was laid on little conventionalities, and she had already informed herself on some of these: she was watchful, and she allowed none of the laws and habits by which the society around her seemed to be governed, to escape her unobserved. She resolved also to consider her visit as a lesson in life, and she felt that already it had made her more than ever sensible to the value of the domestic affection which she enjoyed at her dear home.

Next morning she descended to breakfast, looking gay and blooming. The morning passed pleasantly in driving and reading with Mrs. Newby, and writing to her father and sister. She got well through the dinner, being served by the experience of the preceding day; and when in the evening she was called upon to play, several of the assembled guests clustered round the piano; and some admired, and some in jealous whispers detracted from the performance. So passed several days. Mrs. Newby was exceedingly kind and indulgent to her; and, with regard to the rest of the circle, as she gradually gained acquaintance with them, and became more and more *au fait* with regard to the distinctive habits of their class, her enjoyment increased and her little difficulties diminished. The point in which she felt herself most woefully and hopelessly deficient was in the small-talk, which formed so staple an article of traffic to those around her.

She was still making progress in her pupilage, when one evening she accompanied Mrs. Newby and her guests to a county ball. Mrs. Newby presented Alice with a dress for the occasion, and gave her various little necessary instructions.

They had been in the ball-room about half-an-hour, when Lord Arthur —— came up to Mrs. Newby; and, after chatting lightly with her for some time, asked for an introduction to Alice, of which he availed himself to dance with her. He danced well; *she* did not excel, but he seemed more than satisfied with his partner: for when the dance was over and he led her to a seat, he did not leave her, but placed himself by her and drew on a conversation. He did not talk the light airy nothings of the fashionable world, in which she found herself so deficient; but his observations, arising from passing scenes and passing trifles, seemed to give scope for deeper thoughts, to wake up ideas, or touch some key of theory or sentiment. In all this Alice well could join him; her father and her brother were wont to talk with her in this strain, though with less of address or fertility than Lord Arthur: her intelligence had been carefully cultured, so that when the conversation got beyond remarks on persons whom she did not know, or that smart repartee in which she was unpractised, when it, in fact, really drew upon the fountain of mind, Alice was quite ready to meet the demand, and could receive and yield on equal terms, and with pleasure to herself. Lord Arthur was pleased to find, in a young and lovely woman, a power which he conceived resided little with the sex. He lingered about her the greater part of the evening; nor would he have quitted her at all, but that he feared to attract the vulgar gossip, of which he disliked to be the theme. He intensely admired her beauty and her grace; but his admiration was so delicate, so chaste, so little accompanied by compliment in word, so elegantly implied, that Alice, whilst she was just made conscious of the fact, appreciated it at the highest rate.

The evening passed and the party separat-

ed. Mrs. Newby gave the hand of Alice a very friendly squeeze as she bade her sleep well and repair her fatigues, and congratulated her on having passed, she hoped, a very pleasant evening. She was pleased that her *protégée* had made a splendid conquest; it reflected back credit upon herself; and she was further, truly, a kind woman, and heartily rejoiced in the vista of Alice's advancement. She made, however, no mention of Lord Arthur's name.

Notwithstanding the charge, Alice could not sleep. The events of the evening were in her thoughts, the fascination of Lord Arthur was before her eyes, his words sounded in her ears. A sort of sweet delirium kept her awake; but presently she began to reflect how improbable it was that her acquaintance with him should be continued or renewed; and then she felt saddened, and reproached herself for having allowed herself to dwell with so much pleasure on the intercourse of an hour or two.

The next day, however, when she returned from a saunter in the grounds, and heard that Lord Arthur had been calling in her absence, she could not help suspecting that her attraction had had its share in bringing him to the house, and the pleasurable feelings of the past evening returned in part upon her. She was sorry she had been out. "But having made this call of courtesy, it is little likely that he will appear again," thought she; "at least while my visit lasts." So she said within herself, and yet she had a sort of lingering expectation of seeing him again, notwithstanding her argument with herself.

Lord Arthur had told Mrs. Newby that he was visiting a friend of his at twelve miles' distance from her residence, and Mrs. Newby had asked him to pass a few days at Newby Grange before he left the neighborhood. He accepted the invitation, and five days later was installed a guest there.

Either from inadvertency or from design Mrs. Newby had not mentioned in Alice's presence her invitation to Lord Arthur, or her expectation of his visit.

Meantime, upon another of her proceedings, Mrs. Newby *had* informed and consulted Alice. She had written to Mr. Swinton to request his permission to her to keep his daughter some time longer with her, and had expressed to him in flattering terms the great pleasure which that visit brought to herself; she should regret exceedingly, she said, being so soon deprived of her society. Alice had seconded the request, and had spoken much of the pleasure which she was deriving from her stay at Newby Grange. The gratified father had reluctantly consented. Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton were gone, and several of the guests were changed for others. Alice was daily gaining firmer hold upon the affections of her friend; she was gaining also knowledge of the petty laws which regulate so imperiously the life of fashion, and was acquiring, moreover, the confidence which the habit of society gives.

On the day of Lord Arthur's arrival, returning from a drive in which she had accompanied one of the ladies who were staying in the house, she entered the drawing-room with light gay step, with the glow of health upon her cheek, and the light of happiness in her eye: she saw him there, she started, and colored not slightly; then recovering herself, advanced to meet and greet him. Lord Arthur was annoyed; he met her coldly. He never liked demonstrations, and least of all when he himself was concerned. Alice was learning power over herself, a graceful ease succeeded to the blush of momentary pleasurable surprise; and she saw, without appearing to perceive, the air of nonchalance and coolness which Lord Arthur's chagrin threw around him.

None of the ladies now at Newby Grange, excepting its mistress, had witnessed the scene in the ball-room. They had no conception that Lord Arthur actually had, and no idea that he was likely to have, any particular interest in a person so little a belle of their own world as was Alice. The young ladies deemed him an open prize thrown by good fortune in their way, whose capture seemed worth effort. *He* received all consideration shown to him with the easy facility of perfect good breeding, and as if innocently unconscious that he was himself an object of attraction.

During the greater part of the evening he shunned Alice. He did not lead her in to dinner; he did not sit near her, or address himself to her. The only recognition which he seemed to give her, beyond the common courtesies which each may show to all, was, that when she made an observation he sought to notice and answer it in general conversation.

She was wounded.

"How vain, how foolish was I," said she, in an internal soliloquy, "to imagine that I had any particular charm for him, because we enjoyed each other's conversation

and contributed to each other's enjoyment on that evening of our first and only meeting! How marked the real state of the case! When, as one of the assembled circle, my voice is heard, Lord Arthur pays me the respectful courtesy of attention; but to have imagined that my voice, my thoughts, my presence, had charms for him beyond those of any other, how vain, how foolish the idea!" And yet something whispered within her that the idea that she had made, as she had received, no ordinary impression that evening, was neither vain nor foolish, but true. She was out of spirits; she had little to say.

"He has heard that I am below his grade in life," thought she. She was still much the child of nature, and more than once tears came into her eyes, which it cost her no small effort to repress.

Mrs. Newby proposed music. Lady C— took her station at the piano, and played with brilliancy and execution. The piece received the approbation due to the merit of the performance. Others followed her, and were courteously thanked; but when Alice sat down, and though no brilliancy marked her execution, the very soul of music seemed to rise from the keys, and thrill upon the ears, and stir up the emotions of those around, the chill was melted which had held Lord Arthur: he forgot for the moment that there were witnesses around, and hung delighted at her side; he whispered admiration, not rapturously nor with excess of expression, but with few and feeling words.

This is, indeed, music!" said he; "*this* has power over the soul! You sing, Miss Alice?"

"If you like the voice I will do my best."

She sang a translation of a striking, wild, and melancholy song of the Russian poet, Poushkin's, set to Russian music. Lord Arthur was delighted. His compliment was delicate and quiet, but expressive of most perfect pleasure. She sang two other little songs, then rose from the piano whilst her auditor's appetite was yet keen; he did not, however, press her to continue, but, leading her to a seat, placed himself by her, and entered with her into conversation on the genius and power of music, the varieties of national taste with respect to it, and its influence in forming the character of nations and modifying that of individuals. This was the kind of conversation which Alice heartily enjoyed, and in which her thinking and informed mind was well able to receive and to impart enjoyment. Lord Arthur admired *a feminine woman who was not insipid.* They sat in delighted conversation till retiring-time, and Alice entered her room very, very happy. Young, confiding, and simple, with no friend to give one word of caution, she allowed full scope to the satisfaction of her soul. The sweetness of her emotions kept her for some time from sleeping; the soft flutter of love agitated her bosom; the consciousness, the sure conviction that she was not an object of indifference to Lord Arthur, that some sympathy drew them to each other, possessed her. At length she fell to slumber; the conversation of the evening was renewed again, and vague undefined vistas of future bliss—vistas which she would not have allowed her waking thoughts, floated before her brain.

Morning dawned, and she awoke; she sprung from her bed, and threw up her window. The air had never felt to her so balmy, nor the scene appeared so fair. There is something unspeakably sweet in the first sensations of love, before doubts and difficulties, and fears and jealousies, and damps from without and checks from within, have intervened,—in the first sensations of love, with its purity, and hope, and devotedness, and kindness, there is something *unspeakably sweet.* Even with the most callous who *can* love, who are open to the passion in any degree, it moves and fills the nature, and remodels all the soul; and, with kindlier spirits, its influence transfuses something of the angel into the children of men.

But love—pure, genuine love—is rare on earth, rarer than men are apt to think. Alice, though she knew it not and willed it not, loved indeed. Did Lord Arthur?

She descended to breakfast; their meeting seemed to acknowledge established understanding and tenderness between them. He felt that by his conduct, when her fascination had overpowered him on the preceding evening, he had drawn upon himself the observation so distasteful to him, and made the announcement which would be so rich for gossip, that the impenetrable Lord Arthur was smitten at length; he saw, therefore, that there was nothing further to sacrifice on this score, and gave himself up to the indulgence of his inclination. Whilst his good breeding prompted him to contribute his part, always an able one, to general conversation, it was Alice who enjoyed his more special thoughts and

attention: he placed himself by her; when she spoke, his ear was charmed; he drew her into several little discussions, in order to elicit her thoughts on different subjects, and her method of defending them. He dissented from her with polite and elegant grace, or he agreed with her in such a manner as to cause her to feel the charm of sympathy. His eye followed her every movement, and his soul was spoken in his eye. He allowed her to feel (what, indeed, he could ill have concealed) that he was fascinated; and there was such true delicacy and good taste in the style of his admiration, which was rather implied than expressed, and was directed rather to the mind than to the person (or at least apparently so directed, for he who had looked amongst Lord Arthur's hidden feelings would have discerned admiration of both), that Alice was gratified without being in any measure distressed or shocked. And she *was* deeply gratified—she was exquisitely happy.

It was not that a member of the peerage was the man at her feet, and that a rise—a splendid rise in condition seemed before her; it never occurred to her in that light; —it was not that Fortune, with all that it can purchase, seemed within her reach—within *her* reach, who, whenever it should please Heaven to take her father, could scarcely hope for more from him than the scantiest provision on which life could be decently maintained, even in the most quiet way in which the orphan of a clergyman could live: she, young and happy as she was, had never thought of that;—it was not that she had captivated the man on whom the eyes of the belles of the two preceding London seasons had been fixed in vain; she was not cognizant of the fact; but it was that the man had presented himself who understood her, who felt with her, who appreciated her: a sympathy quick, but powerful, seemed established between them, and the sensitive girl gave her unchecked affections.

After breakfast Alice retired to her own room to write letters. Her instinct and her delicacy both taught her to avoid giving *too much* of her presence and society. At luncheon they met again, and after luncheon a drive was proposed. Lord Arthur rode by the side of Mrs. Newby's carriage, for there Alice found a seat. When they stopped, his hand was upon the carriage side; and when they alighted to walk, and he, giving his horse to a servant, attended them, he thought that a walk in the country with a beautiful and interesting woman had greater charms than a lounge at his London club. *She* must, indeed, have been an interesting woman who had wrought that opinion in Lord Arthur.

The evening music and the evening conversation were renewed, and Alice again retired to her room perfectly happy. So passed days, until they numbered on to weeks. Lord Arthur made no proposal to quit Newby Grange. In fact he seemed so happy, so entranced, that he was unconscious of locality and time. It was to them both a dream of uninterrupted fascination and delight. All that Alice did was clad with grace in his eyes; her smallest act, her slightest word, had interest for him; her form, her face, her air, her mind, her disposition, each and all appeared to him perfection. Nor did she see him with less partial eyes. Her fondness was increased, because it was coupled with gratitude to him for having singled her out from a station lower than his own, to confer upon her his love. He had again gained the greater hold upon her admiration and affection, because he was superior in the points of elegant taste, high breeding, and polite, informed, accomplished mind, to any other man whom she had yet seen; he was, indeed, superior to most men in these points. Alice's love to Lord Arthur was deep, holy, and enduring. Was his to her such? We shall see.

Mrs. Newby was highly gratified by what she termed the success of her *protégée;* both because she was really kind in heart and rejoiced in promoting the good of her favorite, and also because of the consideration which she saw would be reflected on herself.

Twice had Alice's leave of absence from her home been prolonged by her father. He knew nothing of what was passing at the Grange, for Mrs. Newby had made no communication to him on the subject, and Alice, much as she wished that her father, and her sister also, could have been privy to her affairs, found her delicacy and her modesty forbade her to make any reference to them, for Lord Arthur had not yet spoken of marriage.

One morning she received a letter from her father, desiring her immediate return; a marriage between her sister and a neighboring clergyman, which had been long projected, was to take place at once, and earlier than had been anticipated. He had

received preferment, and wished without delay to settle.

Lord Arthur heard the announcement with dismay. It would interrupt his dream of pleasure; it called upon him to consider and take measures for the future. For one moment he felt disposed to say, "Do not go, Alice; stay and bless me yet!" The next he saw how unsuitable and how vain would be such a petition, and, collecting his senses, he merely uttered a slight expression of disappointment.

In the evening of the day, seated by her upon the sofa, and talking with her in his usual fascinating strain, he had introduced and dismissed several subjects, when he began to speak of an elegant, accomplished, and good-hearted creature, a sylph in person and in grace, in mind a very angel, whose love was given to some friend of his. He spoke of their extreme felicity; and when Alice asked who were the happy pair, the reply revealed, as if by accident, that they were living together, not united by the tie of marriage: but Lord Arthur mentioned the fact without the expression of any condemnation.

Alice, displeased that the praises of such a person should have been uttered in her ear, and surprised and still more displeased by Lord Arthur's seeming view of the case, said, warmly,—

"But it is wicked and disgraceful to live as they live! and your lordship speaks of them with praise!"

He replied,—

"The ceremony of marriage is useful and needful for the vulgar, who cannot reach noble things, who must be held and bound by restraint and law; but the *true* tie, Alice, is virtuous, faithful love, deep seated in the heart; the real bond, a bond of spirit in no way affected by the mere ceremony. The ceremony, then, has little to do with the virtue of the relation."

Alice was shocked and startled; the speciousness of the argument, the holy truth brought to cover the unholiness of vice, did not escape her. She fixed her eyes full upon him, and said, in a tone in which grief and horror mingled,—

"Lord Arthur, is it *you* who are speaking? Can I believe that *you* hold so light of marriage? that *you* believe that any union without it can be right?"

It was the look of Alice—the look of great distress, into which that of horror had subsided, which, more than her words, told Lord Arthur that he had gone too far. He softened down and explained.

"No man honors more than I the permanency and inviolability of the relation, its holy and endearing character. You have misinterpreted me, Alice; it was the *mere* form at the altar of which I spoke lightly, because that can *create* nothing in the spirit. Those who are joined together in all the fervency and faithfulness of soul need no legalizing and symbolic tie; those who are not so joined are not, in very deed, married by the ceremony, but have merely entered into a contract, to ratify which they have applied to a priest.

"Oh, Lord Arthur, I am grieved to hear you thus talk! I feel to the very full with you that marriage only fulfills God's purposes and ensures man's happiness, when it is that deep fervent union of soul of which you speak; but I go with you no further. With my whole sense I honor that which you have falsely called the mere ceremonial of marriage, and because some are found who are joined by the ceremonial act without true union of soul, *that* forms no argument to justify dispensing with the solemn, sanctifying act—because there is already existing the union of soul which we believe requisite to bless the tie. I little suspected *you* of these ideas!"

"I will not—cannot grieve you, dearest Alice! I assure you, you have overstretched my meaning; but, such as it was, I renounce it. You have converted me; your instinct is the convincing argument to me—the instinct of a pure mind reveals truth. I am sure that you are right in this case; your few words have changed my views."

Alice looked half pleased, half sad, but doubting still. She made no reply, for at the moment Mrs. Newby entered the room.

Sweet, simple, unsuspecting girl, if you had known that he with whom you talked—he whom you so fondly loved, was a villain in heart, that he had broached this conversation but to test you, with a view to his own base purposes with regard to yourself—if you had seen the *heart* unmasked, and its designs laid bare—if you had known how nicely he was feeling your moral pulse and balancing your words, that they might indicate to him what he could or what he could not effect of wrong against you—if you had seen how little a part of his real sentiments was revealed, how insincere his professed renunciation of that little part—your happiness, though it had received a

fearful shock by the discovery of the character of that man who had won your love, and the consequent necessity to renounce the hopes which you had held so dear, had yet been saved from fatal, final ruin: but you knew none of this. Nothing was to arrest the sacrifice!

Mrs. Newby's errand was to request that, when the wedding was over, Alice would return to her again.

"I have learned to love you so well, my dear girl," said she, "that I do not now know how to spare you."

Lord Arthur looked brightly, and waited her reply.

"If papa will allow me, and if he does not complain of being very dull alone, I shall be delighted to return to you, dear Mrs. Newby, for I am sure I need not tell you how truly I have enjoyed my stay with you."

"*We* have had, indeed, a dream of happiness," said Lord Arthur, in an under-tone to Alice. "How weary I shall be till we meet again! Come back soon, Alice; I intend to curry favor for a renewed invitation to myself."

Alice looked her thanks.

When he led her to the carriage in which Mrs. Newby was sending her back, the next day, he said,—

"Dear Alice, do not let our conversation yesterday cause you to carry away any impression unfavorable to me. I could not bear to fall in your opinion. Believe me, you overstretched my meaning; and more, the sentiment which I did intend to convey I hold no longer."

He then bade her an elegant adieu, in which emotion—real emotion, was visible, and left her to her meditations and her affections.

How firmly she believed what her loved had uttered—how doatingly she thought upon his fondness—how pleasantly upon her own influence over him; and not without some condemnation of herself for having too hardly judged him! Now her affections led her judgment or blinded it, but had they been ungained she might have judged him still the same, for Lord Arthur was consummate in his skill, and Alice was pure, confiding, and generous.

She reached the little rectory; it looked to her first glance very small, and its furniture antique and shabby. She had never thought it so before—she saw it now by contrast; but the first glance and the first thought were over in a moment. Her father's and her sister's warm reception—the delight of the old man to have her again by his side—Charlotte's hearty affection to herself and her tranquil joy in her own prospects—the confidence, and unreserve, and sympathy, and love of each to each, caused her to realize, with heart and soul, the pleasure of being again in her *home*. She repeated the word to herself, and thought she had never drawn from it meaning so full. In all the pride and pleasure of domestic love she sat between her father and her sister, and for the moment forgot her lover.

Questions were asked and answered on all sides, and events detailed. Alice had much to hear and much to tell; but very slight was the mention which she made of Lord Arthur. She merely spoke of him as one of the guests at Newby Grange, an agreeable and well-informed person. It was not that she desired concealment, nor that she feared her father's disapproval. She would have been relieved from some embarrassment, and her happiness would have been greatly increased, if her father and her sister could have been made acquainted with her circumstances; but how could she venture to tell them? In fact, what had she to say on the subject? Lord Arthur had never yet spoken to her of marriage; of course the day would come when he would do so, but till it did arrive would there not be indelicacy in speaking of him in connexion with herself? Yes, there would be indelicacy and presumption in doing so. So thought poor Alice, while the dear secret of their mutual love burned in her heart, and she was silent.

Very busy were the proceedings, and very happy were the persons employed, for the ten days following Alice's return and preceding the wedding. The morning dawned, fine and auspicious. Alice, as bridesmaid, stood by Charlotte's side, and heard the service with the deepest interest. She was affectionately attached to her sister, but its words fell upon her ear with still more thrilling interest than *that* affection would have generated. She thought of Lord Arthur.

"He will soon make these vows for me and I for him," her heart whispered; and it throbbed, and her cheek kindled in reply.

The simple wedding was graced by the presence of the rector's few neighboring friends, and most hearty good wishes went with the young pair as they set out on their marriage tour.

Alice bade her sister adieu with yearning sympathy. Your lot, thought she, will soon be mine—may you have not less of love than will be my portion!

Had you been endowed with prescience, Alice, it had shortened your dream of sweet delusion—it had robbed you of the reality of short-lived bliss; but, perhaps, it had not saved you from the tragic sequel. He who has created man with a view to his weal, has not so endowed him.

Alice was not the only person whose emotions had been moved at the wedding. Charles Duncan was also there, and as he looked upon the lovely girl whose heart was all buried in the service, his admiration was increased. He asked himself, Will these important words one day assume tenfold interest, because it shall be that solemn and endearing occasion when they shall be pronounced between ourselves? He felt how sincerely, how earnestly, he should make the promises which they require. He was too much overpowered to join the breakfast party. He, indeed, determined that he would not trust himself to see much of Alice till the day drew nearer when he might address himself to her, with some hope, as her suitor.

Mr. Penryn joyfully bore off his bride, and Alice was alone with her father.

"You are my only child now, Alice," said he, as he fondly patted her cheek; "your sister is gone, and your brother, when he leaves the university, will enter on a profession. You must be the comfort and joy of my old age, and, my child, I will pay you back richly with a father's love; we will bless each other. *I* will grow young again that you may not feel the loss of young companions, and *you* will be tender to my infirmities. You have lost none of your simple tastes, I trust, by your residence amongst the great?"

Poor Alice! how should she broach the subject of her return? She determined on the moment to defer it. Duty and affection both told her that she must give her father time—that to leave him just now would be to make him feel his desolation. It was not without some misgiving and a sense of sadness that she looked forward to the day when he would be left at his fireside literally and permanently alone; his partner in the tomb, and his children all gone from him.

She answered, cheerfully and fondly,

"My affection for my simple home, and for my good, kind, tender father, are just as strong as the day I left you, dear papa, and they will never be less than they are now; and even if I should have a home of my own, like Charlotte, I would often come to visit you, my dear father. I should feel as if I had two homes then."

The old man sighed.

"God forbid," said he, "that a selfish parent should wish to delay the day when his child may be well settled and provided for because he is loath to lose her."

Alice hastened to the piano—she would divert his thoughts, which seemed too gloomy. She played him a cheerful air, an old favorite at the rectory, and he, falling into the strain, accompanied her with the words which were set to it.

Charles Duncan came in to tea the next evening.

"I am going to town two days hence," said he, "to commence my career in life, and I am come to bid you farewell, and to pass the evening with you if you please."

Feelings different with each, but strong and powerful with all, were stirring in the souls of those three persons that evening. The parent was musing upon his bridal daughter's prospects, and upon the day when he should be left in utter isolation. Alice had her own sweet dreams, broken upon by saddening thoughts of her father left in loneliness; and again dreamed, again to be so broken. And Charles, all hope, and love, and tenderness, was bounding in anticipation of the future. They talked together of Charles's prospects, and of old days, and old scenes, and of many a stroll, and of many a conversation, in which they had all shared, and in which Charlotte, too, had had her part. They were sauntering in the garden, and looking at pet plants. The rector had entered the house for a gardening book, an authority which had been referred to concerning the cultivation of a new creeper. Charles seized the moment, and, turning to Alice with an expression in which his whole soul was in his countenance, he said.

"Miss Swinton may I hope that I have *your* approbation in leaving my uncle's house, and seeking to carve my way to independence—that I have *your* wishes for my future success? I shall meet all the difficulties in my path with tenfold spirit if I may believe that it is so."

A glance sometimes speaks more than words; that glance had revealed to Alice all the depths of Charles's soul—it had said more to her than the most eloquent declara-

tion, and with not less of certainty than that would have done. She was at once touched and grieved, by the secret which it told.

Alice was a kind and generous being; now how she should save him future pain—how prevent a fruitless pursuit—how give the understanding clear and explicit, that he could never approach her by any nearer tie than friendship? How do all this, and yet not compromise herself? Her dignity and modesty must forbid her to recognize the truth which a mere look had spoken; yet it would be cruel indeed, and little akin to the kindness of her disposition, to allow the continuance of a hope, which, the longer cherished, would entail but the more bitter disappointment when the day of explanation should arrive.

She paused a moment, in hesitation and distress, blushed deeply, and replied,—

"You need hardly ask me, Mr. Duncan, if I wish you success; we are old friends and acquaintances, and I very sincerely and heartly wish you *that:* but as for my approbation——"

Charles looked anxious.

"You cannot wish me success and withhold approbation," he said hastily.

"No—let me finish. As for my approbation, it is of little matter to you whether it is given or withheld; the opinion or the approbation of a mere girl can be of little importance to manhood in taking the great steps of life: those of your uncle and my father, I should think, would be much more important to you. For myself, I must esteem an effort for honorable independence, but I am no judge whatever of the course you are taking, and——"

At that moment the rector returned, the sentence was cut short, and Charles, judging from his own sanguine hopes, and building upon the blush which had suffused the cheeks of Alice, conceived and carried with him as a hidden treasure the impression that she was not entirely indifferent concerning him. A powerful stimulus for the present, a deep sorrow for the future.

When he bade her his adieu an hour or two later, she strove to wear an air of nonchalance and coldness, but her embarrassment prevented her success, and was attributed by him to a very different cause from the true one. He left her with hope bounding high in his veins.

When he was gone, Alice sought her room, and there reflected in sorrow upon the pain which she saw she was destined to give another. No other thought, even half conceived, mingled with this; her whole heart was given to Lord Arthur, and no doubt concerning his purposes, no doubt concerning the depth and permanency of his affection, crept for one single moment into her mind.

Alice, when she wrote to Mrs. Newby an account of her sister's wedding, had begged that lady not to urge her kind invitation to her to return till she had given a little time to her father; for, she said, the loss of his eldest daughter must be broken to him, she could not leave him to utter solitude at once. It was not, therefore, until three weeks after the wedding that Mrs. Newby wrote both to Alice and her father, requesting her return to Newby Grange. The father sighed as he acceded to the proposal, but no sigh escaped from Alice. She had begun to feel the time long which kept her from her lover, and her heart bounded with pleasure in the prospect of meeting him again; he doubtless would be there, and as she thought of this she forgot her father's solitude.

The travelling day arrived. Mrs. Newby's carriage (sent to fetch her) stopped at the door. Alice's heart a little sank as he handed her in, and, kissing her tenderly, said, "God bless you, my child, and grant us soon to meet again."

She followed him in thought to his solitary room and his evenings alone, and her thoughts wandered during the drive between Lord Arthur, and her father, and her newly-married sister.

She little, little dreamed, how sedulously Lord Arthur had sought to wean himself from his attachment—how, having arrived at the conviction that it was hopeless to think of obtaining her on the cheap terms of her own dishonor, he had shrunk from the tie which was to shackle him for life. Had she known this, how her heart would have sickened! But she never was to know it, for Lord Arthur's most resolute efforts to disengage his fancy or his affections had been vain, and he had at length determined to indulge them even at the fearful cost of marriage; if so, indeed, it must be. He had therefore accepted Mrs. Newby's invitation again to make one of the party whom she had assembled at the Grange: and when, the day after her own arrival, Alice saw Lord Arthur's travelling carriage driving through the park, her fond, confiding heart bounded with joy, and she received him with the unconstrained demonstration of hearty pleasure.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE DYING PAINTER.

Into a comfortless and lone old room
The gray dawn coldly looked, and saw him there,
Bent o'er the work which was his joy and doom.
That morn, his last, with songs that knew no care
The glad birds heralded; in its despair
The latest star long lingered in the skies,
Looking its last upon him ere it dies,—
Dies out of grief to hear those joyous melodies.

Consumption on his hollow cheek has thrown
The hectic flush,—a signal unto Death
Quickly to come and enter on his own;
And Life her wavering forces sheltereth
Within his eyes, their mournful brows beneath,
Lighting them with a fire too faslely bright;
While Genius weeps beside her frail delight,
And strives in vain to guide his tremulous hand aright.

Full many a nightly hour was sleepless made,
Peopled with passionate imaginings,
For this last picture, where he had portrayed
Christ healing sickness. Suddenly the wings
Of a strange dimness shadow him, that brings,
Flitting, confused before his dizzy eyes,
An airy crowd of changing fantasies,
That rise and blend and fade, like fair cloud-pageantries.

And every form, and every gorgeous scene
His pencil wrought, before him came, as ye
May round their dying father's bed have seen
Those who will soon be orphans. Stormy sea,—
And still deep waters, hidden lovingly,
From ominous star or sun, by hanging boughs,—
Wild rocks that towered, all scathed, with threatening brows,
Daring heaven's bolts once more their sulphurous wrath to rouse;—

Pictures of solemn, star-o'erwatched woods,—
Or crimson wings of brooding sunsets spread
O'er western islets set in perilous floods,
With scenes of human bliss or hate or dread;—
All that within his soul envisioned,
His hand had painted, or had burned to paint,
Before his memory rise, then fading faint—
As things, though fair, with yet too much of earthly taint,—

Give place to this, his last, his noblest theme:
And now his eager fancy seems to see,
More bright than e'en in his most rapturous dream,
The awful pity, the meek majesty,
Of God's own Son,—O now, O now could he
Paint the conception that hath fired his brain!
But ah! that stricken hand is raised in vain—
The heart that felt that thrill will never beat again.

'Tis little now to him that all too soon
To win the fame so fondly sought he died,
And perished thirsting for too rare a boon;
How mean the world, the fame for which he sighed!
Look to that spirit gazing, eagle-eyed,
Upon His glory, whose afflicted mien
He strove when here to paint,—while every scene,
So witching fair on earth, doth only seem
As a marred image of some ill-remembered dream.

WEEP NOT.

'Weep not!'—how vain the words—how sad in sorrow
Fall the cold words of comfort on the ear.
'Weep not!'—can gentle lips no phrases borrow
To soothe the grief that wrests the falling tear?
'Weep not!' Go tell the mother when she presses
Her first-born to the breast, whose fearful throe
Bought the young life, to still her fond caresses,
And hush her transports, ere to voiceless woe
Thou sayst, 'Be calm—weep not.' Did we inherit
No earthly sympathies to hold these frail
Endearing ties, then might the list'ning spirit
Need thy wise counsel, and thy words prevail.
Is not our heart's sweet sunshine from the faces
We have best loved to look on?—when 'tis flown,
Gaze we not backwards on its lingering traces,
As on life's darkened path we tread alone?
The bird pines for its mate—nay, if a flower
Be but too roughly from its green stem torn,
The tree will droop and die. It is the dower
Of hearts that best have loved to deepest mourn.
'Weep!—welcome tears!' say rather, there is sorrow
Thou know'st not of—the balm of tears denies.
Night is not glad in gazing on To-morrow,
But sheds her quiet tears when Daylight dies.

From Taits' Magazine.

THE FAITHFUL HEART.

She was a girl with golden curls, and his was raven hair:
Playmates and friends from childish days those two young cousins were;
And up through all the widening view that youth around them made,
Still, as in childhood, hand in hand they met its light and shade;
To her were told his woodland sports by mount and lakelet fair,
To her each soaring hope of youth, its bright dreams built in air.

And listening with untiring ear, her own sweet dream dreamt she,—
That this long utterance of his soul from Love's own fount must be;
And so time pass'd—if kind to all, still kept he by *her* side,
With gentle looks and gentle cares her sweet blush did not chide,
Till he was called to other lands, where other stars give light,
And then she felt as her *one* star had left her unto night.

Eve shower'd through the purpling sky her influence deep and still,
When once again they stood beside their childhood's favorite rill;
Ever his voice was sweet and low, but dwelt there now a tone,
As fell his accents on her ear, to other days unknown.
"Sweet cousin, who hast heard when grief or gladness wrought with me,
The deepest secret of my soul may well unseal to thee;
A fairer joy hath touch'd my heart than could its dreams foretell,
Kind one! love also, for my sake, the bride I love so well."

She did not faint, broke forth no cry to speak her agony,
Crush'd in its blossom evermore although her heart might be;
He told his tale of deepest joy as in the former years,
He knew not every word he said she heard through falling tears.
She blest him with soft voice and clear, and told her spirit high,—
"My heart shall ne'er chill *his*, with wo must rest there till I die."
She smoothed the trouble from his path, as when his childhood's guide,
And won the gracious love of all to greet his fair young bride.

A year rolls on, besides his grave there stream the bitter tears
Of her, his bride,—of her, was but friend of his early years;
And still time passeth on his way, the wife wears joyful brow,
And robed again in bridal white, at that same church doth vow;
But she, his early friend, unchanged a mourner must remain:
Once hath she given her all of love, she gave it not again:
Only when skies are clear, her look saith as it soars above,
"To the pure heaven where thou art gone, *yet* may I bear my love!"

NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

'Not to myself alone,'
The little opening flower transported cries—
'Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes;
The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill.'

'Not to myself alone,'
The circling star with honest pride doth boast—
'Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronal of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host;
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His home on high.'

'Not to myself alone,'
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—
'Not to myself alone from flower to flower
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come:
For man, for man the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—
A scanty share.'

'Not to myself alone,'
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings—
'Not to myself alone I raise my song;
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar.'

'Not to myself alone,'
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—
'Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
I scatter health and life on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ret gay,
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droughty June.'

'Not to myself alone'—
Oh man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest!
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part.
Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast.
Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,
And self disown;
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone.

THE WOODMAN.

Hark! the woodman's axe is ringing.
Hark! beneath his sturdy stroke
Groans the doomed and noble oak.
See! its twisted branches flinging
Shattered foliage on the earth,
Last gift, last weeping token to the soil which gave it birth.

Hark! the woodman's lay ascending.
Little cares he for the hours
When sweet Spring leads back the flowers,
And the song-birds hither bending,
Vainly seek the well-known shield,
Where their nest through vanished summers was tenderly concealed.

Unto him no voice is calling
From the gnarled yet stately trunk,
Where to rest the pilgrim sunk;
And the shadow round it falling
Brings no vision to his eye
Of the forms once grouped beneath it, in ages now gone by.

Like the tree, thus sternly fated,
Sinks the dome young Fancy rears
In the spring-time of our years;
When, in loftiest pride elated,
Comes Reality's keen blow,
And the stem on which we leant is for evermore laid low.

Hark! the woodman's axe loud ringing:
But his track will pass away.
And behold! with freshening spray
Greener saplings near are springing.
So, when Fancy's sway is gone,
Hopes may rise more blest and lasting than ever round her shone.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

FLOWERS.

Ye are the Scriptures of the Earth,
Sweet flowers, fair and frail;
A sermon speaks in every bud
That woos the summer gale.

Ye lift your heads at early morn,
To greet the sunny ray,
And cast your fragrance forth to praise
The Lord of night and day.

Sown in the damp and cheerless earth,
Ye slumber for awhile,
Then waken unto glorious life,
And bid creation smile.

Thus when within the darksome tomb
Our mortal frame shall lie,
The soul, freed from the bonds of sin,
Shall join the choir on high.

From the Daily News.

THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"What dost thou, lone watcher on the tower?
Is the day breaking?—comes the wished-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land."

'The stars are clear above me, scarcely one
Has dimmed its rays in reverence to the sun;
But yet I see on the horizon's verge,
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge.'

"Look forth again, oh watcher on the tower—
The people wake, and languish for the hour;
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine
For the full daylight that they know must shine."

'I see not well—the morn is cloudy still;
There is a radiance on the distant hill—
Even as I watch the glory seems to glow;
But the stars blink, and the night-breezes blow.'

"And is that all, oh watcher on the tower?
Look forth again, it must be near the hour.
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?"

'A mist envelopes them; I cannot trace
Their outline; but the day comes on apace.
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks.'

"We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;
But look again, and tell us, hour by hour,
All thou beholdest; many of us die
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply!"

'I see the hill-tops now; and chanticleer
Crows his prophetic carol on my ear;
I see the distant woods and fields of corn,
An ocean gleaming in the light of morn.'

"Again, again—oh watcher on the tower—
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,
Patient but longing. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?"

'I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song,
Vivid as day itself; and clear and strong;
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune.'

"What doth he say, oh watcher on the tower?
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime
With the full glories of the coming time?"

'He prophesies—his heart is full—his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day!
A day not cloudless, nor void of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm.'

"We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong—
When Right shall rule supreme, and vanquish Wrong?"

'He sings of brotherhood, and joy and peace;
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall die, and Man's progressive mind
Soar as unfettered as its God designed!'

"Well done! thou watcher on the lonely tower!
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it. Tell us yet again,
If the broad daylight breaks upon the *plain?*"

'It breaks—it comes—the misty shadows fly—
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear;
The plain is yet in shade; but Day is near.'

LOVE'S SEASONS.

There is an hour for the bud
  To burst from the swollen bark:
There is an hour for the flood
  To break from its ice-womb dark:
There is an hour for the bird
  From the sunny palms to roam,
When its wandering heart is wildly stirr'd
  With a voice from its northern home:
                It is the time of Spring!
And in the heart there is a budding time,
Which longs to burst into its fullest prime,
A dawn which promises a summer day
Whose genial warmth can never pass away;
                Love then unfolds his wing.

There is an hour for the leaf
  To put on its darkest green:
There is an hour,—why so brief?
  For the flowers' most vivid sheen.
There is an hour for the wood
  To teem with perfume and song:
There is an hour for river and flood
  To swarm with the finny throng;
                It is the Summer's bloom!
And in the heart there is a time of bliss,
When number fails to mark each burning kiss,
When there's a spell, a loadstar in the eye,
The loss of which would make ye long to die:
                Love broods then o'er his home.

There is an hour for the grass
  To sicken beneath the sun:
There is an hour when the glass
  From the summer wave is gone:
There is an hour for the leaf
  To cripple and drop from the tree:
There is an hour for the dead-ripe sheaf
  To be carried from off the lea;
                Then Autumn chills the sky.
And in the heart there is a time of wo,
A madd'ning time, the cause of which few know,
When eye meets eye, but with a chilly stare,
When breast meets breast, but love is now not there:
                His wings are stretch'd to fly.

There is an hour for the tree
  To stand with a sapless heart:
There is an hour for the bee
  To die 'neath the frost's fell dart:
There is an hour for the wreath
  Of the white snow to bury all:
There is an hour for Earth's King, old Death,
  To cover her face with his pall;
                When Winter holdeth sway.
And in the heart there is a rayless time,
When sight, or sound, or action most sublime,
Cannot awake the soul from out the sleep
Of black despair.—How could it wake, how could it weep,
                When Love hath flown away?

A MOTHER'S RESIGNATION.

No, not forgotten! Though the wound has closed,
And seldom with thy name I trust my tongue,
My son! so early lost, and mourned so long;
  The mother's breast where once thy head reposed
Still keeps thy image, sacred through long years,
An altar, hallowed once with many tears.

How oft my heart beats at some idle saying,
Some casual mention of that foreign land
Wherein thy grave was dug with hasty hand,
  And thy sole requiem was thy mother's praying,
Till o'er the ocean swift-winged memory flies,
To that lone forest where my first-born lies!

Sometimes, when in my other babes I trace
A momentary likeness unto thee—
Thy smile that ever shines in memory,
  Thy thoughtful eyes, thy love-illumined face—
I clasp the wondering child unto my breast,
And fancy that my arms round *thee* are prest.

I think of thee, but 'tis with grief no longer;
I number thee among my children still;
Though parted in the flesh, by God's high will,
  I feel my soul's deep love for thee grow stronger.
Like one of old, I glory to have given,
Out of my flock, an angel into Heaven.

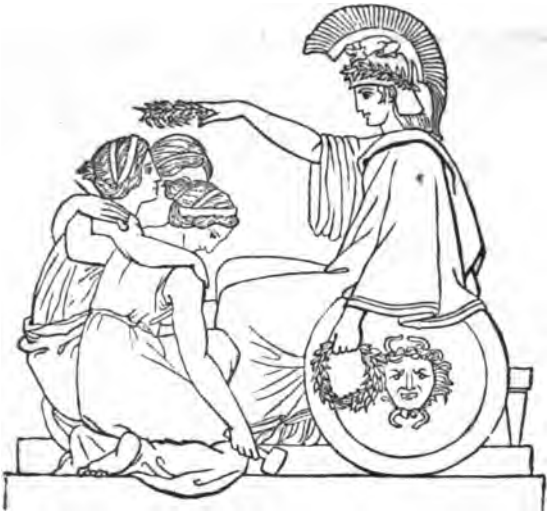
THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,
  Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
  Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
  So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
  To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
  Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
  And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
  And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
  Another morn than ours.



MISCELLANEOUS.

PARAGRAPHS FROM PUNCH.

Sale of the Stud of Lord George Bentinck.—Among the various Lots that were knocked down, the following were not included, although put up for what they would fetch :—

Claptrap.—A good hack, warranted to suit a country gentleman.

Sophistry.—Has been worked the whole of last season.

British Lion.—A capital nag for a canter.

Statistics.—Unsound, but safe for a temporary purpose.

Vituperation.—A tried horse, though rather vicious; backed by Mr. B. Disraeli.

The *Derby Dilly*, or *Forlorn Hope*.—Entered for the Ministerial Cup at the next St. Stephen's.

It is unfortunate that the noble Lord could not dispose of this portion of his stud. Had he got rid of these horses, the political arena, for which he seems to have exchanged the race-course, would be a speculation more promising than it seems to be at present.

The Princely Pet.—We perceive by the papers that the little Duke of Cornwall excited tremendous enthusiasm in his own little Duchy. What perhaps added to the interest he excited among the inhabitants of this mining district was the fact of the little fellow himself being a minor.

Railway Luxuries.—The Railway Smoking Saloon having given great satisfaction in the Eastern Counties, the spirited directors intend to start a billiard room on the same line.

Check to the King.—The Cobourgs have met with a check in Spain. Prince Albert says his relations 'would not have minded the check so much, if they could only have got *mated*.'

Curiosities of Science.—At the sittings of the Association, at Southampton, it was announced that a certain professor would produce *the bottled smell of lightning*, we believe of the sort that the Americans call 'greased' If even the smell of lightning can be bottled after this fashion, may we not hope that thunderbolts shall be made so common that timid people may fasten their bedroom doors with them?

Wards in Chancery.—Miss Mary Anne Johnson, of Hampstead, died last month, having endowed—not a college, but a 'dog and cats' To her 'black dog, Carlo,' she gives 'an annuity of £30 a year during the dog's life, to be paid half-yearly.' And 'unto each of the cats, Blacky, Jemmy, and Tom, an annuity of £10 a year for the three cats, to be paid half-yearly.' Since this will has been made known, Carlo—the fact shows the spirit of trading competition—has been dreadfully annoyed by the solicitations of a host of tripemen; whilst Blacky, Jemmy, and Tom have been equally persecuted by the commercial rapacity of cats' meat venders and milkwomen. It is supposed that the heirs of Miss Johnson, not having yet arrived at the age of twenty-one, will—for the protection of their property—be made wards in Chancery. Lord Cottenham will be petitioned to give the run of his own Court to Carlo; whilst Sir Launcelet Shadwell may, it is hoped, be induced to throw open his kitchen to Tom, Blacky, and Jemmy.

Police Intelligence.—Louis Philippe Orleans, an old man, with a large head and a very confident expression, was charged before the Bench, Public Opinion, with a most flagitious act of child-stealing. The case was very protracted, and involved many statements and counter-statements, but may be briefly summed up as follows:

It appeared that a Spaniard, named Ferdinand, who had distinguished himself as a man-milliner—having been specially appointed as petticoat-maker and embroiderer to the Holy Virgin—died some years ago at Madrid, leaving behind him two little infant girls; and it was for the crafty abduction of the younger of these children, by name Luisa—a young creature scarcely marriageable—that the prisoner was brought to the bar. He was an old offender, full of subtleties and tricks, which he played off under the guise of

the most enchanting *bonhomme*, which, of course, only tendered him the more dangerous. This, however, was the first time he had appeared at the bar of public opinion as a child-stealer.

It was shown in evidence that the petticoat maker died very rich; and there was no doubt that the immense wealth of the unfortunate Luisa was one reason for drawing upon her the attention of the prisoner, who had also—there could be no doubt of it—considerable hopes of obtaining farther advantages by meddling in her family affairs; and farther of ultimately obtaining the larger share of the property on the death of her sister, reputed not to be of the most vigorous constitution. It was shown that Orleans had had crafty accomplices in the business. He had introduced into the house of the young ladies a French hair-dresser, named Bresson, who had turned the head of the innocent Luisa with the most glowing description of Orleans, surnamed Montpensier; a youth with great precocity of moustache. The hair-dresser Bresson had also contrived to give the young man's portrait (painted for the occasion) to the hapless Luisa; and the effect of a portrait of a handsome young man upon a girl of 14 would be obvious.

Finally, a contract of marriage had been brought about by the craftiness of the hair-dresser; and the child—however it might be attempted to palliate the circumstances by the forms of law—the child was, in a word, stolen from herself her country and her relations, by the guile and avarice of the prisoner at the bar.

The court regretted that it could not interfere in even so flagitious a case. The prisoner must be discharged; though he must not for a moment suppose that he left the court with clean hands.

Hereupon the prisoner gave a knowing wink, chuckle, and left the court, humming "Ou peut-on être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille!"

We must Invade Ireland.—Ireland was Peel's difficulty; he said so. Ireland will be Russell's difficulty. She will be the difficulty of every body who shall attempt to govern her peaceably; she is becoming even a difficulty to O'Connell; thanks—small thanks—to Mr. Smith O'Brien.

The fact is, as we have heard many old gentlemen declare, that Ireland is not yet conquered; and conquered she must be. We therefore plainly and plumply, without mincing the matter, recommend an invasion of Ireland.

Not from the vain wish to parade our skill in strategy, but from motives of the purest patriotism, do we propose the following arrangement of the invading forces:—

The van is to consist of grenadiers, to be called the 1st Life Potatoes, who are to shower the effective missile they take their name from on the quarters where it is most needed.

The right wing is to be formed of the Household Bread and Meat Brigade; troops that may be depended upon for giving the enemy a belly-full. They are to be instructed to give no quarter, except the quartern loaf.—The left shall be constituted by the Heavy (Barclay's) Dragoons, who will have formed a junction with Guinness's regiment at Dublin. These stout fellows will soon drench all their adversaries. In the centre shall be stationed the Light Establs and Drinkables. The old Coercion Company is to be disbanded as useless, even as a forlorn hope.

The whole army is to be flanked by a squadron of Schoolmasters, who are to form a *corps de reserve*, to act only when the victory is decided, in order to complete and secure it. For, till the operations of the Provisional Battalion have been successful, the services of the scholastic force will be unavailing. The former, however, having broken the enemy's line, his utter route and discomfiture by the latter is inevitable.

An Example to Employers.—On Monday, August 31, Luke James Hansard, Esq., Printer to the House of Commons, gave a sumptuous dinner to the whole of his large establishment, consisting of 230 persons, at the King and Queen Inn, Brighton. The entire expense of the railway return tickets (available from the preceding Saturday to the following Wednesday), dinner, tea, and beds, was defrayed by the above named gentleman, at an expense of £250. But the greater pleasure of this delightful excursion was contained in the speech of Mr. H. after dinner.

The manner in which he spoke of "social progress," and the rights of labor, and the assurance that it was his pride, as it had been that of his grandfather and father, to give "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," were alike honorable to him as a philanthropist and a Christian. In conclusion, he thanked his people for their exertions during the last year; hoped that as he increased in prosperity so would they; also, that they might meet again next year; and that they had been enjoying and would enjoy themselves at this beautiful watering-place. He retired, carrying with him the gratitude of all; the munificent gift being doubly enhanced by the kind and manly sentiments of the giver.—*People's Journal.*

Young Ireland on the Distress.—Mr. Smith O Brien has published in the *Nation* a long letter to Lord John Russell on the prevailing distress; making various suggestions. He calls on Parliament to fetch up its long arrears of useful legislation for Ireland: and suggests that the next session should be held in Dublin. He enumerates his remedial measures; public expenditure upon works of a national character, such as dockyards, &c; advances of public money by way of loan in aid of enterprises offering a prospect of a return sufficient to indemnify the State; a special tax upon absentees; a Bill to secure to tenants, when removed from their holdings, compensation for the labor and capital expended by them in substantial improvements; more effective measures for the drainage and reclamation of waste lands, and for the encouragement of fisheries; enactments for facilitating the sale of portions of estates, with a view to disencumber the remainder: additional security of tenure to lessees of derivative estates; and facilities for the acquisition of small estates of inheritance by moderate capitalists.

There is a general belief in Ireland that Parliament will be called together early, probably in November, to amend some technical defects of the Laborate Act; and Mr. O'Connell, in a letter to Mr. Conway on the Act, countenances the belief.

Mohammed Ali and his Family.—Mohammed Ali is now, it is believed, in his seventy-ninth or eightieth year; but time has dealt kindly with him, and he has not been wanting on his part in endeavors to deserve this lenient treatment. Of late years he has redoubled the care which he has always bestowed on his health. He keeps exceedingly regular hours; bathes often, sometimes in milk; and, in fact, resorts to every means of prolonging a life which he believes, with some reason, to be valuable. Regularly every morning, when at Alexandria, he rides or drives out to the garden of M. Gibara, and takes his breakfast there, either beneath the shade of a beautiful grove of palm trees, or in an elegant kiosk, fitted up for his especial use. He generally remains at this place until about eleven o'clock, smoking his pipe, and giving audience to the various consuls and merchants who may desire an interview. Not to repeat what may doubtless be found in every book of travels, we will merely add, that his highness often indulges in a game of billiards, on a beautiful table of Parisian workmanship, in one of the apartments of his new palace.

Mohammed Ali's appearance has been the subject of many controversies. The truth is, that it is neither undignified nor vulgar, as some have pretended, nor is it impressed with that stamp of majesty which others seem to have discovered.—Not being an anointed king, he has none of the attributes of that distinguished position; authority is not written in divine characters on his brow, nor are his eyes replete with inexplicable meaning. But he has the aspect and expression of an excellent man of business, elevated and refined by a consciousness of power. His costume is generally simple, and a long beard imparts considerable dignity and gravity to his countenance. Short and firmly built, he moves with a step of a much younger man; and there are many years of life beaming in his small keen eyes.

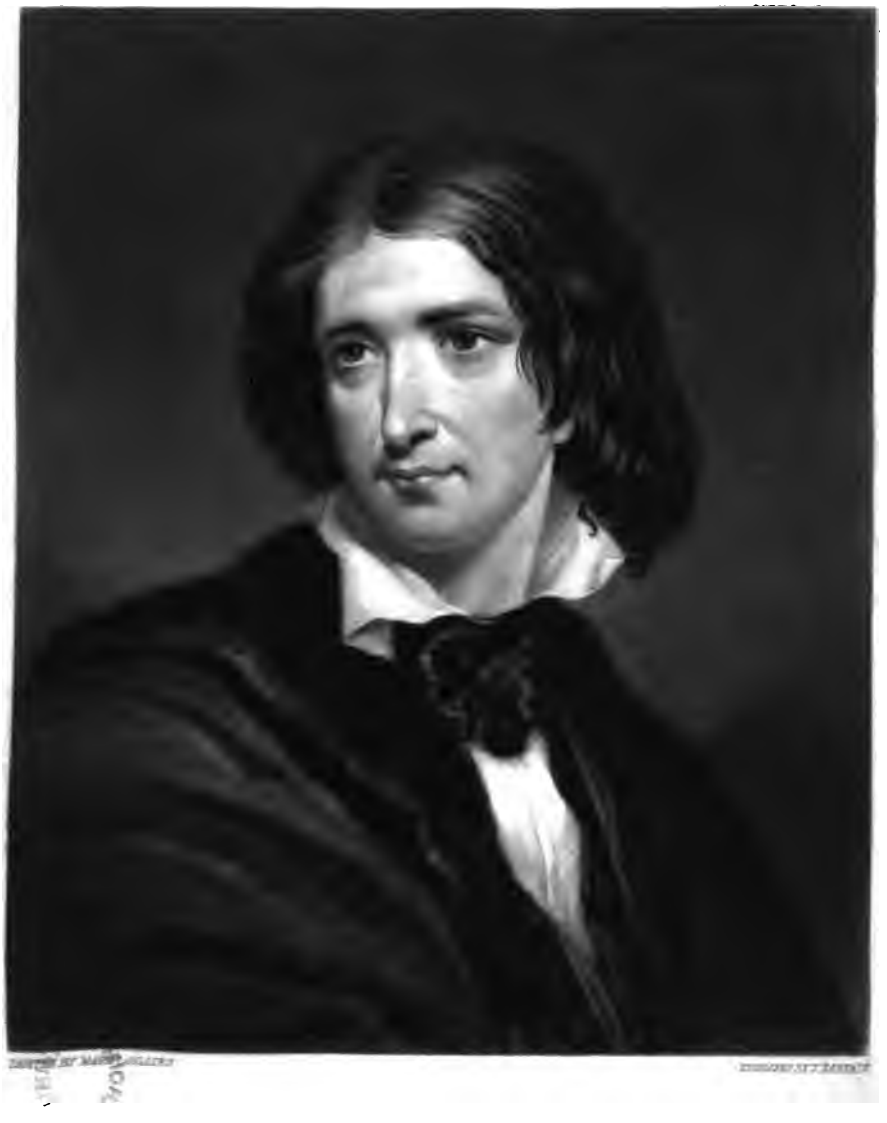
Ibrahim Pasha is reputed to be the eldest son of Mohammed Ali. We say reputed, because doubts have been expressed respecting his parentage; and even now a considerable number of persons in this country continue to entertain these doubts. They assert that he is simply an adopted son, but do not seem to be able to support their opinions by any very cogent proof. On the other hand, we have the formal declaration of the Pasha, who repudiates the statement entirely, and acknowledges Ibrahim. This being the case, the matter becomes of little moment, and the introduction of Ibrahim's name into the treaty of 1841, precludes the expectation that any considerable political consequences can ever flow from this report, which originated, we believe, in the personal enmity of Drovetti, formerly French consul at Alexandria. Ibrahim Pasha has three sons.

It cannot be denied that Ibrahim Pasha has in some respects proved himself a great benefactor to Egypt; at any rate, he may be sure that the career he has pursued since the last Syrian campaign will reflect much more honor on his memory than any of his military achievements. It is as a horticulturist and agriculturist on a princely scale that he has chiefly shone; and certainly, when we view the beautiful gardens he has formed in the neighborhood of Cairo and Alexandria, we cannot avoid giving him his due meed of praise. Many useful and ornamental plants and trees have been introduced into the country through his instrumentality; and the works he has undertaken have given employment to a great number of Arabs, paid, certainly, according to the very low tariff existing, but regularly and faithfully paid. Among his most useful works may be mentioned, the removal of those vast mounds of rubbish which a few years back deformed the southern entrance to Cairo, and the application of the soil thus obtained, to the filling up of pits and hollows over a considerable extent of plain. The fine level in this manner produced was planted with olive trees, which were soon covered with fruit, and will hereafter prove a source of wealth to the neighborhood of the capital. Ibrahim likewise sent one of his gardeners to India, and other countries of the East, for the purpose of collecting valuable plants and trees, which might bear naturalization in Egypt, and in several cases, we believe, the new importations promise to flourish and prove productive.

Said Pasha, the second son of Mohammed Ali, is the admiral of the fleet, and at the same time emulates the horticultural propensities of his brother. Hossein Bey, aged twenty, and Halim Bey, aged seventeen, the third and fourth sons of the Pasha, are at present in Paris, pursuing their education. The youngest son of Mohammed Ali has received the same name as his father, and holds the rank of bey; he is thirteen years old.—*The Topic.*

Lord Rosse's Telescope.—Dr. Scoresby, of Bradford, England, still continues to lecture on the appearance of the Heavens through the monster telescope of Lord Rosse. He describes the moon as appearing in great magnificence through this famed instrument, seeming like a globe of molten silver, whilst every object of the extent of one hundred yards was quite visible, and edifices of the size of York Minster, might therefore, he said, be easily perceived if they had existed. He stated that there was no appearance of any thing of that nature, neither was there any indication of the existence of water, nor of an atmosphere. There was a vast number of extinct volcanoes, several miles in breadth; through one of them there was a line in continuance of one, about one hundred and fifty miles in length, which ran in a straight direction like a railway. The general appearance, however, was like one vast ruin of nature; and many of the pieces of rock, driven out of the volcanoes, appeared to be laid at various distances. The Doctor said he expected it would soon be competent to Daguerreotype the image of the moon upon the speculum, which could not be done at present, as the moon was not stationary, but he stated that Lord Rosse contemplated a piece of mechanism to move the telescope to a certain distance, with a motion corresponding to the movement of the moon.

Dr. Scoresby further remarked that the nebulæ already observed, were between one and two hundred, which was doing well, considering that the observations had often been obstructed by cloudy nights. Although this great telescope has been erected nearly two years, it has not been in complete operation more than six or seven months, and already the nebulæ not before fully examined have been discovered to be a collection of suns.



Leigh Hunt.

Engraved for the Eclectic Magazine.

their expenditure in plaster pillars, gilding [illegible] held up to merited ridicule, would be

THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

DECEMBER, 1846.

From the Edinburgh Review.

LIVES OF EMINENT LAWYERS.

1. *The Lives of Eminent English Judges of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.* By W. N. Welsby, Esq., M.A., Recorder of Chester. 8vo. London: 1846.

2. *The Lives of Twelve Eminent Judges of the Last and of the Present Century.* By William C. Townshend, Esq., M.A, Recorder of Macclesfield. Two volumes. 8vo. London: 1846.

In an Essay on Gin-Shops, published in the first volume of 'Essays, by Boz,' will be found some curious remarks on the liability of certain trades to run mad in concert, or contract epidemic disorders of a very distressing and eccentric kind; the most remarkable symptoms being an enormous outlay in decorations and announcements, or an unaccountable eagerness to create a demand for commodities by overstocking the market with them. The writer mentions gin-shops, shawl-shops, and druggists as familiar instances; but we should be inclined to name booksellers as the severest sufferers from such maladies; for though their expenditure in plaster pillars, gilding and plate-glass, has not hitherto been excessive, they surely more than compensate for any comparative saving in these articles by advertisements; and no class of traders speculate more rashly on a demand to be created, or rush into madder competition at the first glimpse of an opening or new field for capital. With them, it never rains but it pours; single misfortunes (meaning bad books) never come alone; and when we get a good thing, it speedily becomes so parodied and travestied by imitators, that we often end by wishing we never had it at all. For example, the historical novels of the last fifteen or twenty years are a heavy set-off against our debt of gratitude to the author of Waverley; and as to the fashionable novels, we are tempted to address the only surviving founder of any note in the words of Mrs. Cole:—'Oh, Lord N., Lord N.! where do you expect to go when you die?"

At the same time, it must be admitted that the prolonged duration as well as frequent recurrence of the madness or disease, is in no small degree owing to the remissness of the critical portion of the press; for it is obvious that a good slashing article might operate as beneficially as shaving the head and blistering; and a coxcombical writer held up to merited ridicule, would be

as incapable of communicating infection as a bale of goods rinsed in vinegar and fumigated, according to the approved laws of quarantine. To show what may be done in this line, we have only to refer to the sudden and beneficial check given to the multiplication of lady-travellers by our chief southern contemporary. Far be it from us to say that the highborn dames in question were superfluous on the field of literature, but their copyists would be; and even of fair originals, we had assuredly enough. Just so —to come to the class of productions whose threatened influx has frightened us into the foregoing train of reflection—far be it from us to say or insinuate that Mr. Welsby and Mr. Townshend are to be received as unbidden and unwelcome guests, or that there is no room for them at our table; but we honestly think we have now as much legal biography as we shall want till another generation of lawyers has died away; and we trust 'the trade' will take due notice of the fact. The works before us, with Mr. Twiss's *Life of Lord Eldon* and Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors* (when completed), will make about twelve thick closely-printed octavos; which is as much as an enlightened public can masticate, and more than it can digest, of any given subject within two years.

We have already borne willing testimony to the very high merits of Mr. Twiss's and Lord Campbell's works; and it is no slight praise to say, that Mr. Welsby's and Mr. Townshend's are in all respects worthy to be placed alongside of them. Here, however, we must distinguish.

Mr. Welsby's publication contains a great deal of valuable matter and agreeable writing; but seven out of the sixteen memoirs are not his own; and there is internal evidence that, as regards these at any rate, the volunteered duties of editor have been somewhat hastily performed. The notice of Hale is a mere reprint of a Magazine article on the face of it.

Mr. Townshend felt more respect for the public, or had not the same reasons for hurrying into the field. 'From a consideration of delicacy due to relatives, (so runs the Preface,) the biographer has, in every instance where there were immediate descendants surviving, requested and obtained permission to publish these memoirs. To the Earl of Eldon, to Lords Kenyon, Alvanley, Redesdale, and Tenterden, and to the Honorable Thomas Erskine, his acknowledgments are especially due for the courtesy with which the permission was conceded. For the accuracy of the facts and justice of the comments he is alone responsible. *A third of these volumes is new.*' A statement of this kind adds incalculably to the value of such a work.

The lives included in Mr. Welsby's volume are those of Whitelock, Holt, Lord Cowper, Lord Harcourt, Lord Macclesfield, Lord King, Lord Talbot, Lord Bathurst, and Lord Camden, by Mr. Welsby himself: Hale, by Mr. H. Merivale; Blackstone, by a writer not named; Lords Nottingham, Hardwicke, Mansfield, Thurlow, and Ashburton, by the late Edmund Plunkett Burke;—a man never mentioned without expressions of the warmest regard and highest admiration by his contemporaries. He accepted the appointment of Judge in the West Indies in 1832, and was killed in a hurricane in 1835. The Lives contributed by him are more than ordinarily attractive; independently of the variety of racy anecdotes scattered through them, they derive a peculiar charm from the genial humor of the writer.

Mr. Townshend's twelve forensic or judicial Cæsars are—Lords Loughborough, Kenyon, Ellenborough, Tenterden, Alvanley, Erskine, Redesdale, Stowell, and Eldon; Mr. Justice Buller, Sir William Grant, and Sir Vicary Gibbs. The general character and tendency of his volumes are stated in a striking passage of the preface:

'In the biography of these revered magistrates, whose contemporary course reflects light upon each other, and illustrates the legal annals of our times, there are comprehended records of eloquent debate, and able statesmanship, and useful legislation; many bright passages of national history; reports of those eventful trials which move the feelings, and stir the blood; the struggles and triumphs of advocacy; the narrative of early disappointments and severe privations; of persevering diligence, determined fortitude, and unwearied hope; of the lucky chance and crowning victory; the clouded opening of their fortunes and its serene close; the mode and manner, so well worth studying, in which these intellectual prize-men, "bankrupt of health and prodigal of ease," achieved wealth, titles and fame. We trace the gradual ascent of the surgeon's boy, and the barber's son, up the rugged steep, and rejoice over the course of the brothers Scott, working their way from the coalfitter's yard at Newcastle, to the height of civil greatness—teaching the valuable lesson, fraught with courage and constancy, to the profession, that neither lowliness of birth, nor absence of fortune, nor delay of opportunity, is sufficient to crush or subdue the progressive and expanding force of talent and industry.'

This is pretty near the moral we endeavored to point in our review of the *Life of Lord Eldon.* In the course of that review, we also discussed most of the obvious topics suggested by this description of biography, and there is no necessity for recurring to them. For this reason we shall deal with the works before us rather differently; and rather differently than we should deal with works whose contents, (or the more attractive portion of them,) transferred to our pages, would have the charm of novelty. We shall abridge and quote only so much of these as may be found necessary in an attempt we are about to make, to fix the claims and character of the legal profession in England by a sketch of its brightest ornaments; its proudest illustrations—the lawyers to whom the traditions of past ages, or the remains of 'hero-worship' still lingering in our own, would assign niches in a British Valhalla, or (our nearest approach to a Valhalla) the passages and waiting-rooms of the new Houses of Parliament.

That the attempt is a somewhat hazardous one, is undeniable; and the difficulties recently experienced by the famous Committee of Taste in classifying the Worthies of the United Kingdom, are alone sufficient to prove the impossibility of inducing unanimous, or any thing like unanimous, agreement on such points; but we believe the majority of impartial persons, after duly weighing, comparing and analyzing, will come to the conclusion that there are only eleven English lawyers who fairly combine the two essential requisites of professional admiration and popular renown: Coke, Hale, Somers, Holt, Hardwicke, Mansfield, Camden, Blackstone, Stowell, Erskine, and Romilly. There is something factitious or fugitive about all the rest who might be named as candidates. They may have been great judges, like Lords Kenyon, Ellenborough, and Tenterden; or consummate advocates, like the late Lord Abinger and Sir William Follett; but they took things pretty nearly as they found them, and therefore left no impress on their age; they contributed nothing, or nothing of an enduring character, to legislation or legal literature; they were not associated with any great struggle for constitutional rights; nor (above all) is any impulsive feeling of admiration or respect awakened in the minds of the greater public by the bare mention of their names. Now popular (at least unprofessional) recognition is, in our opinion, indispensable to make a genuine worthy in the highest sense, or fairly set up an object of hero-worship; and though it may be urged that a following generation is as likely to err from ignorance or forgetfulness as a contemporary age from prejudice, this can only apply to persons whose services have been performed in obscurity; and it is hardly possible to conceive a case in which so conspicuous an actor as a successful lawyer could be held entitled to a national tribute, if, to establish his claim, it were necessary to reverse the judgment or kindle the enthusiasm of posterity. On this principle, we hesitated a little before we put down Lord Stowell, doubting whether the sense of his greatness was sufficiently diffused; but his Continental reputation more than counterbalances any insensibility (which can arise only from pure ignorance) in his countrymen. As to Glanville, Bracton, and Littleton, they are mere abstractions or names for books. Sir Thomas More's place is among scholars and philanthropists; and Bacon belongs to mankind.

In the controversy raised by the Report of the Committee of Taste relative to the proposed statue of Cromwell, it was vehemently debated to what extent the want of virtue or morality was an allowable deduction from greatness; and most reasonable people came to the conclusion that nothing more could be fairly required than that the prominent impression should be that of great capacity or high enterprise, not ignobly directed, and leaving indelible traces of the passage of a master-mind. It is enough, therefore, to say of Coke, the first upon our list of worthies, that he was the most profoundly learned English lawyer that ever lived; and that his writings on professional subjects form an epoch in the history of our Law. The famous Commentary on Littleton has been not unaptly termed the Lawyer's Bible, (we rather think the name was first given by Dr. Watt,) so deep and unremitting was the attention devoted to it in the days of the Hargraves and Butlers; and as to the Reports, let his great rival Bacon speak:—'To give every man his due, had it not been for Sir Edward Coke's Reports, which, though they have many errors, and some peremptory and extrajudicial resolutions more than are warranted, yet they contain infinite good decisions and rulings over of cases; the law by this time had been like a ship without ballast, for that the cases of modern experience are fled from those that are adjudged and ruled in former time.'

His professional admirers may fairly rest here; and perhaps this would be their wisest course; for it is far from clear that Coke really played the prominent and original part in asserting the independence of the Bench that has been popularly attributed to him. We threw out a hint to this effect in an Article of some length on Mr. Johnstone's *Life of Coke*, in our forty-seventh volume; but it is right to add that, on one or two occasions, Coke, by his own showing at least, personally confronted the King in a manner which does him infinite credit, considering the frail tenure on which he held his office. For example:

'A controversy of law between parties was heard by the king, and sentence given, which was repealed for this, that it did not belong to the common law: then the king said that he thought the law was founded upon reason, and that he and others had reason, as well as the judges: to which it was answered by me, that true it was that God had endowed his majesty with excellent science, and great endowments of nature; but his majesty was not learned in the laws of his realm of England, and causes which concerned the life, or inheritance, or goods, or fortunes of his subjects, are not to be decided by natural reason, but by the artificial reason and judgment of law, which law is an art which requires long study and experience, before that a man can attain to the cognizance of it; and that the law was the golden metwand and measure to try the cause of the subjects; and which protected his majesty in safety and peace; with which the king was greatly offended, and said, that then he should be under the law, which was treason to affirm, as he said; to which I said, that Bracton saith, *quod Rex non debet esse sub homine, sed sub Deo et lege*.'*

The leading events in the political and private life of Coke were enumerated and discussed in the article already mentioned. Hale's reputation is of a very different order. It rests on the whole tenor of a life: and his habit of setting down his inmost thoughts in writing has fortunately enabled us to form an estimate of the springs which influenced his conduct, as well as of his outward demeanor and public professions. It needed something of the sort to redeem a part of his career from the suspicion of time-serving; but when we are properly impressed with the principles on which he acted, we gradually come round to the conclusion, that a man will best discharge the duties of a good citizen and upright magistrate, in troubled times, by keeping aloof from party, and helping to maintain order, without regarding whether Cavaliers or Roundheads, Presbyterians or Independents, Kings, Parliaments, or Lords-Protectors, were uppermost. Indeed, it is obvious that the evils of a revolutionary or transition state of things would be incalculably increased—nay, that downright anarchy might ensue—if all men of honor and principle were to decline acting in a magisterial capacity, under a government whose title was disputed; or if it were made a test of integrity and patriotism (as it certainly was in one ancient republic) to go heart and soul with one faction or another; in which case no compromise could ever be practicable, and no honest mediator could exist. 'It was Hale's deliberate rule' (says Mr. Merivale, the writer of the able biographical notice in Mr. Welsby's collection) 'to acquiesce in the government *de facto*, without servile approbation of its measures, if obnoxious to his sense of right. His notion of the duty of a citizen was the very reverse of that of the nonjurors of every revolution. He proposed the Roman citizen Atticus to himself as a model in political conduct; and, of course, he was willing to incur the reproach to which that personage was subject from all classes of partisans in ancient Rome, who treated him as a trimmer and waiter on Providence.'

It requires much force of character, and the true spirit of self-sacrifice properly manifested on occasions, not to merit this reproach to some extent; and we are far from clear that Atticus did not merit it. There is a wide difference between positively refusing to take either side in a party contest, and withdrawing into private life to indulge a taste for indolence, lettered or unlettered. We may mourn over the fate of Archimedes, too much occupied by his problem to know that Syracuse was taken; but as for the country squire who was observed quietly drawing a fox-cover within half-a-mile of the field of Edgehill, on the morning of the fight, the first trooper who came across him would have been justified in cleaving him to the girdle. Hale hit the happy medium, and received the respectful confidence of the leading men of both sides. In his professional capacity, he was employed by turns for the parliament and the crown. Burnet says he was assigned Counsel to Charles I. on his trial; and Sergeant Runnington conjectures that it was by Hale's advice that the King took the line of denying the jurisdiction of the

* 12 Rep. p. 65.

court. But this is only conjecture; and the Bishop of St. David's (Thirlwall) in his edition of Burnet, doubts whether Hale was ever so assigned or acted at all.

The fate of the Monarch and the Monarchy filled Hale with anxious forebodings; and he is said to have hid the unfinished manuscript of his 'Pleas of the Crown' behind the wainscoting of his study, with the remark, that 'There would be no more occasion for them until the King was restored to his right.' He afterwards defended Lord Craven in so independent a manner, as to draw on himself the threats of the Attorney-General for the Commonwealth; but very shortly after the commencement of the Protectorate, (December 16, 1653,) Cromwell sent for him, and proposed to make him a Judge. The story goes that Hale objected, and plainly told the Protector that he was not satisfied of his authority, but gave up his scruples on Cromwell's saying,—'If you won't let me govern by red gowns, I am resolved to govern by red coats.' Sergeant Runnington, with the caution of an old pleader, questions the authenticity of this anecdote. 'I doubt whether the army had at this time any regular uniform; and, if they had, that it was scarlet.' But Mr. Merivale asserts that many of Cromwell's regiments certainly wore red coats, though a regular uniform was not introduced into the French army till 1670, nor into the English until a still later period. Be this as it may, Hale became convinced of the propriety of compliance, and accepted the appointment of a puisne Judge of the Common Pleas. His scruples, however, were not yet silenced, and he soon came to a resolution to take no part in the administration of the criminal law, because, 'in matters of blood, he was always to choose the safe side.' The distinction is so utterly indefensible, except as a matter of personal feeling, that his biographers have employed a good deal of conjectural reasoning to account for it. One solution is, that Cromwell's repeated interference made it impossible to insure a fair trial, but the only recorded instance of such interference occurred in a civil suit. It is said that, finding the jury returned by the express direction of Cromwell, Hale dismissed them, and refused to try the cause; that Cromwell sent for him, and said, 'You are not fit to be a judge;' and that Hale gravely answered, 'It is true.' He notwithstanding retained his office till the death of the Protector, when he instantly surrendered it, saying, 'I can no longer act under such authority.'

He sat as member for the county of Gloucester in the Parliament which recalled Charles II., and he endeavored to obviate the bad consequences of an unconditional restoration, by moving for a committee to digest propositions, &c.; but the motion was opposed by Monk, and failed in consequence. Yet such was the general estimate of Hale's virtues and judicial merit, that one of the first acts of the restored government was to appoint him Chief Baron; the pleasure of the Crown being thus notified by Lord Clarendon—'If the King could have found an honester or an abler man for the employment, he would not have advanced you to it. He prefers you, because he knows no one who so well deserves it.'

In the olden time, it was not decent to be made a Bishop without a struggle, and Speakers were invariably forced into the chair. We are not aware whether Judges were expected to go through the same farce, but, considering that Hale had already acted as a Judge for several years, some of the reasons he drew up on this occasion for his unwillingness to accept the dignity, savor somewhat of undue refinement or affected humility. They were twelve in number; and one is, that having had the perusal of most of the considerable titles and questions in law then on foot in England, 'it is not so fit for me, that am pre-engaged in opinion, to have these cases fall under my judgment as a judge,'—an argument which would disqualify all men in large practice, and render, for example, the appointment of the present Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, generally esteemed the very best that could have been made, decidedly the worst. But what induces us to think that a certain degree of self-abasement was conventional and expected, is the conclusion; where he prays, 'that if he must take something, it may be the lowest place that may be, that I may avoid envy—one of his Majesty's counsel in ordinary,* or, at most, the place of a puisne Judge in the Common Pleas, would suit me best.'

* Hale was already a Sergeant, but at this period the Crown Counsel were almost exclusively taken from among the Sergeants, which has caused some misapprehension as to the antiquity of the rank. Lord Campbell states that Egerton (Lord Ellesmere) was made Queen's Counsel at a period antecedent to the nomination of Bacon, who has commonly been deemed the first.

He also objects on the score of poverty, 'my estate not being above L.500 per annum, six children unprovided for, and a debt of L.1000 lying upon me.' The salaries of the judges were then very low, not exceeding two or three hundred a-year, and the chief emoluments consisted of fees and places out of which a family might be provided for.

Hale carried his scruples regarding presents to an extent which has exposed him to ridicule from some, and to the imputation of pharisaical uprightness from others. Thus, the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury having a case to try before him on the western circuit, he insisted on being allowed to pay for the six sugar-loaves which, according to a long-established custom, they presented to him. With more apparent reason, he followed the same course as to a buck sent him by a litigant, who, it is said, on learning the reception of his venison, immediately withdrew the record. Unless this also was a prescriptive donation from one of the parks which, time immemorial, have contributed their quota of haunches to circuit festivity, we do not understand how the most carping adversary can make Hale's refusal the foundation of a doubt. As was fully explained in a well-known article on Bacon in this Journal, the acceptance of bribes, under the shape of presents, was common, just as fornication and adultery were common after the Restoration, but never otherwise than as a thing which was disapproved and discountenanced by all good men; nay, which revolted even the public opinion of a very corrupt age; or how is the indignant cry raised by the first exposure of Bacon's malversations to be accounted for? Besides, Sir Thomas More had set the example of refusing presents in the early part of the preceding century; and when the paramount importance of preserving the judicial ermine pure from the taint of suspicion is considered, all thinking men will assuredly agree, that, if Hale erred at all, he erred on the right side.

We believe the practice of *etrennes* has been formally abolished in France; but a practice equally blameable still exists there. It is usual for the litigant, male or female, to have a private interview with the President of the court in which the suit is pending; and, on these occasions, every art of solicitation may be employed. An English nobleman, not long ago, neglected this ceremony, and lost his cause in the first instance. He paid the expected compliment prior to the hearing in the appeal court, and gained his cause. We ourselves happened to be present, when a young and very pretty woman, who was suing for a separation, returned from her audience. She was quite radiant at the result, and ran in exclaiming, *Tout va bien ; le President était charmant pour moi !* There may be nothing in such things, but they give rise to odd suspicions at the best; and justice should be like Cæsar's wife; though, by the way, it is far from clear that Cæsar's wife was estimated at her present value by her cotemporaries.

It seems that the practice of personally soliciting the Judge prevailed to some extent in England in Hale's time; for a nobleman of ducal rank was so incensed at his refusal to give a private audience, as to make formal mention of it to the king, who replied, 'Oddsfish, man! I verily believe he would have used me no better, had I gone to solicit him for one of my own causes.' Roger North, who labors hard on all occasions to depreciate Hale, asserts that he had an obvious leaning against the rich and noble; and Dryden, in the preface to his Translation of Juvenal, says,—'I remember a saying of King Charles II. on Sir Matthew Hale (who was doubtless an uncorrupt and upright man), that his servants were sure to be cast on a trial which was heard before him; not that he thought the judge was possible to be bribed, but that his integrity might be too scrupulous, and that the causes of the crown were always suspicious, where the privileges of the subjects were concerned.' Here, again, we must take into account the all-pervading corruption of the times, and the general subserviency of the judges. An age that could tolerate Scroggs and Jeffries without a simultaneous outbreak of execration or disgust, might consistently sneer at Hale as a seeker of popularity.

He was made Chief-Justice of the King's Bench in 1671, and continued in this office until a few months before his death, which took place on December 25th, 1676; so that, including the period he sat as puisne Judge under the Protectorate, he was about twenty years upon the Bench. The only blot upon his career is the sentence of death he passed on two women for witchcraft in 1664. 'The fate of these victims,' says Mr. Merivale, 'is, in Sir Matthew Hale's life, what that of André is in the life of Washington, and that of D'Enghien in the life of Buonaparte—the chapter to which

the reader turns with most exultation, or with most regret, according as he is in the vein to depreciate or exalt the character of his subject.' Apologists commonly try to bring him off on the score of the prejudices of his age, but this is simply placing him on a level with the vulgar; for the monstrous injustice of punishing witchcraft, or pretended witchcraft, with death, was clearly recognized by all the enlightened portion of society. The truth, as suggested by Mr. Merivale, seems to be, that the prejudice in question belonged rather to a sect than to the period; and that the principle of Hale's conduct may be found in his peculiar religious tenets. The witch-persecutions under Cromwell, and in New-England, show the sectarian feeling on the point; and, so late as 1743, the repeal of the penal laws against witchcraft was denounced by the Presbytery in Edinburgh as a national sin. Hale made his judgment the subject of a written meditation, 'Concerning the mercy of God, in preserving us from the malice and power of Evil Angels;' and reflected with entire satisfaction on what he had done.

These follies of the wise, however, have their moral; and Hale was wise in the highest sense. His writings are full of wisdom, worldly as well as heavenly; his letters of advice to his children are better than the best of Chesterfield's; and the piety evidenced by his meditations fairly merits the noble eulogy of Cowper:

'Such was thy wisdom Newton, childlike sage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his Word sagacious. Such, too, thine,
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna! And such thine, in whom
Our British Themis gloried with just cause,
Immortal Hale! for deep discernment praised,
And sound integrity, not more than famed
For sanctity of manners undefiled.'

There is no good Life of Somers, and such a life would belong more to general than legal history; for he owes the brightest part of his reputation to his having been the leading lawyer of the great party which brought about and consolidated the Revolution of 1688. His defence of the Bishops (who at first objected to him, he being then thirty-seven, on the score of youth and inexperience), is the only forensic exploit by which he was much distinguished at the bar; and his judgment in the Bankers' case is the only decision by which he is remembered during his four years' Chancellorship. He expended more than a thousand pounds in collecting materials for this judgment; by which, after all, he lost rather than gained credit, having unluckily come into angry conflict with Holt. Somers, admitting that the Bankers had a right to their money, (compensation for the deposits seized by Charles the Second under the advice of the famous Cabal,) affirmed that they had no remedy. This, Holt answered, was nonsense; for, 'if they had lost one, they had lost the other; but an Englishman could lose neither but by his own default, which was not their case.'

Such is Lord Dartmouth's Report; who adds that 'Lord Somers' judgment being overruled, after a warm debate, he fell ill, and never appeared on the woolsack more.' The judgment of the Lords, right or wrong, was the result of party feeling; and Mr. Townshend says, 'their lordships warmly cheered the Chief-Justice, during the delivery of his opinion, as if he had been addressing them on a popular question, and as a member of their House;' but there is no more truth in the notion that Somers was driven from the woolsack by Holt, than that the late Lord Ellenborough was killed by Hone. Somers had become unpopular from other causes, and William sacrificed him without scruple,—a weakness of which he is said to have sincerely repented towards the end of his life. The tributes to Somers, in prose and verse, by the best writers of our Augustan age, would fill half a volume. Swift, after paying him one of the most graceful compliments on record,* tried to run him down, but the praise has outlived the satire: and there are few impartial historians who would not say with Lord Mahon, 'I know not where to find a more upright and unsullied character than Lord Somers.'

The memoir of Holt is one of the best in the collection; Mr. Welsby has evidently bestowed more than ordinary care in the collection of materials for it, and he has acted most judiciously; for Holt is the Judge of all others of whom the English ought to know a great deal, yet know in fact next to nothing.

He was born in 1642, the son of Sir Thomas Holt, knight, of Oxfordshire, a

* In the dedication of *The Tale of a Tub*, a work which Mr. Cooksey claims for Somers himself. Mr. Cooksey's *Life of Somers* is meagre and bad. The chapter on Somers in Mr Townshend's *History of the House of Commons* is ably written, but the career of such a man cannot be comprised in a chapter.

bencher of Gray's Inn, and afterwards sergeant-at-law. The future Chief Justice was sent at the early age of sixteen to Oriel College, Oxford; but, instead of attending to his studies, he indulged in every sort of dissipation; and showed so little nicety in the choice of his associates, as to give plausibility to the well-known anecdote that, forty years afterwards, he recognized one of his former companions in a culprit under trial before him as a judge. He began asking the man what had become of such a one, etc., naming two or three in succession—'Ah, my lord, they are all hanged but myself and your lordship.' It will be remembered that men of far higher rank than Holt were then in the habit of carousing with fellows like Blood; and Buckingham's famous toast at his club of *Pendables* (as he called them), was not altogether an unmeaning jest—'May all of us that are not hanged in the interval, meet together here on the first Monday of next month!'

Another of Holt's youthful frolics led to more important consequences. During one of his rambles, he found himself at a small inn, without money. The daughter of the landlady was suffering from an ague fit, which had baffled the doctor; hearing which, Holt proposed to cure her by a talisman, and scribbling a few Greek words on a piece of parchment, desired it to be tied round the arm of the patient. Either faith or accident effected a cure, and the grateful landlady of course declined payment of her bill. Forty years afterwards, a poor old woman was tried before him for witchcraft,—the overt act being the possession of a spell. The Chief Justice desired that the implement of mischief might be handed to him, and discovered, enveloped in bandages, the identical piece of parchment he had given to the landlady. 'The mystery was forthwith expounded to the jury: it agreed with the story previously told by the prisoner; the prisoner was instantly acquitted, her guest's long-standing debt discharged with interest; and, it is added, this incident came so opportunely to the discomfiture of ignorance and bigotry, as to put a final end to prosecutions for witchcraft in that part of the country.'

To avoid the necessity of recurring to the topic, we may add, that the general discredit into which prosecutions for witchcraft soon afterwards fell, is in a great measure attributable to Holt's uniform mode of dealing with them. Of eleven poor creatures tried before him for this supposed crime, not one was convicted; and on one occasion, he aided in turning the tables on a fellow named Hathaway, who had prosecuted an old woman for bewitching him. This so-called victim, among his pretended sufferings, attributed his dislike to food to the evil eye, and alleged that he had fasted a fortnight. One of his witnesses, a Dr. Hamilton, was asked by the Chief Justice if he thought it possible for a man to fast a fortnight?—a hesitating or evasive answer was returned. 'Can all the devils in hell, sir, help him to fast so long?' 'Truly, my lord, I think not.'

This was in 1704. Mr. Hathaway was convicted, and stood in the pillory; but twelve years later one Mrs. Hicks and her daughter (nine years of age!) were hanged for selling their souls to the devil and raising a storm, by putting on their stockings inside-out and making a lather of soap!

Holt was called to the bar in 1663, but not did emerge from obscurity for thirteen or fourteen years. From about 1676, however, till his elevation to the Bench, he was employed in almost every cause of importance. He was not famous for eloquence; and one distinguished litigant, Lord Macclesfield, against whom he was retained, thus characterized his speech. 'Mr. Holt useth a multitude of words, but comes not to the merits of the cause, but touches it as an ass mumbles thistles.' It is difficult at all times to satisfy the taste of an adverse party, and this criticism was probably unjust; for Holt's style, judging from the recorded specimens, was sufficiently concise and to the point. He sat for Beeralston in the Revolution Parliament, and was a member of the Committee appointed to confer with the Lords; but his legislatorial career was suddenly cut short in a manner to do him the highest honor.

The administration of justice under the two last of the Stuarts is the most disgraceful chapter of our history; but it is unjust to throw the blame on the Lawyers as a body; for so long as the Judges were liable to be displaced at the pleasure of the Crown, the matter of charge simply amounts to this—that a limited number of unprincipled men, able and willing to do the work of the prevailing faction, might be selected from the ranks of a large profession. William refused for some years to part with the power so fearfully abused

by his predecessors; but his mode of filling up the vacated seats upon the Bench was such as to make his new subjects little anxious to wrest it from him. Each Privy Councillor was directed to bring a list of those he considered best qualified, and twelve new Judges were chosen upon due examination and comparison of the several lists. 'The first of these (says Burnet), was Sir John Holt, made Lord Chief Justice of England, then a young man for so high a post (he was forty-seven); who maintained it all his time with a great reputation for capacity, integrity, courage, and great despatch; so that, since the Lord Chief Justice Hale's time, that Bench has not been so well filled as it was by him.'

To illustrate the altered spirit in which justice was administered in that class of cases which best test the temper and impartiality of a judge, Mr. Welsby has given an abridged account of the trials of Alderman Cornish in 1683, and Sir Richard Graham (made Lord Preston by James the Second) in 1790. The concluding expressions that fell from the prisoners are enough.

More than once the unfortunate Alderman, borne down by Jones and Levinz, cried out, 'Pray, my lords, be not offended; my life will do you no good;' and when brought up to receive sentence, he thus vainly entreats their intercession with the King for mercy: 'I hope, when you come to reflect upon what hath been said to-day, that perhaps you will be of another mind, and have more charity than you had upon my trial.' He was executed four days afterwards.

Firmness and mildness were so happily blended in Holt's demeanor on such occasions, that the very prisoners bowed with scarcely a murmur before the majesty of justice. 'Interrupt me as much as you please,' was his reply to one of Lord Preston's apologies for frequently interrupting him during the summing up, "if I do not observe right: I assure you I will do you no wrong willingly.' 'No, my Lord,' said the prisoner, 'I see it well enough that your Lordship would not.' Ashton, who was tried next, was reminded by the Chief Justice of an important part of the accusation. 'It seems material, and I would not have it forgot if you can answer it.' Ashton replied: 'I humbly thank your Lordship; and whatsoever my fate is, I cannot but own I have had a fair trial for my life; and I thank your Lordship for putting me in mind.'

At a period when the rules of practice were exceedingly loose, particularly as regards the admissibility of hearsay evidence, and the weight to be given to the evidence of accomplices, and when the Judges occasionally took upon themselves to interrogate the prisoner, much in the fashion of the modern French Judges, far more depended on the administration than on the strict letter of the law; and perhaps Mr. Welsby does not go too far in saying that Holt's appointment originated, as his twenty years' continuance on the bench went far to confirm, the forbearing, humane, and considerate tone which has ever since characterized the proceedings in political prosecutions in this country. Such trials as those of Horne Tooke and Hone cannot fairly be regarded as contravening the principle; for in each of these, the accused party came prepared to show his contempt for the law, and eager to engage in personal conflict with the Judge.

Holt also led the way in a direction in which he has been nobly followed by the present Chief Justice of England. He confronted by turns both Lords and Commons, and sturdily maintained that no two, much less any one, of the three Estates of Parliament, could make law, or pass resolutions having the force of law. It was in connexion with the Banbury peerage case that the House of Peers came into collision with the Court of the Kings's Bench. The claimant, being indicted as a Commoner, pleaded his Peerage. The Attorney General alleged, by way of replication, a resolution of the Lords against the claim; and the Court gave judgment against the replication, on the ground that such a resolution could not be regarded as the judgment of a Court. Holt being summoned before a Committee of the Lords, and required to account for his judgment, replied, 'I acknowledge the thing. There was such a plea, and such a replication. I gave my judgment according to my conscience. We are trusted with the law; we are to be protected and not arraigned, and are not to give reasons for our judgment; and, therefore, I desire to be excused from giving any.' When summoned before the House itself, he refused in pretty nearly the same terms, adding, 'I never heard of any such thing demanded of any judge as to give reasons for his judgment.' There was some talk of committing him to

the Tower, but it all ended in talk, and very small talk too.

In his well-known conflict with the House of Commons, he maintained the same principles; but we are afraid we must surrender as apocryphal the familiar anecdote, in which the Speaker is represented as carrying a message from the House to the Chief Justice, and receiving the following reply: 'Go back to your chair, Mr. Speaker, within five minutes, or you may depend upon it I will send you to Newgate! You speak of *your* authority, but I tell you that I sit here as an interpreter of the laws and a distributor of justice; and were the whole House of Commons in your belly, I would not stir one foot.'

The authority of Holt's judgments in civil cases stands very high; and Mr. Welsby says, he may be said to have sat by the cradle of our Commercial Law; but his opposition to the negotiability of promissory notes shows that he had little of the spirit of an innovator, even when the innovation was sanctioned by the growing wants and increasing relations of social life. 'I am of opinion,' he said, in his blunt downright manner, 'and always was, notwithstanding the noise and cry that it is the use of Lombard Street, as if the contrary opinion would blow up Lombard Street, that the acceptance of such a note is not actual payment.'

An amusing specimen of his humor is given by Mr. Welsby. One of the leaders of a fanatical sect, called the French Prophets, having been committed for seditious language, another of the fraternity, named Lacy, called on the Chief Justice, and desired the servant to say that he must see him, for he came from the Lord God. On being admitted, he said, 'I come from the Lord, who has sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *nolle prosequi* for John Atkins, his servant, whom thou hast sent to prison.' 'Thou art a false prophet and a lying knave,' said the Chief Justice, 'for if the Lord had sent thee, it would have been to the Attorney-General, for he knows it is not in my power to grant a *nolle prosequi;* but I can grant a warrant to commit thee to bear him company'—which he did forthwith.

The career of Philip Yorke, the first Earl of Hardwicke, was a very remarkable one. He was the son of an Attorney at Dover, and received his legal education in the office of an Attorney named Salkeld; who, by a strange coincidence, had for clerks or pupils about the same period, Jocelyn, afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Parker, Chief Baron; and Strange, Master of the Rolls. It was, not, however, to his Attorney connexion but to a friendship formed in the Temple Hall with a son of Lord Macclesfield, that Yorke owed his singularly rapid rise. Lord Macclesfield, then Chief Justice, took so immediate and marked an interest in his son's friend, that all who wished to pay court to the patron, hastened to throw business in the way of the *protégé;* and it was soon discovered that the best mode of influencing the not over-scrupulous Chief in favor of a suitor, was to give a brief to Mr. Yorke. Four years after his call to the bar (1719), Lord Macclesfield became Lord Chancellor; and one of the first uses he made of his political influence, was to procure his young friend a seat in parliament. In 1720, Mr. Yorke, being then of five years' standing at the bar, was made Solicitor General; in 1724, Attorney General; in 1733, Lord Chief Justice with a peerage; and in 1739, Lord Chancellor.

He was extremely reluctant to exchange his safe seat in the Court of King's Bench for the dangerous elevation of the Woolsack; and the manner in which he was at length induced to do so, by Sir Robert Walpole, is characteristic of them both. Finding all other topics of persuasion ineffective, the Minister tried what could be done by working on a known weakness of the Judge, his jealousy. He was peculiarly jealous of Mr. Fazakerly, an eminent Chancery Barrister; and Sir Robert told him that, in case of his refusal, the Great Seal would be offered to this gentleman. Lord Hardwicke represented that Fazakerly was an avowed Tory and strongly suspected of Jacobitism. 'I am well aware of that,' said Sir Robert; 'but if by one o'clock (laying his watch upon the table) you have not accepted my offer, Fazakerly shall be Lord Keeper of the Great Seal and one of the stanchest Whigs in England.'

Lord Hardwicke held the Chancellorship nearly twenty years, and the high place he retains in public and professional estimation rests on his judgments as an equity Judge. It was he who laid the foundations of our present system of equity jurisprudence, or at any rate so far extended and strengthened them, as to be more frequently referred to as an authority for its leading doctrines, than any other holder of the Great Seal before or since. He is not

thought to have shone as a politician, and his conduct was not uniformly guided by elevated motives; but he was assuredly a great and wise magistrate, and if he is not named with the L'Hopitals and Daguesseaus, this is mainly owing to the technical character of English equity; and it is worthy of observation, that one of the popular (though unfounded) objections to his decrees was, that he was constantly striving to base them exclusively on the foundations of pure reason.

Lord Mansfield is, or ought to be, the pattern lawyer; for no man ever combined a greater number of qualities and accomplishments calculated to reflect lustre on a profession;—the friend of Pope, the rival of Chatham, the founder of the most philosophical and symmetrical part of our jurisprudence, and the fearless magistrate who hushed the storms of faction at their loudest, by the calm dignity of his bearing.

The Honorable William Murray, a younger son of Viscount Stormont, was born in Scotland; but England is entitled to the whole honor of his education and career. He was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, and distinguished himself at both. As a lawyer, he was self-taught; and the plan of study he afterwards prescribed for others, and probably pursued himself, was of the most comprehensive sort:

'The first preparation (says his biographer) suggested for the study of the law is a general course of historical reading. This necessary information being obtained, the legal student is recommended to gain a general insight into the science of ethics, which, as Murray justly observes, is the foundation of all law. From ethics, the next step is to the law of nations, which he correctly describes as being partly founded on the law of nature, and partly positive. When this foundation is laid, it will be time, he says, to look into systems of positive law; and he mentions it as a thing of course, that the Roman laws will be the first to claim attention. It will afterwards be necessary to obtain a general idea of the feudal system, for which purpose Craig *De Feudis* is proposed as an admirable book for matter and method.' 'Dip occasionally,' he adds, 'into the *Corpus Juris Feudalis*, while you are reading Giannone's *History of Naples*, one of the ablest and most instructive books that ever was written. These writers are not sufficient to give you a thorough knowledge of the subjects they treat of; but they will give you general notions, general leading principles, and lay the best foundation that can be laid for the study of any municipal law, such as the law of England, Scotland, France,' &c.

The late Lord Abinger entertained the same opinion as to the importance of beginning with ethics. A course of study marked out by him for a Temple student begins thus:—'*Cicero de Officiis:* once, twice, three times; once every year.' So many excellent books have been written since Lord Mansfield's noviciate, that of course his advice only holds good as to the expediency of beginning with principles and history: 'The different gradations' (continues the biographer) 'from one subject to another are placed, so to speak, in a descending direction. The student gains a lofty eminence in the first instance, and his whole after progress is made with the ease of a traveller journeying down hill. If the study of the law were always entered upon in this manner, we should not so commonly hear of its revolting abstruseness, nor should we be able to quote so many examples as are now to be found, of men neither deficient in talent nor perseverance, who have pursued it with reluctance, or quitted it with disgust.' This writer adds some excellent arguments to prove how much more easily knowledge is retained and recalled, when acquired in this manner; but the bare fact of Lord Mansfield's success will go further to recommend his system than the best reasons or the soundest theories. He sedulously attended a debating club, but did not become a pupil to a special pleader or barrister in actual practice. Oratory had been his favorite pursuit at the University, and the method he pursued was to translate the masterpieces of ancient oratory, and then translate his own version back into the original tongue.

These details may be useful in connexion with what we may presently have to say on the subject of legal education; but our limits do not allow of our proceeding with the same minuteness to specify the other particulars of Lord Mansfield's early life. His success was almost immediate; for (as we formerly explained) there is no foundation for the current story that he was first brought into celebrity by the case of Cibber *v.* Sloper. In those days, however, as we have seen in the instance of Lord Hardwicke, promotion depended much more on interest than on proved merit; and Murray's appointment as Solicitor General in 1741 is generally attributed to the influence of his father-in-law, Lord Winchilsea, then First Lord of the Admiralty. From this period, until his elevation to the Bench in 1756, he became the principal organ of his

party in the House of Commons, and was considered the only parliamentary speaker capable of encountering Pitt otherwise than at a disadvantage. 'They alone' (says Lord Chesterfield) 'can inflame or quiet the House: they alone are attended to in that numerous and noisy assembly, that you might hear a pin fall while either of them is speaking.' He was even named as the fittest person to succeed Mr. Pelham as Prime Minister; but his habitual caution checked his aspirations, and he remained faithful to his profession, uniformly declaring that he looked to it alone for preferment.

In 1754, he became Attorney General; and, in July 1756, Sir Dudley Ryder, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, died. Murray's claim was incontestable, but to lose him in the House of Commons would be the ruin of the Ministry. The loss of Minorca was to be brought forward in the ensuing session, and no one but Murray could parry the blow. Horace Walpole says that the Duke of Newcastle bid up as high as L.7000 a-year in pensions to induce the Attorney General to retain his seat in the House of Commons for a month, a week, nay even for one day. Murray was inexorable. The Chief Justiceship, with a Peerage, was the grand object of all his wishes; and at length the ministry were told that nothing would be gained by denying or evading his claim, as in any contingency they would have to provide themselves with a new Attorney General. They then gave way, conferred the appointment and the peerage, and resigned; thus paying him the very highest compliment that was ever paid to a law-officer. The Chancellorship was twice offered to Lord Mansfield in the course of the next two years, and once at a later period (1770); but fortunately for his country and his fame, he wanted the venturesome spirit which leads some men to place all on the hazard of a die; and he devoted the remainder of his long life to proving how well he had chosen his vocation, and how accurate was his own estimate of his powers.

The influence exercised by the Chief Justice of England at any period over the administration of justice and the tone of professional feeling, is necessarily very great; but in the peculiar condition of English law and practice when Lord Mansfield was appointed, it is hardly too much to say that the whole system must have fallen into confusion but for the fortuitous arrival of a master-mind to grapple with it. Men were just beginning to find out that the existing rules and forms were too few or too narrow to keep pace with the demands of justice and the actual concerns of the world; yet the greatest mischief might result by incautiously or unskillfully enlarging or superseding them. We have seen Holt setting the authority of Lombard Street at nought—and he was right not to allow any loose understanding among merchants or bankers to interfere with the fundamental principles of the common law; but promissory notes, when he refused to recognize their negotiability, were in point of fact negotiable to an extent that made his decision tantamount to a denial of justice, or a declaration that society had outgrown our institutions. Lord Hardwicke took an equally objectionable course; he decided the new case indeed, but decided it on all the circumstances put together, so that the decision was useless as a precedent. The course followed by Lord Mansfield is thus mentioned by Mr. Justice Buller, the best possible authority on such a subject:

'Within these thirty years (he is speaking in 1787) the commercial law of this country has taken a very different turn from what it did before. Prior to that period we find that, in courts of law, all the evidence in mercantile cases was thrown together: they were left generally to a jury, and they produced no general principle. From that time, we all know, the great study has been to find some certain general principle which shall be known to all mankind, not only to rule the particular case then under consideration, but to serve as a guide for the future. Most of us have heard these principles stated, reasoned upon, enlarged, and explained, till we have been lost in admiration at the strength and stretch of the understanding. And I should be very sorry to find myself under a necessity of differing from any case upon this subject which has been decided by Lord Mansfield, who may be truly said to be the founder of the commercial law of this country.'*

It was not in commercial law only that Lord Mansfield found himself obliged to correct, enlarge, and purify. English law is emphatically a law of reason; a slight degree of unreasonableness may not justify the reversal of an established practice or series of decisions; but, in theory, a Judge is always bound to go to the fountain-head of principle. The English Court of Exchequer, for example, has been for many years mostly guided by two or three Judges

* Lickbarrow v. Mason, 2 T. R., 63.

of extraordinary mental vigor, acuteness, and learning. The moment a point is stated, it is turned and twisted, and placed in all possible lights; the moment an authority is quoted, it is criticised, analyzed, and compared: there is little or no respect for names or persons; and it is useless to show that Lord Kenyon or Lord Ellenborough said or thought so and so, unless it can also be shown that Lord Kenyon or Lord Ellenborough said or thought right. The Judges in question have certainly done good service in purifying our jurisprudence from a great quantity of dross, but they have sadly scandalized the old school, and made it very difficult for any but a man of their own class of mind (and such men are rare) to predicate a judgment—in other words, to give a confident opinion to a client.

It is fortunate for them, therefore, that they live in times when their principles are understood and appreciated, for Lord Mansfield could hardly take a step in the same direction without bringing a nest of hornets about his ears. 'Instead of those positive rules (says Junius) by which the judgments of a court of law should invariably be determined, you have fondly introduced your own unsettled notions of equity and substantial justice. Decisions given upon such principles do not alarm the public as much as they ought, because the consequence and tendency of each particular instance is not observed or regarded. In the mean time the practice gains ground, the Court of King's Bench becomes a Court of Equity, and the judge, instead of consulting the law of the land, refers only to the wisdom of the court, and the purity of his own conscience.'

It is amusing to turn to the cases which called forth such diatribes. In one (Hart *v.* Weston) it was objected that, according to the recital in the declaration, the writ appeared to have been issued in vacation instead of term, and Lord Mansfield called it an odious objection. In another (the King *v.* Mayor of Carmarthen) a swearing in, under a *mandamus*, having been alleged on a wrong day, Lord Mansfield refused to allow justice to be defeated by the mistake, saying—'General rules are wisely established for attaining justice with ease, certainty, and dispatch. But the great end of them being to do justice, the court are to see that it be really attained.'

Another of Junius' topics was Lord Mansfield's supposed preference for the Civil Law—'The Roman code, the law of nations, and the opinion of foreign civilians, are your perpetual theme; but who ever heard you mention Magna Charta, or the Bill of Rights, with approbation or respect?' The fairer question was, whether he ever mentioned them with disapprobation or disrespect. That he should occasionally apply to the civil law in the formation of the new system, was to be expected. The wonder would be, if he had not.

Lord Mansfield's political opinions leant to the side of prerogative; and, perhaps, he took rather more interest in affairs of government than suited well with his position as a Judge. It was he who set the dangerous example, afterwards followed by Lord Ellenborough, of the Chief Justice of England sitting in the Cabinet. The inevitable consequence was, that he was suspected of partiality whenever party questions were at issue in his court. On one such occasion the populace were highly excited, and attempts were made to intimidate him. We allude to the argument regarding Wilkes' outlawry, in 1768. It was in giving judgment in this case that Lord Mansfield spoke one of the most beautiful pieces of judicial oratory in the language. We will quote a few passages:

'I pass over the many anonymous letters I have received. Those in print are public, and some of them have been brought judicially before the Court. Whoever the writers are, they take the wrong way. I will do my duty unawed—what have I to fear? That *mendax infamia* from the press, which daily coins false facts and false motives? The lies of calumny carry no terror to me. I trust that my temper of mind, and the color and conduct of my life, have given me a suit of armor against their arrows. If during this king's reign I have ever supported his government, and assisted his measures, I have done it without any other reward than the consciousness of doing what I thought right. If I have ever opposed, I have done it upon the points themselves; without mixing in party or faction, and without any collateral views. I honor the king, and respect the people; but many things acquired by the favor of either, are, in my account, objects not worth ambition. I wish popularity, but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after; it is that popularity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong upon this occasion, to gain the huzzas of thousands, or the dirty praise of all the papers that come from the press. I will not avoid doing what I think is right, though it should draw on me the whole artillery of libels; all that false-

hood and malice can invent, or the credulity of a deluded populace can swallow. I can say, with a great magistrate, upon one occasion, and under circumstances not unlike—"Ego hoc animo semper fui, ut invidiam virtute partam, gloriam non invidiam putarem."

'The threats go further than abuse; personal violence has been denounced. I do not believe it: it is not the genius of the worst of men of this country in the worst of times. But I have set my mind at rest. The last end that can happen to any man never comes too soon if he falls in support of the law and liberty of his country, (for liberty is synonymous to law and government.) Such a shock, too, might be productive of public good; it might awaken the better part of the kingdom out of that lethargy which seems to have benumbed them; and bring the mad part back to their senses, as men intoxicated are sometimes stunned into sobriety.'

His house in Bloomsbury Square was sacked by the mob during the No-Popery riots of 1780, and all his books and manuscripts were destroyed.

'And Murray sighs o'er Pope and Swift,
And many a treasure more;
The well-judged purchase and the gift
That graced his letter'd store.

'Their pages mangled, burnt, and torn,
Their loss was his alone;
But ages yet to come shall mourn
The burning of his own.'

'I speak not from books,' he said afterwards in the House of Lords, 'for books, alas! I have none.' He resigned on the 4th of June, 1788, having ceased to attend his Court from weakness after Michaelmas Term. He was then in his eighty-sixth year, and had presided in the Court of King's Bench nearly thirty-two years, a longer period than any other judge ever continued on the Bench. Lord Mansfield used all his interest to get Buller named as his successor, but the appointment was conferred on Kenyon. Thurlow was the Chancellor, and is reported to have said—'I hesitated long between the corruption of Buller, and the intemperance of Kenyon.' But it was generally believed that the Premier's (the second Pitt's) knowledge or strong suspicion of the corruption of Buller, acquired on the western circuit, cast the balance, and permanently degraded into a legal luminary of the second order, one possessed of every intellectual requisite for occupying a brilliant position in the first.

Lord Camden owes his fame, at least all the popular part of it, to his judgment against General Warrants, and to his having fought side by side with Chatham for the great doctrines of political liberty. Considered merely as a lawyer, he would rank after more than one Judge whom we have excluded from our list of worthies. But he had many of the elements of greatness, and far excelled Lord Mansfield in the *vis vivida*, the fervid enthusiasm, the proud self-reliance, which befit the orator in troubled times. His rise was very slow, and he was on the point of retiring on a college living, when he was brought into notice by an accident. So soon as he had obtained practice, however, he was pushed on by his political friends with unprecedented rapidity; being made Attorney General by Pitt over the head of the Solicitor General, no less a person than the admired Charles Yorke. He became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1761, on the death of Willes, and it was in this capacity that he so eminently distinguished himself as a constitutional judge. His decisions in the actions which grew out of the proceedings against Wilkes, made him so famous, that Horace Walpole says he thereby became one of the *lions* whom foreigners visiting London most wished to see. It was in compliance probably with the popular admiration that his first peerage was conferred upon him, whilst still in the Common Pleas.

Lord Camden first ascended the woolsack, as a member of Lord Chatham's motley administration, so inimitably described by Burke. He found it impossible to remain long on it without sacrificing all his cherished notions of freedom, and his popularity along with them; but instead of resigning, he acted as Thurlow acted at a later period. He came down to the House, and vehemently denounced the measures of his colleagues, who were thus driven to the invidious necessity of superseding him. 'After the dismissal of the present worthy Chancellor,' exclaimed Lord Shelburne, 'the seals will go a begging; for I hope there will not be found in the kingdom a wretch so base and mean-spirited, as to accept them on the conditions on which they must be offered.' Such a wretch was found in Charles Yorke, who atoned for the meanness, if it was one, with his life.

Lord Camden's decrees are respected by the profession, and his manner of delivery gave them additional weight at the time. The late Mr. Charles Butler says: 'I distinctly remember Lord Camden's presiding in the Court of Chancery. His lordship's

judicial eloquence was of the colloquial kind—extremely simple, diffuse, but not desultory. He introduced legal idioms frequently, and always with a pleasing and great effect. Sometimes he rose to the sublime strains of eloquence, but the sublimity was altogether in the sentiment; the diction retained its simplicity—this increased the effect.'

His famous speech on Copyright is the best specimen of his peculiar style of declamation:—'Glory is the reward of science, and those who deserve it scorn all meaner views. I speak not of the scribblers for bread who tease the world with their wretched productions; fourteen years is too long a period for their perishable trash. It was not for gain that Bacon, Newton, Milton, Locke, instructed and delighted the world. . . . When the bookseller offered Milton five pounds for his *Paradise Lost*, he did not reject it and commit his poem to the flames, nor did he accept the miserable pittance as the reward of his labors; he knew that the real price of his work was immortality, and that posterity would pay it.'

This is tacitly assuming that the first-rate works of genius, of which we get at most two or three in a century, are the only works which contribute to the improvement and rational gratification of mankind; and it is far from clear that all of these (Shakspeare's plays, for example) were written for fame. But may not the same argument be employed the next time a pension is proposed for a General or Admiral?—'Glory is the reward of skill and valor, and those who deserve it scorn all meaner views. It was not for gain that Marlborough and Wellington led armies and gained victories, though they condescended to accept Blenheim and Strathfieldsaye.'

Blackstone must stand or fall by his 'Commentaries;' and his Commentaries are standing yet, despite of the undermining effects of legislation, and in defiance of the repeated attacks of the philosophical school of jurists, beginning with Bentham, and ending with Mr. John Austin; who (in the truly admirable Outline he drew up previously to entering on his professorial duties at the London University) impugns the doctrines, and very freely criticises both the arrangement and the style. But it has been justly observed, that there is hardly a master's mate in the British Navy who could not point out defects in Columbus' theory of navigation or errors in his course; and the great Commentator was the Columbus of English law; nor was a bolder scheme ever conceived than that of first navigating the whole of such a sea, and then laying it down, with all its creeks and inlets, in a chart.

An ingenious biographer refers the durability of Blackstone's reputation to the peculiar inspiration under which his work was composed. Lord Byron drank gin and water (and no small quantity of it) whilst he was writing Don Juan: Blackstone wrote the Commentaries with his inkstand on one side of his paper and a bottle of port on the other.

As we approach nearer to our own time, it may be taken for granted that the general outline (which is all we could attempt) of a celebrated man's career is known; and characters, from a well-known pen, of Lord Stowell, Erskine, and Romilly, our three remaining worthies, recently appeared in this Journal.

Yet we regret extremely to be obliged to discontinue our sketches at the precise period, dating from which we should have to draw on Mr. Townshend for our principal materials—his anecdotes being incomparably the most valuable and the most original that have yet appeared, relating to the eminent personages of whom he speaks. He has also cleared up many curious and embarrassing passages in cotemporary history; and the tone of his composition is uniformly so classical and gentlemanlike, that we willingly pardon a little occasional floridity of style. Admirably, for example, has he expressed the traditional feelings of the Bar regarding Erskine: and it is no more than fair to make known for what combination of qualities the very highest meed of enthusiastic admiration is bestowed by them:

'The votive urn of friendship will record the social merits of the festive companion, ready patron, thorough gentleman—full of generous impulses and honorable feelings—in whose genial character not a shade of pride, or envy, or malice could rest, and in whose courtesy to all ranks of the profession there was no alloy. Rightly do the Bar adore his memory, for generations of lawyers may pass away ere they see his like again. The statue raised to his honor in Lincoln's Inn Hall, the bust dedicated in Holland House, with a just inscription, "nostræ eloquentiæ facile princeps," will sooner perish than the tradition of *their* fondness, and of *his* supremacy. But more enduring still, and lasting as the language in which they are printed, will be the monuments

of his eloquence and relics of his power as an advocate. Long as the trial by jury shall exist, will the spells of the great magician be studied with care and admiration, but with little hope of rivalry, for his wand is broken, and its fragments lie scattered on his grave. Jurors might say to Erskine, as his admirers said to Sir Philip Sydney, "we listen, it is true, to others, but we give up our hearts to thee."'—(Vol. ii. p. 144.)

Mr. Townshend's Life of Lord Ellenborough has induced us more than once to doubt, whether we have done quite right in excluding that very eminent Judge from our list of first-class worthies; and if a place among them depended on intellectual energy, grasp, or comprehensiveness—or could be won by learning, courage, firmness, and that genuine English humor which is rarely found in company with low or mean feelings and almost always in company with good sense—we should be wrong. But, on principles already stated, we are obliged to require some action or production of a lasting character—something standing like a landmark in the progress of society; and Lord Ellenborough (perhaps from not coming at the right period, like the Miltons and Hampdens in Gray's 'Elegy') has left nothing of the kind: whilst his warmest admirers must admit, that the depth and strength of his political convictions, combined with his constitutional vehemence of manner, may well justify some reluctance to recognize him as the model of a Chief Magistrate, or place him quite on the same level with Holt; to whom, in many respects, he bore a marked resemblance.

From the Foreign Quarterly and Westminster Review.

THE MICROSCOPE AND ITS REVELATIONS.

[We are sure that the singularly curious and interesting facts which the ensuing article reveals, will more than reconcile the reader to its occasional minuteness of scientific details. A more concise account of the wonders of recent discoveries in this department of science, it would be difficult to obtain in the same space. It appears in the first number of the series, consolidated, of the Foreign Quarterly and Westminster Review.—Ed.]

1. *Thoughts on Animalcules; or, a Glimpse at the Invisible World revealed by the Microscope.* By Gideon A. Mantell, LL.D. London: John Murray. 1846. Pp. 144.
2. *Microscopic Manipulation, containing the Theory and Plain Instructions for the Use of the Microscope. Illustrated by Wood-cuts.* T. and R. Willatts, 98 Cheapside. 1846. Pp. 59.
3. *A History of Infusoria—Living and Fossil, arranged according to "Die Infusionsthierchen" of C. G. Ehrenberg.* By Andrew Pritchard, M.R.I. London: Whittaker & Co. 1845. Pp. 439.
4. *Traité Pratique du Microscope, et de son Emploi dans l'Etude des Corps Organisés, par le Docteur L. Mandl.* Paris and Baillière, Regent Street, London.

The fallibility of human judgment is never more clearly shown than in many of the predictions unhesitatingly made and authoritatively enforced, in relation to any new scientific discovery, or its application to the onward progress of human knowledge, or to the wants and comforts of mankind. We do not allude to the mere ignorant assertions of ignorant and self-sufficient men, who appear to regret and endeavor to oppose every forward step in civilization; and who, despite the constant failure of their prophecies, still receive any scientific novelty with incredulity, or treat its discoverer with contempt and scorn: but we speak of the assertions made by men whose whole lives have been devoted to philosophical inquiry, and whose minds have therefore been matured by deep study and a constant observation of those phenomena concerning which they so unhesitatingly and so incautiously prophecy. Numberless examples of this fact present themselves to our recollection; but we will content ourselves with reference to two only. When it was first proposed to substitute gas for oil in the illumination of the streets of London, Sir Humphrey Davy asserted that it would be as practicable to cut a slice from the moon, and use it as an illuminating power. And yet but a few years rolled over before not only the metropolis, but every provincial town had its gas-works and its gas illumination,—the hopes of those who had suggested the improvement were fulfilled,—the prediction of the greatest philosopher of that day was but a groundless apprehen-

sion.* And again, when Transatlantic steam navigation was proposed, Dr. Lardner affirmed, in the most unqualified manner, that it was impossible that any steam vessel could traverse the Atlantic. The prediction was scarcely made public ere the task was accomplished.†

We are naturally led to these remarks in referring to the history of one of the most beautiful and perfect instruments with which modern science has furnished the philosopher—the COMPOUND MICROSCOPE. For a long period this instrument was considered a mere philosophical toy, owing to the distance which the light had to traverse, and the consequent increase of the chromatic and spherical aberration; and so impossible did it appear to overcome this difficulty that, within thirty years of the present period, philosophers of no less eminence than M. Biot and Dr. Wollaston predicted that the compound would never rival the simple microscope, and that the idea of rendering its object-glasses achromatic was hopeless. Nor can these opinions be wondered at, when we consider how long the achromatic telescope had existed without any attempt to apply its principles to the compound microscope. And if we recollect further the smallness of the pencil required by the microscope, and the enormous increase of difficulty attending every enlargement of the pencil; if we consider further that these difficulties had to be contended with and removed, by operations on portions of glass so small that they were themselves almost microscopic objects; we shall not be surprised that even a cautious philosopher and able manipulator like Dr. Wollaston should prescribe limits to its improvement.

Such is the picture with which we are presented if we inquire into the use of the microscope thirty years since. Fortunately, however, for science generally, these apprehensions of Wollaston have proved false; undeterred by the assertion of authorities of such eminence, philosophers and opticians have conjointly devoted their energies to a task at first apparently so hopeless, the result of which has been that the improvements thus effected during the last fifteen years have sufficed to elevate the microscope from the useless condition we have described to that of being the most important instrument ever bestowed by art upon the investigator of nature. In almost every department of science are we indebted to it for the extension of our knowledge, and the verification of previous observation. To the chemist it is of utility in the examination of crystals, and the determination of their angles—to the pharmacist, in the detection of the adulteration of drugs. The physiologist may ascertain the intimate structure of organic tissues in their normal, the pathologist in their abnormal state; the physician may obtain conclusive and satisfactory evidence regarding the nature and seat of disease by the examination of the secretions or excretions of diseased organs, while, in medico-legal inquiries, the microscope again comes to our aid, in detecting the murderer, and rendering him back the poison, grain for grain. To it, recently, has geology been greatly indebted; in the hands of an Owen and a Mantell the microscope becomes an instrument of magic power, by means of which, from the inspection of a portion only of a bone or tooth, the habits of the animal to which it belonged are decided; the colossal reptiles of the ancient earth are revived in all the reality of life and being, and the early formations of our globe decked with their former inhabitants and the vegetation which clothed them long ere man "moved, and breathed, and had his being."

But perhaps in the departments of botany and zoology have the most extensive discoveries been effected by this instrument.

* On this subject it may not be uninteresting to add that, during the winter months, 890 tons of coals are used, on the average, per day, by the Metropolitan Gas Companies, for the manufacture of gas; and that, on the 24th of December, seven million cubic feet of gas are consumed in London and the suburbs. We are indebted for this information to a paper read before the last meeting of the Statistical Society by Mr Fletcher.

† Dr. Lardner's prophecy was delivered before the British Association, and was published in the 'Athenæum,' vol. ix. p. 656. He computed that for each horse-power of steam one ton of coals would be required for every 1425 miles. "Taking this as a basis of the calculation," said he, "and allowing one-fourth of a ton of coals per horse-power as spare fuel, the tonnage necessary for the fuel and machinery, on a voyage from England to New-York, would be 3.70 tons per horse-power, which, for a vessel with engines of 400 horse-power, would be 1480 tons." Now, as the ship referred to was only intended to be 1200 tons burden, which was afterwards increased to 1340 tons, the voyage was demonstratively impracticable. And yet the *Great Western* completed her first voyage across the Atlantic in fifteen days. Upon after-examination it turned out that, although the computations of Dr. Lardner were correct, his data were wrong. Instead of the 1480 tons, which it was predicted the *Great Western* would have to burn, she took out only 660 tons, of which only 450 tons were consumed.

A new world of microscopic life previously unknown and unsuspected has been disclosed, whose extent and wonders naturally excite in the human mind unbounded astonishment, and increase our reverence for the Great Creator, who, in the organization of these beings of a day, displays design as extensive, and adaptation as complete, as in the structure of man himself. An extract from the opening remarks of one of the works before us will convey some faint idea of this microscopic world :—

"Wherever we turn, within the precincts of our own homes, in meadow or moorland, hill or forest, by the lone sea-shore, or amidst crumbling ruins—fresh objects of interest are constantly to be found; plants and animals unknown to our unaided vision, with minute organs perfectly adapted to their necessities; with appetites as keen, enjoyments as perfect, as our own. In the purest waters, as well as in thick, acid, and saline fluids, of the most indifferent climates,—in springs, rivers, lakes and seas,—often in the internal humidity of living plants and animals, even in great numbers in the living human body—nay, probably, carried about in the aqueous vapors and dust of the whole atmosphere,—there is a world of minute, living, organized beings, imperceptible to the ordinary senses of man. In the daily course of life, this immense mysterious kingdom of diminutive living beings is unnoticed and disregarded; but it appears great and astonishing, beyond all expectation, to the retired observer who views it by the aid of the microscope. In every drop of standing water, he very frequently, though not always, sees by its aid rapidly moving bodies, from 1-96 to less than 1-2000 of a line in diameter, which are often so crowded together, that the intervals between them are less than their diameter. If we assume the size of the drop of water to be one cubic line, and the intervals, though they are often smaller, to be equal to the diameter of the bodies, we may easily calculate, without exaggeration, that such a drop is inhabited by from one hundred thousand to one thousand millions of such animalcules; in fact we must come to the conclusion, that a single drop of water, under such circumstances, contains more inhabitants than there are individuals of the human race upon our planet. If, further, we reflect on the amount of life in a large quantity of water, in a ditch or pond, for example,—or if we calculate that, according to many observers of the sea, and especially of its phosphorescence, vast tracts of the ocean periodically exhibit a similar development of masses of microscopic organized bodies,—even if we assume much greater intervals—we have numbers and relations of creatures living on the earth, invisible to the naked eye, at the very thought of which the mind is lost in wonder and admiration. It is the microscope alone which has enabled close observers of nature to unveil such a world of her diminutive creation, just as it was the art of making good telescopes which first opened to their view the boundless variety, and all the wonders of the starry firmament."—'Microscopic Manipulation,' Pp. 13, 14.

Who can wonder, then, that this world of microscopic life should, upon its first discovery, have been represented by fanciful writers as a world of spirits, peopled by forms not to be compared with those of the visible world; sometimes horrible, sometimes strangely distorted, neither properly animate, nor yet properly inanimate. Some have represented them as the wanton sport of the creative energy of nature (*lusus naturæ*); and even in 1820, an otherwise respectable writer described in detail the magic powers with which some of these forms were said to be endowed. It is not, however, merely the singularity and minuteness of their form that have excited the greatest interest, but the wonderful physiological properties ascribed to the Infusoria by different observers have attracted the attention of all the friends of science, and of the most learned and profound inquirers, from Liebnitz and Boerhaave down to the present time.

Before we proceed to speak of the revelations of the microscope, it will be interesting to take a retrospective glance at its history, which, like that of many other valuable inventions, is veiled in considerable obscurity by the lapse of time. It appears certain that the ancients were acquainted with the microscope, in one at least of the simple forms now known, from the following passage in Seneca :—"Literæ, quamvis minutæ et obscuræ, per vitream pilam aquæ plenam, majores clarioesque cernuntur." Amongst the moderns (for during the middle ages it appears to have been entirely lost) the honor of its discovery has been claimed by many individuals. By Huygens, the celebrated Dutch mathematician, its invention is attributed to one of his countrymen, Cornelius Drebell. But it is asserted by Borellus, that Jansen, the reputed contriver of the telescope, was its inventor, and that he presented some such instrument to Prince Maurice, and Albert, Archduke of Austria. This instrument was six feet in length, and consisted of a tube of gilt copper, supported by thin brass pillars in the shape of dolphins, on a base of ebony, which was adapted to hold the objects to be examined. Of the internal construction of this microscope

we have no account, though there is reason to believe that it was nothing more than a telescope converted into a microscope. For ourselves, we are inclined to give to Jansen the merit of having invented the microscope from this very testimony of Borellus, who, in a work* published in 1655, has adduced a great deal of evidence connected with the invention of the telescope and microscope. He brings forward five different testimonies, and a letter from William Boreel, envoy from the States of Holland, which throw considerable light on the subject. Boreel was intimately acquainted with Zaccharius Jansen, and had frequently been in his father's shop. He had often heard that the Jansens were the inventors of the microscope, and having been in England in 1619, he saw in the hands of his friend Cornelius Drebell the very microscope which Zaccharius Jansen had presented to Prince Maurice, and Albert, Archduke of Austria. Cornelius Drebell, therefore, who has commonly been considered as the inventor of the microscope, appears to have derived this honor from the accidental circumstance of his having exhibited the microscope made by Jansen; and as he was a favorite at the court of James the Sixth, where he lived some time, this opinion may have proceeded not only from his own arrogance, but from the influence of royal favor. Viviani, an Italian mathematician, also expressly informs us, in his life of Galileo, that this great man was led to the construction of the microscope from that of the telescope; and, in the year 1612, he actually sent a microscope to Sigismund, King of Poland. Dissatisfied, however, with the performance of this instrument, he appears from his letters to have been much occupied, about 1624, in bringing it to perfection, but we have no information of the result of his labors. In the year 1618, Fontana, a Neapolitan, made a microscope of two double-convex lenses, and wrote an account of it in a work,† which, however, was not published till some years afterwards. As there is no reason to believe that the microscopes invented by Jansen consisted of two convex lenses, the honor of this improvement seems due to Fontana, who distinctly assumes the merit of it, and we may add that no other person has laid claim to it.

For a long period, curious as the fact may now appear, the single microscope was that generally in use, the compound instrument, as we have already remarked, being regarded as a mere philosophical toy. Soon after the year 1820, a series of experiments was begun in France by M. Selligne; and simultaneously by Frauenhofer, at Munich; by Amici, at Modena; by Chevalier, at Paris; and by the late Mr. Tulley, of London. In 1824, the last-named artist, at the instigation of Dr. Goring, and without knowing what had been done on the continent, made an attempt to construct an achromatic object-glass for a compound microscope, and produced one of 9-10ths of an inch focal length, composed of three lenses, and transmitting a pencil of eighteen degrees. This was the first that was made in England. While these practical investigations were in progress, the subject of achromatism engaged the attention of some of the most profound mathematicians in England. Sir John Herschel, Professor Airy, Professor Barlow, Mr. Coddington, and others, contributed largely to the theoretical examination of the subject; and though the results of their labors were not immediately applicable to the microscope, they essentially promoted its improvement. Between this period and the year 1829, Mr. Joseph Jackson Lister had directed his attention more particularly to this subject, and he was led to the discovery of certain properties in achromatic combinations which had before been unobserved. A paper on the subject was sent by him to, and published by, the Royal Society.* To the practical optician the investigations and results of Mr. Lister proved to be of the highest value—the progress of improvement was, in consequence, extremely rapid, and since that period, owing to the energy and exertions of Messrs. Ross, Pritchard, Powell, Smith, and other well-known London opticians, every year has served to bring this instrument nearer to perfection. Nor must we forget to bear testimony to the exertions of the Microscopical Society, which was founded some few years since, with the express object of rendering the microscope more available as an aid to scientific research, by introducing improvements into its construction. Many of the papers which have been read before this society are of the most interesting description; and it may safely be affirmed, that the exertions and researches of its members, amongst whom are some of the most celebrated men of the

* De Vero Telescopii Inventore.

† 'Noves Terrestrium et Celestium Observationes.'—Neap. 1646.

* 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1830.

present day, in the various departments of zoology, botany, physiology, and geology, have tended to give a vast increase to our knowledge in this fascinating branch of physical science.

In an article like the present it would be useless to attempt to give any account of the construction of the microscope, of the optical principles on which such construction depends, or of its manipulation. We must content ourselves with referring the reader, who is desirous of acquainting himself with these matters, to the second work in the list which heads this paper, a concise treatise on the manipulation of the microscope, the mode of selecting and mounting objects, &c.

We turn now to the consideration of the wondrous revelations of this instrument: and we will first speak of that vast world of animal life with which, but for its aid, we should be wholly unacquainted. It would be utterly impossible for us, within the limits to which we are confined, to give a detailed account of all the animalcules which, under the name of Infusoria, have been examined, described, and figured by the naturalists who have devoted themselves to this branch of study. Our endeavors in the present article must necessarily be confined to the attempt to present to the general reader a view of the extraordinary edifice reared by means of the microscope in the field of physical science, and to show how the eye of man is here opened to penetrate the most profound, and formerly unsuspected, secrets of nature.

The vast numbers of animalcules with which the microscope has made us acquainted, were first detected in water in which vegetable matters, such as hay, grass, &c., had been allowed to macerate; and as they were almost invariably found in such infusions, it was considered by early investigators that they were peculiar to them; hence the general term INFUSORIA was given to them; and although it is now known that these vegetable infusions have no relation to the origin of such creatures, except in so far as they provide a proper medium for the development of their ova, every where present; yet, for the sake of convenience, the general term "Infusoria" is still retained by naturalists. Perhaps the best general idea of the appearance of some of these animalcules to an observer, for the first time, will be given by the following extract from Dr. Mantell's work:—

"From some water containing aquatic plants, collected from a pond on Clapham Common, I select a small twig, to which are attached a few delicate flakes, apparently of slime or jelly; some minute fibres standing erect here and there on the twig are also dimly visible to the naked eye. This twig, with a drop or two of water, we will put between two thin plates of glass, and place under the field of view of a microscope, having lenses that magnify the image of an object two hundred times in linear dimensions. Upon looking through the instrument we find the fluid swarming with animals of various shapes and magnitudes. Some are darting through the water with great rapidity, while others are pursuing and devouring creatures more infinitesimal than themselves. Many are attached to the twig by long delicate threads (the Vorticellæ); several have their bodies inclosed in a transparent tube, from one end of which the animal partly protrudes, and then recedes (the Floscularieæ); while numbers are covered by an elegant shell or case (the Brachionus). The minutest kinds (the Monads), many of which are so small that millions might be contained in a single drop of water, appear like mere animated globules, free, single, and of various colors, sporting about in every direction. Numerous species resemble pearly or opaline cups or vases, fringed round the margin with delicate fibres that are in constant oscillation (the Vorticellæ). Some of these are attached by spiral tendrils; others are united by a slender stem to one common trunk, appearing like a bunch of harebells (the Carchesium); others are of a globular form, and grouped together in a definite pattern on a tabular or spherical membraneous case for a certain period of their existence, and ultimately become detached and locomotive (the Gonium and Volvox); while many are permanently clustered together, and die if separated from the parent mass. No organs of progressive motion, similar to those of beasts, birds, or fishes, are observable in these beings; yet they traverse the water with rapidity, without the aid of limbs or fins; and though many species are destitute of eyes, yet all possess an accurate perception of the presence of other bodies, and pursue and capture their prey with unerring purpose."—'Thoughts on Animalcules,' pp. 9, 10.

Much as has been done in this department of science, our knowledge of the infusory beings is still limited; but there is every reason to believe that they do not take their station among the links of the animal chain according to their dimensions, but from their structure. The simplest and smallest is as much an animal as the prouder examples of nature's works; and it is equally the object of the Creator's care and contrivance. To Ehrenberg are

we indebted for a classification of the Infusoria, which has been followed and adopted by all subsequent philosophers. He divides them into two classes. First, The POLYGASTRIA; and, secondly, The ROTATORIA.

The Polygastria, or Polygastrica, are, as the name would imply, a natural group of animals characterized by the digestive organ being composed of several little globular bladders connected to each other by a common tube; and these globular tubes receive and digest the matter on which the animalcule feeds when in a sufficiently comminuted or divided state. That this is their real organization we have evident proof; for, by an ingenious process, first adopted, we believe, by Gleichen von Russivarm, these little cavities occurring in the bodies of the Polygastria can be more minutely examined. The process to which we allude was that of coloring the water in which the animalcules were contained by carmine or indigo. The tinged water was thus traced from cavity to cavity until its final ejection from the last of the series. The Polygastria present great diversity both of figure and dimensions. None of them exceed the twelfth of an inch in length, and some of the smaller species, even when full grown, are but the two-thousandth part of that measure; indeed, so minute must be many of the young of these Infusoria that they cannot be recognized by our microscopes. Again, others individually so small as to be almost invisible, form, when aggregated, green, red, yellow, blue, brown, and black colored masses of great extent. Thus the clusters in some species in the families Vorticella and Bacillaria increase to such an extent that they attain a size of several inches, resembling Polypi. The greater number of Polygastria are found in fresh water, but there are also countless hosts contained in the salt water of the ocean, in astringent solutions, in fluids produced by animal secretions, in humid earth, peat-bogs, and morasses. They may also be artificially produced by macerating hay, grass, horses' hairs, black pepper, and a vast variety of other organic matters in water. It is highly probable that some kinds reside in the vapor of the atmosphere, in which, from their light weight, they may be raised in countless multitudes, and blown about by the wind in invisible cloud-like masses. In none of the animals of the class Polygastrica can a vascular system be traced. In many species there is demonstration of the existence of eyes, and from the movements and habits of the animal there can be but little doubt that organs of touch and sensation also exist, though no definite nervous system has been detected.

The whole of the movements of the Polygastria (and the same remark holds good, to a certain extent, of all the Infusoria) are performed by vibratile cilia, a series of delicate hair-like processes, which differ only in the several types in number, position, and relative magnitude. These delicate appendages, which have received the name of "cilia" from their supposed resemblance to the eye-lashes, are constantly in motion, rapidly vibrating in the water. In some species of the Infusoria they are distributed over the whole surface of the body; in others they are disposed in one or more circles round the mouth or aperture of the digestive organs; and in some are arranged in zones on one or more circular or semicircular projections on the upper part of the body. In the last modification, the successive action of the rows of cilia produces the appearance of a rotary motion like that of a wheel on its axis. And this resemblance is so striking as to have induced Ehrenberg to classify all the animals possessing this character in his second division, of which we shall hereafter have to speak, namely, the Rotatoria. The chief use of these cilia is to bring the food to the mouth by the currents produced by them in the water's aëration, and in those species requiring it, progression is performed by the agency of the same organs. In the rapid motion of these cilia we have proofs of a muscular system; for, reasoning from our present state of knowledge, we can in no way separate animal motion from muscular fibre. Ehrenberg, indeed, believed that he had discovered muscles, and even the distribution of their fibres, in some of the larger Polygastria, but great doubt still exists on the subject.

The Polygastria, when examined at night, are found to be as actively in motion as during the day; in fact, they never seem to require repose; or, in the words of Ehrenberg, they appear to be sleepless. Their geographical distribution is the most universal of the animal kingdom. It is known to extend over the whole of Europe, the north of Africa, the west and north of Asia; and species have also been observed in America. The largest and most generally distributed family of this class is the Bacillaria, its species equalling one-fourth

of the whole. Fossil states of this curious family are known in Europe, Africa, the Isle of Bourbon, the Isle of Lucan, among the Philippines, and America. These remains enter into some of the new red sandstone formations; also into the layers of flints of the secondary formations, certain porphyrite structures, &c.

It is a remarkable fact that one-half of the families belonging to this class, Polygastria, are loricated, and the other half are illoricated. Of the former, the most curious discovery of late is that by M. Fischer, of the siliceous or glass-like covering of many species, and although the creatures to which they belong may have been dead for thousands of years, yet these remains inform us of the local conditions of the soil at the time they existed. In the Polygastria Infusoria these shell-like coverings consist either of lime, silex, or iron; and these retain their form and structure for unlimited periods of time. From the inconceivable number of these loricated animalcules which swarm in every body of water, whether fresh or salt, and the immense rapidity with which the species increase by spontaneous fissuration, gemmation, and ova-position, extensive deposits or strata of their cases are constantly forming at the bottom of lakes, rivers, and seas. Hence have originated the layers of white calcareous earth, common in peat-bogs and morasses; the tripoli or polishing slate of Bilin, consisting wholly of the siliceous cases of animalcules; and the bog-iron, composed of the ferruginous shields of other forms of Polygastria. These shell-like coverings are often found in large masses, covering many miles of the earth's surface, and occur, when indurated and mixed with argillaceous and other earths, in the form of siliceous slate rocks. These remains of the primeval inhabitants of our globe are records in the pages of history, penned by Infinite Truth, unbiassed by ignorance or prejudice, and form some of the first-fruits of the effective application of achromatic glasses to our microscopes.

The propagation of the Polygastria is effected in three different ways; and, what is still more curious, all these modes of reproduction may go on in the same animalcule at the same time. The first of these modes is the formation of ova, or eggs, a very fertile mode of increase; the second consists in the growth of gemmules, or buds, upon the parent; and the last, and most extraordinary, is the spontaneous self-division of the body of the animalcule into two or more individuals. In the Monads this process may readily be observed. When it is about to take place, the granules within the integument or outer case seem to be divided by a transverse line; this gradually becomes more apparent; and, at length, the containing case itself contracts along the course of this line, and the Monad appears double. Both parts now have an impulse to separate, and an entire division soon takes place: the two become perfect individuals, and swim off in opposite directions. When we take into consideration all these methods of increase possessed by these extraordinary beings, we can no longer wonder at their otherwise incomprehensible increase of number in a very short space of time. Ehrenberg himself remarks "on the astonishing great fertility or capacity of increase of microscopic animals, according to which an imperceptible corpuscule can become, in four days, *one hundred and seventy billions*, or as many single animalcules as are contained in two cubic feet of the stone from the polishing slate of Bilin." In some of the larger Polygastria a single specimen is ascertained to increase to eight, by simple transverse division of the body only, in one day; so that, if we take into this account the other modes of increase of these creatures, namely, by eggs, often in masses like the spawn of a fish, and again by buds growing from the sides of the body, it is clear, in a very few days, all attempt at the expression of their number must fail. We turn now to the next class, according to the arrangement of Ehrenberg, the ROTATORIA, the whole of which tribe of beings possess an organization far more complete than that of the Polygastria; so complete, indeed, that in a correct arrangement of the animal kingdom, they would take up a station far above many others, the individuals of which are of much larger magnitude. As we have already said, the term by which the class is distinguished has been given on account of the appearance assumed by the zones, or rows of cilia arranged on circular or semicircular eminences around the upper part of the body: when rapidly vibrating, their motion so closely resembles that produced by the rotation of a wheel, that every one who observes the phenomenon is struck by the similitude. In some species these cilia are in a single series; in others, in several rows of different forms; and in one genus (Stephanoceros) they assume the character of

ciliated tentacula rather than that of simple vibrating processes. The Rotatoria mostly inhabit water, but immersion in that element does not appear to be essential to their existence. They often reside in damp or moist earth; and the Rotifer vulgaris, and some other species, are known to inhabit the cells of mosses and algæ. With regard to their geographical distribution, they do not appear to be confined to any particular part of Europe, and they have been found in the north of Africa, the north and west of Asia, and in some parts of America.

With regard to their structure and organization, the observations of microscopists have given us more decided information than concerning those of the Polygastria. We have in this class complete proof of the development of distinct muscles subservient to the functions of locomotion, nutrition, &c., and the transparency of the integument, or case, enables the observer to render, by aid of the microscope, their structure and situation distinctly visible. Many species possess a foot-like non-articulated process situated at the ventral surface of the posterior part of the body. This pedicle has usually the faculty of being able to slide one part within another, and presents to the observer the same effect as the moving of the sliding tubes of an opera-glass or telescope. The extremity is often formed with a sucker at its termination, so that the animal, by exhausting the cavity of air, can fix its body during the rapid motions of the cilia; and without this power of attachment the upper part of the body would be drawn in by the action of these organs. The pedicle is likewise employed as an instrument of progression, the animal alternately contracting and elongating it, and fixing itself by it and the mouth. The digestive canal is a tube more or less straight, sometimes expanded in the middle. There is also a chewing apparatus, situate at the commencement of the œsophagus, surrounded by muscular masses and armed with teeth, which, by pressure, may be detached from the animal and examined separately under the microscope. The number and arrangement of the teeth in the different species are so distinct, that Ehrenberg asserts that the Rotifera might almost be arranged like quadrupeds, according to their teeth. In some genera the stomach is furnished with biliary glands, while in others gall-ducts have been observed. With regard to the vascular system in the Rotatorial Infusoria, much doubt still exists on the subject. In some of the animalcules, tranverse vessels are observed, which have the appearance of articulations; in others, these vessels resemble a network; which is more or less distinct, below the edges of the mouth, and connected by free longitudinal ones to the interior ventral surface of the body. Respiration, or, more properly, the aëration of the fluids, is effected in the Rotifera by the constant introduction of fresh water through one or more apertures near the neck; and in some kinds there are internal oval bodies, composed of granules or corpuscules, which have a constantly tremulous motion, and are supposed to perform the office of *branchia*, or gills: this, at least, is the function ascribed to them by Ehrenberg, and he further considered that the tremulous motion was occasioned by the laminæ or leaflets that compose them. The Rotatoria are not considered to possess a true nervous system, although there are indications of nervous centres, or ganglia, in several genera. Many species have eyes, which vary in number; they are usually of a red color; in some they are placed upon a ganglion, and are freely moveable beneath the transparent superficial envelope of the body.

The Rotatorial Infusoria are not endowed with the various faculties of propagation which we have already described as appertaining to the Polygastria. Reproduction in all cases is effected by means of ova. Some kinds are oviparous, others viviparous. An elongated bag or sac, in which the eggs are formed, is distinctly visible; but few eggs are developed at the same time. The ova in many species equal in size one-third of the body of the animalcule; like the seeds of vegetables, they retain their vitality for an indefinite length of time, until accident throws them into a situation suitable for their development. But although the Rotatoria have not the same rapid means of reproduction as those with which the Polygastria are endowed, yet their vast increase by eggs only will astonish most persons who have not previously considered the subject. Ehrenberg states that he isolated a single specimen of Hydatina senta, and kept it in a separate vessel for eighteen days; that during this interval it laid four eggs per day, and that the young, at two days old, laid a like number; so that, when circumstances are favorable, one million indviduals may be obtained from one specimen in ten days: on the eleventh day this brood

will amount to four millions, and on the twelfth day to sixteen millions.

We have thus given a general view of the nature and habits of the Infusoria. We cannot attempt within our limits to detail the number of families, genera, and species, into which they have been divided by Ehrenberg, but must refer the reader to the valuable work of Mr. Pritchard, named at the commencement of this article, which contains not only an abstract of the labors of Ehrenberg, his classifications, and a description of every species, but also accurately drawn representations of most of these animalcules, their mode of propagation, &c. Mr. Pritchard has for many years been an indefatigable laborer in this field of scientific research; he has done much to draw attention to the value of the microscope, and to popularize its important revelations; and we are happy to have it in our power to bear our humble testimony to the great exertions of himself and his late colleague, Dr. Goring. Dr. Mandl's work, likewise quoted in our heading, is also a valuable compilation, but we are not aware that any translation of it has yet been made.

We will now proceed to direct our attention to certain points in relation to the Infusoria which are still matter of debate amongst naturalists. In the first place, then, the question naturally arises, "Do all these Infusoria belong to the animal or vegetable kingdom?"—a question somewhat difficult of solution. By many naturalists a great number of the forms reckoned among the Infusoria have been placed in the vegetable kingdom. Even in one of the volumes now before us, a whole family, that of the Bacillaria, placed by Ehrenberg amongst the Infusoria, is referred by Dr. Mantell to the vegetable kingdom, and considered by him as algæ, belonging to the order of Desmidiaceæ, rather than as being in any way related to the Infusoria; nor can we wonder at this difference of opinion when we reflect how closely the lower forms of vegetables and animals resemble each other. Thus, the lowest form of the Monad consists of a single cell; so do some of the most simple forms of the vegetable world. A higher class of Infusoria consist of an aggregation of cells, and here again we have a resemblance amongst plants. The Polygastria, as we have seen, propagate by self-division; so do the Confervæ. In some of the sea-weeds, the sporule, or young plant, is formed within one of the cells of the parent; at the period of maturity the cell bursts, the sporule is released, and is then seen to be fringed with a number of cilia, by the motion of which the new being is enabled to traverse the water until it finds a spot fitted for its future growth, to which it then becomes adherent.* But the same phenomenon exactly is observed in relation to the germ of the sponge. It will be seen, therefore, how difficult it is to draw the line of demarcation between animals and vegetables, and, indeed, taking all these facts into consideration, Dr. Carus, an able commentator on the discoveries of Ehrenberg, observes that, "It seems to follow that we are entitled to suppose between plants and animals an original organic kingdom—a kingdom such as we have attempted to represent as the

* As this most remarkable phenomenon in reference to the propagation of some of the simplest forms of plants, and its resemblance to the reproduction of some animals low in the scale of organization, may be new to many of our readers, we quote a more lengthened description of it from a recently published and most interesting work by Mr. Hassall, entitled 'A History of Freshwater Algæ.' "At a certain stage," observes the author, "the granules become perfected, and they are now seen moving restlessly about the interior of the cell, frequently striking against its walls, as though anxious to escape from the confinement of their narrow cell, and to rove about, independent beings, through the waters, in search of an appropriate abiding-place. Having escaped from the cell, which they are enabled to do, not as Agardh supposed, by the multiplied knockings of their beaks against its sides, whereby its fibres become displaced, but either by rupturing its walls, through their increased development, as in *Lyngbya*, &c., or by some special provision, as in *Vesiculifera*, *Zygnema*, &c., they fall into the water, through which they speedily begin to move hither and thither; now progressing in a straight line, with the rostra in advance; now wheeling round and pursuing a different course; now letting their rostra drop, and oscillating upon them, like (to compare small things with great) balloons ere the strings are cut, or like tops, the centripetal force being nearly expended; now altogether stopping, and anon resuming their curious and eccentric motions. Truly wonderful is the velocity with which these microscopic objects progress, their relative speed far surpassing that of the fleetest race-horse. After a time, however, which frequently extends to some two or three hours, the motion becomes much retarded, and at length, after faint struggles, entirely ceases, and the zoospores then lie as though dead; not so, nevertheless; they have merely lost the power of locomotion; the vital principle is still active within them, and they are seen to expand, to become partitioned, and, if the species be of an attached kind, each zoospore will emit from its transparent extremity two or more radicles, whereby it becomes, finally and for ever, fixed. Strange transition, from the roving life of the animal to the fixed existence of the plant!"

kingdom of the protorganisms; nay, that this is the only way in which we can succeed in laying down a truly generic series of these singular organizations, beginning with the most simple, and losing itself in one direction in the vegetable, and in the other in the animal kingdom."

We come next to consider one of the most important results of the improvement of the microscope, namely, the ultimate structure of all organized bodies. We have already shown that the simplest form of Monad consists but of a single cell, that many others of the same family are but a collection of individual Monads, either attached to a common base or contained in a globular integument. The Vibrio, or trembling animalcule, again, for example, is a series of many individuals united together in a flexible chain, from imperfect spontaneous tranverse division; and the same remark holds good with regard to the lowest forms of vegetable life. In the larger Fuci, or sea-weeds, the whole fabric consists of cells, and the fresh-water Confervæ are merely jointed films composed of cells; common mould or mustiness is a cluster of plants formed of cells only, and in the yeast fungus and red snow the entire plant consists of one isolated cell; and when we carry our observations still further, we find that the most complicated organs both in the animal and the vegetable are made up but of an aggregation of simple cells. These elementary cells have now been detected in almost all the solids and fluids both of vegetable and animal bodies; in the sap and *succus proprius* of vegetables, and in the blood, chyle, milk, and other fluids of animals; in the fecula, albumen, parenchyma of the leaves, cells of the flowers, &c., of plants, and in the cellular membrane, muscle, brain, nerve, glands, &c., of animals. As far as our present powers of observation go, there is no apparent difference in the formation of these cells, although it cannot but be believed that they must be endowed with specific properties. Thus, for example, one set of cells secretes bile, another fat, another the nervous matter; but how these special products are formed by cells apparently of similar organization from the same nutrient fluids, we know not: many theories have been advanced. Thus, Dr. Willis has suggested whether this difference may not result from the different modes in which the elementary globules are disposed, and he adds, "it is not improbable that the difference of function they exhibit may yet be found in harmony with, and perhaps depending on, peculiarity of arrangements in their constituent molecules."* In the work of Dr. Mantell before us, another theory is thus hinted at:—

"Whether the special endowment belonging to the system of cells of a particular organ depends on the intimate structure of the walls or tissue of such cells: and this structure is so attenuated and infinitesimal as to elude observation; or whether it results from the transmission of some peculiar modification of that mysterious vital force we term nervous influence, are questions to which, in the present state of our knowledge, no satisfactory reply can be given."—'Thoughts on Animalcules,' p. 98.

But although the researches of microscopists have taught us that cells are the extreme limit of animal organization; that the lowest and highest forms of animal life are but an aggregation of cells, each endowed with specific properties, capable only of performing particular functions; we must carefully guard against the idea that there is, therefore, any identity between these various cells of various animals:—any identity, in fact, between the primary cells of the simplest animals or vegetables, much less between those of more complicated organization. It is to such hasty generalization, to deductions thus made either from a misrepresentation or misconception of facts, that we owe so many of the absurd and fallacious theories of the present day. Perhaps one of the best examples of the errors into which such hasty generalization inevitably leads, is to be found in a work which has, from its ingenuity and eloquence, gained great popularity, we allude to the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." All animals and plants, as we have said, are to be regarded as definite aggregations of cells, endowed with specific properties in the different types, and *subjected to a never varying law of development.* And yet, overlooking this latter fact, the author has erected a theory of creation which may, perhaps, be best stated in his own words. We quote them as they occur in the fourth edition of the work:—

"The idea, then, which I form of the progress of organic life upon our earth, and the hypothesis is applicable to all similar theatres of vital being, is, that the simplest and most

* 'Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology,' Vol. i, Art. 'Animal.'

primitive type under a law to which that of like production is subordinate, gave birth to the type next above it; that this again produced the next higher; and so on to the very highest, the stages of advance being in all cases very small, namely, from one species only to another; so that the phenomenon has always been of a simple and modest character."

Or, in other words, the Monad was first created; it gave birth to the next species in the link, and so on, until from the monkey sprang man. To the unphilosophical reader this doctrine may appear, at a first glance, to bear upon it the impress of truth; but allowing for a moment that such were the case, how is it, it may be asked, that these cells have lost such a remarkable endowment? How is it that the more ambitious monkeys do not still convert themselves into or give birth to men? And again, this progressive development, at all events in our present state of knowledge, is directly in contradiction to facts; the stages of advance could not, in all cases, be very small—the difference in the organization of reptiles and birds, and again, of birds and mammals, is great; and, as far as we know, there is no intermediate class of organized beings to diminish the wide gulf which separates them. Here, therefore, the development could not have been gradual—the stage of advance could not have been very small.

Dr. Mantell was one of the very first philosophers who showed the fallacy of this plausible theory. In the work now before us, he has again adverted to it, and, in our opinion, has clearly exposed the error which pervades it. With an extract, therefore, from his remarks, we will close this part of our subject:—

"Although it is now a received physiological axiom, that cells are the elementary basis, the ultimate limit, of all animal and vegetable structures; and that the varied functions, in which organic life essentially consists, are performed by the agency of cells, which are not distinguishable from each other by any well-marked characters; there is not any ground for assuming any identity between the primary cells, even of the simplest species of animals or vegetables, much less between those of more complicated organization. The single cell which embodies vitality in the monad, or the yeast fungus, is governed by the same immutable organic laws which preside over the complicated machinery of man, and the other Vertebrata; and the single cell which is the *embryotic condition* of the mammal has no more relation to the single cell which is the permanent condition of the monad than has the perfect animal into which the mammalian cell becomes ultimately developed. The cell that forms the germ of each species of organism is endowed with special properties, which can result in nothing but the fabrication of that particular species. The serious error which pervades the theory advanced in the work entitled 'The Vestiges of the Natural History of the Creation' has arisen from its author having, in many instances, assumed *analogy* to be a proof of *identity*. There is an *analogy* between the human embryo and the monad of the volvox, in that each consists of simple cells; but there is no more *identity* between the human and the polygastrian cells, than between the perfect man and the mature animalcule."—'Thoughts on Animalcules,' p. 24.

But there is another point connected with this part of our subject, which we must not pass over in silence. We have already had occasion to observe that the physician had been indebted to the microscope for many improvements in the treatment of disease. All sciences, indeed, have a natural dependence one on another, and any great discovery in one must sooner or later produce a corresponding change in others. The discovery of the fact that cells were the ultimate limit to which all animal organization can be traced; that it is by the agency of cells that all the vital functions are produced; that by them the bile, the mucus, and all the other important fluids are secreted; naturally leads to the idea that in many, perhaps, in all instances, the origin of disease may depend upon some derangement of these microscopic elements of organization; and that the maintenance of health may depend entirely upon the integrity of a cell or a cluster of cells. On this point Dr. Mantell justly remarks:—

"Hence, we can understand how mental emotions, by disturbing or weakening the vital influence transmitted by the nerves to the cells of any particular organ, may impair the structure and vitiate the secretions, and ultimately induce extensive local disease, long after the cause of the physical derangement has passed away, and is forgotten. Of the truth of this remark, pulmonary consumption, alas! affords every day the most unequivocal and melancholy proofs. But the Tree of Knowledge yields good as well as evil fruit; and if recent microscopical discoveries are calculated to alarm the timid, by showing what slight causes may lay the foundation of fatal diseases; on the other hand, they encourage the cheering hope that, by patience and perseverance, we may, at length, learn how to detect the first

stage of disordered action, and correct the functional derangement ere the structure of the organ is seriously impaired."

And it is only by such patient and continued observations, it is only by taking advantage of the light thus thrown upon their path by the discoveries in other branches of science, that physicians can hope to raise medicine from an empirical art, which even to this day it, in a great measure, is, to the rank of a true science.

The last question which we shall have occasion to discuss is that of primitive or equivocal generation. We have already seen to what an immense extent, and how rapidly, the Infusoria are produced. A little vegetable or animal matter, placed into distilled water, under favorable circumstances, will, in a few days, swarm with various forms of microscopic life. We have seen, too, that these Infusoria are constructed upon the same principle as other animals, reproducing in their own likeness; and thus each species continues its characteristics periodically, and enjoys certain instincts and perceptions in common with the rest of the animal creation. Yet so prone to think wrongly is the human mind, that certain philosophers, of an age and a country which gave birth to the most extravagant materialism, viewed these animalculæ as examples of their cherished doctrines; and they were pronounced to constitute exceptions to the presumed universal axiom of Harvey—"*omnia ab ovo.*" They were accordingly referred to the principle of equivocal generation to explain their origin, as if they sprang into life by the casual combination of circumstances, and the union of certain material properties; and thus animated beings, enjoying spontaneous motion and guided by animal instincts, were referred to senseless matter for their formation and birth, as the mud of the Nile was anciently supposed to produce living beings under the influence of the sun's rays. But this is a false philosophy. Whether a vegetable or animal being be the object of our contemplation, each alike is traceable to parents, sometimes divided into separate sexes and persons, and sometimes united in one person; and we also know that every new being arises from an egg. We can no longer believe that fermentive or putrefactive matter, warmed by the sun's rays, gives birth to living creatures. Infusoria are always to be found in vegetable infusions, because their ova or germs, every where present, find in such fluids a proper medium for their development. We have already spoken of the prolific nature of the Infusoria; we have shown how, in a few days, millions of these creatures may be produced by a single individual; and how their ova may be taken up by every passing breeze, be wafted from place to place, and be deposited every where. Here they remain without losing their vitality, "every where ready to burst into life, and go through their assigned phases of development, when placed under the conditions specially required by the type of organization to which they belong." The same remarks hold good with regard to the lowest forms of the vegetable creation. The sporules of some fungi are so minute, and occur in such immense numbers, that in a single individual (of Reticularia) more than ten millions have been counted; and they are so light and subtle that they are dispersed by the slightest agitation of the air, and even by evaporation. The germs of these minute and simple forms of vegetation must, therefore, always be present in the atmosphere.

There appear to us to be two grand objections to this theory of equivocal generation. In the first place we observe, that in vegetable infusion almost every species of animalcule which is generally found in our climate is indifferently developed. In precisely the same infusion we shall at times find swarms of certain species, at other times none. In Dr. Mantell's work we find it stated that one species of Rotatoria —the Stephanoceros—was scarcely to be found during the last summer, not even in its favorite haunts. How can we reconcile these facts with the doctrine of equivocal generation? Surely, if these animals were formed from mere fermentative or putrefactive matter, warmed by the sun's rays, the same species should always be found in the same infusion. And again, it appears to us that, were this the case, the necessity for these animalcules possessing organs and means of reproduction is entirely done away with.

But we believe that we have even more conclusive evidence of the fallacy of this doctrine of equivocal generation in an experiment made by M. F. Schulze, of Berlin.* He considered that, according to the theory of equivocal generation, the access of air, light, and heat to *infundirten* substances included of itself all the conditions for the

* Published in Jameson's Journal, vol. 23.

primary formations of animal or vegetable organisms, and he resolved therefore experimentally to ascertain the truth or error of this theory. The great difficulty to be overcome consisted in the necessity of being first assured that at the beginning of the experiment there was no animal germ capable of development in the infusion; and secondly, that the air admitted contained nothing of the kind. The experiment and its results we subjoin in the words of its deviser :—

"I filled a glass flask half full of distilled water, in which I mixed various animal and vegetable substances; I then closed it with a good cork, through which I passed two glass tubes, bent at right angles, the whole being airtight. It was next placed in a sand bath, and heated until the water boiled violently, and thus all parts had reached a temperature of 212° Fahrenheit. While the watery vapor was escaping by the glass tubes, I fastened at each end an apparatus, which chemists employ for collecting carbonic acid; that to the left was filled with concentrated sulphuric acid, and the other with a solution of potash. By means of the boiling heat, every thing living and all germs in the flask or in the tubes were destroyed, and all access was cut off by the sulphuric acid on the one side, and by the potash on the other. I placed this easily moved apparatus before my window, where it was exposed to the action of light, and also, as I performed my experiments in the summer, to that of heat. At the same time I placed near it an open vessel with the same substances that had been introduced into the flask, and also after having subjected them to a boiling temperature. In order now to renew constantly the air within the flask, I sucked with my mouth several times a day the open end of the apparatus filled with solution of potash, by which process the air entered my mouth from the flask through the caustic liquid, and the atmospheric air from without entered the flask through the sulphuric acid. The air was of course not altered in its composition by passing through the sulphuric acid into the flask, but if sufficient time was allowed for the passage, all the portions of living matter, or of matter capable of becoming animated, were taken up by the sulphuric acid and destroyed. From the 28th of May until the early part of August, I continued uninterruptedly the renewal of the air in the flask, without being able by the aid of the microscope to perceive any living animal or vegetable substances, although, during the whole of the time, I made my observations almost daily on the edge of the liquid; and when at last I separated the different parts of the apparatus, I could not find in the whole liquid the slightest trace of Infusoria, of Confervæ, or of mould. But all the three presented themselves in great abundance a few days after I had left the flask standing open. The vessel which I placed near the apparatus contained on the following day Vibriones and Monades to which were soon added larger Polygastric Infusoria and afterwards Rotatoria."

To us this experiment appears a most satisfactory one; and we come to the conclusion that, where either living or dead organized matter swarms with colonies of animals, such matter does not produce them spontaneously, but beings resembling them have deposited their eggs, which, under favorable circumstances, spring into life and being.

But many of the philosophers who oppose the theory of equivocal generation in reference to the Infusoria, lean thereunto with reference to another class of animals—the Entozoa. The Entozoa are those parasitical animals which infest the bodies of other animals, many of which are restricted to particular organs of particular species of animals, and are themselves the theatre of existence of other parasites. The development of these animals, according to Dr. Mantell, "is inexplicable on the former view of the subject," namely, the propagation by minute ova, and "is indeed incomprehensible in the present state of our knowledge." And the following remarks of Dr. Holland are then quoted :—

"Here we approach to speculations, which, though founded on the most minute forms of existence, have yet a vastness in their obscurity, and in the results to which their solution would lead. Hence the questions arise, whether animal or vegetable life (for the inquiry equally regards both) is in any case produced except from the eggs or germs of prior individuals of the same species? Whether there may not be matter so constituted as to be capable, from some unknown law, of assuming an organic character, and of giving rise to particular species of living beings, whenever the conditions suitable to the development and continuance of such organisms are present?"

"And," Dr. Mantell continues, "the theory of origination of living beings from inorganic elements, or, to use the expression of the author of the 'Vestiges,' of *organic creation by law*, offers a solution to these difficult problems; but no certain evidence has yet been obtained to substantiate or even sanction this hypothesis. This is, in fact, the serious and only legitimate objection to a doctrine which would explain many obscure physiological phenomena, and bring the laws of vitality into harmony with those which preside over the inorganic kingdom of nature."

Now, in this opinion we must entirely differ from the learned author. We can-

not see why, because our knowledge of the matter is as yet limited, a special method of generation should be assumed in direct opposition to that observed in all other classes of organized beings; and that more particularly, when "there is no evidence to substantiate or even sanction this hypothesis." We know that in all other animals and plants reproduction is effected by ova;* why then should we imagine that the Entozoa, animals far above some of the Infusoria in point of organization, can spring from inorganic elements? And if this doctrine be allowed in reference to the Entozoa, why should it not be equally correct with regard to all animals, even to man himself? Again, assuming that it is possible for inorganic matter under certain conditions to take upon itself an organic character, surely it is but necessary to study these conditions for man himself to become a creator, and realize the wild visions of a Frankenstein. The same kind of theory was, as we have already said, held in reference to the Infusoria; but the improvements in the microscope, by enabling us to watch these animals more closely, soon annihilated it. And may we not in the same manner believe that the further progress of science, that future researches and discoveries, will teach us that even the Entozoa follow the universal law, and are developed entirely from ova? Indeed, limited as we are aware that our information concerning them is, the few facts in our possession militate strongly, in our opinion at least, against this doctrine. The very restriction of certain kinds of Entozoa to particular organs of particular species of animals leads to the belief that, like those of the Infusoria, their ova are every where present, but remain undeveloped until they meet with a medium suitable to their wants. In some of these parasites we find a kind of instinctive choice of habitation. Thus, with regard to the Ascaris lumbricoides—the round worm—Professor Owen remarks, "that they are much more common in children than in adults, and are extremely rare in aged persons. They are most obnoxious to individuals of lymphatic temperament, and such as use gross and indigestible food, or who inhabit low and damp localities." Nay, further, we have proof of the generation of some parasites from ova, and of the very mode by which they gain access to the interior of the animal in which they are found; this is the case, for example, with the *Œstrus equi*, found in the intestinal cavity of the horse. The parent insect deposits its egg about the shoulder of the horse, where it can easily be reached by the tongue: the irritation causes the animal to lick the part, and by this means the bot is introduced into the only place which affords the viscid nutriment and due heat for its full development. And again, we have another example in the *Distoma hians*, an Entozoon which infests the intestines of the perch. The parent animal deposits its ova within the intestines—they are there hatched, and the young are expelled from the fish. It would seem that they were destined to pass a transitional state of their existence in a fluid medium permeated by light. The young animal, when thus ejected from the fish, is totally unlike its parent, presenting a greater resemblance to the Polygastric Infusoria, and being, like them, covered with vibratile cilia, which are in rapid and incessant motion, and create a vortex in the surrounding water. Unlike their parent, too, in this state they possess an organ of vision. Thus organized, the young of this parasite move to and fro in the water as if it were their natural element. But after a certain period, they again pass into the alimentary canal of the fish, where they undergo their metamorphosis, lose the organ which guided the movements of their young and free life, grow at the expense of the nutrient secretions with which they are now abundantly provided, and deposit their eggs, which in like manner are hatched, and go through the same process of development.* And,

* We, of course, here mean to include the sporules and seeds of plants under this general term.

* Another most remarkable instance of the introduction of parasitical animals into cavities adapted for their development, has been described by Reaumur. There is a species of *Œstrus* in Lapland, which lodges near the gullet of the reindeer, and there the larvæ take up their abode in families consisting of one hundred or more individuals. At each side of the root of the tongue there is, according to Reaumur, a slit in the pharynx of the deer, which leads to two fleshy cavities, which he calls purses. "We do not know," he observes, "of what use they are to these large animals, but they are essential to the worms, which are developed within them. If they are not made for these, if they are useful to the deer, at all events, HE who constructed the cavities, and formed the insects, knew that they were necessary to the existence of these worms, and so taught them to lodge in their destined repositories; for all that is essential to their nourishment and growth is contained within these, and is not to be found elsewhere. The question naturally is, how the perfect insect contrives to

lastly, as an objection against this theory, we would repeat what we have already said with regard to the Infusoria, that all the Entozoa are endowed with organs of reproduction, a provision perfectly unnecessary, if they could take origin from inorganic element.

We may then, we believe, adopt the conclusion of a contemporary author, that "all nature, at whatever point we meet her, and during whatever age in the past history of the earth, tells us with an unhesitating voice that she has not enacted any law of spontaneous generation, and that she will not allow any power inferior to herself to mar her vestiges or blot out her fixed organic types."

But a few words more are necessary to complete our summary of the habits and peculiarities of the Infusoria. We have already seen that they have been observed in all the four quarters of the world—that vast bodies of water are tinged by these animalcules—and that even the phosphorescence of the sea is owing to their presence.* We have found, too, that accumulations of immense masses of fossil Infusoria form mould and various species of rock; on this subject Ehrenberg observes, that "We can make glass out of invisible Infusoria with lime or soda; can manufacture floating bricks out of them, use them as flints, probably make iron out of them, polish silver with them as tripoli, as ochre; manure with them as mud and mould, and, with mountain flour composed of them, allay the cravings of hunger." Many, and probably all, white chalk rocks are the produce of microscopic animalcules, which are for the most part quite invisible to the naked eye, possessing calcareous shells, of which more than one million are well preserved in each cubic inch; that is, much more than ten millions in one pound of chalk. The extreme minuteness of these chalk animalcules is strikingly proved by the fact, that, even in the finest levigated whiting, multitudes of them are still present, and may be applied without suffering change to the most varied purposes; thus, in the chalk coating given to painted chambers, paper, or even glazed visiting cards (when not coated with white lead alone), may be seen a pretty mosaic of well preserved moss-coral animalcules, invisible to the naked eye; and thus our natural vision receives from such a surface the impression of the purest white, little dreaming that it contains the bodies of millions of beings which once enjoyed life—beings of varied and beautiful forms, more or less closely crowded together. Linnæus said, "All lime comes from worms" *(omnis calx e vermibus)*. Now, we are led to think, whether all flint and all iron—consequently the three principal component parts of the earth—do not come from animalcules: *omnis silex, omne ferrum, e vermibus*, cannot at present, with propriety, be affirmed or

deposit its young in a spot which none but an anatomist can detect, and to reach which requires the boldness and dexterity of a creature which is regardless of its own life. If we consider that nature has endowed the deer with the power of ejecting any substance annoying the nostrils, by sneezing, the power of enveloping any thing irritating the palate in a viscid saliva, or of crushing it by means of grinder teeth, we must give due credit to a fly, which, in spite of these obstacles, manages to reach the cavities in question." And yet this Œstrus boldly enters the nostrils and the cavities, and, proceeding to the extremity, comes at once on the fleshy purses at the root of the tongue; in these the female fly deposits her eggs, and leaves them in a matrix furnished with a supply for every want.

* The phosphorescence of the sea, owing to the presence of minute animalcules, is a subject of the greatest interest, and we shall therefore make no apology for quoting an account which will show the occasional extent of this phenomenon. Dr. Pöppig, in his 'Voyage to Chili,' says, "From the topmast the sea appeared, as far as the eye could reach, of a dark red color, and this in a streak the breadth of which was estimated at six English miles. As we sailed slowly along, we found that the color changed into brilliant purple, so that even the foam, which is seen at the stern of a ship under sail, was of a rose color. The sight was very striking, because this purple streak was marked by a very distinct line from the blue waters of the sea, a circumstance which we the more easily observed, because our course lay directly through the midst of this streak, which extended from south-east to north-west. The water, taken up in a bucket, appeared indeed quite transparent, but a faint purple tinge was perceptible when a few drops were placed upon a piece of white china, and moved rapidly backwards and forwards in the sunshine. A moderate magnifying glass showed that these little red dots, which only with great attention could be discerned with the naked eye, consisted of Infusoria, which were of a spherical form, entirely destitute of all external organs of motion. . . . We sailed for four hours at a mean rate of six English miles an hour, through this streak, which was seven miles broad, before we reached the end of it, and its superfices must therefore have been about one hundred and sixty-eight English square miles. If we add that these animals may have been equally distributed in the upper stratum of water, to the depth of six feet, we must confess that their numbers infinitely surpassed the conception of the human understanding."

denied, and must remain for more special investigations to decide.

The Infusoria, like the higher animals, perish from sudden transitions of temperature. They die in ice; but when the water first congeals, each animalcule is surrounded by a moist space, caused by the caloric liberated by its own body. Heat instantaneously kills infusory animalcules—eggs and animals equally perish. Several species are nevertheless capable of supporting a temperature of from 45 deg. to 50 deg. Reaumur (nearly 140 deg. Fahrenheit). Heat is less hurtful when it takes place gradually; light is favorable to their production, but it is not necessary, for they are even found in deep mines. Atmospheric air is essential to the existence of the Infusoria, especially the Rotatoria. They are killed by substances which affect the chemical composition of the water; but the strongest poisons, if only in mechanical suspension in the fluid, exert no influence upon them. Fresh-water species instantly die if sea-water be suddenly added, though the latter swarm with marine species; but they survive if the mixture be gradual, and many kinds inhabit brackish waters. Many of the Infusoria are carnivorous, feeding on those species more infinitesimal than themselves; others are herbivorous, and are nourished by particles of decomposed vegetables too minute to be visible till accumulated in the internal organs of the animalcules. The duration of life in these animals varies from a few hours to several days or even weeks; some Rotifera have been traced to the seventy-third day of their existence. Their dissolution usually takes place suddenly, but in some of the larger species microscopists have observed violent throes and convulsive struggles as attending their death. The soft parts rapidly undergo decomposition, and it is a remarkable fact that, under such circumstances, but a very small proportion of solid matter remains; from aggregated myriads but a few particles of dust are left. One of the most remarkable points, perhaps, in the natural history of these animalcules, is the power they possess of remaining dormant for an almost unlimited period of time. Immense quantities of Infusoria in the form of mould, apparently dried up to dust, are long capable of reanimation: some of the Rotatoria will remain for years together motionless and apparently lifeless, if buried in earth or thoroughly dry sand, and yet may be so preserved that, on the application of moisture, they revive and swim about as actively as at first. Some Rotifers have been alternately dried and rendered dormant and then revived by the addition of water *twelve times* without any apparent diminution of their activity. Professor Owen mentions having witnessed the revival of an animalcule which had been preserved in dry sand four years.

With regard to the purposes which these invisible beings are destined to effect in the economy of nature, we will content ourselves with quoting the words of Dr. Mantell, who, in the 'Thoughts on Animalcules' before us, has presented a vast deal of information on the most interesting genera and species of the Infusoria, and clothed it with that fascinating garb, that persuasive eloquence with which he has been ever wont to impart knowledge.

"We may, indeed," he says, "take cognizance of some of the obvious results of the operations of these living atoms; such, for example, as their influence in maintaining the purity of the atmosphere and of the water, by the conversion into their own structures of the particles liberated by the decomposition of the larger animals and vegetables, and in their turn becoming the food of other races, and thus affording the means of support to creatures of a higher organization than themselves. We see, too, that many species after death give rise to the formation of earthy deposits at the bottoms of lakes, rivers, and seas, which, in after ages, may become fertile tracts of country and the sites of large communities of mankind. But in this, as in all attempts to interpret the mysterious designs of Providence, we are but as 'beings darkly wise,' for it is probable that the most serious maladies which afflict humanity are produced by peculiar states of invisible animalcular life. From some periodical and exaggerated condition of development, particular species, too minute for the most powerful microscope to descry, may suddenly swarm in the air or in the waters, and penetrating the internal vessels and organs, exert an injurious influence of a specific character on the lining membranes and fluids of the human frame: and from this inscrutable agency may, possibly, originate the cholera, influenza, and other epidemic diseases."

In the course of this article we have alluded briefly to many other discoveries effected by the microscope, and we cannot bring it to a close without showing that its revelations are not confined to the worlds on worlds of microscopic beings existing every where around us. We need not again advert to the minute cells of which the organs of all animals are made up, but there

are some other points connected with the organization of the higher animals with which the microscope has made us acquainted, to which we will proceed to draw the reader's attention. And, first, with regard to the blood. Examined by the naked eye the blood appears to be perfectly fluid and homogeneous; but if it be spread in a thin stratum upon the object-plate of a microscope, and viewed under a lens having a magnifying power of between 200 and 300, it will be seen to consist of two distinct and heterogeneous parts, viz. a transparent yellowish watery fluid, and a number of solid corpuscules of extreme minuteness suspended in this fluid. To the fluid portion the name *serum* is given; the minute corpuscules are spoken of as the *globules* of the blood. These globules are membranous sacs, inclosing a solid flattened nucleus in the form of a disk in their interior. Their form and dimensions vary among animals of different species, but in the same animal they all bear the strongest resemblance to one another. In the Mammalia these corpuscules are smaller than in any other class of animals, and in form they are circular. In birds the globules of the blood are elliptical, and larger than in the Mammalia; in vertebrate animals with cold blood the globules are also elliptical, but their dimensions are much greater, and vary more extensively in different classes. In the Invertebrata the globules of the blood are more or less regularly circular in shape, and are also of very considerable dimensions. Now, observation and experiment have proved how important is the action of these globules upon the living tissues. It appears to be especially owing to the presence of the globules, that the blood owes its power of arousing and keeping up vital motion in the animal economy. We observe, in fact, that, if an animal be bled till it falls into a state of syncope, and the further loss of blood be not prevented, all muscular motion quickly ceases, respiration is suspended, the heart pauses from its action, life is no longer manifested by any outward sign, and death soon becomes inevitable; but, if in this state, the blood of another animal of the same species be injected into the veins of the one to all appearance dead, we see with amazement this inanimate body return to life, gaining accessions of vitality with each new quantity of blood that is introduced, by-and-by beginning to breathe freely, moving with ease, and finally walking as it was wont to do, and recovering completely. This operation, which is known in surgery under the title of transfusion, proves, better than all that can be said, the importance of the globules of the blood to the living tissues; for if, instead of blood, serum only, deprived of globules, be employed in the same manner, no other or further effect is produced than follows the injection of so much pure water, and death is no less an inevitable consequence. But results equally remarkable have been observed in reference to the size and form of these globules. Thus, if the blood introduced into the veins of a living animal differ merely in the size, not in the form of its globules, a disturbance or derangement of the whole economy, more or less remarkable, supervenes. The pulse is increased in frequency, the temperature falls rapidly, and death in fine generally happens in a few days. The effects produced by the injection of blood having circular globules, into the veins of an animal the globules of whose blood are elliptical (or *vice versâ*), are still more remarkable; death then usually takes place amidst nervous symptoms of extreme violence, and comparable in their rapidity to those that follow the introduction of the most energetic poisons.

Our knowledge of the circulation of the blood has also been greatly increased by the microscope: not only has a vascular system and circulation been detected in many of the lower animals, but we have also obtained satisfactory proof of the existence of minute vessels, termed *capillaries*, connecting the arterial and venous system in the higher classes of animals. The phenomena of the passage of the blood from the terminations of the arteries into the commencement of the veins through the capillary vessels, are highly interesting and important in many points of view; for the immediate respiratory change which the venous blood undergoes in the pulmonary vessels, and all those alterations of composition which accompany nutrition, growth, secretion, and other organic processes connected with the systemic vessels, occur in the smallest ramifications of the pulmonic and systemic circulation, and the morbid state of inflammation, as well as the various pathological changes which occur as its consequences, are intimately connected with an altered condition of the capillary system.

In plants, too, the microscope has enabled us to detect a circulation of the nutritive fluids, which is twofold—the one a gen-

eral circulation of the cells; and the second termed *cyclosis*, which is a revolution of the fluid contained in each cellule, distinct from those surrounding it. This latter phenomenon, which is most remarkable, can be observed in all plants in which the circulating fluid contains particles of a different refractive power or intensity, and the cellules of sufficient size and transparency. Hence all lactescent plants, or those having a milky juice, with the other conditions, exhibit this phenomenon. The following aquatic plants are generally transparent enough to show the circulation in every part of them: Nitella hyalina, Nitella translucens, Chara vulgaris, and Caulinia fragilis.

Another curious phenomenon, entirely revealed to us by the microscope, cannot be passed over in silence. We allude to what is termed by physiologists, CILIARY MOTION. In a previous portion of this paper we described the cilia of the Infusory animalcules, which in most species served them as organs of locomotion; and it will be further remembered that Ehrenberg gave the name of Rotatoria to one class, from the peculiar arrangement of these small filaments. It was originally supposed that these minute organs were confined to the lower forms of animals; but further investigation has clearly shown that ciliary motion is a phenomenon which prevails most extensively in the animal kingdom, having been found in the highest as well as the lowest members of the zoological scale,—even in man, not only ciliary motion, but even the situation and form of the cilia have been discovered. The organs or parts of the body in which the ciliary motion has been ascertained to exist may be referred to four heads, viz. the skin or surface of the body, the respiratory, alimentary, and reproductive systems; but it is only in the respiratory system, in the nose and larynx, that cilia have been as yet detected in man. The function of these organs is to convey fluids or other matters along the surface on which the cilia are placed, to renew the water on the respiring surface of animals with aquatic respiration, or, as in the Infusoria, to carry the animal through the fluid.*

* A detailed account of cilia and ciliary motion is utterly impossible within the limits of a paper, general in its nature; but we would refer the reader, who may be interested in the matter, to the article 'Cilia,' in the 'Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology,' by Dr Sharpey, the most complete on this subject with which we are acquainted.

But to enumerate the whole of the discoveries effected by the microscope would require volumes. For our knowledge of the minute structure of the various organs in plants and animals, and of the beauty and perfection of design exhibited throughout the whole of creation, we are entirely indebted to this instrument. In the present paper we have confined ourselves to a brief review of some of the most important of its revelations made within the period of a few years. Its continued use and the researches of naturalists into the infinitude of the organized creation have been the means of bringing to light great numbers of living beings, of whose existence, but a few years back, we had no reasonable proof. From the chilly regions of the glaciers, with their colored snow, to the pools of Egypt, with their living forms; from the waters of the Cattegat to the sunny waves of Mexico; from the bergmehl of Finland to the brown mould of Newmarket; has the inquiring mind of the naturalist drawn evidence of the all-pervading principle of life. Forms, from whence the essence of vitality has long since departed, have given up their remnants from the chalk, and beings invisible to the naked eye of man have been summoned from their entombments in their flinty sarcophagi. The chaos of old systematists has passed away, and a structure of truth and beauty has been formed from its heterogeneous materials. And while contemplating the discoveries effected by the microscope and its elder sister, the telescope, we may indeed exclaim in the eloquent words of Dr. Chambers:—

'While the telescope enables us to see a system in every star, the microscope unfolds to us a world in every atom. The one instructs us that this mighty globe, with the whole burthen of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand in the vast field of immensity; the other, that every atom may harbor the tribes and families of a busy population. The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit; the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells us that in the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the stars of the firmament. The one suggests to us, that, above and beyond all that is visible to man, there may be regions of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe;—the other, that, within and beneath all the minuteness which the aided eye of man is able to explore, there may be a world of invisible beings; and that, could we draw

aside the mysterious veil which shrouds it from our senses, we might behold a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy can unfold; a universe within the compass of a point, so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the ALMIGHTY RULER of all things finds room for the exercise of HIS attributes, where HE can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with evidences of HIS glory!'

RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS.

It was in the height of the Paris season, in 1817, that a card of invitation led me to the ample saloon of the Countess of D———, where I found a crowd of individuals of all rank and nations. There were French, English, German, and Russian uniforms, intermingled with heaven knows how many besides. Decorations and orders glittered on every hand in a blaze of light from bright eyes and an infinity of wax-tapers. Here were groups of politicians of the then antique Gallic, who affected to be as firmly attached to the Bourbon dynasty, all *barbonnage* as it was, as they had been just before devoted heart and soul to the service of the most extraordinary name in modern history, whom they now affected to regard as the *superbe oppresseur!*

'There is a sight to make a man hate himself in his kind,' said Colonel H———t, of the Baden Dragoons, who had introduced me to the lady of the mansion; 'here we see of what changeable stuff Frenchmen are made.'

'The way of the world, Colonel; but you are in an ill humor to-night. Was it ever different among court retainers?'

'I am not out of humor, but it sickens me to see how men belie their avowals. When my regiment was a part of the army of Napoleon, I saw some of these people on service. Then they declared they owed all they possessed to that wonderful genius. They could not be fulsome enough in the expression of his praises. Listen to them, base flatterers of the Bourbons, now! *Rien n'est beau que le vrai.* I served the same leader, too, went into battle with him under the same confidence in his genius which they had, praised his wonderful talents, and censured his arbitrary temper. But my contingent was a foreign auxiliary; I felt it to be so at the time; no national tie bound me to his eagles. These are Frenchmen, vain about their patriotism, all deeply indebted to Napoleon. They might, at least, conceal their want of principle. I am a German, fought against him at last, but owed him nothing.'

In this way the colonel spoke out his mind in a sort of whisper; I feared at times that he would have been overheard, and changing the subject, inquired who that pale, marble-faced-looking personage might be seated no great way from us.

TALLEYRAND.

'One of the most wonderful men in Europe, in public estimation,' replied the colonel, 'unless his politic conduct has obtained him fame upon credit. You must have seen him before. Those long gray-turning locks and cold impassive features; surely you must recognize the man. In Paris so long, and a stranger to the Prince of Benevento!'

It was even himself; the clever, shrewd diplomatist, whose head was so much too long for the muddled cranium of the cleverest diplomatist of the old school in Europe, adding the two next best into the bargain. I had never fallen in with him, though I had and have a singular habit of falling in the way of distinguished men. He was a plainer man, much more simple in his carriage, than I had imagined. He seemed to be at the most perfect ease; yet altogether I thought character was never so belied by personal appearance. Still, after a scrutiny, there was something indescribable about his ashen countenance. He was seated with his legs partially across, as if to give ease to his lameness. One hand rested on the elbow of his chair, the other held a flower which a young lady had just presented to him, having seemingly but at that moment discovered he was present.

'Here, then, is the *ci-devant* Bishop of Autun!' I could not take my eyes away from him. All I had read or heard about him came rapidly into my mind. 'Words were, indeed, given to us to conceal our thoughts,' was a phrase rightly or wrongfully attributed to him: it suits him, unquestionably. That tranquil, immotive, heart-hiding countenance well seconds in the rigidity of his visage the meaning of the aphorism. Where could it be so well illustrated? That mind which masks itself best is at the summit of virtue in political chicanery. 'Talleyrand is the greatest name in modern diplomacy—he is be-

fore me,' passed through my thoughts with the speed of lightning. Colonel H———t went up to him, and I anticipated an introduction somewhat prematurely, as it appeared. He returned my friend's salutation with great courtesy, changing at the same time an apparent abstraction of sense to an ease and elegance of manner which, to a stranger, could not but be highly prepossessing. If artful, he concealed his art behind a pleasing simplicity of bearing and speech; he appeared the very extreme of remoteness from assumption or affectation of any kind. The freedom of self-possession for which he was celebrated struck me at once. He played off no game of superiority, but arose from his chair after a word or two to pass into another apartment where cards had been introduced, and he was at the moment desirous of joining some friends who addressed him for that purpose. This request, consentaneous with the colonel's salute, lost me the chance of a presentation.

In the scope of a pretty large range of society both at home and abroad at that time, I never saw any one who at all resembled this wonderful man. Talleyrand was *sui generis;* his singular appearance is familiar to most persons from pictures and written descriptions, but his character is yet to be written. He was a well-abused man. In England the unfledged article-writers in magazines and newspapers—some wild from Connaught—made Talleyrand a mark for their diatribes without knowing any thing about him. Scores of scribblers, from the notorious Jew Goldsmith and his *Revolutionary Plutarch* downwards, affected to describe him whom they did not understand, perhaps never saw, just as party-spirit operated; writers who, like Lord Brougham, write characters in one fashion at one time, and diametrically opposite at another, and then expect to gain credit with the world for their opinions. Prejudice ran strong about this personage, so long upon the public scene, that lapse of time alone will enable a fair estimate of him to be given. It suffices that one party says of him, as Pasquerel of the doctor, 'Ce n'est pas la science que fait le medicin heureux, c'est l'effronterie et le jargon;' but Talleyrand was a quiet man, and made no commodity of a waste of words; when he spoke it was well and to the purpose. Others said that his whole merit was a peculiar cunning, that he was a shallow coxcomb. But Talleyrand was no more unprincipled than, according to public opinion in modern days, becomes an adroit politician; and his cunning only consisted in seeing much farther beyond his nose than the politicians and diplomatists who were his contemporaries, and who in England, as well as on the Continent, could not glance farther than the extremity of that member—some not so far. But I shall attempt that sketch of character which I have just declared to be impossible to do correctly, if I proceed much farther.

Talleyrand, except in his advanced age, which could not make his cheek more bloodless, differed little then from what he was when he last mingled in London society, and when he hobbled up the steps of the Travellers' Club-house to take an evening hand at whist. A change of years made no change in his imperturbable mind. He was as philosophical and as observant to the last as he was at this time, when he was not much beyond sixty years of age,—witty, subtle, dexterous, and penetrating; but his qualities were discoverable only through their effects. An opaque, icy veil covered his intentions until the moment of action. Love and hate never came to the surface with him, even if they were the moving principle of the hour. To have exhibited emotion under the strongest temptation, would have been to sin unpardonably against the insensibility that he used for self-defence or to serve his immediate purpose. Talleyrand, upon the slightest display of his capital, got larger credit than any other personage not of blood royal, while his great reputation never betrayed him into the exhibition of the smallest degree of vanity, because he would not afford that a single weakness he could help should be wasted. He might turn his frailties to account on one side or the other; and he calculated upon them in his diplomacy, the profession through which he fed his own selfishness. Was decay assaulting the edifice in which he had housed for long years in gorgeous magnificence, he was the first to espy the spot that, expanding into dry rot, would inevitably cause its fall, and prepared, unseen by others, a removal from the danger that might place him in jeopardy. No one understood so well how to escape peril, to conceal his own weak points, or to expose those of others.

Such was the substance of my friend's character of Talleyrand, to which he added, that some of his (the Colonel's) country-

men have compared Talleyrand to the Mephistophiles of Goethe; but the comparison was bad, for Mephistophiles was not a well-bred character, nor half as witty. He had not Talleyrand's brilliant qualities, and was but a semi-devil to the Frenchman, who was sulphur unadulterated. 'Yet,' said the colonel, 'I may do Talleyrand injustice in censuring his politic regard of himself and care in every jump he took to alight upon his feet; for he was ever, under the Emperor Napoleon as he was under the Bourbons, in all situations the friend of moderate measures and of peace. At times he would battle the question with the greatest soldier of modern times, though in vain, and, as he could not produce the effect he desired in this respect, so he took care of himself, seeing clearly enough the picture of the future.'

SUCHET.

But I forget that I am in a crowded saloon, among the gay, the learned, and the renowned. There was Benjamin Constant, the first political writer of his time, the somewhat inconstant—in fact, the friend of Corinna of Coppet. Here were marshals of France, Napoleon's marshals, and among them the unconquered Suchet,—men now become characters of history. Few of them, however gifted, seem to have been of 'Plutarch's men,' like their master. They were ruled by humbler expectations than an exalted ambition of conquest. Yet was Suchet one of the most remarkable. He had risen from grade to grade in the army by merit alone, that plague-spot in the sight of the feudal aristocracies throughout Europe. His conduct on the Mincio and the Var, when the tide of war had turned against France, established his fame. In Spain he was uniformly successful, not less from his courage and humanity than his skill in organizing and governing. He was somewhat above the middle stature, too stout to be symmetrical in figure at this time. Like most of the more distinguished of the commanders of Napoleon's armies, he exhibited little of the soldier out of uniform. There was none of that stiff mannerism which the German soldier carries every where, and the English too in a degree little less prominent.

I saw Suchet afterwards in plain clothes on several occasions, and should have taken him for any thing but a soldier except in countenance, which was manly, though affable and indicative of superior intellect. His complexion was pale; hair dark, lank, and coarse; and his features were handsome. He had a lofty, broad forehead, dark eyes, aquiline nose, lips wavy in outline and rather thick, with a chin almost as long as his forehead was high. There was in the expression a character of much energy. I was told that, next to his master, he had the power of attaching the soldier to his person in a remarkable degree. This might have been the result of kindness towards his men and his uninterrupted success, together with the toleration of conversational interchange with the humblest in the ranks sometimes on a march,—a conduct never abused by the French soldier, because of all modern soldiers he is the least of a mere machine, and has most of resource and self-reliance.

I was introduced to the marshal, who entered at once freely into conversation. He spoke of the National Guard, which had been reviewed the day before, inquiring if I had seen it, and what I thought of the appearance of the regiments. I replied that I thought them very like the soldiers of the line (it was the National Guard of 1816, about 40,000). The marshal observed that Frenchmen had a fondness for military display born with them; that they were sooner made soldiers than any other people in Europe; that vast numbers had served in a military capacity, and that it was fortunate for the existence of the integrity of France that it was so. The marshal asked where I was when the troops passed in review. I told him in a window of the Rue de la Paix, near the Place Vendome. He observed that it was an excellent position, from commanding the street and the place as well. After some other desultory conversation, he said that he had that day called upon a compatriot of mine, the Duke of Wellington. I said, 'No, I am an Englishman, the Duke is an Irishman.' The marshal smiled, and observed it was the same thing; a native of Alsace was a Frenchman.

Suchet died about seven years subsequently, aged fifty-four, leaving a fine character both as an officer and a man. Napoleon said of him, that with two such marshals in Spain he would not only have conquered the country but kept it. In this he referred to the marshal's talents for organizing civil government, his equitable

principle of levying the taxes, his mildness, disinterestedness in money affairs, and salutary discipline.

There were at that time in Paris a number of houses of distinguished persons, open to such as had an introduction to one or two in the first instance. Wealth had no precedence of talent of any kind, for then the Napoleon system remained prevalent among persons of good standing in society. The question was not then, 'Is he, indeed, worth a million? God bless me, what a great man!' as it is in England; but simply, 'Who is he?' And if he were a character recognized as noted for any particular distinction in social life, for art, arms, or literature, he stood out immediately. The assumptions of wealthy ignorance then went in France for nothing. The question was, 'What is the man?' not, 'What is he worth in cash?'

CUVIER.

But to our sheep. The mild, philosophic Cuvier was among the company—he who revealed the mysteries of the antediluvian world, and opened to the view of the nineteenth century organized creatures unknown to the earliest records of natural history. He was the picture of his mind, sedate, affable, and full of benignity. Long years afterwards I met him in England, changed considerably by advanced years, but precisely the same man in his bearing. The Chevalier Langles of the Institute, to whom I had been previously introduced at the Royal Library, where he had apartments as keeper of the Oriental MSS., having been appointed in 1792. He, too, is since dead. France was indebted to him for the establishment of the Oriental school, where the literature and languages of the East were at one time ardently studied. Here he had taken upon himself the duty of the professorship of Persian. He was well known both to Sir William and Sir Gore Ousley, and was a man of pleasing address, and highly estimated among the *savans* of his time. He was simple and unreserved in his intercourse. From the extent of his acquirement, he was treated with great attention by most of the distinguished persons present, who were all on terms of free intercourse with him. His collection of books and MSS. was extremely large and valuable. At his decease, Beckford of Fonthill, a great proficient, too, in Eastern lore, purchased the celebrated MS. called the *Ayen Akbery*, which was presented to the great Akbar by his minister Abdoul Fazel, containing the laws of the empire. The efforts to obtain this prize were so great that it was not obtained under seventeen thousand francs. His *soirees* were of the highest character, noted for the assemblage of intellectual men of all stations and countries. The chevalier was reputed master of fourteen languages.

The geographer Maltebrun and Barbier the librarian, with the venerable Denon—names of renown in France—together with many whom my friend could not designate, were present, who are now dust, my friend the colonel and cicerone among them. They have no successors to approach these men of eminence, the same dull mediocrity pervading France as well as England.

THE AUTHOR OF LACON.

There, too, I was greeted with a sight of the pale visage and hard countenance of the Rev. Caleb Colton, author of *Lacon*. I had not for two years seen this learned, shrewd, avaricious, conceited man; one whose habits were as singular as his character was contradictory.

'Come to-morrow,' said he, 'and take wine with me in the English fashion. Let us have some conversation,—no denial.'

'Where do you reside in Paris?'

'I have lodgings for a month or two at a wine merchant's near the Chamber of Deputies. I took them on the recommendation of an old priest, an excellent Greek scholar, who says they keep at that house the best Beaume wine in Paris. You will find this true: come and taste it.'

I dined the next day at an early hour, and, crossing the Tuileries, overtook the parson not at all *mal apropos*. We crossed the Seine, passed the Hotel of the Legion of Honor, and at last reached a narrow, dingy street, at right angles with the river, a short way along which my conductor led me into a passage and then up a flight of stairs that had not been cleaned since they were put up. We then entered a room on the first floor, looking into the street. As many French rooms are constituted, it was a sitting and a bedroom combined, the bed being in a recess, before which drew a faded green curtain, so as to conceal the bed entirely when it was drawn. In the middle of the outer space there stood a table strewed

with books, fragments of paper, pens worn to stumps; here a neck-handkerchief, there a pair of gloves: a coffee-pot and cup, and a candle-stick of very lack-lustre appearance, were also upon the table. A nest of drawers in another situation displayed each receptacle more or less open, and linen, cleaned as well as soiled, hanging out of each in a confusion not very agreeable to the sight. A coat hung upon one chair, upon another a pair of French boots exhibiting a remarkable want of polish. In this corner was a fishing-rod, in that a double-barrelled gun; in fact, the whole, to coin a word, was a perfect 'confusatory,' even to a Cantab. The floor of the room was in the same dirty plight as the stairs, or very little better, and both were of timber, a thing not so common then in Paris, nor half so cleanly as the red hexagonal tile. The floor was, no doubt, yet more neglected, because the *frotteur* could not remind the owner that the mystery of his art was hebdomadarily required to keep up the brick-red polish, so grateful to the sight and pleasant to the feeling in the July of a Parisian summer, and withal so clean too.

I began to wonder where I should find a seat, seeing every piece of furniture in use for a legitimate or illegitimate purpose; but in a moment the things upon a couple of chairs were turned upon the floor, and the reverend gentleman produced a rickety table, not a yard square, placed it in the centre of the room, and rang the bell. In a few minutes wine-glasses and a bottle of that expressive contour which indicates the nativity of *Cote d'O* were placed upon the table; our chairs were *vis-a-vis*, when the parson said,—

'Dear me, I have not dined!'

'Not dined!' I rejoined. 'Why did you not partake with me just now?'

'You dine too expensively for me. I care not what I eat; but I must have good wine for sauce.'

The best proof in the world followed that what he said was correct, and that his own laconic remark was true,—that 'avarice is a passion full of paradox.' He struck a light, lit a spirit-lamp, over which in a few minutes he had half a pint of water and a couple of eggs boiling, and boiling, too, until they were as hard as brickbats. When taken out of the water they were eaten with a little salt, and *pain a la discretion*, as the French say, and the repast was over before I could finish a second glass of Beaume, for he had insisted on the wine-tasting proceeding simultaneously with his cookery. He enjoyed a glass of wine and conversation, but he never drank when alone. Avaricious in most other things, he was profuse with his wine. He often cooked his solitary mutton chop himself, and finished it by the time a friend or two could drop in and take wine and talk with him; for as to the quantity of either he never grudged it, and would have both of the best quality too. Some of his habits were those of the college, of which when in the great world he could never divest himself.

Many things were said of this singular man after his decease which were wholly untrue, especially of his keeping low company, which he never did. His besetting sin was a love of play; but he made no friend or companion of the gambler, for such society did not suit his taste. He played at public tables or dabbled in the funds, but in what he did he was isolated, and formed no low connexions. His play was more to gratify an avaricious temper than for excitement, and the money he won he clutched fast. 'Light come, light go,' was not his temper. He would drive as hard a bargain about a horse as any Yorkshireman, and rejoice over the extra guinea gained by his finesse as if he had compassed some great feat. His propensity to play was well nigh cured by his loss in certain foreign bonds, in which he had speculated after dealing some time in wine, under the rose. He then started for America, returned to Europe *via* Havre, and commenced picture-dealer in Paris with a very slight knowledge of the art, by which he must have lost money. We chatted over our wine about all sorts of things, but principally literature. We had a long talk, too, about ghosts. Colton was superstitious,—made so by his belief in the Sampford ghost affair, in the matter of which he offered to give £200 to the poor of the parish if the proceedings were ever discovered to be effected by human agency. He was never called upon for the money. Sometimes he was sententious and sported his aphorisms. His *Lacon* was written on covers of letters and scraps of paper of every species nearest at hand; the greater part at the house next door to Westwood the watch maker, in Prince's Street, Soho, who was subsequently murdered. He was never tired of quoting over his wine, strictly with the grammar school drawl and emphasis, some quotations from a poem called *Hypocrisy*, which he

thought the best thing he had done. But he had no genius. He was an arid writer in verse, Pope's *Moral Essays* being the model of his poetry without the inspiration.

'Now is not that a fine line?' repeating it.

'Very fine, Colton; capital; worthy of Pope!'

Then came a line somewhat analogous in sound from Pope, which he would close with the remark,—

'Upon my word, I think mine is every bit as good, as musical, as antithetic—nearly as good as Pope, eh? Another glass of wine? Would you rather have Volnay? Only say.'

The offer to change the wine showed the right string was touched. It can hardly be imagined that the didactic, philosophic, learned, acute, Baconian Lacon would thus exhibit in himself the fallacy of his own presumed doctrines—would destroy the picture imagination had portrayed of him.

With a readiness of moral display belonging to few, he exhibited a shrewd cunning that ever spoke out of the wrinkled corners of his two twinkling, ordinary, but penetrating eyes, and spoke all was not what it seemed with him; but his mealy, colorless visage was as much proof against emotion as that of Talleyrand himself. There is an idiosyncracy of mind as well as body that sets all analogy and calculation at defiance, to borrow from himself, which was well illustrated in his own character. In argument he was wonderfully ready. One day when I was present, a celebrated Hebraist was inclined to render the passage where Balaam's ass is represented as speaking by the introduction of the words 'as if' the ass had spoken. He was instantly put to silence by Colton's remark, 'In that case the New Testament goes for nothing.'

'How so?'

'Why I have the authority of the Second Epistle of Peter against your interpretation, "the dumb ass speaking with man's voice forbade the madness of the prophet."'

Nothing could be a more complete refutation than the reading of a Jewish Christian in explaining the meaning of the Old Testament. Colton got once into the pulpit and forgot his sermon. He was not disconcerted. He knew his residence was too distant to send for it, and he preached off a sermon extempore equal to any he ever wrote, and nobody discovered what had happened.

When out shooting one day, at a distance from any aid, in getting over a hedge with his gun cocked, he discharged a barrel through the middle of the upper part of his arm, half way between the shoulder and the elbow, tearing away the bone for a space equal to the diameter of the charge, which at that distance passed almost as compact as a ball. Despite the pain, he had an apprehension, not ill founded, that he should bleed to death. He lay down on his back, where he remained for an hour shouting as loud as he could before assistance came, pressing upon one of the main arteries, the situation of which he well knew, near the shoulder, to prevent the blood flowing towards the wounded part,—a remarkable instance of presence of mind. With all this he was not physically a brave man, and so full of fears about the supernatural, that when a curate at Tiverton he could not cross the churchyard at night from a friend's house without an attendant, generally a girl of about twelve years old, with a lanthorn and candle to light him over the fearful precinct. Yet this same man committed suicide to avoid a painful surgical operation! Such an enigma is human character.

He was no respecter of persons, and very negligent in his dress. I went to hear him preach at Kew, being engaged to dine with him afterwards. The present King of Hanover was there with his then duchess. The congrégation was small. Not knowing the royal personages were at Kew, he mounted into the pulpit with grey trousers. This important matter was commented on by the duke and duchess; it was fearfully heterodox, to be sure. It came to his ears that the circumstance had been remarked. He was to dine with the great people a day or two afterwards.

'Well Colton, did you get a rap on the knuckles for your want of regimentals?'

'Oh, no!' said he, 'I hardly expected such a thing to my face—it would hardly be good manners.'

'But if it had happened?'

'I would have told the duke that the value of religious truth did not depend upon the color of a man's breeches!'

At that time he used to keep his cigars in the church, in a little dark place under the pulpit, because it had the exact degree of dampness they required, for which place he said wrapping them in a cabbage leaf was but a bad substitute. His house looked over meadows to the Thames, in the windows facing which we often smoked and talked of the classics, or chopped metaphysics, until night closed the scene. I

then used to walk down Kew Lane, and across the Green to the stage at the Star and Garter. No one was more surprised than myself at the vicar's sudden departure and break-up, in which, it is said, he showed more apprehension of involvement than he was justified in doing.

Lacon was composed in all sorts of places and companies; much of it in his town lodging, as I have before said, a penurious second floor, upon a common deal table, with a stump of a pen. He would drink costly wines, write an aphorism, spout poetry or argue upon a future state. In his creed I believe him to have been a Materialist. Speaking of miracles one day, he said, 'Hume's argument, that it was more likely those who saw the miracles should be deceived than that the miracles themselves should be true, had never been satisfactorily refuted.'

'Your opinions, I perceive, tend to materialism,' I once remarked to him.

'It is not always wise for a man to disclose his opinions,' he replied, with one of his peculiar expressions of countenance.

I have no doubt he persuaded himself into the act that terminated his existence by long previous argument with himself. He must, on the one hand, have undergone a very painful operation of uncertain issue, or on the other, make the issue certain, and escape the bodily torture. It was precisely the temper of the man to choose the least evil in his own notion, laying aside any reflections save those arising from immediate evil.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE HISTORY OF THE DOG.

1. *The Dog*. By William Youatt. 8vo. pp. 268. London: C. Knight and Co. 1845.
2. *The History of the Dog*. By W. C. L. Martin. (Knight's *Weekly Volume*, xliv.) London, 1845.

The physical constitution of the earth, and the qualities of the various beings that cover its surface, point to the great truth that this globe was especially designed for the habitation of man. There is perhaps no instance of this providential arrangement more striking than that furnished by the race of animals whose history is the subject of the works before us. Whilst other quadrupeds, by the texture of their skins, or the wholesomeness of their flesh, have been fitted for man's use, the mental faculties of the dog are evidently adapted, in a remarkable manner, for the same purpose. We do the dog great injustice if we suppose that his character has been the result of training merely, and that he is the useful servant of man only because man has made him so. The dog has certain inherent qualities, without which the most expert training would have been perfectly useless. Almost every other animal regards man as its natural enemy, viewing him with fear or attempting to injure him, whilst the various kinds of dog are distinguished by their tractable disposition and high susceptibility of improvement, and throughout the world they naturally and willingly render their best services to the human race. It is this feature in their character which renders the history of their habits, at all times, interesting, and which will secure for the volumes before us a considerable amount of attention. We owe both of them to the same indefatigable publisher. Mr. Youatt's appears under the auspices of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and is a work of greater pretension than the 'shilling weekly volume.' It contains an account of the different varieties of the dog, illustrated with excellent wood-cuts, and interspersed with information for the especial benefit of sportsmen. Rather more than half the volume is devoted to the diseases of the canine race, with directions for treatment, &c., supplied by Mr. Youatt's experience as a veterinary practitioner, which—however valuable to a dog-doctor—is not remarkably entertaining to the general reader. Mr. Martin's little work is of a more popular character. It is well written, full of interesting details, and worthy of a place in the very useful series of which it forms a part,

The origin of the dog has been the occasion of considerable controversy; but we think the difficulty has chiefly arisen from the disposition manifested by naturalists, to trace the different varieties to one source. It has been assumed that every kind of dog, at present existing, must have had a common origin, and that the remarkable varieties, which are found in the structure and habits of different individuals, may be traced entirely to the influence of climate, and other peculiar circumstances. We are aware of the great disposition always mani-

fested in domesticated animals to vary from their original type, especially when for successive generations efforts have been made to produce and perpetuate certain varieties, but after making every allowance, in this respect, we think there remains abundant evidence to show that there were several original types or species of dog. We believe that almost every portion of the globe had its peculiar race of these animals, which roamed wild through districts, where no human foot had trod, and, alike untamed by domestication and independent of its benefits, prowled in the forest, or chased their prey in packs. When man extended his dominion over the earth, and sought to make the various products of nature subservient to his wants, he would quickly discover that the qualities of the dogs fitted them for his service. The intercourse of various nations would subsequently lead to the mixture of the different species, the production of varieties, and to their general distribution throughout the globe. Some original types would be entirely lost, whilst other new forms of a mixed character would be perpetuated. If this hypothesis be correct, it may naturally be expected, that in the most isolated and barbarous nations some of the peculiar species, indigenous to them, ought still to be found. And such is the fact. In Australia, for instance, a part of the world which up to a comparatively recent period has been in a great measure distinct from the rest, and whose indigenous animals must therefore have continued to exist very much in their primitive state, we actually find a species of dog obviously different from all others. This is the dingo, called by the natives of New South Wales, 'warragul,' which roams through the wilds of Australia, hunting in small companies and preying upon kangaroos and the flocks of the settlers. Mr. Youatt states, that 'when Van Diemen's Land began to be colonized by Europeans, the losses sustained by the settlers by the ravages of the wild dogs were almost incredible. It was in vain to double the number of shepherds, to watch by night and by day, or to have fires at every quarter of the fold; for these animals would accomplish their object by stratagem or force. One colony lost no fewer than 1,200 sheep and lambs in three months; another colony lost 700.' As the colonists increased in numbers they were enabled to cope with this formidable enemy, until the dingo is now only met with in the interior of the island, and his ravages have nearly ceased. It seems to be more untractable than any other kind of dog.

On the discovery of South America, the natives were found in possession of a species called the aguara, very different from any of the European domesticated varieties. It has been described by Buffon and Colonel H. Smith.

In North America, there are the hare Indian dog, the Esquimaux, the black wolf-dog of Florida, Techichi of Mexico, and probably several others decidedly of indigenous extraction.

The original dog of the South Sea Islands, which was found there on the arrival of the Europeans, is evidently a distinct species, although it is now being merged with various mongrel breeds, imported from Britain and other countries. It is called Poé *(canis pacificus)*, and is 'of small size, indolent, with short crooked legs, erect ears, sharp muzzle, and of a reddish color.' It is now rare, and will in a short time, no doubt, be lost as a distinct species; an occurrence which, judging from the above description of its qualities, can scarcely be deplored.

The immense continent of India presents us with several distinct species of dog, probably little altered from their original type. Sumatra and Java, also, have each at least one peculiar species. In Beloochistan, the woody mountains of south-eastern Persia, a powerful dog exists, which is called the 'beluch,' and is said to hunt in packs of twenty or thirty, pulling down and tearing a buffalo or bullock with the greatest ease.

We may also refer to the sheep of Syria *(c. acmon)*, and the deeb of Egypt *(c. anthus)*, as being probably distinct species, indigenous to those districts.

While we are thus able to distinguish the original types of several species of dog peculiar to various countries, it is not surprising that we find much more difficulty with those of Europe. The indigenous races must have been scattered, at an early period, over the entire continent, and, as a necessary result, must have soon been considerably modified by interbreeding with each other and with foreign species, brought from distant countries, in the course of Roman conquest, or European enterprise. It appears, therefore, very probable, that several of the original types, from which our present domesticated races have sprung, are now entirely extinct, whilst training, together with other circumstances, acting upon many successive generations, have

furnished the existing varieties with qualities which none of the parent stocks possessed.

With these facts before us, we cannot assent to the opinion, that all kinds of dog were originally derived from the wolf. Professor Bell, who is the highest authority in favor of this theory, has urged arguments in support of it, which appear to us inconclusive. He assumes what is, in fact, the matter of dispute; and taking for his premises, that there was only one original progenitor of the dog, that certain varieties now wild were formerly domesticated, (of which he has not the slightest evidence,) and that of these the dingo of Australia has reverted the most completely to the original type, he concludes that as the dingo approaches nearest to the wolf, the case is made out! The only other points which he relies upon, are the similarity which exists between the osteology of the dog and the wolf, the fact that the two will breed together, producing fertile progeny, and that the period of gestation is the same in both. In reply to this, it is only necessary to say, that dogs and wolves are closely allied species, and, of course, approximate in many important particulars. Even admitting the fact of the fertility of the mixed progeny—which exists, if at all, only in a low degree—we are by no means prepared to concede that this is a proof of specific identity. On the contrary, we are quite convinced, that a similar result not unfrequently occurs with animals belonging to *very closely allied*, although perfectly distinct, species. There is, however, a structural difference between the dog and the wolf, which is alone sufficient to demolish the theory; the eye of every known species of dog, in all parts of the world, has a circular pupil, whilst the form or position of that of the wolf is invariably oblique. Mr. Bell meets this fact by an amusing piece of special pleading; 'although,' he remarks, 'it is very desirable not to rest too much on the effects of habit on structure; it is not, perhaps, straining the point to attribute the forward direction of the eyes in the dogs to the constant habit, for many successive generations, of looking towards their master, and obeying his voice.' Whatever may be thought as to Mr. Bell's 'straining the point,' we can only say that, in our opinion, the 'straining' of the dog's eye, in the manner suggested, is utterly impossible.

The advocates of the lupine origin of the dog appear to overlook the fact, that the geographical distribution of the canine race extends to every climate, whilst the true wolves are restricted to certain parts of the globe. Nor can we imagine how it is possible to account for the great difference between the disposition of the dog and the wolf, on the assumption that they are identical, especially as there is abundant evidence to show that, from the earliest ages, the dog was known and valued as the trusty friend of man, whilst the most ancient notices of the wolf mark it as possessing the same character which the present race manifest. Under what circumstances then, and at what period, were the good qualities of the dog engrafted on the savage untractable temper of the wolf? This great contrast between the mental constitution of the two animals, is, in our opinion, quite as conclusive an evidence of their specific distinction, as even organic differences. Philology affords additional evidence of the same fact, as Colonel H. Smith gives numerous examples to prove that the ancient names of the dog were never confounded with those of the wolf, and expresses his opinion that, 'a thorough philological inquiry would most assuredly show, that in no language, and at no period, did man positively confound the wolf, the jackal, or the fox, with a real dog.'

Amongst the ancient Egyptians the high sagacity, courage, strength, and docility of the dog, secured for it even religious veneration, and cities and temples were erected in its honor. The god Anubis was represented with the body of a man and the head of the dog; as was also Thoth, or Sothis, another Egyptian deity; and the worship of the canine race gave a peculiar distinction to Hermopolis the Great. At a subsequent period, Cynopolis (the city of the dog) was erected as a signal mark of public respect for this animal. Juvenal wrote:—

'Oppida tota canem Anubim venerentur, nemo Dianam.'

From Egypt the canine worship was introduced into Rome, according to the testimony of Lucan, who said:—

'Nos in templa tuam Romana accepimus Isin,
Semi-canes que deos.'

But, it was not only in temples that the dog received marks of respect and reverence. The Romans often placed a figure of one at the feet of their household gods; and Herodotus tells us that, in his time, amongst the Egyptians, the people of every

family in which a dog died, solemnly shaved themselves in accordance with their usual custom of mourning.

Even in our own times, it is said, the dog still receives divine honors from the inhabitants of Japan, whose god Amida, in form similar to the 'half-dog deities' of Egypt, is represented covered with a royal mantle and seated upon a horse with seven heads. 'Devotees drown themselves with many ceremonies to his honor. Moreover, as a tribute of respect to this strange deity, the different streets of each town, according to Kæmpfer, contribute to the maintenance of a certain number of dogs: they have their lodgings, and persons are especially appointed to take care of them when sick.' (Martin, p. 35.)

Nor were divine honors the only mark of respect paid to these animals in former ages; for if we may credit Pliny and Plutarch, regal authority was intrusted to them, and a certain tribe of Ethiopians bowed their necks before a crowned majesty, whose growl was death, whose bark was forbidding, and whose wagging tail marked for dignity and rewards the royal favorites! The ministers of the state were a number of cunning priests, who doubtless found no difficulty in making the regal commands suit their own interests. Yet, it may be questioned, whether the four footed monarchs did not fulfil their high office quite as worthily as many other dynasties of prouder pretensions.

In the midst, however, of regal and divine honors, the dog experienced other and very different treatment. With strange inconsistency, he was sacrificed by the Romans to the deity that bore his form. Dogs also fell victims in honor of Pan, during the lupercal feasts of February; and in Greece, Proserpine, Lucina, Mars, Hecate, with other divinities, were similarly propitiated.

The Israelites, during their captivity in Egypt, must have frequently witnessed divine honors paid to the dog; and it was probably to prevent their adopting idolatrous customs of a similar character that they were taught to regard it as an unclean animal; and, in consequence, no dog was suffered to come within the precincts of the temple. The dislike and contempt with which dogs were regarded by the Jews, is shown by the fact, that they were never used in the chase,* nor kept in the houses, but were suffered to roam, almost wild, through the cities in their search for food. David refers to this in Psa. lix. 6, 14, 15, where he compares violent men to dogs, which 'go round about the city,' 'wandering up and down for meat,' and growling if they were not satisfied. The name of an animal so much detested was soon used as a term of reproach; compare 1 Sam. xvii. 43; xxiv. 14: 2 Sam. ix. 8; 2 Kings viii. 13, &c. Evidences of a similar feeling are given in the New Testament, see Phil. iii. 2, and Rev. xxii. 14. From the Jewish religion, the Mohammedans derived a similar contempt for the dog, and they, as well as the Hindoos, regard it as an unclean thing whose slightest contact is pollution. Hence it is, that in Egypt where formerly temples were devoted to his worship, cities raised to his honor, where his death was mourned as a calamity, and his sacred mummy preserved for ages,* the poor dog is now avoided in the streets, driven from human habitations, and his name is used as a mark of the greatest abhorrence. The influence of the new dispensation has not removed the Judaical stigma, so that in the mouth of Christian, Mohammedan and Hindoo, the terms 'dog,' 'cur,' 'puppy,' 'dog-cheap,' 'dog of an infidel,' &c., have all a like significancy by no means creditable to the animal, whose qualities, nevertheless, have been of great service to mankind.

The Greeks and Romans cultivated several kinds of dog, some of which 'were used in chase of the wolf and wild boar, others in pursuit of the stag or roe, others as guardians of the flock, and others as watch-dogs in fortresses and citadels. The Greeks appear to have had greyhounds, and wolf-like hounds with erect ears, and watch-dogs, of wolfish aspect, with erect ears also.' The citadel of Corinth was guarded externally by an advanced post of fifty dogs, which, on one occasion, during the drunken somnolency of the garrison, had to defend the place against the attack of an enemy. Forty-nine out of the fifty lost their lives after a valiant resistance, and the survivor, whose name was Soter, retreated

* Dr. J. Kitto is of a different opinion; but his arguments do not appear to us satisfactory; and considering the known feeling of the Jews against the dog, conjoined with the absence of the slightest evidence that it was used by them for hunting, we think we have a right to assume the contrary.

* Sir I. G. Wilkinson says that the mummies of dogs still found are mostly of the 'fox-dog;' and Mr. Martin states, that he has seen in the British Museum mummies of a small red dog, probably of the same species.

to the citadel. The soldiers, alarmed by him, roused themselves to action and repelled the enemy. The dog was rewarded by the grateful senate with a silver collar, inscribed, 'Soter, defender and preserver of Corinth.' A marble monument was also erected to commemorate the names and glorious achievement of the fifty canine heroes.

Dogs were frequently used in ancient times for purposes of war, and Herodotus states that the Satrap of Babylon kept so many Indian dogs, that four large towns were exempted from all taxes on the condition of providing for these animals. War-dogs were armed with spiked collars, and sometimes with coats of mail,* and their savage attacks would, no doubt, add considerably to the horrors of barbarian warfare. On more recent occasions, and to the disgrace of our own country, bloodhounds 'were set on the track of fugitives after a lost battle, and were used in the furious wars between England and Scotland, when Wallace fought for freedom, and Bruce for a throne. Henry VIII. employed them in France, and Elizabeth in Ireland, where the Earl of Essex had no less than eight hundred of them in his army.' (Martin, p. 195.)

Mr. Martin describes a mosaic pavement which has been discovered at Pompeii, 'on which is represented a Roman watch-dog, with a spiked collar, and fastened by means of a chain, underneath his feet is written *Cave canem*, Beware, the dog. It is remarkably stout and muscular, with a tail somewhat fringed, a large head, long and broad muzzle, and sharp erect ears. The general aspect is wild and savage.' (p. 60.)

In addition to the guardianship of houses, and their services in the chase or in war, the strongest and most ferocious dogs were highly valued for the combats of the amphitheatre. Nor was it only in life these animals administered to the gratification of the polished citizens of Rome and Greece, for they were served up at table, and, according to Pliny, roasted puppies were considered exquisite! A cooked dog was thought worthy of a high place at sumptuous feasts, and at the festivals in honor of the pontiff's consecration.

Amongst various nations a similar taste still prevails,—the Chinese fatten dogs for the table on vegetable diet—with the South Sea Islanders the Poé is a favorite dish,—in Guinea, dog's flesh is in high estimation,—and Mr. Fraser relates, that during the Niger Expedition, a fat and handsome English dog, belonging to one of the officers, was stolen by the natives to gratify the luxurious palate of the King at Coomassie! Our Jewish prejudice against the flesh of this 'unclean' animal is not a little shocked by these practices. Yet there have been instances of Englishmen who have had sufficient philosophy to conquer the aversion, and assert that they have enjoyed the meal. Foster in his 'Voyage round the World,' urges that Nature has intended dogs for food by making them so prolific, and Mr. Wilson, in his 'Essays on the Origin and Natural History of Domesticated Animals' takes the same view, and expresses his opinion, that there is no reason why the practice of eating dog's flesh should not be more extensively adopted. It is certainly remarkable that whilst Europeans have lost the Jewish aversion to hog's flesh, they maintain that against the dog; still we must confess, that our own philosophy is by no means strong enough to overcome the disgust which the latter delicacy excites.

We may now glance at a few of the valuable services which are, at the present time, rendered by dogs in the different parts of the world. And commencing with the northern regions, we find that throughout Siberia, and in Kamtschatka, there are several breeds of large wolf-like dogs, used during winter for drawing sledges over the hardened snow. The ordinary load for five dogs, is about two hundred or two hundred and fifty pounds, exclusive of the sledge and driver, and they will travel from sixty to one hundred miles per day. Mr. Martin has quoted from Admiral Von Wrangell's 'Expedition to the Polar Seas,' a very interesting account of the dogs in those regions:—

'Of all the animals that live in high north latitudes,' the admiral remarks, 'none are so deserving of being noticed as the dog. The companion of man in all climates from the islands of the South Seas, where he feeds on bananas, to the Polar Sea, where his food is fish, he here plays a part to which he is unaccustomed in more favorite regions. Necessity has taught the inhabitants of the more northern countries to employ these comparatively weak animals for draught. On all the coasts of the Polar Sea, from the Obi to Behring's Straits, in Greenland, Kamtschatka, and the

* 'An antique bronze found at Herculaneum, and now in the museum of Naples, represents mailed dogs attacked by soldiers armed with various weapons.'

Kurile Islands, the dogs are made to draw sledges, loaded with persons and goods, and for considerable journeys. These dogs have much resemblance to the wolf. . . . Those born in winter enter on their training the following autumn, but are not used in long journeys until the third year. The feeding and training is a particular art, and much skill is required in driving and guiding. The best-trained dogs are used as leaders, and as the quick and steady going of the team, usually of twelve dogs, and the safety of the traveller, depend upon the sagacity and docility of the leader, no pains are spared in their education, so that they may always obey their master's voice, and not be tempted from their course when they come on the scent of game. . . . . In travelling across the wide tundra, in dark nights, or when the vast plain is veiled in impenetrable mist, or in storms or snow-tempests, when the traveller is in danger of missing the sheltering powarna, and of perishing in the snow, he will frequently owe his safety to a good leader. If the animal has ever been in this plain, and has stopped with his master at the powarna, he will be sure to bring the sledge to the place where the hut lies deeply buried in snow; when arrived at it he will suddenly stop, and indicate significantly the spot where his master must dig.'—*Martin*, pp. 110—113.

The Esquimaux dog is of very great use to the natives around Baffin's Bay. It provides them with clothing and food by the capture of the rein-deer, and, by its keen scent, detects the seals that lie concealed in holes under the ice of the lakes. The Esquimaux, in their summer excursions, load their dogs with provisions, &c., hung in paniers across the back, and in winter, harness them to the sledge.

In the dreary regions of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, the savage inhabitants derive so much advantage from these animals in the guardianship of their huts, and in procuring their precarious supply of food, that they set a very high value upon them. So much is this the case, that in times of famine, they sacrifice old women and become cannibals, rather than destroy a single dog, for say they, 'Dogs catch otters; old women are good for nothing!'

In Western Asia, the Turkoman hordes, and the wandering tribes of Persia, use a breed of wolf-like dogs for the guardianship of their flocks of sheep and cattle. The duties of these dogs are simply to watch over and protect the flocks.

A much more responsible office is intelligently filled by the shepherd's dog of this country, which gathers the wandering sheep, and drives them in the right direction. Buffon, with his usual inaccuracy of judgment and partiality for fanciful theories, was of opinion that the European shepherd's dog approached the nearest to the primitive type, and ought therefore to be regarded as the original species from whence all the present varieties have sprung. Mr. Martin well refutes this hypothesis, and we give his remarks, as they form an interesting description of some of the most important services rendered by the dog to his master:—

'That Buffon's theory is altogether fanciful and erroneous, every naturalist of the day will freely admit; so far from being the nearest to the original type of the dog, if great cerebral development and intelligence are to be received as tests of cultivation, we must regard the shepherd's dog as one of the most remote of our breeds. . . . . How this dog can become converted, as Buffon says, into the hound in temperate climates, into the greyhound and Danish dog in the east, and in the west into the mastiff and bull dog, is beyond our comprehension; for ourselves, we look upon the shepherd's dog, when pure, as it is in Scotland, and the wild hilly tracts of Northumberland, Cumberland, Derbyshire, etc., as the representative of a breed as distinct as that of the terrier or mastiff. . . . . Its powers of intellect are directed to one object, and, like its master, it is shrewd, prompt, and observant. Its eye, o ten overshadowed by shaggy hair, is bright and sparkling; it understands every signal; it obeys on the instant, and manages its work with marvellous tact and celerity. This done, it returns quietly to its master, with the air of one conscious of having done his duty. . . . . Where flocks are of large extent, and have to be watched during the night, and in cases where several hundred weaning lambs, wild and capricious, demand the care of the shepherd night and day—when winter storms of snow come on, and the scattered sheep have to be hastily collected and brought to a place of security, it is then that the shepherd feels to the full the value of his dog. A circuit of miles on the dreary hills or mountain-side, or over vast and trackless downs, has to be taken, and that without loss of time; to the dog is this duty entrusted, and well does he perform his office; not a sheep belonging to his master's flock is missing—unless, indeed, any have been stolen or killed—the whole are gathered together without intermixture with the sheep of other owners.'—*Martin*, pp. 132—134.

This description of the qualities of the shepherd's dog may be illustrated by a very interesting account of the important services rendered, on one occasion, to James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, by his dog 'Sirrah.' It is given by Mr. Youatt:—

'On one night, a large flock of lambs that were under the Ettrick shepherd's care, frightened by something, scampered away in three different directions across the hills, in spite of all that he could do to keep them together. 'Sirrah,' said the shepherd, 'they're a' awa!'

'It was too dark for the dog and his master to see each other at any considerable distance, but Sirrah understood him, and set off after the fugitives. The night passed on, and Hogg and his assistant traversed every neighboring hill in anxious but fruitless search for the lambs, but he could hear nothing of them nor of the dog, and he was returning to his master with the doleful intelligence that he had lost all his lambs. 'On our way home, however,' says he, 'we discovered a lot of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking round for some relief, but still true to his charge. We concluded that it was one of the divisions which Sirrah had been unable to manage, until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment when we discovered that not one lamb of the flock was missing! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising sun; and, if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater promptitude. All that I can say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature under the sun, as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning.'—*Youatt*, pp. 62, 63.

Mr. Hogg's experience taught him to believe that a single shepherd with his dog could accomplish more in gathering a flock of sheep, than twenty shepherds could do without dogs, and he further expresses the opinion that the additional cost which would be incurred, in the absence of these animals, by the employment of herdsmen to manage the sheep, to gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and to drive them to markets, would be more than the profits of the whole flock would be capable of maintaining.

We have yet to refer to the invaluable services, rendered by the dog, in the preservation of human life. We might fill our pages with illustrative anecdotes. On many occasions, drowning men, apparently without the slightest prospect of deliverance, have been saved by the noble efforts of these faithful animals. In cases of shipwreck, when the sea has been rolling fearfully with the raging storm, the Newfoundland dog has fought his way through the waves, and fetching a rope from the vessel, has formed a communication between the despairing sailors and the shore—thus preserving them from destruction.

In addition to these instances, it is only necessary to mention Mount Saint Bernard, to recall to our readers a vivid recollection of the inestimable services rendered by the dogs of that frozen region. Mr. Youatt says:—

'On the top of Mount St. Bernard, and near one of the most dangerous passes, is a convent, in which is preserved a breed of large dogs trained to search for the benighted and frozen wanderer. Every night, and particularly when the wind blows tempestuously, some of these dogs are sent out. They traverse every path about the mountains, and their scent is so exquisite that they can discover the traveller, although he may lie many feet deep in the snow. Having found him, they set to work, and endeavor to scrape away the snow, uttering a deep bark that reverberates from rock to rock, and tells those who are watching in the convent that some poor wretch is in peril. Generally a little flask of spirits is tied round the neck of the animal, by drinking which the benighted traveller may recruit his strength, until more effectual rescue arrive. The monks hasten in the direction of the sound, and often succeed in re-kindling the vital spark before it is quite extinguished. Very many travellers have been thus rescued from death by these benevolent men and their intelligent and interesting quadruped servants.'—*Youatt*, p. 52.

One of these Bernardine dogs preserved the lives of not less than *forty* persons, and in consequence of his services received a medal as a badge of distinction, which was tied round his neck. He, at length, was killed by the fall of an avalanche, whilst he was engaged in his noble vocation. His form is preserved by a beautiful engraving, which 'represents him as saving a child which he had found in the Glacier of Balsore, and cherished and warmed, and induced to climb upon his shoulders, and thus preserved from, otherwise certain, destruction.'

The reference we have just made to the services rendered by the different species of dog naturally suggests the consideration of their mental faculties, without which those services would be impossible. To say that their conduct is the result of 'instinct,' is to make use of an unmeaning term, that gives no definite idea of the facts of the case. The dog is distinguished by its susceptibility of educational influences. It can acquire information, can act in unusual circumstances with remarkable sagacity, is affected by the various emotions dis-

played by its master, and can appreciate, in a remarkable degree, the connexion between certain causes and their effects. Its powers of memory include places, persons, time, and events; it displays anger and love, jealousy and joy, gratitude and revenge, a sense of responsibility, the feeling of shame, and love of approbation, together with a warmth of affection that ends only with death, a nobleness of disposition, and the forgiveness of injuries, that might almost justify its claim to the possession of virtue.

It would require much more space than we have at our command to do justice to this part of our subject. The works before us afford ample evidence that we have not over estimated the mental qualities of the dog. Of course, great variation, in this respect, is manifested by the different species, and even amongst individuals of the same race. The possession of intelligence is found to correspond with cerebral development. Amongst the spaniel tribe (of which the St. Bernard and Newfoundland dogs are favorable examples), the brain is the largest.

The fact that dogs dream is a sufficient evidence that their mental capacity is very much superior to that of other animals. It may, perhaps, be questioned whether their visions consist of any thing more than the memory of past occurrences, though we are ourselves disposed to think that the simple ideas received through the senses and impressed on the memory, recur during sleep, and form new combinations of fancied events.

Sir Walter Scott entertained the belief that dogs understand, to a great extent, human language in conversation. Dr. Gall held a similar opinion; and, in his work, *Sur les Fonctions du Cerveau*, makes the following statement: 'I have often spoken intentionally of objects which might interest my dog, taking care not to mention his name, or make any intonation or gesture which might awaken his attention. He, however, showed no less pleasure or sorrow, as the case might be; and, indeed, manifested by his behavior that he had perfectly understood the conversation which concerned him.'

An account which strikingly confirms Sir Walter Scott's opinion is furnished by Mr. Youatt. It is too long to be quoted here, but is well authenticated by the editor of the *Lancet*, and is a most remarkable instance of education of which dogs are susceptible. It will be found at pp. 108—110 of Mr Youatt's volume. There appears to us no difficulty in believing that the dog may learn by experience to attach a certain meaning to peculiar sounds as readily as to peculiar signs. We have seen a friend of our own excite his dog to violent barking merely by the utterance of the word 'Ring,'—that being the name of another dog, which disputes the mastery of the village with our friend's favorite. If he merely points to the ring on his little finger, it has the same effect; and there can be no doubt that in one case the sound, and in the other the signal, is understood by the dog as a reference to his rival.

Dogs may be excited to anger by the violent tones of the human voice, and more especially when young, they will whine if spoken to in a plaintive, commiserating manner. They understand, too, the expression of reproof, of playfulness, and of encouragement, and the cry of distress.

Two instances are related by Mr. Southey in his *Omniana*, of dogs that could count the days of the week. The first went every Saturday to cater for himself in the butcher's shambles; and the second, which had belonged to an Irishman, would never touch a morsel of food on a Friday. Other similar examples are furnished by Mr. Martin, which it is unnecessary to quote.

There are many cases on record that display, in an affecting manner, the strong attachment with which the dog regards its master. Faithful to him in life, it has followed him to the grave, has refused food, and wasting its last energies in the vain attempt to reach the body, has at length fallen a victim to inconsolable grief. In other instances, where sudden accident or wounds in battle have left the corpse exposed on the ground, the dog has watched by it incessantly, day and night, and has died in its protection.

When guiding a blind beggar, the dog often evinces a great amount of sagacity; and a case is recorded by M. Blaze, where a dog, after the death of its master, commenced begging on its own account. M. Blaze, who saw the dog himself, states that it stood on its hind legs whilst the horses of the diligence were being changed; and, when he threw a sou on the ground, it ran off with it to the baker's, and brought back a piece of bread, which it forthwith devoured.

An account is given by Mr. Youatt of a Highland cur, which noticed a man pocket a bridle in Lord Fife's stables; and, by

barking and biting at him, excited the suspicion of the servants, and the theft was discovered. Dogs have thus not unfrequently been instrumental, under various circumstances, of fulfilling the ends of justice by the detection of criminals.

Our readers will perceive, from the previous remarks, that we fully appreciate the good qualities of dogs. We think it desirable, however, to say, that we have no wish to encourage the prevalent custom of keeping an unnecessary number of these animals. It is a custom which we cannot but regard as highly reprehensible and dangerous. In the present state of society it can find little justification. The dog, without whose services many savage tribes, and the inhabitants of the Polar regions, could scarcely exist, becomes of less use with every advance of civilization, until, at length, it has scarcely any real value, except in the guardianship of lonely houses, or as the assistant of the shepherd and drover.

We freely admit that these animals deserve the affection of man more than any other quadruped, and this might be a reason why a human being cast on a desert island, and separated from his fellows, should rejoice in the companionship of a brute capable of attachment—still, we think there can be no such excuse in the midst of civilized society. We estimate the qualities of the dog highly, very highly, but we believe that our sympathies may find ampler scope amongst beings whose qualities are immeasurably higher. When we desire the society of an intelligent attached companion, we prefer a man to a dog.

We have not unfrequently been disgusted at observing the manner in which pet-dogs have been treated by persons claiming the distinction of peculiar refinement. Still we might probably have endured all this without remark—and borne, too, without complaint, as one of the suffering public, the annoyance occasioned by the mongrel curs which infest the streets of every town and village in the kingdom, were there no real danger in the absurd custom of keeping these animals. But let any one read Mr. Youatt's chapter on 'Rabies,' or pay attention to the awful accounts of hydrophobia which occasionally appear in the newspapers, and he will begin to think that the practice ought to be checked. For our own parts, we much question w ether the horrible death of a single human being from the effects of canine madness does not more than counterbalance the entire advantages, derived by all the inhabitants of this kingdom, from the whole tribe of poodles, curs, and bull-dogs. The evil has really become a serious one, and should be put down.

From the Foreign Quarterly and Westminster Review.

SKETCHES OF PERU.

Peru. Reiseshizzen aus den Jahren 1838—1842. [Peru: Sketches of Travel, &c.] By J. J. von Tschudi. 2 vols. St. Gallen. 1846.

The author of these volumes belongs to that class of travellers whose steps the reader accompanies with most pleasure through a wild and strange land. He is a naturalist of considerable reputation, who spent five years in Peru, exploring its least frequented regions, its mountain wildernesses, and vast forests, as well as its towns, cities, and coasts, chiefly in pursuit of his favorite study. His professional occupations did not, however, so much engross his attention, as to prevent his collecting an ample store of the most interesting observations on the ways and doings of the very singular people among whom he sojourned. He has narrated these in a spirited and agreeable manner, and mingled with them vivid descriptions of the mighty works of nature he beheld, and of the toils and hardships, the stirring incidents, the pains and pleasures of his adventurous wanderings. His work is the best of the kind that has come before us since the first appearance of Darwin's Journal, to which it may be considered a needful supplement, since it treats of a country to which the accomplished naturalist of the Beagle paid but a flying visit.

Dr. Tschudi draws a very cheerless picture of the state and prospects of Peru. Its moral degradation is significantly typified in the decline of its population, which has been continually diminishing since the establishment of its independence. That noble land, extending over nineteen degrees of latitude, and which contained an enormous population at the period of the conquest, numbered, according to the census of 1836, less than 1,400,000 inhabitants, not so many as were formerly found

in the department of Cusco alone. The deaths in Lima, the capital, vary annually from 2,500 to 2,880, out of a population of 53,000; in the ten months from January 1, to October 30, 1841, they were 2,244; the births in that period being—legitimate 822, illegitimate 860—total 1,682.

"Not less remarkable than the number of illegitimate children (860) is that of the new born infants exposed and found dead (495). These afford the most striking proofs of the immorality which prevails in Lima, especially among the colored people; to them belong nearly two-thirds of the illegitimate births, and fully four-fifths of the children cast out to die. There is reason to suspect, though it cannot be positively proved, that no small portion of the latter suffer a violent death by the hands of their mothers. When a dead child is picked up before the church of San Lazaro, or in the street, it is carried without a word of inquiry to the Pantheon; frequently it is not even thought worth while to bury it. I have seen the vultures dragging about the sweltering carcases of infants and devouring them in the populous streets. . . . On comparing the lists of births and deaths from 1826 to 1842, I satisfied myself that the annual excess of the latter over the former average 550."

The immediate causes of the decrease of population are partly physical, such as earthquakes, epidemics, and civil wars; but the main cause resides in the corruption of the national character, which aggravates every calamity incident to the people. All the ignoble features of the Mexican character with which the works of recent travellers have made us familiar; all the private and public vices which the Spaniard has every where bequeathed to his colonial descendants; present themselves in Peru in exaggerated deformity. The white Creoles, who constitute something less than a third of the population of the capital, are a gross, sensual, slothful race, generous and good-natured indeed, as people of this character often are, but otherwise displaying scarcely a trace of any manly virtue. The men are tall and well-proportioned, but exceedingly effeminate, with features that might be thought handsome, but for the expression stamped upon them by low and sordid indulgences. Their mental acquirements are, of course, very scanty:—

"Not that they are wanting in natural abilities, but these are not sufficiently developed by their very imperfect education, and their inveterate indolence prevents them from making good the deficiencies of their early years in after life. They seldom rise above the sphere of every day matter of fact, and they are ignorant of almost every thing that lies beyond the narrow circle of their town, or at most of their district. I have often been astounded at the gross ignorance displayed by what were called well-educated Peruvians, respecting the position, extent, physical constitution, and the productions of their native land. Incredible as it may appear, it is a positive fact that a Peruvian Minister of War could not tell either the number of the population or the area of Peru, and maintained with the utmost pertinacity that Portugal formed its eastern boundary, and that one might travel thither from Peru by land. Of past history they know little more than the name of Napoleon; but in talking of him they make the most ludicrous jumble of events, places, dates, and persons. For instance, a gentleman of high rank, who was universally reputed to be a very learned man, once related to me at full length how Frederick the Great drove Napoleon out of Russia."

The women of Lima are far superior to the men, both corporeally and intellectually; they are affectionate mothers, though their conduct in other respects is any thing but exemplary. It is certainly not for the sake of pleasing their husbands that they cling with invincible obstinacy to the use of their national walking garb, the *saya y manto*, in which they take their pleasure in the streets, making keen play with the one eye they leave uncovered, and quite secure in that disguise from detection, even by the most jealous scrutiny. The veil is inviolable; any man who should attempt to pluck off a woman's *manto* would be very severely handled by the populace. The history of their lives comprises two phases: in the full bloom of their fascinating beauty their time is divided between doing nought and naughty doings; when their charms are on the wane they take to devotion and scandal. A young lady of Lima

"Rises late, dresses her hair with orange or jasmine flowers, and waits for breakfast, after which she receives or pays visits. During the heat of the day she swings in a hammock, or reclines on a sofa, smoking a cigar. After dinner she again pays visits, and finishes the evening either in the theatre, or the *Plaza*, or on the bridge. Few ladies occupy themselves with needle-work or netting, though some of them possess great skill in those arts. . . . The pride which the fair Limenas take in their dainty little feet knows no bounds. Walking, sitting, or standing, swinging in the hammock, or lying on the sofa, they are ever watchful to let their tiny feet be seen. Praise of their virtue, their understanding, or their beauty,

sounds not half so sweetly in their ears as encomiums bestowed on their pretty feet. They take the most scrupulous care of them, and avoid every thing that might favor their enlargement. A large foot (*Pataza Inglesa*, 'an English foot,' as they say) is an abomination to them. I once heard a beautiful European lady deservedly extolled by some fair dames of Lima, but they wound up their eulogies with these words:—'*pero que pie, valgame Dios! parece una lanche!*' (but what a foot, good heavens! it is like a great boat!) and yet the foot in question would by no means have been thought large in Europe. . . . The Limenas possess in an extraordinary degree talents, which unhappily are seldom cultivated as they should be. They have great penetration, sound judgment, and very correct views respecting the most diversified affairs of life. Like the women of Seville, they are remarkable for their quick and pointed repartees, and a Limenas is sure never to come off second best in a war of words. They possess a rare firmness of character, and a courage not generally given to their sex: in these respects they are far superior to the dastardly vacillating men, and they have played as important a part as the latter (often one much more so) in all the political troubles of the country. Ambitious and aspiring, accustomed to conduct with ease the maziest intrigues, with a presence of mind that never fails them at critical moments, passionate and bold, they mingle in the great game of politics with momentous effect, and usually turn it to their own advantage, seldom to that of the state.

"All these characteristics were combined in a high degree in the person of Dona Francisca Subyaga, the wife of Don Agustin Gamarra, formerly president of Peru. She was accused, indeed, of having been the main cause of the unhappy condition of Peru at the period of Gamarra's rule, but I believe that the real source of the evil lay in her husband's weakness and cowardice. When Gamarra and his troops were pelted with stones by the populace of Lima, in 1834, and he stood whining in the Plaza Mayor, not knowing what to do, Dona Francisca snatched his sword from his side, put herself at the head of the troops, and commanded a well ordered retreat, the only means by which it was possible to save herself and the remains of the army. A looker-on having ventured to make some offensive remarks on her conduct, she rode up to him and told him, that when she returned she would have a pair of gloves made out of his skin. She died of epilepsy a few months afterwards in exile in Valparaiso, otherwise she would certainly have fulfilled her threat four years afterwards, when things took a favorable turn for her party. The life of this woman, since her marriage with Gamarra, presents, in uninterrupted succession, such remarkable traits of courage, determination, presence of mind, and passionate emotions, that it would well employ the pen of an able biographer."

Of all the colored inhabitants of Lima the free negroes are, in our author's opinion, the most thoroughly and hopelessly depraved; and next to them in this respect stand the Zambos, whose blood is three-fourths negro. The Mulattoes, or offspring of whites and negroes, display some remarkable mental qualities; the Mestizos, too, or children of whites and Indians, are little inferior to the white Creoles, but all the other mixed races appear to be endowed with all the bad qualities, but none of the virtues, of the primary races. It is to be regretted that the Mestizos, who otherwise might form a connecting link between the Creoles and Indians, and become the nucleus of a new homogeneous people, look down on the Indians with a contempt which is returned with intense hatred. The time is probably not far distant when the degenerate descendants of the Spaniards will be exterminated by the wrathful Aborigines. It is a curious fact that the first edition of Garcilaso de la Vega's History of the Incas was seized and burnt by the government of Spain, because it divulged a prophecy registered in the temple of Cusco long before the arrival of the Spaniards, and which announced the destruction of the kingdom, but added that the Incas would be restored to their throne at some future time by a people from a country called Inclaterra. It is very strange that such a prophecy should ever have been devised by the natives or attributed to them by an author writing in Spain in the sixteenth century, but apart from this there would be nothing really to surprise us in its fulfillment. The white Peruvians are evidently not the men long to make good by force of moral superiority their great comparative deficiency in physical strength. The Indians made fierce attempts in the latter part of the eighteenth century to throw off the Spanish yoke, under Tupac Amaru, a descendant of their Incas, and his brother and son. They were vanquished at last by Spanish gold, but not until nearly a hundred thousand lives had been lost on both sides. When the liberation war was begun by the Creoles, the Indians were easily persuaded to take part in the enterprise:

"But it is a great mistake to suppose that the native Indians made common cause with the Creoles against the Spaniards for the purpose of bringing about the present form of government; for their real object was to shake off the foreign yoke, and establish a dynasty of their own after the pattern of their ancestors.

It was not a republic they desired, but a monarchy, and a king chosen from the sacred family of their Incas. Of this the leaders of the revolutionary party were well aware, and they craftily affected to acquiesce in the designs of the Indians, and to labor for their fulfillment. Imperfectly acquainted with the true nature of the liberation war, in which they saw white men fighting against white men, the Indians turned their weapons against all *Pucacuncas* (pale faces) and Mistis, and killed Spaniards and patriots indifferently as they fell in their way. Their exasperation rose to such a pitch that all who were not of Indian blood were obliged to fly from several provinces, even though they were the most vehement foes of the Spaniards. In Jauja, the Indians swore they would not leave a white dog or hen alive, and they scraped the very whitewash off the walls of the houses. They carried sack loads of white people's heads every morning to the market place, and ripped up the bellies of living Spaniards 'to see how many yards of guts a Godo had.' (Godo is their nickname for a Spaniard.) When General Valdes crossed the river of Jauja with a squadron of cavalry, and attacked the Indians assembled at the village of Ataura, the latter disdained to save themselves by flight; but catching the lances of the soldiers, they thrust them into them into their own breasts, crying out, *Matame Godo* (kill me, Godo !). It seemed as if they hated the foe too much to deign to fly before them. The bodies of 2,000 Indians covered the field, and when the wearied Spaniards could no longer use their weapons, they returned without the loss of a man to Jauja.

"The provisional government of the patriots reinforced their armies by levies in the conquered provinces. This was the first time the Indians were employed as regular soldiers, and they soon acquired great renown for their coolness and their incredible power of endurance. It was but in few districts they came forward as volunteers, elsewhere they were forced conscripts, and they deserted whenever they had an opportunity. . . . After the expulsion of the Spaniards, the Indians found their condition on the whole very little improved; though some oppressions were taken off, other new ones fell the more heavily upon them, and again they beheld themselves slaves in the land of their fathers. Thus ever since the first European victors trod his soil, down to the present day, the Peruvian Indian has been enthralled, oppressed, and maltreated. What wonder, then, if his predominant characteristic is inextinguishable hatred of all who are not of his own blood, and if he gives vent to it whenever he can, and gluts his revenge on innocent victims? This feeling is particularly strong in those natives who are not corrupted by sordid pecuniary interests, or by frequent intercourse with the Creoles. They are fully conscious of their strength, and never forego the delightful hope of regaining their long-lost dominion and rights. The remembrance of these things is incessantly and most sedulously kept alive. In most of the southern provinces the Indians assemble at cock-crow on certain days in the hut of the village senior, or of the cacique, who relates to them the history of the Incas, the deeds of their descendants, and the insurrection of the unfortunate Tupac Amaru; inculcates upon them hatred of the Pucacuncas; assures them that the rule of their kings will be restored; and sets before them their carefully preserved portraits. These traditions and prophecies will assuredly not remain without effect. The arbitrary proceedings of the government, and the conduct of the Creoles, who treat the Indians more as brutes than as men, are stretching the cord to breaking. The Indians will once more arouse themselves and begin a war of extermination, as under Tupac Amaru, but with more success; after a fearful contest, they will win back their native land, and restore their old constitution, with some modifications, perhaps, to suit existing circumstances, but all the other races will have fallen victims to their merciless vengeance.

"There are many persons acquainted with Peruvian affairs who will smile at the boldness of this prognostication, but on closer consideration they will certainly not dispute its probability. The Indians have made immense progress since the liberation war; they are acquainted with the use of fire-arms and military manœuvres, and twenty years of uninterrupted civil war have kept them constantly practised in regular campaigning. Most of the fugitives from the numerous lost battles escaped with their arms, and these they keep carefully concealed. They are perfectly acquainted with the art of making gunpowder, large quantities of which they prepare and consume in fireworks at all their great festivals; their mountain valleys yield the materials in abundance.

"In 1841 I found eighteen regulation muskets concealed in a miserable little village on the verge of a montana of central Peru, in the hut of an alcalde where I resided for some days. When I asked him off-hand to what end he kept so many weapons, he answered me with a furtive side-long look, that there would come a time when they would be of use. I immediately perceived how very much my discovery disconcerted him, and felt myself induced by the marked change in his demeanor to quit the village and the neighborhood without delay. While I was saddling I observed that my host was conversing with two of his intimate friends, and that I was the subject of their discourse. As I was about to ride off he again assumed a very friendly air, and asked me what road I was going to take. I found it expedient, however, as soon as I was out of his sight, to turn off in a different direction from that which I had named to him.

"The public functionaries and the mestizos fail not to add perpetually to the accumulated fuel, which needs but a spark to burst into a

devouring flame. So soon as the signal is given at any one point, the Indians of all Peru will gather with the speed of the wind under the banners of their leaders; but I believe that none but a man like Tupac Amaru, of imposing corporal and mental qualities, and of the royal lineage, will be able to lead the insurrection to a successful issue; and such a man will be once more forthcoming. What means of resistance can the government command, since its few troops consist for the most part of discontented Indians, who are ready at any moment to desert the hated service, and fight for their own interests? Even the most strenuous aid that could be afforded by European ships of war, would suffice at most to keep some harbors on the coast. The very first onset of the insurgents would be so terrific, that any junction between the Creoles and Europeans would be almost out of the question; and how small is their number in comparison with that of the Indians of pure blood!"

If it admits of question whether the genius of the Peruvian Indians be capable of establishing a solid and enduring native form of government, we can scarcely doubt that they might at least lay the basis of such a system, which time would gradually mature. The erection of a negro republic in an archipelago colonized by the most civilized nations of Europe is a memorable precedent. It is probable that the Indians already possess many of the elements of a well-organized government; for, besides the civil functionaries imposed on them by the republic, they have their own magistrates filling the same stations as their predecessors in the days of the Incas. In fact we may conclude that not one institution of the ancient dynasty has become extinct, though apparently dormant for three hundred years. The oppressed race seem to live less in the present time than in the memory of the past.

"The character of the Peruvian Indian is uncommonly sombre: it was not so of yore, to judge from the lively delineations of the oldest writers on the country; but 300 years of tyrannous wrong have marked it with this hue. It is strikingly apparent in their songs, their music, their dances, and their whole domestic economy. Their favorite instruments are the *pututo* and the *jaina*. The former is a great conch shell, with which they produce a dismal music to accompany their mourning dances; in former times it was used at royal obsequies, and now it is sounded almost exclusively on the solemn days of mourning for the fallen native monarchy. The jaina, which appears to be a more modern invention, is an extremely simple kind of clarionet, made out of a large reed. The tone is thrillingly sad, unlike that of any other known instrument, and of almost marvellous effect. The wildest horde of Indians, in the uproar of debauchery or in the fiercest broil, grow still, as if by enchantment, if suddenly they hear the notes of the jaina, and mute and motionless as statues, they hang in rapt attention on the magic melody. A tear will steal into the Indian's hard eye, that before, perhaps, was never moistened but by intoxication, and the sobs of the women are the only sounds that disturb the almost unearthly music. The sad strains of the jaina awaken a nameless, vague yearning, and leave behind them for days a painful void; and yet the magic tones are always heard again with unabated eagerness."

There is less reason to hope that the danger with which the Creoles are threatened will be averted, since they give themselves up to a blind security, and display no less infatuation than the Spaniards did before them. The despised Indians know how to conspire and to keep their own counsel. They give proof of this by the strictness with which they preserve the secret of many rich silver mines known only to themselves through traditions handed down from father to son for centuries. Fully aware of the mischiefs which have been brought on them by mining operations, and unwilling moreover to enrich the hated whites and the mestizos, they leave the mines unwrought, and have recourse to them only in case of urgent need. Nothing can win their secret from them; even the wonder-working power of brandy is here ineffectual.

"During my residence in Jauja, in 1841, an Indian who had accompanied me some years before in a tour in the mountains, begged me to lend him a crow-bar. I did so, and he brought it back some days subsequently with the point all covered with silver. Soon afterwards I heard that he had been roughly used by the subprefect, and cast into prison, because he had been selling very rich silver ore; and when asked where he had got it, he answered, on the road, which of course nobody believed. When I was again in Jauja, a year later, the same Indian came to me and said that he had been shut for many months in a dark hole and almost starved, because the subprefect wanted to compel him to betray the secret of the mine; but he had always stuck to his first statement. After some beating about the bush, knowing well that I would not betray him, he told me that he really knew a wide lode of very valuable sulphuret of silver, of which he showed me a sample, but that it was only at his greatest need that he extracted ore from it. The excavation was shallow; he used to carry away the rubbish from it to a distance of some leagues, and the opening he covered so care-

fully with cactus and turf that it was impossible to discover it. This Indian lived in a miserable hut, three leagues from Jauja, and hardly earned the scantiest subsistence by the trade of cutting wooden stirrups. When called on to pay the contribution, which is levied with inexorable strictness, he used to go and fetch a half arroba of ore, sell it in Jauja, and satisfy the tax-gatherer with the proceeds."

Peru is traversed throughout its whole length by two vast parallel chains of mountains, which the Creoles call indifferently the Andes and the Cordilleras. Our author suggests to geographers the expediency of avoiding this confusion by restricting the name of Andes to the eastern, and that of Cordilleras to the western chain, and he justifies this distinction by etymological arguments. The western range accompanies the shores of the Pacific at a distance of sixty or seventy English miles, and it is very remarkable that all the waters from its eastern slopes find their way to the Atlantic, breaking through the chain of the Andes. In all South America there is not one known exception to this rule, not one instance in which the Cordilleras give passage to a river flowing from the Andes,—a fact which is the more surprising since the former chain is lower than the latter in Southern Peru and Bolivia. This phenomenon seems quite inexplicable by any other conjecture than that the Andes are of more recent elevation than the western mountains, and that they rose gradually in insulated masses between which the rivers wore continually deeper and deeper channels. Between the Andes and the Cordilleras lies a vast expanse of scarcely inhabited plains, 12,000 feet or more above the level of the sea. They are called in the native tongue *Puna*, which is equivalent to the Spanish *despolbado*. Their aspect is extremely monotonous and dreary, the surface being covered with meagre, faded-looking grasses, never showing a patch of green. Here and there only one sees a solitary stunted tree of the *quenua* species, or large tracts covered with the reddish brown stalks of the *ratana*, both of which are highly prized by the inhabitants of the wilderness, as affording fuel or materials for roofing their huts. Animal life presents more variety and interest in the puna, for here the largest mammalia of Peru are indigenous —the llama and its congeners, the alpaca, the huanacu, and the vicuna. The climate is as ungenial as the landscape. Cold winds sweep from the frozen Cordillera over the plain, regularly accompanied for four months with daily violent snow-storms.

"It often happens that the traveller passes suddenly out of these cold winds into very warm currents of air, which are sometimes two or three feet, oftener several hundred feet wide, and occur in parallel lines at repeated intervals, so that one may pass through five or six of them in the course of a few hours. I found them particularly frequent in the months of August and September in the highland plains between Chacapalpa and Huancavelica. As far as my repeated observations extend, the general direction of these currents is the same as that of the Cordillera, namely S.S.W. and N.N.E. My course once led me for several hours longitudinally through one of these warm streams of air which was not more than seven and twenty paces wide. Its temperature was 11 deg. R. higher than that of the contiguous atmosphere. It appears that these streams are not merely temporary, for the arrieros often predict with great accuracy where they will be encountered; nor are they to be confounded with the warm air of narrow rocky ravines, since they extend over the open plain. The cause of this curious phenomena is well deserving of minute inquiry by meteorologists."

The name of *puna* is likewise applied to the painful effects which the rarefied air of the highlands produces on the animal economy; other names for which are "sorrochee," "marreo," and "veta." They usually appear at an elevation of 12,600 feet and upwards, and consist in difficulty of respiration, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, and extreme lassitude and weakness of the limbs. The capillary vessels of the eyes, nose, and lips often give away, and blood issues from them in drops. The same thing takes place also in the mucous membranes of the lungs and bowels, and bad cases of veta are accompanied by hæmoptysis and bloody diarrhœa, that often end fatally. The natives, who are ignorant of the true cause of this malady, ascribe it to metallic exhalations; and Dr. Tschudi seems to think that their opinion may not be altogether unfounded, for there are regions notorious for the severity of their veta, though they lie lower than others which are much less so; there must therefore be some other unknown condition of climate at work besides rarefaction of the air, and it does so happen that regions abounding in ore are particularly ill-famed for the veta. Men and animals born in the mountains suffer little from the veta, and strangers become acclimated against it; but the latter is not the case with some

domestic animals, particularly cats, which cannot live at an elevation of 1,300 feet. Innumerable attempts have been made to keep them in the mountain villages, but the animals always died in the course of a few days in horrible convulsions. Water boils at so low a temperature in the high regions, that potatoes and meat cannot be made soft by twenty-four hours' boiling. The Indians have no suspicion of the real cause of the phenomenon, and ludicrously find fault with the vessel, or with the pasture, or the age of the animal whose flesh defies cooking. Even the better class of Peruvians exhaust themselves in conjectures on the subject, and our author knew a parish priest who had sheep fetched from the low valleys, thinking their mutton would be more easily boiled. We extract our author's account of one day's lonely wanderings in the Puna. He started at early morning, in the midst of a thick fog, through the deep snow that had fallen overnight:—

"I rode along a sorry tract up the gentle declivity, often compelled to make wide detours round rocks or swamps, which I could not pass over. The latter are particularly irksome to the traveller, for he loses much time in going round them, and if he attempts to pass through them he is every moment in danger of being swallowed up with his beast, or if less unlucky he may leave the floundering animal to its fate, and pursue his way on foot. Even when the country is open, the swamps are often hard to discern, and the ground gives way beneath him when he least expects it. In the morning, however, one may ride safely over spots which are impassable later in the day, after the sun has thawed them. After the lapse of several hours, the sun at last dispersed the mist, the snow disappeared in a few minutes, and I looked round on the lonely landscape with renewed vigor. I had reached a height of nearly 14,000 feet above the sea. On both sides of me rose the peaks of the Cordillera clothed in eternal ice, with single gigantic pyramids towering to the heavens. Behind me lay, deep and deeper, the obscure valleys of the lower mountain regions, with their scarcely discernible Indian villages, and stretching far away until they blended with the horizon. Before me lay the immense billowy extent of the upland plains, here and there broken by long low craggy ranges of hills. It seemed to me as if Nature breathed out her last breath in these lonely snow-fields of the Cordillera. Here Life and Death meet together, and wage their everlasting warfare; and how might the conflict end for me, for my lot too was involved in the issue? I could not tell.

"How little life had the sun awakened all round me, where the dull green puna grass, hardly a finger high, blended with the greenish glaciers! Glad was I to greet the purple gentiana, the brown calceolaria, and other old acquaintances of the vegetable world. Not a butterfly hovered yet in the thin atmosphere, not a fly or winged insect; at most the busy naturalist might find a dusky beetle under a stone—a rare prize. Here and there the slow tortoise crept out of its hole, or a half-starved lizard lay on a stone warming its lithe limbs in the sun. As I rode further, living creatures met my view in more abundance, beasts and birds, few in species, but individually numerous. Amazing is the wealth of animal life in these mountain plains. The vital exuberance of the tropics seems to triumph alike over the bleak cold of the Puna, and the scorching sunshine of the Llanos; there the first fall of rain, here the first glimpse of the sun, calls it forth with astonishing quickness. The blank monotony of the region had almost disappeared. Herds of vicunas approached me inquisitively, and fled away again with the speed of the wind. In the distance I saw quiet stately groups of huanacus, gazing suspiciously on me and passing along; single roes started up from their rocky lairs, and rushed up the slopes with loud brayings; the curious horned puna-hart (tarush) came slowly out of its hole, and stared at me with its great, black, wondering eyes, whilst the lively rock-hares (viscachas) sported familiarly, and nibbled the scanty herbage that grew in the clefts of the rocks.

"I had plodded on for many hours, observing the varieties of life in this singular alpine region, when I came upon the carcass of a mule, which had probably fallen under its burden, and been left by its driver to perish of hunger and cold. My presence startled three ravenous condors from their repast. Shaking their crowned heads and darting fiery glances at me from their blood-shot eyes, two of them rose on their giant wings, and hovered threateningly, in ever narrowing circles round my head, whilst the third, croaking furiously, stood on the defensive near the booty. Holding my gun in readiness, I rode cautiously by the critical spot, without the least desire of further disturbing the banquet. * * * It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and I had been riding on a continual, though gradual, ascent since dawn. My panting mule slackened his pace, and halted from time to time, and seemed unwilling to climb a height that rose before me; I alighted to relieve the animal and my own limbs at the same time, and began to walk up hill; but I immediately experienced the effects of the rarefied air, and I felt at every step an uneasy sensation I had never known before. I was obliged to stop for breath, but I could hardly respire; I tried to move, but was overcome by an indescribable oppression; my heart beat audibly against my ribs; my breathing was short and interrupted, a world's load seemed to be on my breast; my lips were blue, tumid and cracked, and the blood oozed from

the swollen vessels of my eye-lids. My senses were leaving me; I could neither see, nor hear, nor feel distinctly; a grey mist floated before my eyes, tinged at times with red, when the blood gathered on my eye-lids. I felt myself involved in that conflict between life and death, which I had before imagined in surrounding nature; my brain reeled, and I was compelled to lie down. Had all the riches of the world, or the glories of eternity, been but a hundred feet higher, I could not have stretched out my hand towards them.

"I lay in this half-senseless condition until rest had so far relieved me that I could just with difficulty mount my mule. It was time to be gone, for a tempest was gathering on the horizon. A heavy fall of snow came on, accompanied with an icy wind, and in less than half an hour the ground was every where covered with snow a foot deep. Swamp and hill, dale and crag, seemed now one undistinguishable surface; all trace of my path was lost, and my position was growing worse every moment. Had I then been as well acquainted with the Puna as I afterwards became, I would have shaped my course by the flight of birds, but unluckily I followed the fresh track of a herd of vicunas which was lost in a swamp. I discovered this too late; my mule had suddenly sunk in so deeply that it could not scramble out; in great trepidation I alighted cautiously, and with incredible difficulty contrived to dig out the legs of my beast with my dagger. After wandering up and down in all directions, I at last found the path, which was marked by skeletons protruding above the level of the snow. They were the remains of beasts that had fallen under their load,—a welcome and yet ominous token for the lonely wanderer! The clouds were now suddenly rent, and the blazing light of the tropical sun was reflected from the dazzling surface of snow. My eyes were instantly smitten with *surumpe* (ophthalmia); they began to smart violently, and it was only with a handkerchief before my face I was able to pursue my way, tormented with the apprehension of chronic ophthalmia, or of total blindness.

"Half an hour afterwards the scene was repeated over again—thunder, lightning, wind and snow, then sunshine, then storm again. I continued my route with extreme difficulty, the mule hardly able to drag its limbs through the accumulated snow. Night was coming on; exhausted with cold, hunger, and fatigue, I could scarcely hold the bridle, and my feet were insensible, though partly protected by the broad wooden stirrups. I had almost given myself up for lost, when I observed a cave beneath an overhanging rock. I hastened to explore it, and found it would afford me some shelter from the wind. I unsaddled the mule, tied it to a stone, spread my cloak and trappings for a bed on the damp ground, and appeased my hunger with a little roasted maize and cheese. I then lay down, but was long kept awake by the piercing clamors of the night birds. At last I slept, but was again awakened by an intolerable burning and smarting in the eyes; the lids were glued together with coagulated blood. There was no hope of sleep or rest, and I thought the night would never end. When I reckoned that day must be dawning I opened my smarting eyes, and discovered all the horrid misery of my situation. A frozen human corpse had served for my pillow. Shuddering, I went in search of my mule to quit the dismal spot, but my distresses were not yet at an end. The poor beast lay dead on the ground; in its ravenous hunger it had eaten the poisonous garbancillo. Poor creature! Many a hardship had it shared with me. I turned back to the cave in despair; what could I do? At last the sun shone brightly, the snow was gone; I felt my spirits wonderfully revived, and began to inspect the body of my lifeless companion. Was it one of my own race, a traveller who had perished of cold and hunger? No, it was a half-caste Indian, and many deadly wounds in the head showed that he had been killed by the slings of Indian robbers, who had stripped him naked and hid him in the cave.

"I seized my gun and shot a rock-hare, gathered a little fuel, and using a bone for a spit, I roasted the flesh and made a not very savory breakfast. I then waited quietly to see what might befall. It was about noon when I heard at intervals a monotonous, short cry, and starting to my feet at the well-known sounds, I ascended the nearest rock, and perceived the two Indian llama drivers I had seen the day before. I prevailed on them by means of a small present of tobacco to let me have one of their llamas to carry my baggage. I cast a handful of earth on the corpse of the murdered man, and left the unlucky spot."

If our space allowed we would offer, as a contrast to this stern picture, our author's accounts of the beautiful sierras of Peru, of the mining districts, and their strange inhabitants; we would accompany him to his lonely log-hut in the heart of the primeval forest, and go over the chronicle of his Crusoe-like existence: but we must content ourselves with referring our readers to the original for these and many other interesting particulars.

From the Eclectic Review.

JABEZ BUNTING, THE WESLEYAN LEADER.

[In an article on the present state of Methodism in Great Britain, there occurs the following sketch of this most remarkable man, whose name is almost as familiar among us as with his own people. The remainder of the article possesses no great interest, and is therefore omitted.—ED.]

THE supreme governing authority in the Wesleyan body, is *the Conference*, at once the legislature and the high court of appeal.* Ministers and members have no alternative but to do its bidding. It is composed exclusively of the clergy. No private member, no layman, is admitted, even as a spectator. It sits with closed doors, jealously guarded. The *legal* Conference consists of a hundred ministers, vacancies being filled up partly by election, and partly according to seniority; but all who have been received into full connexion (alias, ordained) have the privilege of a vote; except that only those who have been fourteen years in the ministry, can join in the election of the president and the secretary, and in elections to fill up the legal hundred: even the youngest minister, however, may be present. The votes of the Conference at large, which generally numbers from four hundred to five hundred ministers, subsequently receive the formal ratification of the legal Conference, the constant presence of forty of whom is necessary to render the acts of the Conference valid. The sittings are annual, in July and August, usually occupying from two to three weeks, and are held in rotation in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, Sheffield, Leeds, Birmingham, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. By means of almost unexampled order and industry, and of a well-digested scheme of preparatory committees, a vast complexity of business is transacted with equal exactness and dispatch. Of what is done, no more transpires by authority than it is deemed expedient to insert in the published selection from the 'Minutes.' For example: 'Are there any complaints against any of our preachers? Answer: *They were examined one by one.*'* The most important and difficult business of the Conference is the stationing of the ministers. But this work is facilitated by the appointment of 'representatives,'—representatives, not of the people, but only of their brother ministers in various localities,—who constitute 'the stationing committee,' and submit their rough draft of the stations for final revision by the Conference. The people, in their several circuits, are indeed permitted to petition the Conference for this minister or against that; but their petitions are not always regarded, and they have ultimately no choice but to receive and support such ministers as it may please the Conference to send them. This unique body reigns equally supreme in all other connexional concerns; enacting new laws, or repealing old; determining finally every question of doctrine, discipline, or finance; appointing to every ministerial office; and, in short, exercising a sovereign sway in all the affairs of the community.†

The Conference is itself, however, subject to rule—the rule of one of its own members. In every deliberative assembly there will naturally arise leading minds—individuals whose superior talents, knowledge, wisdom, judgment, or discretion, are generally acknowledged, and gain for them the confidence of those of their compeers whose opinions they reflect. Thus we see Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, and Lord George Bentinck, the accredited leaders of different sections of the House of Commons; as also, before the disruption, Drs. Chalmers and Cooke were severally at the head of the non-intrusionists and moderates in the general assembly of the church of Scotland. But we almost uniformly find, that the tendency of such arrangements to degenerate into an autocratic despotism, is checked by the division of legislative assemblies into opposing, and consequently neutralizing parties. In the Wesleyan Conference this can hardly be said to be the case. That body being, as we have

* 'An appeal to any civil jurisdiction is a violation of an established rule of our society, as well as of the law of the New Testament; and he who takes such a step forfeits his right of appeal to the Conference.'—*Grindrod's Compendium*, p. 30.

* Minutes of Conference, *de anno in annum*.

† We learn from Mr. Grindrod (note, pp. 9—10) that the Conference affect a 'parliamentary verbiage.' The speakers used to say, 'this house,' and 'this or the other side of the house;' but they have lately substituted 'this Conference.' The members still add et themselves to audible expressions of applause and disapprobation, which Mr. Grindrod censures with all the unction of a vicar-apostolic. One of the authorized rules of debate is, 'Be quite easy, if a majority decide against you!'

seen, composed of ministers, to the entire exclusion of the laity, not only as members, but even as spectators, the ordinary occasions of party strife are, for the most part, cut off. An *esprit de corps*, not surpassed in cohesive force by that which animates and binds together the compactest of the monastic orders, is naturally developed; and each man, having entered the Wesleyan ministry with a full knowledge of the prerogatives and powers claimed for it, so far from being under any temptation to introduce discord into councils which have for their prime end the preservation of the system in its integrity, is rather engaged by his very position to promote an hierarchical unanimity.

These circumstances must be taken into the account, in considering the absolute sway exercised by the celebrated JABEZ BUNTING in the affairs of the Wesleyan Connexion. It is a favorite boast with the loose-tongued Wesleyans, that the president of their Conference possesses more power than the Archbishop of Canterbury; but Dr. Bunting possesses more power than the president, except when he happens himself to occupy the chair,—an honor that has fallen to his lot more frequently than to that of any other man, living or dead. This imputation, as though it implied disgrace, has often been denied; but its truth is too notorious to need the support of oaths or affidavits. At present, the presidential chair is worthily filled by a gentleman of independent mind, whose election was proclaimed as a triumph over the great leader of the body; but we have no doubt that he permitted it, willing, though at the expense of a construction unfavorable to himself, that the established clergy, who have of late been troublesome to our Wesleyan brethren as well as to other nonconformists, should learn a lesson from the elevation of an avowed and a sturdy dissenter to the conferential chair. The venerable JACOB STANLEY is no mere puppet, moving as the wires are pulled; but, even during *his* year of office, the Connexion has remained, as every Wesleyan knows, really under the government of its permanent dictator, whose talents and (we are bound to add) whose virtues have raised him to this high position.

JABEZ BUNTING was born about the year 1780, at or near Monyash in Derbyshire. His father was by trade a tailor, and in humble circumstances. Both his parents were members of the Wesleyan society; and by his pious mother he was named *Jabez* soon after birth. The family removed to Manchester while he was yet a child; and his first teacher was John Holt, a Wesleyan local preacher, who kept a school in Oldham-street. He was afterwards admitted into the free grammar-school, where he is said to have attracted the attention of the celebrated Dr. Percival, founder of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester; who, perceiving him to be a sharp boy, took him into his service, and ultimately employed him as an amanuensis. It is a sufficient proof of his good conduct, that his old master appointed him one of his executors. In this situation, the education of young Jabez proceeded, if not with scholastic regularity, yet in such a manner as to elicit and cultivate his peculiar talents. While reaping its advantages, he was so happy as to avoid its disadvantages. Though surrounded by Unitarians, of whom his learned patron was one, he, at an early period, joined the Wesleyan society. Among his first religious associates, was the late Mr. James Wood, of Manchester, who remained his bosom friend through life, seconding him in his plans for the benefit of the Connexion with almost unequalled munificence, and considered as having had more influence with him than any other layman in the body. But the turning point in the history of Dr. Bunting is traceable to the appointment of the Rev. William Thompson to the Manchester circuit in the critical year 1797–8. This Methodist sage, who presided at the first Conference after Mr. Wesley's decease, took young Jabez by the hand, and is supposed not only to have given him the rudiments of his Methodistico-legislative learning, but also to have inspired him with a *passion* for such pursuits. Under the auspices of this Mentor, he entered, in 1799, upon itinerant life. His first circuit was Oldham; his first superintendent, the Rev. John Gaulter,—a man of gentlemanly manners, amiable disposition, various though crude attainments, and who used to boast that he 'loved every pin and screw in Methodism.' The youth of Jabez, his talents, and his easy, graceful, serious, warm, and natural address, procured him a second year's appointment to Oldham. The present century he began in Macclesfield, where, also, he spent two years, during which he escaped being sent by Dr. Coke on a mission to Gibraltar, and fell into the toils of love. The Wesleyan Connexion

owe it, perhaps, to the clever woman who became his first wife, that he did not devote himself to missionary labor. Nor is this the only obligation conferred upon them by the late Mrs. Bunting, who, both as a wife and as a mother, was peculiarly adapted to aid in the formation of a character for public life. Through the influence of the Rev. Walter Griffith,—a man who united the gentlest manners with the firmest principles, and of whom it is recorded that he deliberately refused to meet death with his faculties clouded by opiates,—Mr. Bunting passed from Macclesfield to London, where his reputation was already such that he preached before the Sunday School Union, a discourse published by request under the title of 'A Great Work.' After a sojourn of two years in the metropolis, he was removed to Manchester, where he first distinguished himself as an advocate for ecclesiastical order, in a joint pamphlet against some troublesome insurgents called 'the Bandroom party.' From this time, although still young, he may be regarded as one of the leading men in the Connexion. No man ever rose so rapidly. By unprecedented strides, he stepped successively into the highest offices. With every fresh circuit, he gained new and more extensive popularity; and, while a general favorite among the people, as speedily acquired the almost universal confidence of his ministerial brethren. They recognized in him one who had well studied the Wesleyan economy, who possessed a remarkable talent for government and administration, and who was capable of comprehending in his grasp the largest interests, prompt in fertile expedients for every emergency, and far-sighted in his estimate of the future. Four times has he been elected to the chair of Conference; and for many years he has filled the two most distinguished permanent offices in the Connexion,—those of President of the Wesleyan Theological Institution, in its two branches at Richmond and Didsbury, and of Principal Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Resident in London, but at liberty to travel when and where he pleases, his sagacious eye is constantly cast over all the interests of the Wesleyan church; information pours in to him from every corner of the kingdom and from every quarter of the globe; and often as the Conference comes round, he astonishes yet more and more his admiring and confiding brethren, with his intimate and perfect knowledge of the affairs of their whole body, and with the unhesitating and almost unerring wisdom that enables him to surmount every difficulty, anticipate every necessity, and satisfy every demand.

Of the mode and character of his administration there are various opinions, modified by the aspects under which it is viewed, the feelings of parties, and their opportunities of information. Some are altogether eulogistic, others qualify their commendations with a dilution of censure, while others again see more to censure than to applaud. 'During the last thirty years,' says the late Rev. Edmund Grindrod,* 'our legislation bears intrinsic evidence of being the production of one superior mind. Other parties may have contributed original suggestions and emendations. But it is obvious that one master hand, for the last generation, has framed the great majority of the acts of our Conference. Besides many minor regulations dispersed through our annual minutes, the invaluable system of finance, particularly in the department of the Contingent Fund, the entire constitution of the Missionary Society, of the Theological Institution, and of our Sunday Schools, were framed by the same honored minister. May the future leaders in our spiritual Israel be adorned with the same virtues which have so eminently characterized his honorable and useful career!'

With this brief testimony, which, though it proceeds from a gentleman who owed a great deal to the object of his eulogy, is by no means overcharged, may be contrasted that of another writer,† who has had equal opportunities with Mr. Grindrod of forming a correct judgment, without, however, having equal inducements to take a favorable view,—who, indeed, acknowledges that, 'as an individual, he is in love with neither the spirit nor the policy of the gentleman in question.' By this critic he is regarded as a ruler, a politician, and a financier. As a ruler, he is deemed despotic both by nature and from art. This temper is thought to have involved him in numerous Wesleyan broils,—in the bandroom fracas, at Manchester; in the squabble about teaching writing on Sundays, at Sheffield; in another Sunday School agitation, during his second station at Manchester; in the miserable organ schism, at Leeds; and in the famous prosecution of Dr. Warren, wherein he was

* Compendium of the Laws and Regulations of Wesleyan Methodism. Introduction. 1842.
† Manuscript, 1844.

right enough as to the man, but very far wrong as to the principles. As a politician, he has credit for great foresight, caution, judgment, and what, but for the influence of religion, would degenerate into low cunning; and, 'being fond of his own measures, he is naturally jealous of those of others, and not always nice, either as to means or expression, in the way of opposition.' His chief excellence is thought to lie in the exchequer department. He is *au fait* at estimates, and considerably up to ways and means. His calculations can seldom be impugned, and his budget generally passes without a division, although the consequent monetary pressure may sometimes elicit a few murmurs. It is questioned whether he has not devoted himself too much to the mint, anise, and cummin, and too little to judgment, mercy, and truth; too much to the income and expenditure of the Connexion, and too little to the spiritual advance or decline of the people; too much to the pocket, and too little to the heart. He is more than suspected of an idolatrous homage for the great and rich. His vote for Lord Sandon in 1833, is remembered against him by others besides anti-slavery men; nor do his selections for the chair at the annual meetings of the Wesleyan Missionary Society always escape animadversion. He may be influenced by the color of men's politics as well as of their money; but in the furtherance of his plans, he is observed too frequently to associate with himself men of large property and little piety. His eloquence is of a high order, but it is that of a pleader rather than an orator; and, especially in later life, his public career has been much more that of a man of business, than of a minister of religion. Among the connexional measures of which he is the author, are enumerated,—the sanction of organs in chapels; the law which qualifies ministers of fourteen years' standing to vote in elections to the 'high offices'* of president and secretary; the holding of public missionary meetings, which began at Leeds, and which was for some time strongly opposed by many of the older and more influential ministers; the appointment of a separate house and premises for the missionary secretary and the business of the Missionary Society; the establishment of the Theological Institution, which, however desirable in itself, was carried with a high hand; the stationing of the president in London, on his election to office; with many other measures of minor significance. It is added, in proof of his forecast, that there is hardly one measure of his, by which he has not personally profited. The fourteen-year men, outvoting the 'grave and reverend,' but no longer 'most potent seniors,' immediately rewarded his successful exertions, by putting him into the presidential chair, to which he had paved for himself this shorter road. The missionary meetings resulted in the secretaryship. Mission premises gave additional permanency to the office, with a station in London. And the Theological Institution involved his appointment to the presidency thereof. His policy, it is remarked, never quits him.* By various contrivances, he has managed, without directly trenching on Methodist law, to neutralize, for the furtherance of his designs, the itinerant principle. Nearly half his connexional life has been spent in London. The law is, that no man shall stay longer than three years in a circuit, nor return to it till after the lapse of eight years; but, by dividing London into many circuits, he has made it possible for a minister, like Cowper's fireside traveller, to pass a great part of his *itinerant* career without once getting into a railway train, or, like the hand of a clock, to reach the utmost circumference without straying from that influential centre. By these and similar arts, he has obtained such a position as to get himself and his immediate friends placed on all the connexional committees. Thus the metropolis has become the seat of empire for the *imperium* as well as for the *imperio*;† only, the former being an ecclesiastical affair, the council chamber is found, not in Downing-street, but in the more appropriate locale of *Bishops*gate. Some of the arts attributed to him are vulgar enough, and would almost be dignified by being described as 'low cunning.' He waits till others have spoken in the Conference, to have the advantage of making the last impression. He defers, till near the close of its sittings, when the majority of the brethren have gone home, his more questionable measures. At the Conference of 1843 or 1844, for instance, he is said to have obtained by this wretched stratagem, a veto for the London committee, authorizing

* Grindrod, p. 3.

*. See 'Fly-Sheets,' No. II., p. 15, respecting Mr. Fowler.

† Southey, in the Preface to his Life of Wesley, designates the Wesleyan body as an '*imperium in imperio*.'

them to reject a candidate for the ministry, after having passed not only the Quarterly Meeting, not only the District meeting, but even the Conference itself,—a point opposed by different district committees the year before, when hinted to them in a printed circular. He is regarded as having too much lost sight of the true ends of Methodism, as a system for the conversion of men, in his prevailing desire to aggrandize it in the eyes of the public. Hence, it is alleged, there is a great deal of glare and glitter about his measures. Every thing is calculated to strike and impress. The Centenary Hall was designed to make folks stare. 'Is not this great Babylon that I have built?' Every connexional office, from the highest to the lowest, has participated in his spirit, and been invested with an authority challenging awe, and adapted to extort obedience from fear, rather than to induce it from love; he himself being more feared than loved by his brethren. His close study of public events, and his frequent attendance in the gallery of the House of Commons, are thought to have been made subservient to his purposes. He is charged with having brought the politician and the statesman into the church, and with turning to account any hint or lesson in tactics, policy, finance, or government, which his quick observation may have picked up in the purlieus of parliament. It is not denied that his administration, 'with all its blemishes,' has been productive of 'great good;' but it is bitterly lamented that his line of procedure has had the effect, even within the walls of the Conference, of fostering 'the spirit of suspicion,' in place of 'the frankness of brotherhood.' In fine, so far as the present authority deponeth, 'Dr. Bunting's power is unbounded, and is often withering in its effect on free discussion,—too great, indeed, for the safety of the body and for the comfort of his brethren; and he will serve as a warning to them in future, to check the risings of any other aspirant who may seek to tread in his steps. So much for the ONE MAN who is *alone* amidst the thousands of our Israel, standing like a tall column in the centre of a vast plain, *seen* by all and *over* all.'

The foregoing sketch of the man who has mainly contributed to make Methodism what it has become during the first half of the nineteenth century, is obviously one-sided; and, though, it may be, perfectly true in each particular, is so largely composed of objections, apart from what is praiseworthy, as to produce an effect which neither honest truth nor equal justice would quite warrant. We have seen each side presented by itself: let us now see both sides together—if possible, a true picture of the whole man, nothing extenuating nor setting down aught in malice. There lies upon our table an anonymous volume,* in which, under the mysterious heading 'Q.E.D. * * * * * *,' we find a sketch of character which we have no hesitation in applying to the subject in hand. The volume itself excited, on its publication, so lively an interest in Wesleyan circles, that every one was curious to ascertain the pen from which it had proceeded; and we believe an investigation not easily to be paralleled beyond the walls of the Holy Inquisition, was instituted in the Conference itself, with the view, if possible, to decide the interesting question. For our own part, we never had a doubt upon the subject. It is said that only an Apelles can paint an Alexander: sure we are that none but the man himself could paint with such literal fidelity as we discover in one of the hundred portraits of this Wesleyan gallery. Why the Conference should have been in such a taking about these 'takings,' we never could make out. The limner holds a free, yet faithful pencil; and his sketches, though spirited, are not exaggerated: even when sarcastic, he is not acrimonious. Dr. Bunting's sycophants may foolishly resent any thing which intimates his kinship to the fallen race of Adam; but he is himself too magnanimous to wish, like Wolsey, to be portrayed only on the better side of his face, well aware that such a step would warrant less flattering painters in exhibiting the worse alone. The fair-dealing artist of whose full-length painting we now propose to give a reduced drawing, has avoided both extremes. He begins by describing the gentleman for whose actual name, instead of the needless superscription 'This is a lion,' he has substituted the complimentary symbol of *seven stars*, as a luminary in the Wesleyan sky which early reached its zenith. He did not rise to his pre-eminent altitude by a succession of slow and progressive steps, but started up to it at once. Yet he really disregards popularity. Excepting his incomparable judgment, he is not so much remarkable for the brilliancy of any one trait, as for the rare combination and harmonious constellation of all. He has undertaken noth-

* Wesleyan Takings, 2d edition, 1840.

ing in which he has not succeeded; and, severe as he sometimes is, and not over solicitous to heal a wound after he has made it, he has never violated a single principle of honor, justice, or the higher dignity of man. His influence has never been known to wane. His measures, always well matured, are generally fortified by a case of necessity for their ultimate adoption; and, though sometimes they are prematurely pressed, and enforced with arguments more taking and plausible than solid and convincing, yet the multitude are, by skilful generalship, surprised into their adoption. His paramount authority is admitted, and perceived to be extremely liable to abuse; yet, how has he obtained it? Not by fraud, not by misconduct; but by devoting his superior talents to promote, not selfish objects, but the best interests of the Connexion. As a speaker, his peculiar strength is in reply. See him in the Conference. There he sits on the platform. With hand behind ear, he gathers the words of the brother who is speaking. Are any of his favorite views impugned, his keen grey eye shoots lynx-like along the line of sound, and quails or rouses the speaker. At length, all else have spoken, and the *rex idem hominum Dominique sacerdos* rises to his feet. All is silence and expectation. The feelings of the previous speakers refer quite as much to themselves as to the subject; and all are sensible that the 'fate of the question absolutely hangs upon his breath.' He never approaches a subject without illuminating it, and rarely retires from the field without conquest; followed by the applauding smiles of his friends, and leaving the opposing powers in a state of suspense or blank astonishment. 'For reply, we never heard a near approach to him. His replies are like the set speeches of some of our first speakers; so full, so regular, so neat, so consecutive, so pertinent, so easy, so ready.' He has the reputation of being arbitrary and personal; but he is at least disinterested,* and, in a case of culpability, will as soon fly in the face of a friend as of a foe. 'Meet him as an opponent, and he is terrible; take him as a friend, and success is certain; even to men of minor talents, over whom he may extend the fostering shadow of his wing.' In speaking, nathless, he never soars, being without the requisite pinions,—fancy, imagination, genius. His mind is purely metaphysical; but he is always clear, luminious, and instructive, displaying the results of meditation rather than of reading. His speaking, ever spontaneous, is by turns pathetic or powerful. In prayer, he is remarkably fervent. His writings are few, and are not likely to become more numerous. His fame will never extend beyond the limits of his own communion; but, in the list of its men of renown, the name of BUNTING will rank next to that of WESLEY.

* See, however, 'Fly-Sheets,' No. II., p. 5, note, and p. 22. See, a so, pp. 7, 8, for a curious note.

From the London Quarterly Review.

SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD ON AMERICA.

HOCHELAGA AND THE EMIGRANT.

1. *Hochelaga; or, England in the New World.* Edited by Eliot Warburton, Esq., Author of 'The Crescent and the Cross.' 2 vols. London. 1846.
2. *The Emigrant.* By Sir F. B. Head, Bart. London. 1846.

'HOCHELAGA' puzzled us as much as 'Eöthen' did many fair readers of book-advertisements. We guessed it was a name affixed by the Scandinavian forerunners of Columbus to the coast of North America, or the part of it where they disembarked—and as all young ladies are now German scholars, they will understand our interpretation of its meaning: but it turns out that *Hochelaga* is an aboriginal Indian name for Canada. The name, however, is sonorous, and looks grand on the title-page of a book which might have dispensed with any thing liable to be classed in the category of claptrap. The editor in a very modest preface intimates that the author is a friend of his, who could not personally superintend the printing, and who, though unwilling to blazon his own name, felt that the public were entitled to some guarantee for the character of one whose work included many statements of a somewhat startling description. We see no reason to doubt that the nameless writer is worthy of Mr. Warburton's friendship, and therefore of our full confidence. We infer that he is a regimental officer, employed during several years past in Canada. His composition is not to be ranked with that of 'The Crescent and the Cross,' but it is still very meritorious; and his principles and feelings appear to be in every respect those of an enlightened English gentleman. Without any

regular arrangement of his materials, he has contrived to include in these two little volumes a very entertaining view of the scenery and the manners of our Canadian provinces, not a few striking sketches of their past history, and a sober estimate of the results of recent legislation—down to the period at which he wrote. We are sorry that he dismissed his MS. before the great measures of last session had reached our fellow-subjects in Hochelaga; but from his bright picture of their anticipations as to the working of some not old arrangements then abruptly overturned, we can hardly doubt that he has entered warmly into their present feelings of alarm and despondency.

Mr. Warburton's friend, though a hearty Conservative and Churchman, and of course any thing but an admirer of the political institutions of the United States, or approver of the motives, any more than of the proceedings of the late Canadian rebels, writes on the transactions of the insurgent period and of their consequences, as far as developed under his observation, with the calmness of a bystander—with perfect temper—sorry evidently for much that had been done under British authority, but modestly willing to hope that what vexed him might have really been considered matter of unavoidable necessity by the responsible advisers of the Crown. Far different, it will readily be supposed, is the tone in which Sir Francis Head once more recurs to the incidents of that short period to which he looks back as the marking epoch of his own life—the two years during which he represented his Sovereign in one of our noblest dependencies—witnessed an unprovoked invasion of her Majesty's territory by Republican Sympathizers, acting in combination with her rebellious subjects—appealed to the loyalty of the people of Upper Canada—saw his appeal enthusiastically received and seconded by them—suppressed insurrection—repelled invasion, and vindicated and maintained the rights and the honor of the flag committed to his trust; returning, with imminent hazard of his life, through the native State of the 'Sympathizers,' and greeted on his arrival in England by the astounding intelligence of the beginning of a series of measures on the part of the British Government, the obvious intention of which was, as their effect has been, to rebuke and sadden the loyal spirit of Canada, and to instal not only in the tranquillity of amnesty, but in the triumph of legalized predominance, the provincial faction by whom the Queen's authority had been insulted, her faithful servants massacred, every effort made to dissever from her Crown the magnificent possessions so well entitled to the name of 'England in the New World.' He assuredly, if he should live for thirty years to come, would be as incapable then as he is now of writing coolly on these subjects; and far, very far, be it from us to quarrel with his warmth. In that short period was condensed for him the poetry of a lifetime—every feeling and every energy strained to the topmost pitch—hope, zeal, gallant devotion, generous confidence, the magic of loyal brotherhood, the exultation of conscious heroism and of complete success—to be followed and darkly relieved by a most disheartening series of reversals. Suddenly, without solicitation or expectation—without ever having dreamt of such a thing any more than of the Mitre of Canterbury—he had been appointed to a viceroyalty in British America. Repairing thither, he had been called on to encounter difficulties as unforeseen as his own elevation; but as he had fortunately been in his earlier life trained and exercised in arms under the great Captain, these difficulties were not found too severe for his resources. As the impartial author of 'Hochelaga' says, 'the daring policy of Sir Francis Head was eminently successful.' As suddenly, his work done, he was dismissed from his high position. A title of hereditary honor had been given to him: to withhold that would have outraged the universal sentiment of the country, as well as the grateful heart of the Sovereign he had so well served. But from that moment the chill of official discountenance enveloped him: and how could it be otherwise, since he had made himself the very type and symbol to all the British colonies of the principles which were now to be put under ban? Since then six years have passed over his head in private obscurity; but he is still looked to with undiminished regret and respect by the old friends of England in the 'England of the New World;' and his heart beats in unison with theirs, while the features of his personal intercourse with them, and of their adopted country, remain stamped in ineffaceable vividness on the memory and imagination (usually commensurate) of a man of genius—a man whose powers of description and declamation are answerable to the keenness of his eye and the glow of his sentiments, and which, we must at once say, have never

been displayed more brilliantly than in 'The Emigrant.'

We read with gratification and benefit every year many new books, well worthy of all that their authors aspire to—the popularity of a season or two. We are pleased and thankful: we soon read, and we perhaps too soon forget them; but with what different feelings do we turn the leaves of a new book when, after advancing a few pages or chapters, it is, as the Methodists say, 'borne in upon us' that we hold in our hands a document which is certain to be opened with unfaded interest long after we as well as the author shall have 'joined the majority'—a record which must fix itself into the abiding literature of our language, and be studied by whoever shall attempt in future times to master the history of this wonderful age of the British empire! Such, we venture to say, is the character which every mature reader will at once perceive to be that of this 'Emigrant.' From this the future Mahon will gather the means of enlivening the detail of our annals—from this the Macaulay of another day will draw the minute circumstances which preserve the very form and image of the past.

It is not, however, our purpose to write a political article on 'Hochelaga' and 'The Emigrant.' We are content to recommend the former work most heartily, in case any of our readers may as yet be unacquainted with it, and to avail ourselves of the opportunity to enrich our own pages with some specimens of the other, which, from accidental circumstances, as we are told, cannot be published for some weeks to come. And, in selecting these specimens, we shall adhere for the most part to the purely descriptive chapters of the book—leaving the properly political ones to produce their own just impression upon those who peruse them bye-and-bye in the author's own arrangement, as constituting in themselves a complete portraiture of a most remarkable episode in British history—one to be linked on, no question, to great coming events.

We begin with the beginning—Sir Francis Head's chapter entitled 'A New Sky'—being his bold and rapid summary of the to him novel aspects of nature under the climate of the Canadas. This chapter is an excellent specimen, not only of his very peculiar talent for painting with the pen, but of his skill in bringing science down to the humblest capacity—a skill in which he has not been surpassed by even the very reverend cancrologist of Westminster. What a lecturer he would have made for a merry tiffining of the British Association!

'However deeply prejudiced an Englishman may be in favor of his own country, yet I think it is impossible for him to cross the Atlantic without admitting that in both the northern and southern hemispheres of the new world Nature has not only outlined her works on a larger scale, but has painted the whole picture with brighter and more costly colors than she used in delineating and in beautifying the old world. The heavens of America appear infinitely higher—the sky is bluer—the clouds are whiter—the air is fresher—the cold is intenser—the moon looks larger—the stars are brighter—the thunder is louder—the lightning is vivider—the wind is stronger—the rain is heavier—the mountains are higher—the rivers larger—the forests bigger—the plains broader; in short, the gigantic and beautiful features of the new world seem to correspond very wonderfully with the increased locomotive powers and other brilliant discoveries which have lately been developed to mankind.

'The difference of climate in winter between the old and new world amounts, it has been estimated, to about thirteen degrees of latitude. Accordingly, the region of North America which basks under the same sun or latitude as Florence, is visited in winter with a cold equal to those of St. Petersburg or of Moscow; and thus, while the inhabitant of the Mediterranean is wearing cotton or other light clothing, the inhabitant of the very same latitude in the new world is to be found either huddled close to a stove hot enough to burn his eyes out, or muffled up in furs, with all sorts of contrivances to preserve the very nose on his face, and the ears on his head, from being frozen.

'This extra allowance of cold is the effect of various causes—one of which I will endeavor shortly to describe. It is well known that so far as temperature is concerned, 300 feet of altitude are about equal to a degree of latitude; accordingly, that by ascending a steep mountain—the Himalayas, for instance—one may obtain, with scarcely any alteration of latitude, and in a few hours, the same change of temperature which would require a long journey over the surface of the earth to reach; and thus it appears that in the hottest regions of the globe there exist impending stratifications of cold proportionate in intensity to their respective altitudes. Now, as soon as moisture or vapor enters these regions, in southern countries it is condensed into rain, and in the winter of northern ones it is frozen into snow, which, from its specific gravity, continues its feathery descent until it is deposited upon the surface of the ground, an emblem of the cold region from which it has proceeded. But from the mere showing of the case, it is evident that this snow is as much a stranger in the land on which it is reposing, as a Laplander is who lands at Lisbon, or as in England a pauper is

who enters a parish in which he is not entitled to settlement; and, therefore, just as the parish officers, under the authority of the law, vigorously proceed to eject the pauper, so does Nature proceed to eject the cold that has taken temporary possession of land to which it does not owe its birth; and the process of ejectment is as follows: The superincumbent atmosphere, warmed by the sun, melts the surface of the snow; and as soon as the former has taken to itself a portion of the cold, the wind bringing with it a new atmosphere, repeats the operation; and thus on, until the mass of snow is either effectually ejected, or materially diminished.

'But while the combined action of sun and wind are producing this simple effect in the old world, there exists in the northern regions of the new world a physical obstruction to the operation. I allude to the interminable forest, through the boughs and branches of which the descending snow falls, until reaching the ground it remains hidden from the sun and protected from the wind; and thus every day's snow adds to the accumulation, until the whole region is converted into an almost boundless ice-house, from which there slowly but continuously arises, like a mist from the ground, a stratum of cold air, which the north-west prevailing wind wafts over the south, and which freezes every thing in its way. The effect of air passing over ice is curiously exemplified on the Atlantic, where, at certain periods of the year, all of a sudden, and often during the night, there suddenly comes over every passenger a cold mysterious chill, like the hand of death itself, caused by the vicinity of a floating iceberg. In South America I remember a trifling instance of the same effect. I was walking in the main street of San Jago in the middle of the summer, and, like every human or living being in the city, was exhausted by extreme heat, when I suddenly felt as if some one was breathing upon my face with frozen lungs. I stopped, and turning round, perceived at a little distance a line of mules laden with snow, which they had just brought down from the Andes. And if this insignificant cargo—if the presence of a solitary little iceberg in the ocean can produce the sensation I have described, it surely need hardly be observed how great must be the freezing effects on the continent of North America, of the north-west wind blowing over an uncovered ice-house, composed of masses of accumulated snow several feet in thickness, and many hundreds of miles both in length and breadth.

'Now it is curious to reflect that—while every backwoodsman in America is occupying himself, as he thinks, solely for his own interest, in clearing his location—every tree which, falling under his axe, admits a patch of sunshine to the earth, in an infinitesimal degree softens and ameliorates the climate of the vast continent around him; and yet, as the portion of cleared land in North America, compared with that which remains uncleared, has been said scarcely to exceed that which the seams of a coat bear to the whole garment, it is evident, that although the assiduity of the Anglo-Saxon race has no doubt affected the climate of North America, the axe is too weak an instrument to produce any important change.

'But one of the most wonderful characteristics of Nature is the manner in which she often unobservedly produces great effects from causes so minute as to be almost invisible; and accordingly while the human race—so far as an alteration of climate is concerned—are laboring almost in vain in the regions in question, swarms of little flies, strange as it may sound, are, and for many years have been, most materially altering the climate of the great continent of North America.

'The manner in which they unconsciously perform this important duty is as follows:—They sting, bite, and torment the wild animals to such a degree, that, especially in summer, the poor creatures, like those in Abyssinia, described by Bruce, become almost in a state of distraction, and to get rid of their assailants, wherever the forest happened to be on fire, they rushed to the smoke, instinctively knowing quite well that the flies would be unable to follow them *there*. The wily Indian observing these movements, shrewdly perceived that by setting fire to the forest the flies would drive to him his game, instead of his being obliged to trail in search of it; and the experiment having proved eminently successful, the Indians for many years have been, and still are, in the habit of burning tracts of wood so immense, that from very high and scientific authority I have been informed, that the amount of land thus burned under the influence of the flies has exceeded many millions of acres, and that it has been, and still is, materially changing the climate of North America.'

But, besides the effect that this small machinery is producing on the thermometer, it is simultaneously working out another great operation of Nature.

'Although the game, to avoid the stings of their tiny assailants, come from distant regions to the smoke, and therein fall from the arrows and rifles of their human foes, yet this burning of the forest destroys the rabbits and small game, as well as the young of the larger game; and therefore, just as brandy and whisky for a short time raise the spirits of the drunkard, but eventually leave him pale, melancholy, and dejected, so does this vicious, improvident mode of poaching game for a short time fatten, but eventually afflict with famine all those who have engaged in it; and thus, for instance, the Beaver Indians, who forty years ago were a powerful and numerous tribe, are now reduced to less than one hundred men, who can scarcely find wild animals enough to keep themselves alive. In short, the red population is diminishing in the same ratio as the destruction of the moose and wood buffalo on which

their forefathers had subsisted: and as every traveller, as well as trader, in those various regions, confirms these statements, how wonderful is the dispensation of the Almighty, under which, by the simple agency of little flies, not only is the American Continent gradually undergoing a process which, with other causes, will assimilate its climate to that of Europe, but *that the Indians themselves* are clearing and preparing their own country for the reception of another race, who will hereafter gaze at the remains of the elk, the bear, and the beaver, with the same feelings of astonishment with which similar vestiges are discovered in Europe—the monuments of a state of existence that has passed away!'

After some more dissertation on the climate generally of North America, as constituting the most extraordinary feature in its physical character—and especially on the contrast between its West Indian summers and its Norwegian winters—he comes to the Christmas scenery of Canada in particular.

'Even under bright sunshine, and in a most exhilarating air, the biting effect of the cold upon the face resembles the application of a strong acid; and the healthy grin which the countenance assumes, requires—as I often observed on those who for many minutes had been in a warm room waiting to see me—a considerable time to relax. In a calm almost any degree of cold is bearable, but the application of successive doses of it to the face, by wind, becomes occasionally almost unbearable; indeed I remember seeing the left cheek of nearly twenty of our soldiers simultaneously frost-bitten in marching about a hundred yards across a bleak open space, completely exposed to a strong and bitterly cold north-west wind that was blowing upon us all.'

'Of late years, English fireplaces have been introduced into many houses; and though mine at Toronto was warmed with hot air from a large oven, with fires in all our sitting-rooms, nevertheless the wood for my grate, which was piled close to the fire, often remained till night covered with the snow which was on it when first deposited there in the morning. And, as a further instance of the climate, I may add, that several times while my mind was very warmly occupied in writing my dispatches, I found my pen full of a lump of stuff that appeared to be honey, but which proved to be frozen ink; again, after washing in the morning, when I took up some money that had lain all night on my table, I at first fancied it had become sticky, until I discovered that the sensation was caused by its freezing to my fingers, which, in consequence of my ablutions, were not perfectly dry.'

In spite of this intensity of cold, the powerful circulation of the larger quadrupeds keeps the blood in their veins, as the movement of the waters does the great lakes, from freezing; but the human frame not being gifted with equal vigor, many every winter lose their limbs, and some their lives, from sheer cold.

'I one day inquired of a fine ruddy honest-looking man who called upon me, and whose toes and insteps of each foot had been truncated, how the accident happened? He told me that the first winter he came from England he lost his way in the forest, and that after walking for some hours, feeling pain in his feet, he took off his boots, and from the flesh immediately swelling, he was unable to put them on again. His stockings, which were very old ones, soon wore into holes, and as rising on his insteps he was hurriedly proceeding he knew not where, he saw with alarm, but without feeling the slightest pain, first one toe and then another break off as if they had been pieces of brittle stick, and in this mutilated state he continued to advance till he reached a path which led him to an inhabited log-house, where he remained suffering great pain till his cure was effected.

'On another occasion, while an Englishman was driving one bright beautiful day in a sleigh on the ice, his horse suddenly ran away, and fancying he could stop him better without his cumbersome fur gloves than with them, he unfortunately took them off. As the infuriated animal at his utmost speed proceeded, the man, who was facing a keen north-west wind, felt himself gradually as it were turning into marble, and by the time he stopped, both his hands were so completely and so irrecoverably frozen that he was obliged to have them amputated.

'Although the sun, from the latitude, has considerable power, it appears only to illuminate the sparkling snow, which, like the sugar on a bridal cake, conceals the whole surface. The instant however the fire of heaven sinks below the horizon, the cold descends from the upper regions of the atmosphere with a feeling as if it were poured down upon the head and shoulders from a jug.'

If any Canadian artist aspires to rival the famous sign-posts of 'Les Quatre Saisons' at Wiesbaden, he will find his materials ready to his hand in what follows:—

'In the Summer, the excessive heat—the violent paroxysms of thunder—the parching drought—the occasional deluges of rain—the sight of bright-red, bright-blue, and other gaudy-plumaged birds—of the brilliant humming-bird, and of innumerable fire-flies that at night appear like the reflection upon earth of the stars shining above them in the heavens, would almost persuade the emigrant that he was living within the tropics.

'As Autumn approaches, the various trees

of the forest assume hues of every shade of red, yellow, and brown, of the most vivid description. The air gradually becomes a healthy and delightful mixture of sunshine and frost, and the golden sunsets are so many glorious assemblages of clouds—some like mountains of white wool, others of the darkest hues—and of broad rays of yellow, of crimson, and of golden light, which without intermixing radiate upwards to a great height from the point of the horizon at which the deep red luminary is about to disappear.

'As the Winter approaches the cold daily strengthens, and before the branches of the trees and the surface of the country become white, every living being seems to be sensible of the temperature that is about to arrive. The gaudy birds, humming-birds, and fireflies, depart first; then follow the pigeons; the wild-fowl take refuge in the lakes—until scarcely a bird remains to be seen in the forest. Several of the animals seek refuge in warmer regions; and even the shaggy bear, whose coat seems warm enough to resist any degree of cold, instinctively looks out in time for a hollow tree into which he may leisurely climb, to hang in it during the winter as inanimate as a flitch of bacon from the ceiling of an English farm-house; and even many of the fishes make their deep-water arrangements for not coming to the surface of the rivers and harbors during the period they are covered with ice.

'Notwithstanding the cheerful brightness of the winter's sun, I always felt that there was something indescribably awful and appalling in all these bestial, birdal, and piscal precautions; and yet it is with pride that one observes that while the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, one after another, are seen retreating before the approaching winter like women and children before an advancing army, the Anglo-Saxon race stand firm:—and indeed they are quite right to do so, inasmuch as the winter, when it does arrive, turns out to be a season of hilarity and of healthy enjoyment. Not only is the whole surface of the ground, including roads and paths of every description, beautifully macadamized with a covering of snow, over which every man's horse, with tinkling bells, can draw him and his family in a sleigh; but every harbor becomes a national playground to ride on, and every river an arterial road to travel on.

'In all directions running water gradually congeals. The mill-wheel becomes covered with a frozen torrent, in which it remains as in a glass case; and I have even seen small waterfalls begin to freeze on both sides, until the cataract, arrested in its fall by the power of heaven, is converted for the season into a solid mirror. Although the temperature of the water in the great lakes is infinitely below freezing, yet the restless rise and fall of the waves prevent their congelation. As a trifling instance, however, of their disposition to do so, I may mention that during the two winters I was at Toronto, I made a rule from which I never departed, to walk every morning to the end of a long wooden pier that ran out into the unfrozen waters of the lake. In windy weather and during extreme cold the water, in dashing against this work, rose in the air; but before it could reach me it often froze, and thus, without wetting my cloak, the drops of ice used to fall harmless at my feet. But although the great lake, for want of a moment's tranquillity, cannot congeal, yet for hundreds of miles along its shores the waves, as they break on the ground, instantly freeze—and this operation continuing by night as well as by day, the quiet shingled beach is converted throughout its whole length into high, sharp, jagged rocks of ice, over which it is occasionally difficult to climb. I was one day riding with a snaffle-bridle on the glare ice of the great bay of Toronto, on a horse I had just purchased, without having been made aware of his vice, which I afterwards learned had been the cause of a serious accident to his late master, when he suddenly, unasked, explained it to me by running away. On one side of me was the open water of the lake, into which if I had ridden, I should almost instantly have been covered with a coating of ice as white as that on a candle that has just received its first dip; while on every other side I was surrounded by these jagged rocks of ice, the narrow passes through which I was going much too fast to be able to investigate. My only course, therefore, was to force my horse round and round within the circumference of the little troubles that environed me, and this I managed to do, every time diminishing the circle, until, before I was what Sydney Smith termed "squirrel-minded," the animal became sufficiently tired to stop.

'The scene on these frozen harbors and bays in winter is very interesting. Sleighs, in which at least one young representative of the softer sex is generally seated, are to be seen and heard driving and tinkling across in various directions, or occasionally standing still to witness a trotting-match or some other amusement on the ice. In the midst of this scene here and there are a few dark spots on the surface which it is difficult to analyze even when approached, until from beneath the confused mass there gradually arises, with a mild "Why-disturb-me?" expression of countenance, the red face and shaggy head of an Indian, who for hours has been lying on his stomach to spear fish through a small hole which, for that purpose, he has cut through the ice. In other parts are to be seen groups of men occupied in sawing out for sale large cubical blocks of ice of a beautiful bluish appearance, piled upon each other like dressed Bath-stones for building. The water of which this ice is composed is as clear as crystal, resembling that which has lately been imported to England as well as to India, and which has become a new luxury of general use.'

We have now a charming bit of lecture

on the most delightful novelty of our own London summer—the *Wenham ice*:—

'I have often been amused at observing how imperfectly the theory of ice is, practically speaking, understood in England. People talk of its being "as hot as fire," and "as cold as ice," just as if the temperature of each were a fixed quantity, whereas there are as many temperatures of fire, and as many temperatures of ice, as there are climates on the face of the globe. The heat of boiling water *is* a fixed quantity, and any attempt to make water hotter than "boiling" only creates steam, which flies off from the top exactly as fast as, and exactly in the proportion to, the amount of heat, be it great or small, that is applied at the bottom.

'Now, for want of half a moment's reflection, people in England are very prone to believe that water cannot be made colder than ice; and accordingly, if a good-humored man succeeds in filling his ice-house, he feels satisfied that his ice is as good as any other man's ice; in short, that ice is ice, and that there is no use in any body attempting to deny it. But the truth is, that the temperature of thirty-two degrees of Fahrenheit, that at which water freezes, is only the commencement of an operation that is almost infinite; for after its congelation water is as competent to continue to receive cold as it was when it was fluid. The application of cold to a block of ice does not therefore, as in the case of heat applied beneath boiling water, cause what is added at one end to fly out at the other; but on the contrary, the extra cold is added to and retained by the mass, and thus the temperature of the ice falls with the temperature of the air, until in Lower Canada it occasionally sinks to forty degrees below zero, or to seventy-two degrees below the temperature of ice just congealed. It is evident, therefore, that if two ice-houses were to be filled, the one with the former, say Canada ice, and the other with the latter, say English ice, the difference between the quantity of cold stored up in each would be as appreciable as the difference between a cellar full of gold and a cellar full of copper; in short, the intrinsic value of ice, like that of metals, depends on the investigation of an assayer—that is to say, a cubic foot of Lower Canada ice is infinitely more valuable, or in other words, it contains infinitely more cold, than a cubic foot of Upper Canada ice, which again contains more cold than a cubic foot of Wenham ice, which contains infinitely more cold than a cubic foot of English ice; and thus, although each of these four cubic feet of ice has precisely the same shape, they each, as summer approaches, diminish in value, that is to say, they each gradually lose a portion of their cold—until long before the Lower Canada ice has melted, the English ice has been converted into lukewarm water. The above theory is so clearly understood in North America, that the inhabitants of Boston, who annually store for exportation immense quantities of Wenham ice, and who know quite well that cold ice will meet the markets in India, while the warmer article melts on the passage, talk of their "crops of ice" just as an English farmer talks of his crop of wheat.'

On seeing for the *heading* of a chapter 'The Emigrant's Lark,' we confess we anticipated the details of some spirited episode in the personal history of Lieutenant-Governor Sir F. B. Head; but no—it is a simple humble story about a poor emigrant cobbler—told with all Sir Francis's quaintness of humor, and that, as is so often the case with him, delightfully mellowed with a subdued and amiable pathos:—

'Henry Patterson and his wife Elizabeth sailed from the Tower in the year 1834, as emigrants on board a vessel heavily laden with passengers, and bound to Quebec.

'Patterson was an intimate friend of a noted bird-catcher in London called Charley Nash. Now Nash had determined to make his friend a present of a good sky-lark to take to Canada with him; but not having what he called "a real good un" among his collection, he went into the country on purpose to trap one. In this effort he succeeded, but when he returned to London he found that his friend Patterson had embarked, and that the vessel had sailed a few hours before he reached the Tower Stairs. He therefore jumped on board a steamer that was starting, and overtook the ship just as she reached Gravesend, where he hired a small boat, and then sculling alongside, he was soon recognized by Patterson and his wife, who, with a crowd of other male and female emigrants, of all ages, were taking a last farewell of the various objects which the vessel was slowly passing. "Here's a bird for you, Harry," said Nash to Patterson, as, standing up in the skiff, he took the frightened captive out of his hat, "and if it sings as well in a cage as it did just now in the air, it will be the best you have ever heard." Patterson, descending a few steps from the gang-way, stretched out his hand and received the bird, which he immediately called *Charley*, in remembrance of his faithful friend Nash.

'In the Gulf of St. Lawrence the vessel was wrecked: almost every thing was lost except the lives of the crew and passengers; and accordingly, when Patterson, with his wife hanging heavily on his arm, landed in Canada, he was destitute of every thing he had owned on board excepting Charley, whom he had preserved and afterwards kept for three days in the foot of an old stocking.

'After some few sorrows, and after some little time, Patterson settled himself at Toronto, in the lower part of a small house in King street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, where he worked as a shoemaker. His shop had a southern aspect; he drove a nail into

the outside of his window, and regularly every morning, just before he sat upon his stool to commence his daily work, he carefully hung upon this nail a common sky-lark's cage, which had a solid back of dark wood, with a bow or small wire orchestra in front, upon the bottom of which there was to be seen, whenever it could be procured, a fresh sod of green turf.

'As Charley's wings were of no use to him in this prison, the only wholesome exercise he could take was by hopping on and off his little stage; and this sometimes he could continue to do most cheerfully for hours, stopping only occasionally to dip his bill into a small square tin box of water suspended on one side, and then to raise it for a second or two towards the sky. As soon, however, as (and only when) his spirit moved him, this feathered captive again hopped upon his stage, and there, standing on a bit of British soil, with his little neck extended, his small head slightly turned, his drooping wings gently fluttering, his bright black eyes intently fixed upon the distant deep, dark blue Canada sky, he commenced his unpremeditated morning song, his extempore matin prayer!

'The effect of his thrilling notes, of his shrill joyous song, of his pure, unadulterated English voice upon the people of Canada can probably be imagined by those only who either by adversity have been prematurely weaned from their mother country, or who, from long continued absence and from hope deferred, have learned in a foreign land to appreciate the inestimable blessings of their father-land, of their parent home. All sorts of men, riding, driving, walking, propelled by urgent business, or sauntering for appetite or amusement, as if by word of command, stopped, spell-bound, to listen, for more or less time, to the inspired warbling, to the joyful hallelujahs of a common homely-dressed English lark! Reformers, as they leaned towards him, heard nothing in his enchanting melody which even *they* could desire to improve. I believe that in the hearts of the most obdurate Radicals he reanimated feelings of youthful attachment to their mother country; and that even the trading Yankee, in whose country birds of the most gorgeous plumage snuffle rather than sing, must have acknowledged that the heaven-born talent of this little bird unaccountably warmed the Anglo-Saxon blood that flowed in his veins. I must own that, although I always refrained from joining Charley's motley audience, yet, while he was singing, I never rode by him without acknowledging, as he stood with his outstretched neck looking to heaven, that he was (at all events for his size) the most powerful advocate for Church and State in her Majesty's dominions; and that his eloquence was as strongly appreciated by others, Patterson received many convincing proofs.

'Three times as he sat beneath the cage, proud as Lucifer, yet hammering away at a shoe-sole lying in purgatory on his lap-stone, and then, with a waxed thread in each hand, suddenly extending his elbows like a scaramouch, three times was he interrupted in his work by people who each separately offered him one hundred dollars for his lark; an old farmer repeatedly offered him one hundred acres of land for him; and a poor Sussex carter who had imprudently stopped to hear him sing, was so completely overwhelmed with affection and *maladie du pays*, that, walking into the shop, he offered for him all he possessed in the world, his horse and cart; but Patterson would sell him to no one.'

We infer that Henry Patterson turned out, like many others of his class, when Sir F. Head called on the liegemen of the Crown to withstand and chastise the 'Sympathizers,' and that the poor cobbler was slain in his humble effort to discharge what he was so unenlightened as to regard as his duty. The historian's method of alluding to the fact is highly characteristic, it must be allowed—as much so as his Excellency's own procedure in consequence thereof.

'On a certain evening of October, 1837, the shutters of Patterson's shop-windows were half closed, on account of his having that morning been accidentally shot dead. The widow's prospects were thus suddenly ruined, her hopes blasted, her goods sold, and I need hardly say that I made myself the owner—the lord and master of poor Patterson's lark.

'It was my earnest desire, if possible, to better his condition, and I certainly felt very proud to possess him; but somehow or other this "Charley-is-my-darling" sort of feeling evidently was not reciprocal. Whether it was that in the conservatory of Government House at Toronto Charley missed the sky—whether it was that he disliked the movement, or rather *want* of movement, in my elbows—or whether from some mysterious feelings, some strange fancy or misgiving, the chamber of his little mind was hung with black, I can only say that during the three months he remained in my service I could never induce him to open his mouth, and that up to the last hour of my departure he would never sing to me.

'On leaving Canada I gave him to Daniel Orris, an honest, faithful, loyal friend, who had accompanied me to the province. His station in life was about equal to that of poor Patterson; and accordingly, so soon as the bird was hung by him on the outside of his humble dwelling, he began to sing again as exquisitely as ever. He continued to do so all through Sir George Arthur's administration. He sang all the time Lord Durham was at work—he sang after the Legislative Council—the Executive Council—the House of Assembly of the province had ceased for ever to exist—he sang all the while the Imperial Parliament were framing and agreeing to an Act by which even the name of *Upper* Canada

was to cease to exist—he sang all the while Lords John Russell and Sydenham were arranging, effecting, and perpetuating upon the United Provinces of Canada the baneful domination of what they called "responsible government;" and then, feeling that the voice of an English lark could no longer be of any service to that noble portion of her Majesty's dominions—he died.

'Orris sent me his skin, his skull, and his legs. I took them to the very best artist in London—the gentleman who stuffs for the British Museum—who told me, to my great joy, that these remains were perfectly uninjured. After listening with great professional interest to the case, he promised me that he would exert his utmost talent; and in about a month Charley returned to me with unruffled plumage, standing again on the little orchestra of his cage, with his mouth open, looking upwards—in short, in the attitude of singing, just as I have described him.

'I have had the whole covered with a large glass case, and upon the dark wooden back of the cage there is pasted a piece of white paper, upon which I have written the following words:—*This Lark, taken to Canada by a poor Emigrant, was shipwrecked in the St. Lawrence, and after singing at Toronto for nine years, died there on the 14th of March, 1843, universally regretted.—Home! Home! sweet Home!*'

This little story has tempted us into the border-land of politics—but not surely so as to hurt the feelings of any bird-fancying Exaltado. We are afraid we cannot promise quite as much for our next quotation. Nevertheless, we fancy even Sir Francis Head's stiffest political opponents will (now that his days of governorship are so well over) bear with his, however weak and feverish, enthusiasm about what was to him the sacred symbol of a creed that they would consign to the same department of the British Museum which contains the skin of Pharaoh and the wig of Potiphar. We are about to plunder a chapter called 'The British Flag:'—

'On my arrival at Toronto, people from all parts of the Province, propelled by a variety of feelings which they could not control, were seen centripedally riding, driving, or walking towards Government House. One, in pure English, described to me the astonishing luxuriance of the western district; another, in a strong Irish brogue, the native beauty of Lake Simcoe; another, in broad Scotch, explained to me the value of the timber trade on the Ottawa; one confidently assured me that in his district there were veins of coal—another hinted at indications of copper—one raved about a fishery—another was in raptures about the college—some described to me Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario—several the Falls of Niagara—all praised the climate; "and yet," said I to myself, as absorbed in deep melancholy I imperfectly listened to their descriptions in detail, "and yet how is it that in the foreground of this splendid picture I can no where see the British Flag? Except by its powerful influence, how can I, inexperienced and unsupported, expect to stand against the difficulties which are about to assail me? Except by its eloquence, how can I advocate the glorious institutions of our country? Except under its blessing, how can I even hope to prosper? With nothing to look up to, and nothing to die under, an admiral might as well attempt to fight a ship without a pennant, or to go to sea in a ship without a bottom, as that I should vainly undertake to govern Canada from a house with nothing on its roof to greet the winds of heaven but stacks of reeking chimneys."

'In building, I know quite well that it is usual to commence by laying what is vulgarly called the foundation stone; however, I determined that I would begin to build my political edifice from the top, and accordingly in due time there appeared on the roof of Government House, first, half a dozen workmen mysteriously hammering away, as if at their own skins, then a tall strait staff wearing a small foraging cap on its head appeared, as if it had started up by magic, or like a mushroom had risen in the night; and lastly, an artilleryman, in his blue jacket and red cuffs, was seen, with extended arms, to haul up, hand over head, and to leave behind him, joyfully fluttering in the wind, the British Flag.

'What were my own feelings when I first beheld this guardian angel hovering over my head I had rather not divulge, but the sensation it created throughout the Province I need not fear to describe. "There's no mistaking what that means!" exclaimed an old Canadian colonel of militia who happened to be standing with a group of his comrades, at the moment the artilleryman finished his job. "Now what's the use of *that*, I should just like to know?" muttered a well-known supporter of republican principles. However, the latter observation was but an exception to the rule, for the truth is, that the sight of the British Flag extinguished rather than excited all narrow jealousies, all angry feelings, all party distinctions, all provincial animosities. Its glorious history rushed through the mind and memory to the heart of almost every one who beheld it. The Irish Catholic, the Orangeman, the Scotch Presbyterian, the Methodist, the English reformer, the voters for ballot, for universal suffrage, for responsible government, or, in other terms, for "No Governor," for liberty and equality, and for other theoretical nonsense which they did not clearly understand, as if by mutual consent, forgot their differences as they gazed together upon what all alike claimed as their common property, their common wealth, their common parent; and

while, as if rejoicing at the sight of its congregation, the hallowed emblem fluttered over their heads—it told them that they were the children of one family—it admonished them to love one another—it bade them fear nothing but God, honor their sovereign, and obey their own laws. From sunrise till sunset this "bit of bunting" was constantly, as from a pulpit, addressing itself to the good feelings of all who beheld it—and especially to the members of both branches of the legislature, who, in their way to, and return from, Parliament-buildings, had to walk almost underneath it twice a day during the session. In all weathers it was there to welcome them, as well as all conditions of men; sometimes, in the burning heat of summer, it hung motionless against the staff, as if it had just fainted away from the dull, sultry mugginess of the atmosphere; at other times it was occasionally almost veiled by the white snow-storm, termed "poudré," that was drifting across it. Some one truly enough declared that "the harder it blew the smaller it grew;" for, as there were flags of several sizes, it was deemed prudent to select one suited to the force of the gale, until, during the hurricanes that occasionally occur, it was reduced from its smallest size to a "British Jack" scarcely bigger than a common pocket handkercief; nevertheless, large or small, blow high or blow low, this faithful sentinel was always at his post.

'For many years the English, Irish, and Scotch inhabitants of Upper Canada had been in the habit, on the days of their respective patron saints, of meeting, and (very prudently before dinner) of marching together arm-in-arm, hand-in-hand, or "shoulder to shoulder," in procession down King-street to Government House, which forms the western extremity of that handsome thoroughfare of the city. These assemblages were naturally productive of glorious recollections and of noble sentiments; and, as I have already stated, they allayed rather than excited all provincial disputes. It was highly desirable to encourage them; and as for some time there had been carefully preserved in the government store an immense silk standard, sent from England, and which had been hoisted on a flag-staff opposite Parliament-buildings on the opening of the Provincial Legislature, on the birth-day of the Sovereign, and on other State occasions, I directed that on the three days alluded to the artilleryman who had charge of the flag-staff on Government House should lower the ordinary flag so soon as the head of the procession, preceded by its band, made its appearance; and then, as it approached, to haul up this great Imperial Standard.

'It would be difficult to describe to those who have never been long from England, and quite unnecessary to explain to those who have, the feelings with which the followers of each of these three processions recevied the compliment so justly due to the distinguished day on which they had respectively assembled. Every man as he marched towards the Imperial Standard, which he saw majestically rising in the sky to receive him, felt convinced that his stature was increasing, that his chest was expanding, that the muscles of his legs were growing stronger, and that his foot was descending firmer and heavier to the ground. The musicians' lungs grew evidently stouter, the drummers' arms moved quicker; the national airs of "God save the Queen," "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," and "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," resounded louder and louder; and as the sacred object upon which every eye was fixed in its ascension slowly floated and undulated across the pure deep blue sky, it gradually revealed to view a glittering mass of hieroglyphics out of which every man ravenously selected those which he conceived to be especially his own.

'"*What animals are those?*" said a man through his nose, on St. George's Day, as he pointed to the congregation of Lions with fists clenched ready to box, and of Unicorns quite as eager to butt, that were waving over his head. "*Is it* animals you're spaking after?" sharply replied a young Irishman, who like the querist had been standing in the crowd, waiting to see the procession of Englishmen arrive: "*one of thim animals I tell ye is* THE IRISH HARP; *and so get out o' that, ye* —— *Yankee, or I'll bate the sowl out o' ye!*" Now it so happened that by the time the last words were ejaculated, the young Irishman's white teeth had almost reached the middle-aged querist's eyebrows; and as they were evidently advancing, and as the surgical operation proposed strongly resembled that of taking the kernel out of a nut, or an oyster out of its shell, the republican naturalist deemed it prudent instantly to decamp, or as it is termed by his fellow-countrymen, to *absquantilate*.

'A number of instances, more or less amusing, were mentioned to me exemplifying the strong feelings of attachment to the mother country elicited by the parental presence of the British Flag. A compliment, however, was paid to it by one of its most bitter enemies, which, as it forms part of an important subject, and elucidates a serious moral, I will venture to relate.'

Sir Francis now mentions what occurred to him on his arrival in Toronto after the suppression of the M'Kenzie outbreak:—

'On entering the room which to me, as well as to my predecessors, had, by day and by night, been the scene of many an anxious hour, and in which I had been in the habit of transacting the whole of my public business, my first feeling was, naturally enough, one of humble gratitude to that Supreme Power which had given victory to our cause; and I was in the pleasing enjoyment of reflections of this nature when one of my attendants enter-

ing the room delivered to me a card, and informed me that Mr. Bidwell was in the waiting-room, and that he appeared extremely desirous to see me.

'When I first arrived in the province this Mr. Bidwell was Speaker of the Commons' House of Assembly, in which he commanded a republican majority. Without, however, repeating details which are now matters of history, I will briefly remind the reader, that after I had dissolved the House of Assembly, and had appealed to the people to assist me in resisting the principle of "responsible government" which Mr. Bidwell and Mr. Baldwin had endeavored to force upon me, the former not only ceased to be Speaker, but he and almost every other member of his republican majority lost their election, and were replaced by members firmly attached to British institutions.

'The insignificant gang of conspirators whose declamations had caused so much sensation in England, seeing that they had irrevocably lost all power in the legislature of Upper Canada, were induced *by a secret influence*, which I shall shortly have occasion to expose, to endeavor to attain by force of arms that system of "responsible government" which by argument they had failed to obtain. In this conspiracy, as well as in the rebellion which had just been suppressed, Mr. Bidwell had been deeply implicated; and, indeed, up to the very moment of the outbreak he had been in communication with Dr. Rolph, Mr. M'Kenzie, and other leaders of the rebellion. Although, however, he had acted with extreme caution, and although, being what is commonly called "a man of peace," he had prudently refrained from taking arms, yet in consequence of the political part he had acted and the sentiments he was known to entertain, a number of people in the United States, as well as in different parts of Upper and Lower Canada, addressed to him letters which arrived in such numbers, that on and from the moment of the rebellion the Post-office authorities deemed it their duty to seize them, and then to forward them to me unopened. As soon as Mr. Bidwell, on inquiring for his letters, ascertained this fact, as also that M'Kenzie *had inscribed his* [Bidwell's] *name alone on the rebel flag* which the militia had just captured at Gallows Hill, he felt that his own caution was no longer of any avail to him, for that by the incaution of others he was no doubt already betrayed. His only hope had been that the rebels might succeed in massacreing the loyal, and in thus deposing the power and authority of the Crown; but so soon as he learnt that the former had not only been completely defeated, but that M'Kenzie, Dr. Rolph, and their other leaders had absconded to the United States, Mr. Bidwell felt that his life, that his existence, hung upon a thread. His obvious course was to fly to the United States; but the coast was already guarded—and besides, as he was no horseman, he had not courage to attempt to escape; and yet his conscience told him that the hand of any loyal man might, in retributive justice, now be raised against him: and as knew how exasperated the militia had been by the barbarous murder of the brave Colonel Moodie, he had reason not only to fear the vengeance of the Crown, but that any one of the militia-men he met might become his executioner; in short, he knew not what to do, where to go, or how to hide himself.

'In this agony of mind his acquaintance with the magnanimity of British institutions, his knowledge of British law, British justice, and British mercy, admonished him to seek protection from the sovereign authority he had betrayed—from the executive power he had endeavored to depose; and accordingly with faltering steps he walked towards Government House; and entering the waiting-room he there took refuge under the very BRITISH FLAG which it had been the object of the whole of his political life to desecrate.

'On the day before the outbreak I had had the windows of the room in which I was sitting when I received Mr. Bidwell's card, blocked up with rough timber, and loop-holed; and on his opening my door, the instant this strange and unexpected arrangement caught Mr. Bidwell's eyes, he remained at the threshold for some moments, and at last slowly advanced until he stood close before me. He neither bowed to me nor spoke; but fixing his eyes on the tied-up bundle of his sealed letters which I held in my hand, he stood for some time broken down in spirit, and overwhelmed with feelings to which it was evident he had not power to give utterance.

'As I had not sent for him, I of course waited to hear what he desired to say; but as he said nothing, and appeared to be speechless, I myself broke the solemn silence that pervaded by saying to him, as I pointed with his letters to the loop-holed windows at my side, "Well, Mr. Bidwell, you see the state to which you have brought us!" He made no reply, and as it was impossible to help pitying the abject, fallen position in which he stood, I very calmly pointed out to him the impropriety of the course he had pursued; and then observing to him, what he well enough knew, that were I to open his letters his life would probably be in my hands, I reminded him of the mercy as well as the power of the British crown; and I ended by telling him that, as its humble representative, I would restore to him his letters unopened, if he would give me in writing a promise that he would leave the Queen's territory for ever.

'Mr. Bidwell had concealed in his heart some good feelings as well as many bad ones; and as soon as his fears were removed, the former prompted him to express himself in terms which I will not undertake to repeat. Suffice it, however, to say, that he retired to the waiting-room, wrote out the promise I had dictated, and returning with it I received it

with one hand, and with the other, according to my promise, I delivered to him the whole of his letters unopened.

'The sentence which Mr. Bidwell deliberately passed upon himself he faithfully executed. He instantly exiled himself from the Queen's dominions, and repairing to the state of New-York. he very consistently took there the oath of allegiance to the United States, and openly and publicly abjured allegiance to all other authorities, and "*especially to the Crown of Great Britain!*" In return, he instantly received all the honors which it is in the power of Republicans to bestow; and such was the feeling in his favor, that, contrary to custom, precedent, and I believe contrary even to law, he was elected by acclamation a member of the American bar.

'The sequel of the story is an odd one.

'At the very moment that Mr. Bidwell, with the barred light from my loop-holed windows shining on and shadowing his pallid countenance, was standing before me, tendering with the hand that wrote it his own sentence of condemnation, the Queen's Government were relieving me from the relative position in which I stood, because I had refused to promote this Mr. Bidwell to the bench over the heads of Archibald Maclean, Jonas Jones, Henry Sherwood, Sir Allan MacNab, and other Canadian-born members of the bar, who throughout their lives had distinguished themselves, in the field as well as in the senate, by their attachment to the British throne. I had told the Queen's Government (*vide* my despatches printed by order of Her Majesty, and laid before Parliament) that Mr. Bidwell's "object had been to separate Canada from the parent state, to create disaffection for the paternal Government of the King, and by forming an alliance with M. Papineau's party, to exchange the British constitution for the low grovelling principles of democracy;" and "that for these reasons publicly to elevate Mr. Bidwell to the bench, would deprive me of the respect and confidence of the country."

'But the picture I here drew of Mr. Bidwell's principles and of the objects he had all his life had in view was highly attractive rather than repulsive:—and accordingly, in reply to my sketch, I was boldly informed that Her Majesty's Government "could not regard the part which Mr. Bidwell formerly took in *local* politics as an insuperable barrier to his future advancement in his profession, and that *on the contrary*, adverting to the general estimate of Mr. Bidwell's qualifications for a seat on the bench, it appeared that the public service (*i. e.* Lord John Russell's object) would be *promoted* by securing his service." I was therefore ordered, in case of another vacancy, to offer the appointment to Mr. Bidwell: this, rightly or wrongly it now matters not, I refused to do: and thus while Mr. Bidwell, in consequence of having abjured his allegiance to the British Crown, was receiving in the United States compliments and congratulations on his appointment to the American bar, it appeared from the *London Gazette* that the Queen's Government had advised Her Majesty to relieve his opponent from the administration of the Government of Upper Canada; in short,

> "The man recovered from the bite,
> The *dog* it was that died!"

'The above epitaph so graphically describes my decease, that I have not a word to add to it.'

Although we have transcribed Sir Francis's official epitaph, we would fain indulge ourselves with the detail of his personal escape from the rebels and their sympathizers. We have not room, however, for the inimitable chapter good-humoredly entitled 'The Hunted Hare.' Our readers will recollect that the dismissed Governor had received many hints and warnings that there was an organized conspiracy to murder him if he passed by the route of Halifax. These he disregarded until the very day before his successor was to be sworn in, when a confidential dispatch from Sir John Colborne, in Lower Canada, gave him such distinct information of the fact, that it would have been madness to persist. He, therefore, took the bold course of passing through the territories of the United States; and after a sharp run before an ardent pack of 'sympathizers,' he at last distanced them, and reached in safety the Albany steamboat, just starting for the civilized city of New-York.

'On our arrival at New-York, I was quite aware that I was not only out of reach of border-excitement, but that I was among a highly-intelligent people, and that I had only to conform to their habits to ensure generous treatment during the week I had to remain among them, until the sailing of the packet. Instead, therefore, of living in any way that might offensively savor of "exclusiveness," I resolved to go to one of the largest hotels in the city, and while there, like every body else, to dine in public at the *table d'hôte*.

'I accordingly drove up to the American hotel; but, thinking it only fair to the landlord that he should have the opportunity of (if he wished it) refusing me admission, I told him who I was, and what I wanted. Without the smallest alteration of countenance, he replied by gravely asking me to follow him. I did so, until he led me into his own little sitting-room, and I was wondering what might be about to happen, when, raising one of his hands, he certainly did astonish me beyond description by pointing to my own picture, which, among some other framed engravings, was hanging on the wall!

'When the dinner hour arrived, my worthy companion and I proceeded at the usual pace to the room, but every body else, as is the custom, had gone there so very much faster. that we found the chairs appointed for us the only ones vacant. There was evidently a slight sensation as we sat down; but of mere curiosity. A number of sharp glittering eyes were for some little time fixed upon us, but hunger soon conquered curiosity, and in due time both were satiated.

'During the week I remained at New-York, I had reason not only to be satisfied, but to be grateful for the liberal reception I met with. Although as I walked through the street I saw in several shop-windows pictures of the "Caroline" going over the Falls of Niagara, detailing many imaginary, and consequently to my mind amusing horrors, yet neither at the theatre which I attended, nor elsewhere, did I receive either by word or gesture the slighest insult. Several American citizens of the highest character in the country called upon me, and I certainly was gratified at observing how thoroughly most of them in their hearts admired British institutions.

'On the morning of my departure I was informed that an immense crowd had assembled to see me embark. Mr. Buchanan, the British Consul, also gave me intimation of this circumstance; and as among a large assemblage it is impossible to answer for the conduct of every individual, Mr. Buchanan kindly recommended me, instead of going in a carriage, to walk through the streets to the pier arm in arm with him. I did so; and though I passed through several thousand people, many of whom pressed towards us with some little eagerness, yet not a word or a sound, good, bad, or indifferent, was uttered. I took a seat on the deck of the packet, and when almost immediately afterwards the moorings of the vessel were cast adrift, I felt that the mute silence with which I had been allowed to depart was a suppression of feeling highly creditable, and which, in justice to the American people, it was my duty ever to appreciate and avow.'

The chapter on his arrival in 'the old country' must be drawn upon for one paragraph more:—

'During my residence in Canada I had read so much, had heard so much, and had preached so much about "*The Old Country*," that as the packet in which I was returning approached its shores, I quite made up my mind to see in the venerable countenance of "my auld respeckit mither" the ravages of time and the wrinkles of old age. Nevertheless, whatever might prove to be her infirmities, I yearned for the moment in which I might exclaim—"This is my own, my native land!"

'I disembarked at Liverpool on the 22d of April, 1838, and, with as little delay as possible, started for London on the railway, which had been completed during my absence.

'Now, if a very short-sighted young man, intending to take one more respectful look at the picture of his grandmother, were to find within the frame, instead of canvas,

> "A blooming Eastern bride,
> In flower of youth and beauty's pride,"

he could not be more completely, and, as he might possibly irreverently term it, *agreeably* surprised than I was when, on the wings of a lovely spring morning, I flew over the surface of "Old England."

'Every thing looked new! The grass in the meadows was new—the leaves on the trees and hedges were new—the flowers were new—the blossoms of the orchards were new—the lambs were new—the young birds were new—the crops were new—the railway was new. As we whisked along it, the sight, per minute, of an erect man, in bottle-green uniform, standing like a direction-post, stock still, with an arm extended, was new; the idea, whatever it might be intended to represent, was quite new. All of a sudden plunging souse into utter darkness, and then again into bright dazzling sunshine, was new. Every station at which we stopped was new. The bells which affectionately greeted our arrival, and which, sometimes almost before we even could stop, bade us depart, were new.

'During one of the longest of these intervals, the sudden appearance of a line of young ladies behind a counter, exhibiting to hungry travellers tea, toast, scalding-hot soup, sixpenny pork pies, and every thing else that human nature could innocently desire to enjoy—and then, almost before we could get to these delicacies, being summarily ordered to depart;—the sight of a crowd of sturdy Englishmen, in caps of every shape, hurrying to their respective carriages, with their mouths full—was new. In short, it was to new and merry England that after a weary absence I had apparently returned; and it was not until I reached Downing-street I could believe that I really was once again in "*The Old Country;*" but there I found every thing old:—old men, old women. old notions, old prejudices, old stuff, and old nonsense; and what was infinitely worse, old principles.'

'Old principles!' We presume Sir Francis Head remembered 'who was the first Whig?'

We must not refuse ourselves the sad pleasure of appending to these fragments of Sir Francis Head's Canadian biography a brief paragraph from 'Hochelaga.' It is the story of one of the very few who suffered death for their concern in the rebellion of 1837—almost all of them for cruel murders perpetrated in cold blood, but not so in the case to be quoted. The author says:—

'Six of the Prescott brigade, and three of the assassins of Dr. Hume, were executed. The leader of the former was the first tried and hanged; his name was Van Schoultz, a Pole by birth, and merely a military adventurer. He had fought with skill and courage; and he died bravely and without complaint except of the false representations which had caused his ruin, by inducing him to join the godless cause. Doing all that lay in his power to repair his error, he left his little property, about eight hundred pounds, half to the Roman Catholic College at Kingston, and the remainder to the widows and orphans of the English soldiers and militia who had fallen in the combat where he was taken.'—*Hochelaga*, vol. i., p. 73.

We have filled so many pages from 'The Emigrant,' that we cannot afford to copy much from the 'Hochelaga.' It is due to such a writer, however, that we should give one sufficient specimen of his performance, and we select the very striking history of one of those nondescript adventurers so abounding in the New World, both south and north. Our readers will not, however, be mistaken in supposing that we fixed on the following chapter on account partly of the special interest attached at this moment to the name of California.

'In one of my Transatlantic voyages in the steamer, I met with a very singular man, a German by birth, who was on his return from Europe to America. He was about thirty years of age, of a rather small but active and wiry frame, his features very handsome, of a chiselled and distinct outline; his bright black eye never met yours, but watched as you looked away, with penetrating keenness; the expression of his mouth was wild and somewhat sensual, with two perfect rows of large teeth, white as ivory; his hair was black, worn long behind; complexion fresh and ruddy, but swarthed over by sun and wind. He was never still, but kept perpetually moving to and fro, even when seated, with the restlessness of a savage animal, always glancing round and behind, as though he expected, but did not fear, some hidden foe. His voice was soft and rather pleasing, very low, but as if suppressed with effort.

'This strange being had been educated in a German university, and was very well informed; the European languages were all equally familiar to him; he spoke them all well, but none perfectly, not even German; in several Indian tongues he was more at home. When still young he had left his country; struggling out from among the down-trampled masses of the north of Europe, he went to seek liberty in America. But even there the restraints of law were too severe; so he went away for the Far West, where his passion for freedom might find full vent, under no lord but the Lord on High. Hunting and trapping for some months on the upper branches of the Missouri, he acquired money and influence enough to collect a few Indians and mules, and drive a dangerous but profitable trade with the savage tribes round about. In course of time his commerce prospered sufficiently to enable him to assemble twenty-four men—hunters, Canadian voyagers, and Indians—well armed with rifles, with many mules and wagons laden with the handywork of the older states.

'He started with his company, in the beginning of April, for the Rocky Mountains, from Independence—the last western town, originally settled by the Mormons, four miles from the Missouri River. They travelled from twelve to fifteen miles a-day through the "Bush" and over the Prairies, and were soon beyond the lands of friendly or even neutral tribes, among the dangerous haunts of the treacherous and warlike Blackfeet. By day and night the party was ever on the watch; though they rarely saw them, they knew that enemies were all around. The moment there was any apparent carelessness or irregularity in their march, they were attacked, with horrible whoop and yell; if there was sufficient time they ranged their waggons round, and used them as rests for their rifles, and for protection from the bullets and arrows of the Indians.

'Occasionally these adventures had lack of water; but when they got five hundred miles on, and into the Rocky Mountains, they found abundance, with many mineral springs, some of them of rare virtues, and a few salt lakes. The peaks of this grim range are here ten thousand feet high, always white with snow; but the company, keeping in the gorges and the valleys, felt no great cold at any time. They steered their course by the compass through the wilderness.

'For five hundred miles more, their way lay through these Rocky Mountains; for six hundred beyond them, they still veered for the northwest, till they struck on the upper forks of the Columbia River. Here they met with more friendly natives, and some of a race mixed with French-Canadian blood, besides a few lonely hunters and trappers. Here and further on, they traded and got great quantities of rich and valuable furs, in exchange for their blankets, knives, guns, and other products of civilization.

'*California, to the south of these regions, has a soil of exuberant fertility; the climate is genial, rich woods cover it, lakes and rivers suited to the uses of man intersect it. San Francisco has a noble harbor. American emigrants are crowding in every day; they are already nearly strong enough to seek annexation to the Giant Republic, and to drive out the feeble Mexicans: but the powers of Europe will be more cautious in allowing the game of Texas to be played a second time, and on this will arise a question between Eng-*

tened—oh! it could only think on the imprisoned bird, for whom it was incapable of doing any thing.

Then suddenly there came two little boys out of the garden, and one of them had a knife in his hand, large and sharp like that with which the girl had cut the tulips. They came straight towards the little daisy, who could not imagine what they wanted.

'Here we can cut a nice piece of turf for the lark,' said one of the boys, and began to cut out a square all round the daisy, so that the flower stood in the very middle of it.

'Pull up the flower,' said one boy; and the daisy trembled for very fear; for to be pulled up, why, that was to die, and it wished to live, as it was to be put with the turf into the cage of the imprisoned lark.

'No; let it stay,' said the other; 'it looks so pretty.' And so it remained, and was put into the cage with the lark.

But the poor bird bewailed loudly his lost freedom, and fluttered against the iron wires of the cage. The little flower could not speak, could not say one consoling word to him, much as she wished to do so. Thus passed the whole forenoon.

'There is no water,' said the imprisoned lark; 'they are all gone out and have forgotten me. Not a drop of water to drink! my throat is dry and burning! within me is fire and ice, and the air is so heavy! Oh, I shall die; I must leave the warm sunshine, and the fresh verdure, and all the beauty that God has created!' And saying these words, he pressed his beak into the cool piece of turf to refresh himself a little; and his eye fell on the daisy, and the bird nodded to it, and kissed it, and said, 'You must wither here, you poor little flower; you and the green turf here have been given me instead of the whole world, which I had without! Every little blade of grass must be to me as a green tree; every one of your white leaves a fragrant flower. Ah, you only tell me how much I have lost!'

'What can I do to comfort him?' thought the little flower; but she could not move a leaf; yet the fragrance which streamed from her delicate leaves was much stronger than is usual with this flower. The bird observed this; and although he was dying of thirst, and crushed the green blade in his suffering, yet he did not even touch the little daisy.

It was evening, and no one came as yet to bring the poor bird a drop of water: he stretched out his delicate wings, and fluttered convulsively; his song was a complaining chirp. His little head bowed down towards the daisy, and the heart of the bird broke for want and longing.

Then the flower was not able, as on the evening before, to fold its leaves together and sleep; it bowed down ill and sorrowful to the earth.

It was not until the next morning that the boys came back; and when they saw that the bird was dead, they wept many tears, and dug a pretty grave, which they decked with flowers. The dead body of the bird was put in a beautiful red paper box: he was to be buried royally—the poor bird! While he lived and sang they forgot him, let him sit in a cage and suffer want; now they showed him great honor, and lamented him.

But the bit of turf with the daisy was thrown to the dust in the street; no one thought of her, who, however, had felt most for the little bird, and had wished so much to comfort him.

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Of all living statesmen, there is none more strongly marked by peculiar individuality than M. Thiers; of all living statesmen, there is none whom it is so difficult to sketch. He resembles those portraits covered by fluted glass, which present striking features, but which totally change with the point from which you view them. M. Thiers, as a journalist, in the bureau of the *National*, or the columns of the *Constitutionnel*—M. Thiers in the tribune, assailing the ministry—M. Thiers in the same tribune, as president of the council, defending cabinet measures—M. Thiers, the historian of the consulate—M. Thiers at the head of his hospitable board, in the splendid halls of his mansion in the Place St. George, are different individuals, yet the same personage, and all marked by strongly characteristic features.

Born poor, he had wealth to make—born obscure, he had fame to acquire. Having failed at the bar, he became an *homme de lettres*; and, aspiring to distinction in political life, he enlisted in the ranks of the liberal party, more from necessity than

THE DAISY.

Now listen! Out in the country, close to the roadside, is a country house. I am sure you have often seen it; in front there is a little flower-garden, and white palisades with the points painted green. Close by, in a ditch, amid the most beautiful grass, grew a little daisy; the sun shone on it just as bright and warm as on the splendid flowers in the garden, and so each hour it grew in strength and beauty. One morning, there it stood full blown, with its tender white glistening leaves, which encircled the little yellow sun in the middle like rays. That in the grass was seen by no one, it never thought about—it was so contented! It turned towards the warm sun, gazed upon it, and listened to the lark that was singing in the air.

The little daisy was so happy! as happy as though it had been a great holiday; and yet it was only a Monday. The children were in school; and while they sat there on their forms and learned, the little flower sat on its green stem, and also learned, from the warm sun, and from all around, how good God is: and it was just as if the lark uttered all this beautifully and distinctly, while the other felt it in silence. And the flower looked up with a sort of reverence to the happy bird that could sing and fly, but it was not dejected at being itself unable to do so. 'Do I not see and hear?' thought she; 'the sun shines on me, and the breeze kisses me—oh what rich gifts do I enjoy!'

Within the palisading stood many stiff, stately flowers; the less fragrance they had, the higher they held their heads. The peonies puffed themselves up, in order to be larger than the roses; but it is not always the size that will avail any thing. The tulips were of the most beautiful colors; they knew that very well, and held themselves as straight as an arrow, so that they might be seen still better. They did not deign to cast a look on the flower without; but the flower looked at them so much the more, and thought, 'How rich and beautiful those are! Yes, the beautiful bird certainly flies down to them—them he surely visits! What happiness to have got a place so near, whence I can see all this splendor!' And just as it was thinking so, 'quirrevit!' there came the lark from on high; but it did not go to the peonies or tulips; no, but down in the grass to the poor daisy, that for pure joy was so frightened that it did not even know what it should think.

The little bird hopped about in the grass and sang: 'Well! how soft the grass is! and only look what a sweet little flower, with a golden heart, and with a robe of silver!' The yellow spot in the daisy looked really just like gold, and the little leaves around shone as white as silver.

How happy the little daisy was! no one could believe it. The bird kissed her with his beak, sang to her, and then flew up in the blue air. It was certainly a whole quarter of an hour before the daisy came to herself again. Half ashamed, and yet so glad at heart, she looked at the flowers over in the garden; they had beheld the honor and the happiness that had befallen her; they would surely comprehend her joy; but there stood the tulips as stiff again as before, looking quite prim, and they were, too, quite red in the face; for they were vexed. But the peonies looked so thick-headed! Ah! it was a good thing they could not speak, otherwise the daisy would have heard a fine speech. The poor little flower could see very well that they were not in a good humor, and she was heartily sorry for it. At this moment a maiden came into the garden with a knife, sharp and polished; she went among the tulips, and cut off one after the other.

'Ah!' sighed the little daisy, 'this is really terrible; now it is all over with them.' Then the girl with the tulips went away. The daisy was glad that it was standing out there in the grass, and was but a poor little flower—it was quite thankful; and when the sun set, it folded its leaves, went to sleep, and dreamed the whole night of the sun and the beautiful bird.

On the following morning, when the flower, fresh and joyful, again stretched out its white leaves, like little arms, into the light and air, she recognized the voice of the bird: but what he sung was so melancholy! Yes, the poor lark had good reason to be so; he had been taken prisoner, and was now sitting in a cage, close to an open window. He sang of the joy of being able to fly about in freedom—sang of the young green corn in the field, and of the beautiful journeyings on his wings high up in the free air. The poor bird was not cheerful; there he sat a prisoner in a narrow cage.

The little daisy would so gladly have helped him; but how to begin, yes, that was the difficulty. I forgot entirely how beautiful all around was, how warm the sun shone, how beautifully white its leaves glis-

tened—oh! it could only think on the imprisoned bird, for whom it was incapable of doing any thing.

Then suddenly there came two little boys out of the garden, and one of them had a knife in his hand, large and sharp like that with which the girl had cut the tulips. They came straight towards the little daisy, who could not imagine what they wanted.

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Born poor, he had wealth to make—born obscure, he had fame to acquire. Having failed at the bar, he became an *homme de lettres*; and, aspiring to distinction in political life, he enlisted in the ranks of the liberal party, more from necessity than

from inclination. It was the only party then open to a parvenu and an adventurer. He commenced by some grotesque revivals of revolutionary associations, and costumed himself *à la Danton*. Like other persons of lively imagination, he was devoured with wants, and was indebted for the first means of gratifying them to the munificent spirit of M. Lafitte. His reputation, however, whatever estimate may be made of it, is the creation of his own genius, aided, certainly by opportunity, for without the occurrence of the revolution of July, M. Thiers would probably now be nothing higher than the idol of some literary coterie in a provincial town.

M. Thiers is now in his forty-ninth year, having been born at Marseilles, on the 15th April, 1797. His father was a locksmith, and belonged by family and descent to the working class; his mother gave him an origin a shade less humble, being descended from a mercantile family, whose reverses reduced her condition to the level of her husband. It has, therefore, been truly observed, that M. Thiers was not, "in coming into the world, cradled on the lap of a duchess." In childhood, as in youth, he had all the disadvantages of poverty and obscurity to struggle with; but, on the other hand, he had those advantages, also, which a necessity for exertion always affords to those in whom great talents are combined with insatiable ambition.

The condition of his parents would have excluded him from the advantages of education, were it not for the influence of some of his maternal connexions, who had sufficient sagacity to discover in the child traces of intellectual endowments sufficiently apparent to excite an interest, by which he was placed on the foundation in the Imperial Lyceum at Marseilles. His progress there soon justified the discrimination of those to whom he owed the opportunities of education thus afforded. He was loaded with scholastic honors.

The course of education established at these institutions under the Empire, was mainly directed to military qualifications, and consequently the exact sciences held a prominent place, and distinction in these was the surest road to honor. From the first M. Thiers manifested a decided aptitude for this department of his studies, and obtained high honors in it. The traces it left on his mind are visible in all his writings and speeches. But for the events of 1814–15, his destination would, probably, have been different; but the fall of the Empire, and the Restoration, directed his talents into other channels, and at eighteen he entered himself as a student in the school of law, at the city of Aix, in Provence, not far from his native place.

Here he became the friend and inseparable companion of a youth who, like himself, sprung from the lower strata of society, had his fortune to make, and felt within him the instinct which prompted the pursuit of fame in letters and in politics. The two friends prosecuted together their professional studies, were admitted to practise at law the same day, were competitors for the same prizes, and destined to pursue together, during the remainder of their career, a common course. They have never separated. Through poverty and wealth—in the obscurity of the garret, and the splendor of the palace, they have still been, as in boyhood, hand in hand. This friend was M. Mignet.

With little natural inclination for the dry study of the law, the two young friends obeyed a common instinct, and gave themselves up to the more fascinating pursuits of literature, philosophy, history, but more especially politics, and the ambitious and aspiring spirit of Thiers soon acknowledged a presentiment of the brilliant future which awaited him. Already he was the acknowledged leader of a party among his fellow-students. Already he engaged in debates, and harangued his comrades against the government of the Restoration. Already he evoked the memory of the Empire, and appealed to the glorious deeds of the republic. It will be easily believed that such a turbulent spirit was soon upon the black list of the professors, execrated by the commissary of police, worshipped by the students, and that his activity and talents were as sure to lead him to scholastic honors as his superiors were unwilling to confer them on him.

An amusing and characteristic anecdote is related of this early period of his career. A prize was offered for competition in 1819, the subject of which was an eulogy on Vauvenargues, by the Academy of Aix. Thiers determined that he would compete for this honor, and accordingly sent in his manuscript in the customary manner, accompanied by a sealed packet containing the name of the author, not to be opened except the composition was declared successful. It had, however, transpired that the author of the piece, which was beyond comparison

the best of those which were tendered, was the turbulent little Jacobin, who had excited to such a degree the fears and hostility of the professors, who were chiefly royalists. It was, consequently, declared that the prize would not be granted to any of the pieces, but would be postponed to the following year. When the next year arrived, the piece of Thiers was again offered as before, but to the infinite delight of the superiors, a composition had been transmitted from Paris, incontestably superior, to which the prize was awarded; but in order to compensate Thiers for the decision of the preceding year, they granted him an *accessit*, which is an official acknowledgment of his piece having held the second place of merit.

On opening the packet containing the name of the candidate to whom the prize itself was awarded, the astonishment and mortification of the professors may be conceived at finding that the individual on whom they must confer the honors was M. Thiers himself. In fact, he had caused the second essay to be transcribed by another hand, and more completely to blindfold the judges, had sent it to Paris, from whence it had been forwarded to them, thus impressing them with the idea that it came from a Parisian candidate. Both the prize and the *accessit* were, in spite of the hostility of the heads of the academy, conferred on Thiers.

At the bar of Aix, Thiers soon found that it was vain to struggle against the disadvantages of his birth in a place where the humbleness and obscurity of his origin were so notorious, and where the spirit of aristocracy had never been repressed even in the heat of the Revolution. Impelled by a common feeling, and full of aspirations after future fame, his friend Mignet and himself determined to seek their fortunes in Paris, where alone genius, as they thought, could surmount the difficulties which were opposed to it. They accordingly packed up their little all, put themselves into the banquette of the Diligence, and started, on a fine morning in July, 1821, for the capital, as rich in talents and in hopes as they were poor in cash.

During the first months of their residence in Paris, the two adventurers took a lodging which, since their arrival at wealth and distinction, has been visited with as much interest as the house in which Shakspeare lived, at Stratford-on-Avon, is viewed by the worshippers of the great dramatist, and its description is familiar to all the lovers of French literature. In a dirty, dark street, near the Palais Royale, called the Passage Montesquieu, in the most crowded and noisy part of Paris, you ascend by a flight of steps into a gloomy and miserable lodging-house, in the fifth floor of which a smoked door conducts you into two small rooms, opening one from the other, which was the dwelling-place of two men whose celebrity, within a few short years afterwards, filled the world. A common chest of drawers, of the cheapest wood, a bed to match, two rush-bottom chairs, a little rickety nutwood table, incapable of resting steadily on its feet, and a white curtain, formed the inventory of the furniture of the abode of two men, one of whom, in a few years, rose to the office of prime minister of France, and the other to the highest place in the historical literature of that country.

Those who have visited the two friends in their obscure attic, and have since partaken the sumptuous hospitality of M. Thiers, in his splendid mansion in the Place St. George, will find abundant food for reflection on the vicissitudes of human affairs, and will admit that

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Mignet had brought from the south introductions to M. Chatelain, then principal editor of the *Courier Français*, to which journal he immediately became a contributor. M. Thiers had found means to introduce himself to the notice of Manuel, who at that moment had been raised to the highest pitch of popularity and influence by his violent expulsion from the Representative Chamber, at the instance of the ministry of M. Villele. Manuel, in whose veins also flowed the warm blood of the south, received him with the utmost cordiality and kindness, presented him to M. Lafitte, under whose auspices he was received among the writers for the *Constitutionnel*, which at that epoch was the most influential journal on the continent of Europe. This laid the foundation of the fortune of M. Thiers. It was, in fact, all he needed; it was the opportunity which fortune placed in his path, and it cannot be denied that he turned it to good account.

The traces of his genius were soon conspicuous in the columns of the *Constitutionnel*, and his name was pronounced with approbation in all the political coteries of the opposition. He soon became a constant and admired frequenter of the most

brilliant salons, and was counted among the most esteemed friends of Lafitte, Casimir Perier, and Count Flahaut. The Baron Louis, the most eminent financier of that day, received him as his pupil and guest.

His natural endowments were admirably calculated to enable him to turn to profit the innumerable opportunities which were thus opened to him. Combining a memory which allowed nothing to escape it, with an astonishing fluency and quickness of apprehension, he was enabled, without neglecting those exigencies of the daily press to which he was indebted for his elevation, to pass much time in society, speaking much, hearing more, carefully depositing in his memory, as food for future meditation, the matter of his conversations with the leading actors in the great drama of the Revolution and the Empire. These he passed in review with a keen and observant eye: the aged survivors of the Constituent Assembly; members of the National Convention; of the Council of Five Hundred; of the legislative assembly; of the Tribunate, Girondists, Mountainists, generals and marshals of the empire, diplomatists, financiers, men of the pen and men of the sword, men of the head and men of the arm. He conversed with them, questioned them, and extracted from their memories of the past, and their impressions of the present, inexhaustible materials for future speculation.

As M. Thiers' relations with society became more extended, he was rendered sensible of those material inconveniences which result from straitened pecuniary resources. Fortune, however, of which he appears to have been, even from infancy, a favorite, soon came to his relief. He had become acquainted, soon after his arrival in Paris, with a poor and obscure German bookseller, named Schubart, who passed for a person of some learning, but whose knowledge, in fact, extended little beyond the mere titles of books. This individual had conceived an extraordinary predilection for M. Thiers. He acted as his secretary and his agent, sought for him the documents which he required, found a publisher for him, and in a word, hired for him a more suitable lodging than the attic in which the two friends had installed themselves, on their arrival from the south. This humble but ardent admirer had often spoken with enthusiasm to M. Thiers of his countryman, M. Cotta, proprietor of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, or *Augsburg Gazette*, as a remarkable man who had, by honorable industry, acquired an immense fortune, of which he made a noble use. Originally a bookseller, he had become a noble, and as such was received and acknowledged by the hereditary aristocracy of his country—the proudest and most exclusive in Europe; a simple master of a printing-office, he was admitted to the intimacy of the most illustrious of the age, the kings of Prussia, Wurtemberg and Bavaria, of Goethe, Schilling, Schlegel, and the highest nobles of Saxony. By means of his jounral, he became the depository of the confidential measures of all the governments which made those treaties between Northern and Southern Germany, on which the commercial prosperity of the country rested. Just at this time, it happened that a share in the property of the *Constitutionnel* was offered for sale. Schubart determined to spare no exertion to procure it for his idol Thiers. With this view he actually started for Stutgard; there persuaded Cotta to lend the funds necessary for the purchase, returned and realized his object. Half the revenue arising from this share (which was then considerable) was placed at the disposal of M. Thiers. This arrangement remained a secret, and M. Thiers was allowed to enjoy the reputation of being joint proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*, the most influential journal of Paris. This act of generosity was generally ascribed at the time to M. Lafitte, who was certainly quite capable of it, and with whose known munificence, it was quite in keeping. The poverty of Schubart, which from day to day increased, rendered him the last individual who could have been supposed to be able to bring about such an event. One who knew this unfortunate and enthusiastic person has alleged, that after M. Thiers had arrived at the summit of his power and greatness, he met, on a burning day in summer on the Cologne road, along the bank of the Rhine, a poor man whom affliction and fatigue had oppressed to such a degree as partially to alienate his understanding. He was then being conducted to his family at his native town. He looked at the narrator with a vacant stare without recognizing one whom he had so often seen with his favorite protegé. This wretched individual was Schubart, the most humble, the most devoted, and the most forgotten of the friends of the late prime minister of France.*

* M. Loève, Viemar. Revue des deux Mondes. Vol. iv. p. 661.

The course of life that Thiers pursued at this time, and in which he has since persevered through all the brilliancy of his successes, affords an instructive lesson to those who aspire to elevate themselves and struggle as he did against the disadvantages of birth, position, and even of person and manners. He rose at five in the morning, and from that hour till noon, applied himself to the labors of the journal, which soon in his hands quintupled its receipts. After having thus devoted six hours to hard labor, which most persons consumed in sleep or idleness, he would go to the office of the paper, and confer with his colleagues, among whom were MM. Etienne, Jay, and Everiste Desmoulin. His evenings were passed in society, where he sought not only to extend his connexions but to collect information which he well knew how to turn to account. In accomplishing this object, some struggle was necessarily maintained to subdue the disadvantages of his physical defects.

In stature he is diminutive, and although his head presents a large forehead, indicative of intellectual power, his features are common. His figure clumsy, slovenly, and vulgar. An enormous pair of spectacles, of which he never divests himself, half conceal his face. When he begins to speak, you involuntarily stop your ears, offended by the nasal twang and intolerable provincial sing-song of his voice. In his speech there is something of the gossip—in his manner something of the lacquey. He is restless and fidgety in his person, rocking his body from side to side in the most grotesque manner. At the early period of his career to which we now refer, he was altogether ignorant of the habits and convenances of society, and it may be imagined how singular a figure he presented in the elegant salons of the Faubourg Chausseé d'Antin. Yet this very strangeness of appearance, and singularity of manner, gained him attention, of which he well knew how to profit. His powers of conversation were extraordinary. No topic could be started with which he did not seem familiar. If finances were discussed, he astonished and charmed the bankers and capitalists; if war were mentioned, or victories referred to, the old marshals of the empire listened with amazement to details of which they had been eye-witnesses, better and more clearly told than they could themselves describe them. In short, in a few months, M. Thiers became the chief lion of the salons of the notables of the opposition under the restoration.

The course of study of the history of his country, during the half century just passed, which his business as a journalist rendered necessary, and the many opportunities of personal intercourse with the most prominent of the survivors of those extraordinary scenes, had unconsciously enabled him to collect a vast mass of materials, documentary and oral, connected with the great events which passed in France and in Europe, in the interval between the fall of the Bourbons and their restoration. He determined to turn those rich materials to account, and decided on undertaking his "History of the Revolution."

The progress of political events, and the tendencies manifested by the court to a retrograde policy, rendered it evident to M. Thiers, that a struggle was approaching in which a spirit of opposition would be called for, different from that which an old established journal like *The Constitutionnel* was likely to tolerate. The more youthful among the rising journalists repudiated the measured tone of the leading papers, and hailed with undissembled satisfaction the project of a new journal, which should include the fresh and young blood of the press. M. Sautelet, an enterprising publisher, urged M. Thiers to take the lead in the new opposition paper. The project of the *National* was announced. It was rumored that several leading political characters had secretly engaged in support of it, by accepting shares. Among these were M. Lafitte and Prince Talleyrand. Those rumors, although they had no foundation, served to magnify the importance of the enterprise in the public eye. However, in truth, the only real supporter of M. Thiers, in this undertaking, was the Baron Cotta before mentioned.

For a long time, during the early part of his career, the mind of Thiers was powerfully impressed with the character and renown of Talleyrand; and he longed for the moment when an opportunity should present itself of meeting, under favorable circumstances, so remarkable a man; one who had made three governments, and who, after having pulled down two of them successively, now seemed inclined to crush the third; a man who had dared to break with Napoleon, and yet retained his head; who had, a second time, Europe against him, and still retained, over Europe, a power which no other individual living possessed.

At last M. Lafitte obtained permission to present Thiers at the Hotel Talleyrand. The prince received them in the same green drawing room where, at various times, during the preceding thirty years, he had by turns received most of the emperors, kings, and princes of Europe, all the ministers, past and present, and all that had been most distinguished by genius in the world. On one of these chairs, on which MM. Thiers and Lafitte took their seats, the Emperor Alexander had listened to the first words which had been said to him in favor of the Bourbons; there had been created the provisional government; there the Holy Alliance had been compelled to make some concessions to France; and there, at a later period, was consolidated that alliance between France and England, which had so long been a favorite project with Talleyrand, which he pursued with unrelaxing perseverance under the empire, and under the restoration, and which he accomplished on the ruins of all those regimes which had shut their ears against his advice and remonstrances.

Talleyrand received Thiers with that distinction which showed an appreciation of the future reserved for him.

It was on the 8th of August, 1827, that the Martignac ministry was dissolved. The formation of a new cabinet, with the Prince Polignac at its head, removed all doubts as to the designs of the court. Retrogression, the gradual resumption of the old regime, the repression of the freedom of discussion, would ensue. M. Thiers had the sagacity to see, and the courage to declare openly, that the moment had arrived at which the battle of constitutional freedom must be fought. The rights inscribed on the charter had to be defended, inch by inch. Fortune and life must be hazarded in support of them.

Having arrived at such conclusions, he called together his colleagues and co-proprietors of the bureaux of the *Constitutionnel*. He laid before them the causes which rendered indispensable a new and more hostile spirit of opposition. The risk of their fortunes and their lives, in a course so much at variance with the measured and moderate opposition which the *Constitutionnel* had hitherto practised, startled them. The journal was commercially prosperous, and was, in fact, a considerable property. A large majority of its owners declined the hazard of the proposed course. A few, among whom were MM. Etienne and Everiste Desmoulin, were disposed to accede to the course recommended; but, in fine, it was rejected.

The project of a new opposition journal, which we have mentioned, now assumed consistency. Armand Carrel proposed to associate himself with MM. Thiers and Mignet, in establishing one which should adopt that tone in defending the liberties of the country against the encroachments of power which the crisis demanded. It was resolved to call this paper *The National*. The journal appeared in the summer of 1829, without any prospectus or formal announcement, but in the midst of high expectations. From the day of its appearance M. Thiers gave up the historical labors in which he had been engaged, and surrendered himself body and soul to the cause of the revolution, as it afterwards proved.

The basis of the tactics of the opposition carried on with so much success from this time by M. Thiers and his colleagues, was the charter of 1814. Within the circle of power there described, he continually hemmed in the ministers of the crown. The public in France, unaccustomed to see it in practical operation, did not then, and scarcely even now, comprehend that principle brought so admirably into operation in England, in virtue of which the sovereign is personally withdrawn from the conflict of political parties, rendered inviolable through the completeness of ministerial responsibility. This principle, incorporated in the charter of 1814, M. Thiers urged daily on the public. The constitutional power of the chamber to withhold the supplies in case the majority considered the measures of the advisers of the crown injurious to the country, was another principle urged with admirable force and eloquence.

It was at this time that, among the many brilliant articles which appeared in *The National*, the maxim which has since acquired such celebrity, *Le Roi regne mais il ne gouvèrne pas*, was first put forth. In the early part of 1830, public rumor attributed to the court and cabinet the contemplation of a *coup d'etat*. The limitation set by the charter and the spirit of représentative government to the royal prerogative, consequently became an anxious and exciting subject of discussion. As a fair specimen of the articles which appeared in *The National*, and which attracted universal attention, and produced a most pro-

found impression on the public, we shall give the following extracts from one which bore the title, "The king reigns but does not govern."

"It is objected against our opposition, that respect for the royal prerogative of choosing the ministers ought to make us wait until these ministers commit some positive act.

"This prerogative, however, we answer again and again, cannot be exercised in an absolute manner. In judging of the meaning of any public act we cannot take any single clause and consider it without reference to the context—each clause must be taken as part of the whole. Now the prerogative of naming the ministers, appertaining as it does to the crown, combined with the right of refusing the supplies, appertaining as it does to the chamber, the latter must, from the very conditions of the joint rights, have a virtual participation in the choice of the ministers.

"But, it will be said, that in every administration the subordinates must necessarily be nominated by the chief.

"Certainly; in matters of administration, and in war, it must necessarily be so; but the present case is an exception.

"*The king does not administer; he does not govern;* HE REIGNS. The ministers administer; the ministers govern; and consequently must have subordinates of their choice. But the king may have the ministers, contrary to his wishes, because again and again, he does not administer; he does not govern; HE REIGNS.

"To reign is a very elevated privilege, which it is difficult to make certain princes rightly comprehend. The English sovereigns, however, understand it perfectly. An English king is the first gentleman of his kingdom. He is in the highest degree all that an Englishman of the highest condition can be. He hunts; he loves horses; he is curious to see foreign countries, and visits them while he is Prince of Wales; he is even a philosopher, when it is the fashion to be so; he has British pride and British ambition in the highest degree; he desires the triumph of the British flag; no heart in Britain bounds with more joy on the arrival of the news of an Aboukir or a Trafalgar; he is, in a word, the most lofty type of British character; he is a British nobleman an hundred times exaggerated. The English nation respects and loves in him its truest impersonation. It confers a large income on him, enriches him; is pleased to see him live in a state of splendor suitable to his rank and to the wealth of the country over which he is placed. This sovereign has the sentiments, the preferences, and the antipathies of a gentleman. While an English peer has only a small fraction of the veto which the upper house is entitled to pronounce, he has a whole veto. He can dissolve the lower chamber, or reject a bill whenever it seems good to him. But he does not govern. He allows the country to govern itself. He rarely follows his mere personal predilections in the choice of his ministers; at one time he takes Fox, whom he does not retain; at another Pitt, whom he does; he takes Canning, whom he does not dismiss, but who dies in office. Cases have occurred where an English king received such answers as the following:—Chatham, dismissed by the crown, was the statesman who enjoyed the confidence of the commons; the king sent to him his political opponent, Fox, to invite him to return to office (designing thereby to offer him an indignity).—'Return to his majesty,' said Chatham, 'and say that when he sends me a messenger more worthy of himself and of me, I will have the honor of answering him.' The more worthy messenger was in fine sent, and Chatham became the first of a series of ministers, who, though not in accordance with the royal taste, ruled the kingdom for half a century. To reign, then, is not to govern; it is to be the truest, highest, and most respected impersonation of the country. The king is the country reduced to the person of one man.

"The analogy attempted to be established between the king and the chief of the administration is, therefore, false; and it is therefore that there is nothing incompatible in the king being obliged to select ministers who are not in accordance with his wishes.

"But it is contended that from the virtual nomination of ministers thus claimed for the chamber, that body will soon also arrive at the nomination of all the subordinate officers of the state, and thus the entire administration will pass into the hands of a collective body—a thing altogether anomalous and inadmissible.

"It is true that such a body cannot and ought not administer. In the executive there ought not to be the deliberative. The deliberative is only good in the direction of the national will. To will, we must deliberate; but having willed, and the question being to act, deliberation ceases. This is as true for a state as for an individual.

"To all this we shall make one reply. It is granted that in England the ministers are named by parliament; that is to say, under its influence. Has it resulted from this that the administration has been deficient in power, in order, or in vigor? How has it happened that confusion and anarchy have not ensued? This has happened in the most natural manner, as we hope it will with us.

"The minister once named by the influence of the majority of the Commons, wields the royal prerogative, by which the executive power is concentrated in his hands. He makes peace and war; he collects the revenues; he pays the state charges; he appoints all the functionaries of the state; he superintends the adminstration of justice, by the nomination of the judges: in one word, HE GOVERNS; and as he has the confidence of the parliament, without which he could not con-

tinue in office, he does only the things which parliament continues to approve. But he acts with uniformity and promptitude; while the parliament, in its multitudinous character, and with its hundred eyes, watches, criticises, and judges him. Thus the king reigns, the ministers govern, and the chambers deliberate. When ill-government begins to be perceived, the minister is removed, either directly by the king, or indirectly by the parliament; and the crown must select a new minister amongst the parliamentary majority.

"Such is the manner in which, without anarchy or disorder, the minister is virtually nominated by the chambers."

This article produced a lively sensation in all the political circles. It was speedily followed by attacks upon the press. The ministerial papers now became loud in their menaçes. They openly exhorted the court to violate the constitution. "If," said they, "the ministers cannot save the throne, with a majority of the representative chamber, they must do so without one."

On the 2nd March, 1830, the celebrated address against the ministers was voted by a majority of 221.

From this day the journals of the court threw off all reserve; and the *Gazette* did not hesitate to declare that there were emergencies "in which the power of the crown might be raised above the laws;" and the royalist organ published an article entitled "The Necessity of a Dictatorship."

The close of the labors of M. Thiers as a journalist, and the commencement of his career as an active statesman, took place on the 21st July, when he wrote, in *The National*, an article foreboding the approaching storm.

Reader, didst thou ever behold a bull, in the sultry days of August, worried by a gadfly—now sticking to his haunch, now to his eye—from his eye to his ear, from his ear to his nostril, stinging, in short, the animal in a thousand tender places, until, rendered furious, he plunges and rolls, and, unable to shake off his minute, but persevering and indefatigable enemy, he at last, in desperation, throws himself headlong into an abyss? Well, then, the gadfly is M. Thiers; the bull, the Polignac ministry; and the abyss, the ordonnances of July, 1830.

The ordonnances, which were the immediate cause of the fall of the dynasty of the elder branch of the Bourbons, were published in *The Moniteur* on the morning of the 25th July. The first of these declared that "the liberty of the periodic press was suspended," and that no journal should be published in France without the express permission of the government, and that such permission must be renewed every third month. Paris was a scene of agitation in every quarter. In the Palais Royal, individuals harangued the people on this violation of their rights. At the Bourse, the public funds fell. At the Institute, M. Arago intermingled his scientific discourse with burning comments on the event of the day. The press took its own part. The majority of the daily papers of Paris, it is true, succumbed to the ordonnances. Neither *The Journal des Debats*, nor *The Constitutionnel*, nor *The Gazette*, nor *The Quotidienne*, nor *The Universel*, appeared. But on the other hand, *The Globe*, *The National*, and *The Temps*, were issued and circulated in enormous numbers. They contained, in a conspicuous form, the ordonnance which they violated in the very act of their publication and circulation. They were flung in hundreds through all the cafés and cabinets de lecture in Paris. Meanwhile the principal conductors and writers of the liberal section of the press assembled at the office of *The National*, to discuss the course which ought to be pursued in such an emergency. The editors of *The Tribune* advocated strong measures. They would have raised the faubourgs, unfurled the tri-colored flag, and opposed the illegality of the government, by physical force. Others, however, fearing the consequences of the unbridled fury of the excited populace, counselled a rigid observance of the spirit of the charter. Of this number was M. Thiers, who drew up a solemn protest against the illegality of the ordonnances. When the question was raised whether this protest should be issued merely in the name of the press, or should appear with the signatures of the individuals from whom it emanated, some proposed that each journal should insert a separate article against the ordonnances, expressed in such terms as the writer might select. Others agreed to a common form of manifesto, but were against affixing any signatures to it. M. Thiers addressed his colleagues of the press, showing in a forcible manner how ineffective any anonymous protest on such an occasion would be. Much confusion and dissention was arising, when M. Remusat, the principal editor of *The Globe*, entered the room. M. Thiers, confident of a community of feeling in this distinguished writer, imme-

diately read the protest to M. Remusat, and asked him whether he would sign it? "Without any doubt I will," replied Remusat. Immediately M. Thiers addressed the assembly, declaring that he was about to propose the signing of the document to the several journalists in succession; and calling first on *The Globe*, M. Remusat signed the paper. M. Gauga, the gerant of *The National* next affixed his name, and was followed by Thiers, Mignet, Armand Carrel, Chambolle, and the other writers for that journal. All the other editors present, including those of *The Constitutionnel*, also signed.

On the morning of that day, the agents of the police visited the offices of the papers which disobeyed the ordonnances by publishing, and broke their presses. On arriving at the office of *The National*, attended by gens d'armes, they were met by the editors and gerant, who protested against their proceedings in the name of the law. The doors, however, were forced open, and the presses dismounted and in part broken.

It was on the 26th July, the day after the publication of the ordonnances, that these proceedings took place. Immediately after the departure of the police from the office, the presses were remounted, the parts which had been broken were repaired, and they were applied to print the protest of the journalists, which, in the afternoon, was circulated in hundreds of thousands through every quarter of Paris.

The following morning (27th) the most influential electors of Paris assembled at the office of the *National*, to discuss the best means of organizing resistance to the illegal proceedings of the government. Great confusion prevailed at this meeting. All were in favor of resistance, but none proposed any rational or practicable course. M. Thiers, who not being then an elector, was a silent witness of this scene, saw that some decisive proceeding must be proposed, and, apologizing for taking a part in a discussion which was intended to be confined to electors, suggested that a deputation from the assembly should be sent to the meeting of deputies, which was at that moment held at M. Casimir Perier's. This proposition was agreed to, and several of the electors present, accompanied by M. Thiers, proceeded immediately to the Hotel of Casimir Perier, in the Rue Neuve Luxembourg.

Arriving there, they found that the meeting of deputies had separated, and that great indecision had prevailed among those who attended it. An energetic opposition had been agreed on, but as yet nothing effectual was done. The deputation returned to the office of *The National*, where much disappointment and dissatisfaction was expressed at the inertia of the deputies, and the meeting was adjourned to the evening, when it was to be held at the house of M. Cadet Gassicourt, Rue St. Honoré, for the purpose of deciding finally on more energetic measures.

At seven o'clock in the evening, M. Thiers was there. At this meeting, means of serious resistance were organized. It was agreed that the National Guard should appear in the streets in uniform, should mingle with the people and direct them; that in each arrondissement a committee of the principal electors and citizens should direct the movements of the people. In fine, every possible means were determined on to render the resistance effective, and to secure the empire of the law.

It was on this evening of the 27th, at seven o'clock precisely, at the moment when this meeting was held, that the first collision took place between the military and the people. A child had thrown a stone at a gen d'arme in the precincts of the Palais Royale. The soldier cut at the boy with his sword. An individual who witnessed the incident shot the gen d'arme with a pistol.

When Thiers and his friends were quitting the house of M. Cadet Gassicourt, after the meeting had dissolved, they found themselves in the midst of the emeute. A squadron of the Royal Guard were driving before them the people from the neighborhood of the Palais Royale down the Rue St. Honoré, while a regiment of the line was descending in the contrary direction by the same street from the Faubourg du Roule. They were placed between two fires.

The people instinctively shouted *vive la ligné!* The commanding officer would not order his men to continue a fire on defenceless citizens, and allowed the crowd to disperse.

During the night of the 27th, the greatest alarm and agitation prevailed. M. Thiers and his friends remained at the office of *The National*, where the presses were incessantly employed in printing the protest of the journalists, to be distributed the next morning.

On the morning of the 28th, a meeting was appointed to be held at the house of M.

Guizot, in the Rue Ville Lévesque. M. Remusat called at the office of *The National* to apprise M. Thiers of this, and they went together to attend it. This meeting consisted of the leading members of the chambers and the press. It was hoped that a legal resistance was still possible; yet whatever course presented itself appeared perilous. The consequences of a successful resistance appeared scarcely less formidable than those of defeat. It was not hoped that the unorganized and unarmed populace could succeed against the disciplined military force. General Sebastiani pronounced the victory of the Royal Guard as inevitable. It was recommended to endeavor to make terms with the government, and to stop the effusion of blood.

M. Thiers encouraged the hope of popular success. He was supported in his views by some of the most ardent and excited, but was opposed by those of most experience, and especially by General Sebastiani. In accordance with the wishes of the great majority of those present, MM. Lafitte, Manguin, Casimir Perier, Gerard, and Lobau, proceeded to Marshal Marmont, to whom the command of the troops had been committed, to entreat him to stop the effusion of blood.

"I deplore these measures, and condemn, as much as yourselves, those direful ordonnances," replied the marshal, "but I have no discretionary power given me; I am acting under superior orders."

"But," observed Lafitte, "no one has a right to order you to massacre the people. It is not your duty to obey such orders."

"I see no means of relief, except submission," said Marmont; "if the ordonnances are withdrawn, will you guarantee submission?"

"We cannot do so, but will use our best exertions," rejoined Lafitte.

"Well," concluded the marshal—"I am going to send to the king, and in an hour you shall have his answer."

"In an hour," exclaimed Lafitte and Manguin, "if the ordonnances be not recalled, we will throw ourselves, body and soul, into the movement."

"To-morrow," said Lafitte, "my baton will break itself on your sword. Remember the power of the people when they are aroused."

We now arrive at a part of our narrative in which an incident in the career of M. Thiers occurs, which has remained unexplained by him, until almost the moment we write, and even now the explanation which is offered has an indirect character.

M. Thiers, as we have seen, was the most active of all the public men connected with the press, in exciting the people to resistance. He wrote the protest of the journalists; at his presses it was printed; from his bureaux it was circulated. It might, therefore, have been expected, and it undoubtedly was expected, that this chief instigator of the movement should have continued on the spot, to give it the benefit of his direction and superintendence. Grant that his physical character would have rendered him but an inefficient leader in the streets and on the Boulevards, his sagacity and intelligence would have been invaluable, though he did not issue from his bureaux. Yet as soon as the movement assumed a really serious aspect—as soon as it became evident that it was going to be something more than an *emeute* of the faubourgs, M. Thiers disappeared.

"Behold, at last," says a writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, "the tocsin has sounded, the people are roused, and rush to the conflict! Blood already flows. The cannons roll over the pavement—M. Thiers has been heard—his anathemas have taken effect—the monarchy which has broken its contract is already half overturned. A leading voice, a head is only waited for. But where, then, is M. Thiers? Where is that boldness concealed, which promised victory to its party, and which awaited with so much impatience the event which has arrived? What has become of the popular orator, who traced so proudly a circle round power, and defied it to pass beyond its limits? Alas! like Archilochus and Horace, M. Thiers, little used to the tumult of battles, has felt his courage give way; the feebleness of his physical organization has overcome the force of his will, and he has departed to seek refuge from the fray in the shades of Montmorenci; to shelter himself at once from the dangers which precede victory, and from the proscriptions which often follow defeat. But do not charge M. Thiers with want of courage. His heart failed him, it is true, on that emergency; but the same charge may be made against many others on the same occasion. M. Thiers has proved since, in rushing with ostentation to the barricades of June, that, when necessary, he has enough of military courage. But what would you have? On this particular occasion he was not prepared for danger, and had not provided a supply

of courage; possibly, also, he may reply that there was no room for the exercise of genius in a street fight. Perhaps the long study which he had made of our victories, and the admiration he entertained for our armies, rendered it impossible for him to conceive how a successful struggle against our disciplined soldiers could be made by a mob of printers' boys and shop-clerks, led on by editors of newspapers; that in short the rabble of Paris must inevitably be crushed by the regular forces. M. Thiers mingled boldly enough in the struggle, so long as the question was of legal resistance; he remained firm at his post in the bureaux of *The National*, to the last moment; he did not take his departure until the moment in which old Benjamin Constant arrived, the moment at which the beat of the drum calling to arms, and the sound of the musketry, gave him the signal to retire. The first day of this sudden revolution, M. Thiers wrote the celebrated protest of the press, while, in another quarter, M. Guizot wrote the protest of the Chamber. There were assemblies held of every class, where deliberations were held on the means best calculated to produce the retraction of the ordonnances. M. Thiers advised at these meetings, that all civil proceedings should be suspended—that lawyers should not plead, judges should not pronounce sentence, that notaries, and all other officers, should suspend their functions. He wished thus to paralyze the nation, and to compel the executive to fall on its knees. It was in this way, he said, that things passed in ancient times, when the court exiled the parliaments; it was thus that governments were formerly compelled to recall their brutal decrees. But while M. Thiers was thus underrating the importance of the crisis, and reducing it to the dimensions of a squabble between the court and the parliaments, the movement swelled into much grander proportions, and, instead of a Fronde, as M. Thiers regarded it, it became a league, and something more. It was then that M. Thiers retreated from the struggle; it exceeded his stature.

"M. Thiers returned to Paris when order was restored and tranquillity re-established. Many coujectures have been made respecting his proceedings *extra muros* during the three days; we could, if we pleased, give the history of this *petite voyage*. But to what purpose? The material fact, and the only one is, that M. Thiers returned, and that we possess him still secure."*

* Revue des deux Mondes. Vol. iv. p. 674.

Such is the statement of one who was an eye-witness, and an ear-witness of the revolution of the three days.

Let us now hear the narrative of another contemporary historian.

On the 28th of July, Paris was, in effect, declared in a state of siege, the Duke of Ragusa having been virtually invested with a military dictatorship. The troops which had been collected around the Tuilleries were put in motion. The artillery was heard rolling through the streets. Civil war raged in Paris. What was to be the issue of this war? The savans, the men of letters, the majority of the soldiers themselves felt compassion for the people, and for the fate apparently awaiting them. M. Thiers ran to a place of refuge, which he found in the house of a friend, in the valley of Montmorenci. In the office of *The Globe*, M. Cousin spoke of the white flag as the only ensign which the nation could recognize, and reproached M. Peirre Lerouse with compromising his friends by the revolutionary tone which he was giving to the journal.

Among the most conspicuous of the journalists of that day, was an individual of tall and lank figure, abrupt but noble impulses, and serious aspect. At the first report of the fire-arms, he shook his head mournfully. Then he went, unarmed except with a walking cane, through the town, indifferent to the balls which were whizzing around him, and braving death without seeking for victory. This individual, destined afterwards to play a sad but illustrious part, was then little known: his name was Armand Carrel. "Have you even a single battalion?" said he incessantly to his more sanguine friends. On the morning of the 28th, meeting M. Etienne Arago (the brother of the astronomer of that name) who evinced much ardor, he said to him, "Stop!" and pointing to one of the populace, who was greasing his shoes with the oil of a broken lamp, he said, "Behold the people!—such is Paris!—ever the same levity,—indifference,—the appropriation of the results of great and important actions to the most trifling uses."

When M. Thiers had reappeared in Paris on the 30th, and presented himself at Lafitte's, before receiving the commission to Neuilly (which we shall presently advert to), he expressed some annoyance that steps had been taken in reference to the Duke of Orleans without consulting him. Beranger (the poet) who had a prominent share in the

transactions of these days, replied with an ironical smile, "Is it not quite natural, at such a moment, that the absent should be forgotten?"*

In short, there can be no doubt, that an impression has universally prevailed, that after contributing to the utmost of his power by his writings, to raise the emeute, M. Thiers withdrew from its consequences, and did not reappear until the issue had become apparent.

Having thus given the account of this passage in the public life of the subject of this notice which has been hitherto universally received and credited, it is but just to give also a narrative of the matter which has just been published, and which, though not avowedly authorized by M. Thiers himself, carries with it abundant internal evidence of the source from whence it has been derived.

M. Alexandre Laya states, that on the 28th, orders had been given by the government to arrest several deputies, and that warrants (Mandats d'arrêts) had been issued against the principal persons who had signed the protest of the press; that M. Royer Collard gave notice to M. Thiers that he as well as MM. Mignet and Carrel, would be arrested if they did not immediately conceal themselves. This notice was given them on the evening of the 28th.

An immediate decision on their parts was necessary. They had taken a conspicuous part, which rendered them especially obnoxious. The government still retained its full power. The skirmishes between the troops and the people on the 28th seemed, according to M. Laya, only to demonstrate the feebleness of the popular resistance. MM. Thiers, Mignet, and Carrel were well known, and if they did not retire, they might easily be arrested, and if so, what would become of their influence? These circumstances, we are assured, were well considered at the bureaux by the principal journalists, and it was the opinion that they ought to withdraw from the danger which threatened them. Accordingly, at nine o'clock in the evening, in the twilight, the three menaced victims departed from the office of *The National*, and took refuge in the neighborhood of St. Denis.

Before quitting Paris, M. Thiers ordered a confidential servant, who remained in Paris, to come to him the next morning with intelligence of the progress of the movement, having resolved to return to his post if it should appear that the popular resistance showed any promise of success. It was on that day, Thursday the 29th, that the combat might be considered as seriously begun. The people had committed themselves, and the national cause offered some hopes of success. MM. Thiers and Mignet received the expected intelligence, and heard in their retreat the echoes of the cannonade. They determined to return to Paris. They attempted to enter Paris by the Barrière St. Denis, but found the streets obstructed. They accordingly passed along the outer boulevards, to the Barrière des Batignoles, and descended through the Faubourg Chaussèe d'Antin, to the office of *The National*, where they did not arrive until late in the afternoon.

Thus, it appears, according to this report of the matter, which must be considered as authorized by the chief party, that the extent of M. Thiers' absence was from the evening of the 28th till the afternoon of the 29th, and that even during the early part of the day of the 29th, he was in the public streets of Paris, endeavoring to make his way through the tumult to the office of his journal, and further that MM. Armand Carrel (since dead) and Mignet (still living), were with him.

As the office of the *National* had been the centre of the legal resistance in the first instance, it had now become the head quarters of the armed insurrection. There they met MM. Bastide, Thomas, and with them one who, during the three days, directed the movements of the people with great courage and ability—M. Joubert.

Immediately after their arrival, MM. Thiers and Mignet went to the Hotel Lafitte. The triumph of the people was now certain. MM. de Lernonville and d'Argaut had been sent to Charles X. with a view to some arrangement. The Assembly of Deputies had resolved that they would listen to propositions from the king; but M. Thiers opposed this in the strongest manner. The question, he said, was no longer a change of ministry, but a change of dynasty. It was too late for any compromise.

The difficulties of the conflict were over —those of the victory were now to begin. Two centres of discussion, two political head-quarters, had been established. At the Hotel de Ville, General Lafayette, who had taken the command of the National Guard, was surrounded by those who loudly

* Histoire de dix Aux. Vol. i. chap. iv.—vi.

demanded a republic. A few voices of the many shouted "Napoleon II."

At the Hotel Lafitte, all minds inclined favorably to the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, with representative institutions, after the pattern of those of the United Kingdom. With M. Lafitte himself, this had long been an object of favorite contemplation, and had, in fact, been anticipated. The name of the Duke of Orleans was pronounced as a person well fitted, by his character and his historical antecedents, to be elevated to the throne. The part played by the Duke was as yet one of the strictest neutrality. Although in the neighborhood of St. Cloud, he did not show himself in the royal presence, gave no countenance to those proceedings which led to the revolution, and offered no condolence for its result.

Some of the monarchical party expressed doubts whether the duke would lend himself to the proposed measure. He had, as yet, given no sign. M. Thiers advised M. Lafitte to assume the responsibility of committing the duke to the revolution without waiting for his sanction. M. Lafitte hesitated. M. Thiers represented the danger of delay; that the partisans of a republic were gaining the ground which the friends of monarchical government were surrendering; that besides, there was nothing to fear; he could throw the responsibility of the measure, if necessary, on the uncontrollable ardor of those by whom he was surrounded.

In short, M. Thiers proposed to put in immediate circulation a proclamation in favor of the Duke of Orleans, which he composed on the spot.

This document was as follows:—

"Charles X. cannot return to Paris. He has caused the blood of the people to be shed.

"A republic would expose us to frightful divisions: it would embroil us with Europe.

"The Duke of Orleans is a prince devoted to the cause of the revolution.

"The Duke of Orleans has never fought against us.

"The Duke of Orleans was at Jemmappes.

"The Duke of Orleans has fought under the tricolor flag. The Duke of Orleans will again do so. We desire no other.

"The Duke of Orleans has not offered himself. He awaits the expression of our will. Let us proclaim our wish, and he will accept the charter, as we have always understood and desired it. It is from the French people that he will hold the crown."

This proclamation immediately appeared in the *National*, the *Courier Francais*, and the *Commerce*.

"Thus," says a contemporary writer, "to overturn one dynasty the united energies of an entire people were necessary; to establish another, a sheet of paper, issued by a deputy, and three journalists, was sufficient." The object, however, was not attained without some expressions of dissent. When M. Thiers and his colleagues walked from the office of the *National* to the exchange, with this printed panegyric on the duke in their hands, they were filled with apprehension at the surprise they excited among the public, whom they encountered in the streets, and still more by the storm of hisses with which they were saluted at the Bourse.

These circumstances occurred on the afternoon and evening of Thursday the 29th. On Friday morning, nothing had been yet heard of the Duke of Orleans. Whether or not he would lend himself to the course which had been taken, or interfere at all in the movement, no one was able to say. Delay was full of peril—a decisive step must be taken.

MM. Thiers and Sebastiani were at the Hotel Lafitte. M. Sebastiani proposed to M. Thiers to go to Neuilly, see the duke, and personally ascertain his sentiments, but M. Thiers was personally unknown to the duke. It was therefore arranged that he should take with him a letter signed by MM. Sebastiani and Lafitte, introducing him, and requesting the duke to place full confidence in the propositions with which he was commissioned. M. Scheffer, who was personally known to the Orleans family, agreed to accompany him.

The Prince of Moskwa (son-in-law of M. Lafitte) lent his saddle horses, and they departed for the chateau of the Duke of Orleans, at Neuilly, where he was supposed to be.

The passage by the direct road, through the Champs Elysées, being obstructed, they rode by the streets St. Lazare and Clichy, to the quarter of the Batignolles. Here they were stopped, suspected of being royalists making their escape, and were brought before the mayor of the arrondissement, who, on ascertaining their object, set them at liberty. They continued their route, and, after some further difficulties, arrived, in fine, at the chateau. The door was, however, shut in their faces! Thus were the bearers of a crown received!

When their persons were recognized by M. Oudart, one of the attendants of the family, they were admitted, and introduced to the study of the duke—where, after a few minutes, the duchess presented herself. While M. Thiers unfolded to her the tenor of the message of which they were the bearers, her look became serious and severe. And when, in fine, she learned that it proposed to place upon the brow of her husband the crown torn from the head of an old man, who had ever proved towards her family a faithful relative and generous friend, she addressed M. Scheffer with much apparent emotion—

"Sir," said she, "how could *you* consent to be the bearer of such a message? That this gentleman," looking towards M. Thiers, "should have dared to undertake it, I can easily conceive; for he does not know us. But you who have been received into our acquaintance, and ought to be able to appreciate our feelings—oh! we can never forgive you this offence against us."

M. Thiers, however, pressed on the duchess the necessity that he should personally confer with the duke. The duchess thereupon withdrew for a few minutes, and returned, accompanied, not by the duke, but by his sister, Madame Adelaide, and all his children, except the Duke of Chartres, who had gone to join his regiment at Joigny.

They assured M. Thiers that the Duke of Orleans was absent, at Raincy. Then ensued between M. Thiers, the duchess, and the family, one of those scenes of which the recollection can never be effaced from the minds of those who were present, and which possess true historical interest.

M. Thiers laid before them all the dangers and difficulties of the crisis which had arrived—

"The neutrality adopted by the duke, his absence from the royal presence during the existing struggle, his previous disapproval of the measures of the court, would, in any event, identify him more or less with the revolution; that if the existing dynasty must fall, of which there seemed now no reason to doubt, and the duke declined to come forward and accept the measures now proposed, a republic would certainly be tried. Who could then foresee the consequences of such a return to the situation of 1793? Evidently the most elevated personages would be the first victims. The very name of *Bourbon* would awaken hatred and excite vengeance; and the Duke of Orleans would not be protected by a popularity which he would compromise by retiring at the moment when his presence would have seconded the efforts of the people to defend their liberty menaced and their rights violated. He would be reckoned among the enemies of popular institutions. The republic would re-erect its scaffolds, and excesses would follow. In fine, the name of the Duke of Orleans had been already proclaimed, and had been received in such a manner as to encourage him to present himself to the people."

The resolution of the duchess appeared to waver before these reasons. But it was on Madame Adelaide, the duke's sister, that they seemed to make the deepest impression. She replied, and with great clearness showed that she appreciated the peculiar position in which her brother and his family were placed. She was impressed, also, with the noble part which her brother would have to perform in the difficulty of the nation; to snatch the people from the consequences of revolutionary excesses, by preventing the establishment of a republic. She declared that she would answer for her brother; that she would guarantee his consent, and she authorized M. Thiers to announce this officially to those who sent him. M. Thiers thought he could not return without some more conclusive solution of the difficulty, and demanded of Madame Adelaide whether, in her brother's absence, she would consent to present herself personally to the Deputies; on which the lady, rising with much dignity, said—

"I will go, certainly. I will not hesitate to put faith in the word of a man, and it is natural that a sister should risk her life for her brother."*

It was agreed that General Sebastiani should return for Madame Adelaide; and MM. Thiers and Scheffer departed for the Chamber of Deputies, where it had been arranged that they should make their report.

They had scarcely entered the Faubourg de Roule, than they found themselves obstructed by the populace, who were in a state of great excitement, some shouting "*Vive Napoleon II.!*" and others, "*Vive la Republique!*" The name of the Duke of Orleans was as yet in no one's mouth. No one appeared among the people even to think of the possibility of one so nearly connected with the fallen family being admissible to the vacant throne.

It was not without considerable difficulty

* "J'irai, mon Cher M. Thiers," dit elle, "certainement, j'irai; on ne se defier pas d'une femme, et il est naturel qu'une sœur risque sa vie pour son frere."—*Etudes Historiques*, I. 115.

that M. Thiers succeeded in crossing the *Place de la Concorde*, and the bridge. Having arrived at the chamber of provisional assembly, he found deputies, combatants of the streets, and journalists mingled together, and the greatest confusion prevailing. Some were for establishing a provisional government. No party knew what course to take. M. Thiers reported the result of his mission. But every one had his own project; messages were sent to and fro between the Palais Bourbon and the Chamber of Peers. M. Dupin insisted that some definitive government must be decided on. Messengers from the peers arrived with the information that all possible combinations had been suggested there, but that the members did not arrive at a settlement of the difficulty. In the midst of this confusion M. Remusat, the editor of *The Globe*, who had been the first to sign the protest of the journalists, suggested the means of extrication from their embarrassment. He communicated to M. Thiers, his suggestion to nominate the Duke of Orleans lieutenant-general of the kingdom. At the instance of M. Thiers, General Sebastiani accordingly made that proposition as a step preparatory to a final and conclusive settlement of the government. The title of king, proposed suddenly, might be dangerous. That of lieutenant-general, being only temporary and provisional, would not startle the timid, nor provoke the opposition of the anti-monarchists, and would give time for the more deliberate reconstitution of the state. This proposition was promptly and unanimously adopted.

The Duke of Orleans was accordingly invited to Paris to be invested with the new authority. A deputation of twelve deputies, with M. Gallot as President, was accordingly commissioned to bear this invitation to Neuilly.

On the morning of the 31st, M. Thiers had his first interview with the Duke of Orleans, who had arrived at the Palais Royale at midnight. In the course of that day a tumultuous meeting of the more ardent of the partisans of a republic was held at the office of *The National*, at which M. Thiers endeavored to dissuade his friends from further recourse to force, and after much discussion proposed to conduct a deputation from them to the duke. Six were accordingly selected for this interview, and they accompanied M. Thiers to the Palais Royale that evening, where they were received by the duke in the gallery of the battle scenes painted by Horace Vernet.

On this occasion a conversation is said to have taken place between them and the duke on the general principles of government. The duke frankly and openly declared himself the partisan of legal resistance to the encroachments of despotic power, but firmly opposed to revolutionary excesses. He recalled the events of the past, he painted the excesses of the republic and the convention.

M. Cavignac, interrupting him, requested him not to forget that his (Cavignac's) father was a member of the convention.

"So was mine," promptly replied the duke, "and I do not, therefore, the less respect his memory."

M. Thiers, during this interview, observed perfect silence. The young republicans were not slow to perceive that their cause was lost.

"Well," said Thiers, after a pause—"What think you of the Duke?"

"*C'est un bon-homme*," said M. Bastide.

"*C'est un* 221!" said M. Thomas.

"*Il n'est pas franc*," said M. Cavignac.

This was the last interview of these actors in the great drama of July, 1830. Each subsequently pursued his own course. M. Thiers rose, as we shall see, to the highest political honors, to office, and to affluence. The others lived to descend into the dungeons of a prison, their former friend being in the plenitude of his ministerial power.

When the new royalty was established, a ministry was formed, including all shades of opinion, and composed of materials so heterogeneous that it was a political impossibility that they could long cohere. In this cabinet the Baron Louis, an early patron of M. Thiers, was minister of finance. M. Thiers was appointed a councillor of state, an office having some analogy to that of privy councillor in England, and which, like the latter, has no very important functions; but it was arranged, that without accepting the formal title of the office, M. Thiers should perform the duties of chief secretary to the ministry of finance. This office afforded him opportunities of information and experience in administrative details, under the immediate instruction of the most eminent financier of the day, which he turned to profit with his usual ability.

In the cabinet council dissensions were soon manifested. It was split into two par-

ties, one of which advocated resistance to the party of the movement, and the other advised progression. The former course was advocated by MM. Casimir Perier, Molé, Baron Louis, M. Guizot, and M. de Broglie, and the latter by MM. Dupont de l'Eure, Lafitte, and Lafayette. These differences ultimately produced the dissolution of the administration.

The movement party having prevailed, M. Lafitte became the head of the succeeding cabinet, and, as such, was appointed president of the council of ministers. Immediately after the interview of the Baron Louis with the king at the Palais Royale, at which the former resigned his office of minister of finance, M. Thiers was sent for. On entering the presence of Louis Philippe, the first words the king addressed to him were—" M. Thiers, are you ambitious?" An explanation followed, and much to the surprise of M. Thiers, the king offered him the ministry of finance, which the Baron Louis had just resigned.

M. Thiers did not affect to conceal his ambitious hopes for the future, but he begged his majesty to reserve so high an honor, and so eminent a proof of his confidence for a future day, when more advanced age, and more mature experience, would enable him to accept such an office with greater confidence in his own fitness for it, than he was then able to feel. The king, however, pressed the matter, and observed that the Baron Louis had himself expressly advised his appointment. In fine, M. Lafitte was charged with the office, with M. Thiers, as secretary, the latter assuming all the active and laborious duties.

The cabinet thus formed, and known as the ministry of the 2nd November, consisted of MM. Lafitte, Dupont de l'Eure, Sebastiani, Soult, Montalivet, de Rigny, and Merilhou.

While M. Thiers labored in the Hotel of Finances under the practised superintendence of the Baron Louis, he had little opportunity of assuming any conspicuous position in public affairs. The baron, an experienced financier, left him only a subordinate part to play. Accustomed to regard him as an intelligent young man that he formerly patronized and admitted to a place at his table, he still addressed him by the paternal phrase, *Mon enfant*, and used to laugh heartily at the opinions which the youthful ardor of Thiers would prompt him to utter, and which only betrayed to his superior the extent of his financial inexperience. All this, however, was completely changed, when M. Lafitte took the portfolio of the finances. Being also president of the council, and having private business to engage a portion of his attention, the whole burthen of the finance department fell upon M. Thiers, who, instead of being, as under the Baron Louis, an inconsiderable subordinate and a pupil, found himself, under the title of secretary, the real head of the department, at a crisis when the country was reduced to the brink of a bankruptcy at home, and menaced with invasion from abroad! He was fully sensible of the importance of his position, and the personal advantages to be gained from it. Accordingly, before he assumed the position he saw open to him, he announced to M. Lafitte his intention to resign with Baron Lous. Lafitte, sensible how necessary his aid would be in an office in which he had just been drilled for four months by so experienced a superior, and conscious of his own complete ignorance of the technical official details, found himself obliged to go to the king and announce the impossibility of his retaining office, unless M. Thiers could be induced to render him that assistance which he alone could, at that moment, give. The consequence of this proceeding was, that an express command was sent by the king to M. Thiers, that the interests of the state demanded that he should retain the place of under secretary of state in the department of finance.

The first impulse of a young man such as Thiers was, entertaining a profound consciousness of his own capacity and talents, and having his respect for official traditions shaken by the study of a succession of revolutions, and the personal observation of, and participation in, at least one, was to overturn all received ideas, and to establish a new system—a dangerous step, more especially in the finances. A more unfortunate moment for experiments of the kind could scarcely have been selected. The country was shaken to its centre. Emeutes were every where menacing. The south hesitated to submit to the laws of 1830. La Vendée had already again taken up arms. The city of Lyons showed symptoms of revolt. Still M. Thiers was not deterred from his innovations on the sensitive ground of taxation. What Napoleon in the plenitude of his power, or the Bourbons in the security of profound national tranquillity, had not dared to attempt, M. Thiers did not hesitate to propose, amid the storms

which gathered round the throne of the Barracades. The system of taxation which had not been attempted to be disturbed, in all the vicissitudes of administration, since 1791, when it was settled by the constituent assembly, was now to be overthrown, not for the relief of the tax-payer, but to enable the government to plunge its hand deeper into the pockets of the people, and augment the gross amount of the finances. "The more the taxes are varied," said M. Thiers, "the more properties they will reach, and this principle must be applied in every variety of form." "Taxation is an art," said he, "which is in a state of progressive improvement, and which, it is to be hoped, will soon attain the highest degree of perfection! By the new law a million of individuals will be liable to contribution who were exempt under the old system!" Such was the character of the first measures projected by the prime instigator of the revolution of July!

At this time M. Thiers made his *debut* in the chamber, not as a deputy but as the royal commissioner, authorized to defend the projects of law, on the subject of finance, which were submitted to the chamber. It is a curious incident in the life of this parliamentary orator, in these his first attempts he excited so much disgust on the part of the chamber, that M. Lafitte was compelled by the majority to engage that the bills which were to be subsequently introduced, should be supported by himself, and that he would not continue to inflict upon the members his most intolerable under-secretary! Yet this man has since proved to be incontestably the most powerful orator in the French chambers. What, it will naturally be asked, was the cause of the invincible repugnancy which he excited? We are told by those who were witnesses of these proceedings that the tone of carelessness (*insouciance*) and levity which he assumed gave offence; that his long speeches, in which facts were loosely and inexactly cited; figures given with flippancy, so erroneous that they were often exposed on the spot, were too much like lectures, or articles read from one of the journals. In fine, the house regarded M. Thiers as an adventurer, who came to retail his gatherings of history and literature from the tribune. Such were the first essays of M. Thiers as a parliamentary speaker, and the result was so unpromising that his friends began to despair of his political prospects.

Meanwhile difficulties continued to multiply around the cabinet from other causes. Its intrinsic feebleness was such that it was evident it could not long subsist. It was discovered by M. Lafitte, that the king himself was interfering, without his knowledge, in the business of the state, and justly considering such interference not consistent with the principle of ministerial responsibility, he resolved to resign.

Having foreseen the approaching dissolution of the cabinet, M. Thiers anticipated it, and resigned his office before the retirement of his friend and patron. "Swallows," says a cotemporary writer, who noticed this step, "are endowed with an instinctive presentiment of the falling of buildings in which they have fixed themselves, and fly away betimes."

A more respectable construction, however, has been put on this proceeding of M. Thiers, by some who are not generally too favorable to him. The circumstances which have been mentioned as the cause of this resignation are as follows:—

During this short administration, while M. Thiers virtually held the ministry of finances, circumstances occurred and reports became prevalent in public, and were, without much affectation of reserve, repeated by the press, which greatly embittered the life of this statesman, and have entailed on his reputation injurious consequences, which will probably never be effaced. These attacks assumed a form so definite, that nothing but a public and explicit refutation of the charges brought against M. Thiers could by possibility deprive them of their most mischievous effects upon him, and unfortunately that public refutation was never offered. In short, he was accused of sharing in the improper gains derived from douceurs, received for appointments to offices in the ministry of finances. That the nominees did pay the douceurs has not, we believe, been disputed. But it was not proved that M. Thiers was the receiver of them.

A writer, who appears to have been well informed, states that one of the oldest and most attached friends of M. Thiers, with tears in his eyes and his front suffused with a blush of honest shame, informed him of this deplorable circumstance. He affirms that the traffic referred to was carried on in the name of M. Thiers by one whom it was impossible that he could denounce; that M. Thiers was deeply affected at it; and that he instantly, on being made ac-

quainted with it, renouncing all his ambitious hopes, and looking down with grief from the elevation to which he had raised himself to his original position, determined to descend to his former station, and withdraw into the ranks of private life; that he went to M. Lafitte, confided to him the bitter misfortune of his situation, with a tone of simplicity and frankness of rare occurrence. He had resolved, he said, to quit the ministry, to return to those labors which he had pursued before the revolution of July, and feeling the impossibility of offering the only refutation of the injurious reports which would be conclusive, he hoped at least to silence them by his retreat. On this occasion M. Lafitte displayed towards him all the affection and sympathy of a parent, consoled him, and enabled him to stop the further progress of the discreditable traffic. The king, informed of the circumstances, joined M. Lafitte in reassuring M. Thiers, and in effacing from his mind the painful impressions which remained upon it.*

It gives us pleasure to quote this authority in refutation of injurious rumors, which even still continue to be credited. It unfortunately happens with public men in every country, that charges against them once getting into circulation, can never be entirely neutralized, no matter how conclusive their refutation may be. An hundred persons will hear the slander for one that will listen to its refutation; and unhappily the public takes greater pleasure in believing ill of those who have risen to eminence than in crediting their vindication.

In fine, M. Lafitte retired from the ministry on the 13th March, 1831, and the under secretary having previously resigned, Casimir Perier succeeded to the presidency of the council and ministry of the interior. M. Thiers made a voyage to the south to canvass the electors of Aix, whose suffrages he hoped for at the next election, and in this canvass he was supported by the new ministry, notwithstanding his connexion with the outgoing cabinet, and his resignation of office. In fact, it was known to those in power that he would support their measures and oppose his late colleagues. Under the ministry of Lafitte, M. Thiers was the soul of the movement party; he spoke only of crossing the Rhine; of raising again in Italy the old flag of Napoleon's victories. On his return from the south, however, his tone was totally changed. The country, he declared, could only be saved by peace, and as Lafitte's zeal in favor of the movement was surpassed by that of his under secretary, Casimir Perier found himself equally surpassed by the same person in his advocacy of the pacification of Europe, and the strengthening the foreign alliances.

M. Thiers, however, or his friends speaking for him, defend him against this charge of inconsistency. They say that he differed from M. Lafitte before the dissolution of his cabinet; that in his private conversations with him he adjured him not to allow himself to be allured by the mere attraction of a hollow popularity, but to adopt the conservative policy, and protect the new monarchical institutions from the factions which threatened them. He declared that although he would resign with M. Lafitte, he would nevertheless defend the principles of order and of resistance against the enemies of the new government. Such conversations, it is said, took place in the presence of several members of Lafitte's family, who are living witnesses of them.

All this may be perfectly true, and yet the inconsistency charged against M. Thiers remains unexplained. M. Thiers knew of the approaching changes in the government long before they occurred, and nothing could be more natural than to smooth the way to his future course by such conferences. It rendered the transition less abrupt.

Be this as it may, M. Thiers and his former friend and patron were thenceforward mutually estranged, and it was evident that the former suffered from an uneasy consciousness of the awkwardness of his new position towards the late president of the council. After his election, and his opening speech in favor of the new cabinet and against his friends, M. Thiers could not conceal his efforts to avoid personal communication with his former friend. An amusing example of his want of tact in permitting this feeling to be visible in the chamber, is related. There are two doors leading into the chamber. The habitual seat of M. Lafitte was at the extremity of the lowest bench on the left next to one of these doors, and in the position most remote from the other. *Before* the dissolution of the Lafitte cabinet, Thiers invariably entered the chamber by the door on the left next the seat of Lafitte, stopping, as he passed, to chat with his friend. *After* its

* Loeve Viemar, Revue des Deux Mondes.

dissolution, he just as invariably entered at the right hand door, to avoid the necessity of such a conversation!

From the Athenæum.

MEXICO.

Travels over the Table Lands and Cordilleras of Mexico, during the Years 1843 *and* 1844. By A. M. Gilliam. Philadelphia, Moore; London, Wiley & Putnam.

Recollections of Mexico. By Waddy Thompson. Wiley & Putnam.

In addition to the general fact that international relations now make the subject of Mexico peculiarly interesting—there is another reason to justify serious consideration of the subject, arising out of the defective state of our present knowledge of both that Land and its People. The geography of the country has been almost totally neglected. Baron Humboldt, indeed, during his sojourn there, sketched a map for his own purposes; but it made no pretension to accuracy—was only such an approximation as might be attained without adequate means of observation. Mr. Gilliam's book presents us with a map, which he states to be as correct as his time and observation permitted. The book is, however, intensely American; the author not permitting himself to doubt that his countrymen were right on the Oregon question, or of the sure triumph of the United States in the now averted event of the war with England. "Great Britain will not go to war," he says;—"her Cabinet well know that in the existence of peace between their Government and the United States depends the peace of Europe and the world. Let the contest but commence, and—whatever victories may be achieved or societies devastated on either side—the annexation of all British America to the United States will be the inevitable consequence," &c. We quote this for the purpose of showing the spirit of the author,—not for the rediscussion of a political question happily settled. Mr. Gilliam is a stout democrat; and looks forward to the time when republican institutions shall prevail universally. We must bear this in mind while perusing his account of Mexico.

The author, having been commissioned by President Tyler, as Consul of the Port of San Francisco, embarked Oct. 15, 1843—and arrived in November at New Orleans. Thence, he visited Vera Cruz. On his passage thither he had experienced the storm called the "Norther,"—the most destructive of the winds that sweep the Mexican Gulf. Arriving in port, he found the Mole, as usual, crowded with people of every clime—citizens, sailors, soldiers. The black color of the African, the tawny complexion of the Indian, the brown of the Spaniard, and the fairer hue of other Europeans, met his eye at once; while his ear was greeted with a Babylonish confusion of languages not a little perplexing. It was difficult to distinguish the Mexican from the native of other countries, save by his uniform; the former being darkly complexioned in different degrees, and there being numbers in Mexico who are of the fine Castilian and Hidalgo blood of Old Spain. The darkest-colored portion of the population is Indian; but there are many descendants of Europeans and North Americans exhibiting various shades of the same hue from admixture with the Indian blood. It requires a nice eye to discriminate the consequent differences. There is not the same variety in their dwellings:—

"When you have seen one house in Vera Cruz you have seen them all, for there is a perfect sameness in their architecture. The houses are built of stone or brick, and stuccoed on the outside, which is whitewashed or painted. Each building being of a square form, has its paved or flagged court within, and a flight of steps conducts you to the corridor of each story; the corridors extending around the building, as often as there are stairs, are broad and paved with either brick or tile, and strongly cemented together. The doors of the rooms all open to the corridors, and the floors of the rooms are also of tile, and with very few exceptions of Mosaic marble. The floors, by the most tastefully cultivated people, are either painted or covered with oilcloth or carpets. It is but seldom that windows are seen in the first stories of buildings; and when perceived they are strongly barred with iron grating. There are no windows to the outer walls of the upper stories, excepting those fronting the streets; the greater number of windows to the buildings are from the inner walls, looking out upon the corridors. Generally, to each door and window fronting the street, there is a short jutting platform, railed and barred with iron, upon which the inhabitants can sit or stand for observation or airing; and often have I been reminded, when observing the inhabitants seated on

those platforms, in their silent, demure and solemn gravity, looking in a most careless and spiritless manner, upon all that might be transpiring around them, of a Beaver Village, where here and there some dark, grave beaver of fine fur would be sunning in his window, not knowing that happiness or misery dwelt in the breasts of any other creature but itself, and when satiated with looking and sunning, dive back again into his strong hole. The houses of the city, without exception, are flat-roofed; the roofs being covered with tile or brick, and strongly cemented, and thus rendered fire and water proof; however, fire is the least of all the dangers that a Mexican anticipates to befall his house, for it is universally without a chimney. On the tops of the buildings are built observatories, which at a distance improve the view of the town. In front of the Casa de la Diligencia, is a Plaza, or public square, of about two acres of ground, and directly opposite the Casa de la Diligencia is what was once the Palace Royal, but now a barrack and a prison. The public buildings, and especially the churches, are of stupendous dimensions and magnificently finished within."

Vera Cruz is a very unhealthy place:—one-fifth of the inhabitants, according to Mr. Gilliam, perish annually. "From June until October," says he, "the Mexican vomito has a reign of terror: carrying to the tomb the old and young—and but seldom sparing the foreigner." The population is now not more than four thousand,—once it was twenty-five. We shall have reason, hereafter, to doubt the author's evidence on this head.

Having left Vera Cruz, our traveller passed, along the road anciently travelled by Cortez, in a diligencia, to La Puente del Rey;—where he describes the scenery as romantic and sublime, but desolate. As he proceeded, the whole region of country exhibited itself as volcanic. At the end of his first day's journey, he arrived at the beautiful and agreeable town called Jalapa,—from which the far from beautiful and agreeable drug derives its name. For a long period after the Conquest, this vegetable medicine was brought into the market by the Indians from the mountains; where the snakes were so numerous and dangerous that the white man never had the temerity to adventure for it. The ladies of Jalapa, we are told, are especially beautiful; but they must not be permitted to detain us from the city of Mexico—whither we are hastening. The panoramic view of mountains, churches, houses, donkeys, and people—to enumerate them in the order chosen by our author—which surrounds this city, is much more intelligently delineated by Mr. Thompson than by Mr. Gilliam;—the inflation of the latter's style making his descriptions ineligible for extract. He declares himself to have been much annoyed by the constant ringing of church bells, and the religious processions which impeded his way in the streets;—to say nothing of the beggars, who were to be found every where and on every occasion. Moreover,—

"A person walking the streets of Mexico finds that he must frequently step aside to permit the water-carriers, and other day laborers of the class of lazarones, to pass and repass, or else come in contact with them, as, from the inclined position of their heads, they cannot see before them. And I hope I may not be disbelieved, by those who have never witnessed the feats of strength of a lazarone man, carrying as much weight on his back and head as almost any of the mules of the country, at least their burthens to me seemed to be equal in bulk to the heaviest articles transported by such animals."

The cathedral, the theatre, and the Plaza de los Toros, furnished each its quota of instruction or amusement to our author; but we are better pleased with the account of his visit to the College of Mines. Take his description of the view from the Observatory:—

"In the first apartment of this there is a spacious room, containing two large telescopes, besides a variety of other astronomical instruments for observations. From that room we ascended up to the Observatory proper, and it was with a degree of pleasure and pride that my footsteps were planted upon the same platform where Baron Humboldt stood, when taking his astronomical observations of Mexico. Like him I comprehended in the same view the two high volcanic peaks of Popocatepetl and Irtacuhuatl, lifting their gray heads to heaven; while the distant Orizava, mantled with snow, and resplendent with a halo of light crowning its lofty summit, was seen, and then the nearer prospect of porphyritic rock mountains, stretching their natural defences around the lovely plain of Mexico: while in perspective the distant lakes stretched their arms like seas, as the havens of Montezuma's city. The temple of Guadaloupe looked like a splendid monument at the foot of the mountain, and the puebla of Tacaba appeared to be only the country residence of a prince. The broad city of Mexico was spread at my feet. The golden sun of the National Palace dazzled before my eyes, as also the bright porcelain domes of the churches. I had then, for the

first time, an opportunity of beholding distinctly the flower-gardens upon the flat roofs of the houses, the sight of which was a lovely one for the admirers of both vine and blossom. While standing upon this most elevated place, above all the other edifices, I was reminded of Cortes, when he was taken by the hand, and led by Montezuma to the top of the temple of Teocalli, where was pointed out to the conqueror the locations of the place, and, in the language of Mr. Prescott, 'below them lay the city, spread out like a map, with its streets and canals intersecting each other at right angles, its terraced roofs blooming like so many parterres of flowers. Every place seemed alive with business and bustle—canoes were glancing up and down the canals—the streets were crowded with people, and their gay picturesque costumes—while from the market-place, which they had so lately left, a confused hum of many sounds and voices rose up in the air.'"

The Mexican is amiable and polite,—but under a smooth exterior sometimes hides the darkest designs. He is grave in deportment; but such gravity is attributed by some to his being accustomed to the sight of human sacrifices—by others, to a tropical climate, which naturally produces languor and seriousness of manner. The Mexicans are easy to govern,—a trait frequently taken advantage of by Santa Anna. On one occasion, being informed that the issue of copper coin was too abundant, the president issued a decree calling into the mints all of that currency. The holders immediately complied; and received in return, not cash, but government scrip. The copper coin thus surrendered amounted to two millions of dollars;—the amount of which the holders of the scrip, however, will probably never receive.—But, as we have said, we must be on our guard against Mr. Gilliam; for, notwithstanding his disclaimer, the moral and political character of the Mexican people might easily have a more zealous advocate, if not a juster censor. Of their "faithlessness and dishonor," he speaks in so many terms; while the facts which he relates prove only their kindness and probity to himself.

On other points the author's notions are very absurd. His portraiture of John Bull in Mexico is an outrageous caricature,—ill conceived and worse executed. To examine his arguments for the annexation of Texas and the possession of Oregon, were idle;—to expose the bombast of his style, only too easy. Besides, religious phraseology mingles with it in a way equally presumptuous, profane and ignorant.—It is time, however, to turn to Mr. Thompson's volume; which is not only marked with more of good sense, but is, besides, of an official character.—Mr. Gilliam's further includes a description of California, with its principal cities and mining districts,—and biographies of Iturbide and Santa Anna.

Mr. Waddy Thompson was the late Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at Mexico; and experiencing, on undertaking his mission, the want of some work which should give an "idea of the society, manners and customs of that unique, and, in a great degree, primitive, people," has, in the volume before us, contributed the result of his own observations towards its supply. Mr. Thompson expresses much dissatisfaction at the state of the Catholic religion there. "There is," he says, "something very striking in the pomp and pageantry of the Catholic ritual as it exists in Mexico,—and something equally revolting in its disgusting mummeries and impostures, which degrade the Christian religion into an absurd, ridiculous and venal superstition." But the writer confesses that he has not visited any other Catholic country. He, also, bears testimony to the kindness with which he was personally treated by people of all classes in Mexico,—from the lepero in the streets up to the president; yet, nevertheless, shows a disposition to censure, even while repudiating the possible charge that he may have "set down aught in malice." All this, however, is the vice of American authorship,—a national defect, from which individuals will almost necessarily be slow in effecting their own emancipation.

We have said that Mr. Thompson is an intelligent traveller. According to him, the vomito at Vera Cruz affects only the stranger. "There is, he tells us, "no instance of a person born in Vera Cruz having been attacked by this disease,—even though carried away in early infancy, and not returning until fully grown:"—

"I have heard statements made upon this subject *much stranger even than this*. It is not regarded there as by any means the most dangerous type of fever. Eminent physicians have even told me that of all the forms of fever, they regarded it as the most manageable and least dangerous, if medical aid is called for in due time. According to the estimates of those most entitled to confidence, less than five per cent. of those attacked die. This estimate does not include the patients in the hos-

pitals, for the reason that the general terror of being sent to the hospital is so great, that many are deterred from applying for relief until their cases are beyond the reach of remedies. Some facts came under my observation which went very far to shake my confidence—never very great—in medical theories. The universal treatment of yellow fever by the Vera Cruz physicians is very simple, and certainly not very unpleasant;—it is nothing more than cold applications to the stomach, and lime juice and sweet oil given internally; and this practice is so generally successful, as to give the result which I have stated—five per cent. of deaths. They say there that calomel is certainly fatal; but hear the other, the calomel side of the question. The prisoners of the Santa Fé expedition were released on the 16th of June, and arrived at Vera Cruz in August, where they remained more than a month; forty-five of them were attacked by the yellow fever, and in its most malignant form, as may be well supposed, from their irregular habits and the total destitution of all the comforts of a sick bed. They were attended by a young physician who belonged to the expedition, and whose practice was to give large doses of calomel—not more than one died. I am not certain that a single one died of the disease."

This is a very different account from that given above by Mr. Gilliam, and elsewhere by others. Notwithstanding his general intelligence, we find Mr. Thompson ignoring the fundamental idea of humanity by advocating slavery on the ground of the natural inferiority of the Caucasian race. It seems certain, however, that the condition of the Indian laborer in Mexico is much worse than that of the negro slave in Boston or Philadelphia:—

"The owners of the estates (haciendas) receive laborers into their service. These laborers are ignorant, destitute, half-naked Indians; certain wages are agreed upon, which the employer pays in food, raiment, and such articles as are absolutely necessary; an account is kept of all these things, and neither the laborer nor his family can ever leave the estate until all arrearages are paid. These, of course, he has no means of paying but by the proceeds of his labor, which being barely sufficient for his subsistence he never can get free; and he is not only a slave for life, but his children after him, unless the employer chooses to release him from his service, which he often finds it convenient to do when the laborer becomes old or diseased. Whatever may be the theoretical protection from corporal punishment which the law affords him, the Mexican slave is, practically, no better off in this respect than is the African slave in this country. All the laborers in Mexico are Indians; all the large proprietors Spaniards, or of mixed blood. I say all; there may be a few exceptions, but they are very few of either. So of the army; the higher officers are all white men, or of mixed blood, the soldiers all Indians."

The following contrast is suggestive:—

"Mexico was colonized just one hundred years before Massachusetts. Her first settlers were the noblest spirits of Spain in her Augustan age, the epoch of Cervantes, Cortes, Pizarro, Columbus, Gonsalvo de Cordova, Cardinal Ximenes, and the great and good Isabella. Massachusetts was settled by the poor pilgrims of Plymouth, who carried with them nothing but their own hardy virtues, and indomitable energy. Mexico, with a rich soil, and a climate adapted to the production of every thing which grows out of the earth, and possessing every metal used by man—Massachusetts, with a sterile soil and ungenial climate, and no single article for exportation but ice and rock—How have these blessings, profusely given by Providence, been improved on the one hand, and obstacles overcome on the other? What is now the respective condition of the two countries? In productive industry, wide-spread diffusion of knowledge, public institutions of every kind, general happiness, and continually increasing prosperity; in letters, arts, morals, religion; in every thing which makes a people great, there is not in the world, and there never was in the world, such a commonwealth as Massachusetts. 'There she is! look at her'—and Mexico?"

Nor is the next statement less so:—

"I cannot forbear to mention here a matter honorable to two of my countrymen. When the prisoners of the Texan Santa Fé expedition were liberated by General Santa Anna, in June 1842, they were furnished with as much money as was supposed to be necessary to take them home. But being unable to procure a vessel, and consequently detained some time at Vera Cruz, they were without money or credit, and in the midst of disease and death. Mr. L. S. Hargoos, an American merchant, with a liberality and humanity of which few men would have been capable in like circumstances, advanced them between ten and fifteen thousand dollars. Some time afterwards, he travelled to Mexico in the stage, and rode outside with the driver. Nathan Gilland, a native of New York. Gilland asked him if it was true that he had advanced so large a sum to the Texans as he had heard. Mr. Hargoos told him that it was. The next morning, about the time the stages were starting from Perote, the one returning to Jalapa, the other going to Mexico, Gilland took Mr. Hargoos aside and said to him, 'Sir, I do not think it right that you should suffer all the loss by the Texans—you knew none of

them, and only relieved them because they were Americans; now, I think it nothing but fair that all the Americans in Mexico should share the loss, and here are two hundred dollars which I am willing to give for my part of it. 'Very well, Nathan,' said Mr. Hargoos, 'if I should ever stand in need of two hundred dollars, I will certainly call upon you.' Foreigners ridicule the indiscriminate use which we make of the term gentleman, and its application to stage drivers and persons in similar stations in life:—may it never be more abused than by its application to one capable of thus feeling and acting! It would be unjust to the other American drivers on the same line not to say that I do not doubt that every one of them would have done the same thing; I do not believe that any one of them gave a less sum than five hundred dollars, and some of them twice that sum to the Texan prisoners during their confinement in Mexico."

We have our prejudices as well as the Americans; such facts may serve to correct ours,—as more experience, doubtless, will theirs, until we both become more rationally cosmopolite than now we are. The time is apparently hastening when the whole world will become better acquainted, and the most distant countries unite and sympathize in a common progress. One of the last in the Old World to do this, it may be feared, is Spain,—in the New, Mexico. It is, if true, remarkable, as Mr. Thompson says, that "there is not in the world such a thing as a railroad in any country where the Spanish language is spoken, with the exception of a short one in Cuba; which owes its existence to American enterprise."

One cause of the frequent robberies in Mexico is the national foible of gambling. Men go to the monte tables with thousands, and leave them pennyless;—they then take to the road. Hence, some of the stories about robberies in Mexico are, says Mr. Thompson, of thrilling interest and exceedingly romantic. Here is one:—

"The Swiss consul resided in the street of St. Cosme. About twelve or one o'clock in the daytime, a carriage drove up to his door, and three men got out, one in the dress of a priest; they were admitted by the porter, and the door closed, when they immediately seized and gagged him, went into the house, and robbed and murdered the consul. The only clue for the discovery of the murderers was a metal button with a small piece of blue cloth attached to it, which was found clenched in the fingers of the murdered man, and which he had torn from the coat of one of the robbers. Suspicion at last rested upon a soldier who was seen with more money than he could account for. His quarters were searched, and the coat from which the button had been torn was found there. He was convicted, but he relied with the utmost confidence upon a pardon, as Colonel Yanes, the favorite aid-de-camp of President Santa Anna, was his accomplice. He was brought out to be executed, and had actually taken his seat upon the fatal bench, with the collar placed around his neck, and the crank about to be turned, when he said—'Hold! I will disclose who are my accomplices—Colonel Yanes is the chief!' The execution was suspended, and on searching the house of Yanes, a correspondence in cipher was discovered which fully established his guilt in this and in other robberies. Yanes was the paramour of a woman in Mexico very nearly related to one whose word was law, and whose influence over her relative was known to be very great, and upon that reliance was placed for a pardon, at least; but she was not disposed to trust to that, and let her lover suffer the disgrace of conviction—she went to the judge with whom the cipher had been deposited, which furnished the evidence of the guilt of Yanes, and offered him a large bribe to give it up. He was an honest man and an upright judge; he sternly refused the bribe, and firmly resisted the menaces of this powerful woman. In a day or two he died suddenly, as all supposed, of poison. A successor was appointed of principles less stern, who accepted the bribe and promised to destroy the paper; but when, in confession to his priest, he disclosed his corrupt conduct, the worthy man prevailed upon him, if he had not destroyed the paper, not to do so, and he did not. Yanes, in the mean time, was informed that this evidence would not be produced against him, and that the prosecution would rest entirely upon the testimony of his accomplice. Upon the trial, with the habitual air of command of an officer, and the habitual fear and submission of the common soldier, Yanes browbeat and confused his accuser to such a degree, that he felt sure of an acquittal. At this moment the fatal paper was produced, and he was condemned and executed. His not less guilty paramour still resides in the city of Mexico."

Mr. Thompson is no believer in the sincerity of the Mexican clergy, or in their learning. The lower orders of the priests and friars he describes as generally uneducated and licentious; but he bears witness, notwithstanding, to some high examples of virtue and self-sacrifice. From the church to the theatre, in a Catholic country, is but a step. In 1843, a new theatre was built in the Street Bergard,—which is said to equal that of San Carlo, at Naples. It will hold more that eight thousand persons. The theatre in Mexico is not an occasional recreation, but a part of the business of life. A mother of eight or ten children was asked by our author if she went thither every

night? "Oh, yes, sir," she replied, "how else could I possibly get through the evenings?" The people are far from being uneducated. General Tornel has established Lancasterian schools all over the country; owing to which, Mr. Thompson confesses that he had not a servant during his residence in Mexico, who did not read and write; and that he had often observed the most ragged leperos, as they walked down the streets, reading the signs over the store doors. Equally creditable to the Mexican character are the free institutions which they have lately formed. But the spirit of liberty among the people is wanting, it is said, to support and realize them. This may be true; but it must at the same time be recollected that we receive the report from their competitors. The spirit of liberty is itself creative; and can scarcely exist and operate for any length of time without exciting a beneficial reaction in the national mind.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER II.

In the close of our last paper we had reconducted Alice to Newby Grange, and her fond, glad heart had bounded with joy, as the day after her arrival she saw Lord Arthur's travelling carriage drive up to the door. She had received him with the unconstrained demonstration of the pleasure which she felt.

Half an hour after his arrival, and when he had paid his civilities all around the circle, he had contrived unobserved, and with the tact so peculiarly his own, to draw her a little aside.

"Ah, Alice," said he (they were standing in the recess of a window, just out of hearing of the gay assembled group), "what a dream of love was ours before we parted! and propitious Fortune renews it to us again. Alice, I have felt that we must live for one another—I have felt that my hope, my joy, my being, are in your keeping; without you I languish, and vegetate rather than live."

Alice was gratified, but puzzled. Those words were not surely supposed to contain a proposal of marriage? No; Lord Arthur had made no proposition, asked no question, preferred no request; yet it was only in married life that the hope, and joy, and being, of two persons of different sexes could be moulded together. No, it was not a proposal, but it was the notice and prelude of one soon to follow.

The days passed as before; Lord Arthur hung about Alice as she sat, rode by the side of the carriage when she had her seat there by Mrs. Newby; he hovered over the piano when she played, read to the working party when she plied her needle amongst them. In fact, he seemed happy only by her side. He was so agreeable, well-bred, and highly-informed—so elegant in his attentions, which were diffused over the whole party, that whilst he had the deep, fond love of one, he possessed the admiration and good-will of all. With talents to eclipse any man, he would rival no one; when he conversed it was observed that, whilst he interested all, others were drawn out by him, and appeared to surpass themselves.

Mrs. Newby rather wondered that he yet deferred his proposal; no doubt, however, entered her mind but that it would eventually come. Alice was too happy to think much upon the subject. Lord Arthur, however, resolved once more to sound her feeling upon the matter before he finally resolved to abandon his liberty by marriage. On an occasion when they found themselves alone together, he said to her,—

"Do you remember, Alice" (for by that name he had long fondly called her), "a conversation that we had the day before you went to attend your sister's wedding?"

"I well remember it, Lord Arthur."

"And do you hold entirely the opinion that you then expressed?"

"Most entirely; what you term an opinion, I should rather term a knowledge of right and wrong upon the subject."

"Do you not think that you may have been influenced a little by the common prejudice of minds less enlightened than your own, so as to be led to confuse a mere habit, a form, with that which constitutes essentially right and wrong?"

"Oh no, no, no, Lord Arthur! the marriage-tie is hallowed in my most serious judgment. What you term a mere habit or form of society, secures a great reality; it draws the line between vice and that which is holy in the eyes of God and man; to dispense with it is always crime, and it entails the heavy punishment due to crime.

Did I suppose that you thought otherwise, Lord Arthur, I should suspect you of an approach to libertinism. I should see how cruelly I had been mistaken in my estimate of you, and I would, at whatever cost of grief, renounce your society and your presence as contaminating."

Lord Arthur bit his lip. Alice had spoken so earnestly, that no doubt—not the shadow of a doubt, could linger in his mind, that he must marry her or renounce her. He was annoyed that he had awakened a suspicion in her, annoyed that the ideal subject of a lecture had been formed by himself, and annoyed also at what he deemed his utter failure; he, however, saw that he must cover his principles and stifle his vexation. He said smiling, and with his own peculiar grace,—

"I am in no danger, Alice, of your repudiation; you made a perfect convert of me when we talked before, though, indeed, there was but slight difference between us; and I have now only renewed the subject for the pleasure of hearing a woman of pure and delicate mind argue it more fully than we then did, for our conversation was interrupted."

Alice unquestioningly believed this statement, but she instinctively felt that she had been trifled with by such a conversation, and she said, with displeasure upon her lovely features,—

"You never appeared to me to disadvantage, Lord Arthur, but on the two occasions when you have led the conversation to this subject, and no passing thought of you as less than a man of noble and exalted excellence has at any other time flitted across my mind. Permit me to adopt your own terms, and to observe, that it is hardly the subject on which to talk with a pure and delicate-minded woman."

Lord Arthur's annoyance had almost grown into resentment under this reproof. For one moment he felt disposed to gratify it, and quit Newby Grange, and think no more of the rector's daughter; but he looked at her, and that disposition vanished. He took her hand, and said; "You are warm Alice, but I believe I deserve your reproof; pardon me, and let us return no more to this subject: we need not, for we think exactly alike. We both know that the marriage-service cannot marry souls (all I ever argued), and well both feel that marriage is indispensable to holy union,—that all union without it is disgrace and crime."

Now Lord Arthur was just the man who could brave the opinion of the world in marrying a woman of grade lower than his own. She was, at least, by birth a gentlewoman; she had education and grace; to introduce her to his friends would be no disparagement to them. The objection founded merely on degree it would cost him nothing to meet; his intellect rose above it. Then as to fortune, he had enough, and was by no means avaricious; that consideration had not weight with him. But he foresaw the day would come when he should tire of Alice—when, charming as she was, she would have lost the charm of novelty. He would fain have escaped the embarrassment of a wife, but there was nothing for it, and he must meet it.

A day or two after the conversation detailed above, he was musing in a large recessed window of the library how he should effect his proposal, when he saw Alice hovering about among the flowers. He went to join her, and walking by her side, led her onward to a quiet shady avenue, "where," he said, "the rays of the sun glanced feebly in among the foliage, giving the beauty of light and protection from the heat."

As he walked by her side, he, for the thousandth time, admired the fine chiselling of her features, the elegant *tournure* of her form; he talked easily of the subjects which the scene presented, the soil which promoted best the growth of beech, the habits of the humble-bee, one of whose tribe was boring at the roots of a tree in the avenue.

Alice lifted from the ground a fallen leaf, on which grew a singular excrescence. She held it to her companion: he took not the leaf, but her extended hand, and looking with delicacy, yet infinite fondness, into her blushing face, he said,—

"Grant me, dear Alice, this opportunity to speak to you of something more important to us both than the insect or the soil. I had been tempted to seek the occasion earlier, but I thought it much more important to us both that we should each know the other well; we do so now, and with such knowledge, and with all the affection and esteem which it inspires, I venture to ask you to share life with me, to let marriage secure, and strengthen, and render permanent, the happiness which we each find in the other. You have me entirely in your power, Alice—you could blast my hope and joy for ever, but I think I need entertain no fear (looking at her archly for

a moment, and then the look subsiding again into her earnestness)—I think we understand each other too well, that there is no mistake in our mutual attachment."

For a moment their eyes met; then Alice's were averted and fell; large swelling drops came slowly into them, obscuring vision, then fell; others more rapidly followed, and then they chased each other swiftly down her cheeks, and choked her utterance.

Alice could not explain them to herself. She had been anticipating the proposal which she had just heard, she knew it *must* come, she had wished for it. Her mind was firmly decided—no shadow of a doubt lurked there.

But how decided soever may be a woman's wishes—how confident soever she may be, that if they are gratified, her happiness will be in safe keeping, and though she may have been expecting the proposal, yet, when it comes, she seems to be suddenly placed in a new position; she feels like one who stands on a narrow isthmus, between two seas. She would not fall back upon the past, the solemnity of the future appalls her. At that moment, too, the very strength of her affections, her delight in the knowledge that they are reciprocated, overwhelm her.

So it was with Alice. She wept from mingled joy and awe, though she could not explain her emotions to herself. Lord Arthur interpreted her truly; he felt all the value of those tears—he felt for the moment that they almost made welcome the sacrifice which he had offered. Emotion often disgusted him, but now there were no witnesses to annoy him, and this proved to him how devotedly her heart was his.

She soon recovered power to speak, and then, in brief and modest words, she told him he had made no error in counting upon her love, she thanked him for singling her out—a girl without rank or fortune, assured him that that proof of his affection rendered it tenfold dearer to her, and referred him to her father, assuring him that, her parent's consent being given, the alliance which he made with her, if not brilliant, should secure him that which a brilliant lot does not always secure, bright and perpetual happiness.

"For," said she, "never wife brought more tenderness, and love, and duty, than I will show to you, Lord Arthur. Ah! what a life of bliss I picture to myself, and I trust our happiness will but increase with rolling time!"

They sauntered long, talking tenderly, so full were they of joy that time went by unheeded, and it was not until the great dressing-bell sent forth its deep tone, that they were called to recollection. They entered the house together. Mrs. Newby was already gone up-stairs; Alice sought her in her boudoir.

"Will you give me a moment before you dress?" she said, slipping her hand within that of her friend.

"That I will, my dear girl. Prescot (to the maid who just then appeared), I am not quite ready. I will ring presently (the maid retired). And now, Alice, sit by me here, and tell me what makes you look so particularly happy, and what has dyed your cheek so deep a rose?"

"I am indeed most happy, dear Mrs. Newby. Lord Arthur has asked me to become his wife, and my father's consent alone is wanting to our union. He has done it in a way so delicate, so tender, so entirely in accordance with my own taste and feeling, that no circumstance could have added to my pleasure. I foresee a future of happiness, so bright, so much beyond the usual lot, that I am all thankfulness to Heaven, and gratitude to you, my kind, dear friend, whose goodness to me could not have been exceeded by that of a mother, and through whom I have met with this most happy lot. And now I suppose I may give full license to my affection towards *him?* Do you not give me joy, Mrs. Newby?"

"Indeed, indeed, my child, I do! You have carried off the prize for which so many fashionables have wished in vain. In obtaining rank and fortune I esteem you fortunate, indeed; but more than this, Lord Arthur is so amiable a man, he stands so high in general estimation as to character and worth, and he appears so doatingly fond of you, that, I believe, your happiness is well secured; and you know, Alice, happiness, station, and wealth, do not *always* go together. There are some who let slip the one in the aim after the other. Yours is, indeed, unusual fortune to have secured all."

Mrs. Newby was indeed greatly gratified; her native kindness, her affection for Alice, her exultation in the honor which would be reflected on herself by the brilliant lot of her *protégee*, all combined to increase her pleasure. She embraced her fondly and

repeatedly, and, in the excess of her delight, felt almost as if she were herself carried back again into her own youthful days. Then she said, "But we must dress and descend; and to-morrow's post, I suppose, must carry letters to your father."

They did descend, Mrs. Newby leading Alice into the room. Her glad, but timid glance, was met by a look of intelligence from Lord Arthur; but when it shot around the room, and perceived all going on as usual, and that she was no object of especial attention, she was reassured. Mrs Newby, standing with Lord Arthur a little aside from the assembled group, said to him,—

"Ah, my lord, I have heard all; I admire the wisdom of your choice, and felicitate you on your success (for I cannot suppose her father will object). I esteem your sense of judgment in choosing upon intrinsic qualities rather than upon external circumstances. I believe you will have abounding reason to rejoice in your choice, and I am well convinced that you will make the dear girl happy."

To Alice that was a memorable evening; she was all blushes and thrilling delight as she listened to her lover's voice, now her promised husband; and as she dreamed sweetly—oh how sweetly!—of future days of joy, "Can I ever make him as happy as I shall be myself?" thought she: she hoped she could.

The evening closed. Sleep was long before it visited Alice's pillow; she was too glad to sleep, and then, when it did come stealing over her, the waking dreams melted softly into the less coherent ones of slumber. She waked in the morning with the delightful recollection that she was Lord Arthur's promised bride, yet more happy than that morning when she first believed that she possessed his love.

The next day found the rector sitting at his breakfast-table, discussing together the paper of the preceding day and his buttered toast, when his letters were brought in.

"Three from Newby Grange," he muttered, as he looked at the covers; "surely Alice is ill, and the physician and Mrs. Newby write as well as herself. But no, she would not write herfelf in that case; and this is no physician's seal (looking at Lord Arthur's arms). *Something*, however, *has* happened. I will hear it from no other than herself;" and he broke her letter open.

It contained the account of Lord Arthur's proposal, the avowal of her own affection for him; it dwelt at length upon his merits, and requested her father's consent and blessing, which were only wanted to render her happiness complete. She entered upon her views of matrimony, how holy—how enduring should be the tie; she believed that Lord Arthur had the qualities that would make it so. In short, she saw all in bright glowing colors, and she painted as she saw.

Her father's heart filled. "A dangerous venture!" said he aloud; "seldom have I seen happiness attend elevation of condition. Her noble husband will conceive disgust for the lowness of her connexions as they stand compared with his own, perhaps he will weary of herself; he will remember to her disparagement that she was his inferior in life." He paused and groaned. "My dear, dear child, I had been happier to have married you to such a man as young Charles Duncan, who, in receiving you, would have felt you his equal, would have been conscious that he gave you no more than he received; but I see your heart *is given*." He cast a passing thought to his old age alone, sighed again, and broke Lord Arthur's seal. His letter contained a proposal in form, couched in the terms of a delicate, well-bred, and generous man; it spoke of his affection for Alice, his estimation of her worth, and the hope with which he looked forward to the future.

The father's heart warmed; his ambition was kindling.

Then came Mrs. Newby's letter. It felicitated the father on his daughter's prospects, at once so splendid and so happy. Mrs. Newby spoke highly of his lordship, and assured Mr. Swinton of the apparent depth of his attachment to Alice. She invited him to pass a few days immediately at Newby Grange, that he might make personal acquaintance with Lord Arthur. It was a very satisfactory letter. The father sat and mused, and as he mused his spirits rose. It was a brilliant perspective for his child—a safe provision for her. When he should die, and leave her with the sixty pounds a-year, her future heritage from him, what would become of her? He shuddered. He had desired—he did desire to leave her in the hands of a man who would provide for her, protect, and bless her. On what ground could he reasonably object to this? On none. There were attachment, wealth, and rank, laid at her feet; it would be madness to step in to prevent her taking

them. His objection was to a mere idea, a title, a sound. Besides, Alice, with her elegance, refinement, and grace, was never fit for the dull, narrow sphere of humbler life; Nature had prepared her for another, though the circumstances of her birth seemed to throw her far from it; now it opened before her, and should he wish it otherwise? Away with the vague, groundless fears which have presented themselves to cloud an event so happy! He would make proper inquiry, and if the result of that was favorable, he would give himself to the joy which it might well inspire.

So the rector opened his desk, and wrote five letters; two of them were to old and tried friends of his in London, to whom he confided the case, and begged of them to make the fullest inquiry which might be possible, consistently with delicacy and propriety, respecting the character, disposition, and habits of Lord Arthur, and to write to him, with as little delay as might be, the result. He had entire confidence in the friendship and discretion of these two gentlemen; and when he had penned his letters to them he felt relieved. Next he wrote to Lord Arthur, in terms somewhat cool, but polite and courteous. He informed his lordship, that having an invitation to Newby Grange, he hoped shortly to make his acquaintance, when they would talk of the affair which had formed the subject of his lordship's letter.

He wrote to Mrs. Newby, cordially thanking her for her kindness to his daughter, and for the information which she had given him respecting her noble suitor: he accepted her invitation to himself, but postponed the date of his visit for five or six days, by which means he hoped to bring near together the replies from his friends in London and his personal acquaintance with Lord Arthur.

Then he poured forth all his paternal soul in a letter to his daughter, in which he told her of his proposed visit to Newby Grange, and expressed his hope that he should see all things as strongly in Lord Arthur's favor as she did herself, that he might be able to bestow her upon him with cordiality as earnest as she might be sure his blessing would be fervent. He said he was convinced that she, in forming her judgment of him, had considered the *man* apart from the *noble*, and that she had not suffered herself to be dazzled by rank and fortune; and her father herein did her but justice. To her fine feeling, and her simple but elevated character, the allurements which could win love must have been of another kind than wealth or rank. He was himself, indeed, at the moment of his writing, in more danger from the snare.

A few days later found Mr. Swinton an inmate at Newby Grange, and put him also in possession of replies from his London friends. The letters which they both wrote were most satisfactory. Lord Arthur ——'s character stood high in town; no vices, no follies, had been brought to light, but several traits worthy of admiration had appeared. The rector was elated; he was prepared to be pleased, and he was now pleased with reason. Personally, Lord Arthur won rapidly upon him; his fascinating manner, his fertile and accomplished mind, his amiability, and the delicacy and tenderness of his deportment towards Alice, all charmed him, whilst nothing appeared on which he could found even a captious objection.

Lord Arthur was then accepted in form, and the little delay in the father's reply, together with his not uncourteous coolness on first receiving the proposition, caused his lordship the more to value the prize which he had gained, the more willingly to pay the price which it demanded. Alice's heart exulted with joy, and all parties were well pleased.

It was arranged, on Lord Arthur's earnest solicitation, that the wedding should take place within three weeks, and that Alice and her father should return home immediately. Mrs. Newby kindly undertook to make the purchases for the wedding *trousseau*, and she sent her own maid home with Alice to take up her quarters at the rectory till after the wedding, to act as dressmaker to the bride elect, and assist her in her general preparations. The wedding clothes were to be simple and few, for the rector's purse could furnish only such; but he did not much distress himself about that, for he knew that Alice, once become Lord Arthur's wife, could be dressed according to his taste. Moreover, both he and Alice, in confiding to Mrs. Newby the arrangement of the little expenditure which he could make, were sure that it would be done with elegance and judgment.

Busy, indeed, were the three weeks that followed—busy to all parties concerned, most happy to Alice. Lord Arthur wrote to her frequently, and sent her some elegant presents. Twice during the time he came down from London to see her. He had observed the rector's fondness for his garden,

and, on his second visit, he brought down some rare and beautiful plants, as he said, to remind him of his son-in-law, and to atone a little for the absence of Alice's hand in training and interlacing the creepers along the trellis, a work in which he had seen her occupied, when it would no longer be there. This little attention to her father gratified Alice yet more than some splendid presents which she had herself received.

At length the morning dawned; the rector's man-servant and his maid-servant had been in great and anxious bustle to make all the preparations to the best advantage on the preceding day. A *lord* was going to marry Miss Alice, and they must do their part to make all go to the best advantage. Indeed, Alice was so well loved that it needed no stimulus to their ambition to induce them to exert their utmost cares; but that a *lord* was going to marry Miss Alice did, nevertheless, infuse a sense of self-importance into these good domestics, and made their task more grateful. Mrs. Newby's maid was not inactive; she dressed the bride with perfect taste, and pronounced exultingly to the rector's servants that "she was worthy of her adornings," which she declared could not always be said, for "many a woman would look plain still, despite all the art lavished to make her look lovely." The whole village was in commotion, and if Alice had been carried from the house of a duke to be married at St. George's, Hanover Square, there might have been a gayer pageant, but there would not have been more excitement, perhaps, of affection.

Lord Arthur's travelling chariot drove up. The meeting was joyous and tender. The squire and his lady, with Mrs. Newby, all arrived together, and the party proceeded to the church. The dean of ——, an old friend of Mr. Swinton's, read the service. As Lord Arthur took upon him the solemn, holy vows of marriage, all admired the seriousness, propriety, and grace of his demeanor; none knew the secret purpose even then lurking in the deep recesses of his heart. Solemnly, earnestly, and with trembling joy, Alice took upon herself the same vows. As the service drew to its conclusion, how did she rejoice in the consciousness, he is mine and I am his for ever; and when she had received the felicitations of her assembled friends, and her father gave her his parting blessing, and Lord Arthur handed her into the carriage which was to bear her away and then sprung in after her, placed himself at her side, and, circling her in his arms, poured all his fondness into her ear, how proudly happy was she! They were travelling northward, with the intent to pass some weeks in Scotland; they took their journey very easily, for Lord Arthur greatly feared to fatigue his bride, and he wished also to show her all that was worthy of notice as they passed along. They planted themselves on the shores of one of the lochs of Perthshire, from whence they made excursions into all the district round. Never had Alice enjoyed such ecstasy of pleasure, even her own pictures of conjugal felicity were outdone. Her husband's tenderness exceeded her most sanguine wishes, her little desires were gratified so soon as they were uttered; sometimes Lord Arthur divined and anticipated them. Nor was he less happy than herself, every feeling seemed to be merged and concentred in his fondness for his bride; all that she did seemed right in his eyes, her every act fascinated him, his fancy threw a grace around her most trifling ones, her voice thrilled upon his ear, he joined her in her every pursuit and sought her companionship in his; one volition governed them, two beings seemed moulded into one, their very souls were welded together. They rambled together, drove together, read together, almost an instinct appeared to reveal to each the wishes of the other. More than the time which they had purposed to spend in Scotland was expired before they thought of change; then Lord Arthur proposed to cross the water and show Alice Germany. There they went and lingered upon the Rhine, he finding his greatest enjoyment in her surprise and pleasure. From Germany they passed to Switzerland, he himself rowing her in boats upon the lakes, or driving her in a low pony-chaise upon their shores, stepping out from time to time to pluck for her some beautiful blossom, or to obtain a specimen of some plant of the locality to enrich the herbal which she was making. From Switzerland they passed to Italy. All this time they saw no society, they needed none; each was all the world to the other. Alice wrote enraptured letters to her father, and he read them with all a parent's pride and pleasure. Her maid wrote to the maid of Lady B——'s (her friend and confidante) that she had never seen such a pattern for married life, that Lord Arthur seemed to find his very food in looking upon his lady,

and loitering about her, and listening to her voice. Lady B——'s maid told this to her lady, and she again told it to her mother.

"Ah, yes, my love," said the mother, in reply, "you see it would have been not only a splendid, but a happy lot for you."

"Well, mamma," said the lady, "I am sure you did your best, and you cannot complain of me, for I was very passive and did nothing to oppose your plans, though if they had appeared more likely to take effect, I might have grown refractory."

But the scene was soon to change. Had Lady B——'s mother seen but a little later on, she would have found no need for envy. The first indication of a change was when on one or two occasions Lord Arthur indicated something like dissatisfaction and *ennui* that Alice could not join him in his pleasures. They had now been married seven months, Alice was four months advanced in pregnancy, and her situation began to tell upon her health. Lord Arthur tolerated the relation of husband because he saw no hope of obtaining the pure and high-souled woman who had riveted his fancy or his soul by any other means; but he was not the representative of his family, and he had no desire for issue; the idea of paternity, of the ties of a family, was unwelcome to him. So long as Alice was well, and her attractions appeared to him unabated, his fondness was preserved. Indeed his happiness had been scarcely less real or less deep than hers during the few first months of their union; but when her situation subjected her to fits of languor, and she no longer looked quite so lovely or quite so graceful as before, or could join him with quite her former sprightliness and animation in their mutual pleasures; when *she* thought she had more claim, than when they were so richly given, to his sympathy and tenderness, then it was that his lordship's fancy began to pall and his affection to cool, and when once the change had passed upon the spirit of his dream it grew rapidly. It appeared to him that scales dropped from his eyes; he no longer saw in his wife the angel or the sylph, she appeared to him like others of her race, with like weaknesses; the fascination was dissolved, the spell was broken.

Lord Arthur had no heart. His love to Alice had been a fancy, the affection of the moment; hers to him was that deep, holy, enduring devotion, of which the pure heart is capable. She had believed his to her to be no less. How unutterably bitter was the discovery which she had now to make!

When the first symptoms of a changed temper appeared, Alice found a score of reasons to account for it. He was unwell, he had endured some vexation unknown to her, and though she was grieved and shocked she was not in despair; she supposed all would be right again. But when the indications were repeated, when she saw that her efforts of soothing excited disgust, when she watched the coolness grow into indifference and neglect, when her circumstances, with the illness which they caused, instead of bringing her the sympathy for which she so naturally looked, brought upon her only harshness, then it was that her spirit was broken and her very heart seemed to die within her—then the laugh which had been so gay was changed for secret tears, gloom hung upon the once open brow, the cheeks which had bloomed with the fresh rose of youth and joy looked pale and hollow, and in all the anguish of her heart she wished for death. She thought of the happy days of her girlhood in her father's little rectory; she thought of her dear parent sitting solitary by his study fire (for it was winter now), with fond longing she thought of his affection and desired that she could minister to his comfort; she thought of her sister, whose less exalted lot seemed to promise unruffled happiness till death, and her tears would flow and be dried, and then would flow again, and in the depth of her woe she imagined that none of the children of men had ever tasted sorrow like her own.

One day Lord Arthur surprised her weeping.

"What is the meaning of this, Alice?" he exclaimed. "I am no friend to sentiment."

"Ah, Arthur, Arthur," said she, and threw her arms around him, "if the days could again return—those days of bliss and love which we passed so lately; if we might again be all in all to each other. You are still all in all to me, Arthur. Tell me what have I done to merit," she hesitated, "to produce this change? what can I do, dear Arthur, that will please you as before, that will make you once again what you have been to me?"

Her tears were flowing very fast, and the tones in which the words were uttered were so earnest that it seemed they must penetrate the soul. But what can move the

heartless? Lord Arthur disengaged himself from her arms, and coolly said,—

"Did you really suppose, Alice, that the fond, foolish days of our honeymoon were to make the history of our lives? We are not responsible for the endurance of intense affections. Of course time will tell upon them as upon all else. Allow me to express to you once, in a manner so emphatic that it need never be repeated, that I dislike sentiment and scenes. The repetition of this kind of thing can only produce an estranging effect upon me. You may be as happy as any other wife if you will lay down this foolish sentiment. I shall desire to see you so. It is my purpose always to provide for you handsomely; you will find not your wants alone, but your wishes gratified as far as my purse can do it; but as for the sort of thing which marked our first days, it has died a natural death, and you must not expect me longer to hover about you in the lover fashion—it would be a tax that my manhood could ill endure. Let us now understand each other, and remember that you cannot more offend me than by repetition of scenes like this."

And with the last words he left the room.

Poor Alice! this cool, clear, pitiless address explained to her in a moment the extent of her woe; it destroyed on the instant the hope to which she had clung, that some passing cloud had overcast her husband's mind, which, blown over, would leave all as before. It might have taught her—but this she would not see—that he had no heart, that she had never possessed his love, that what she had deemed earnest, fond attachment had been the mere indulgence of his fancy, which she had captivated. What a gulf of sorrow was opened before her!

Who has herself endured the loss of a husband's love? has heard the accents that once caressed her fondly grow strange and cold? has seen the charm that she was wont to inspire exchanged for indifference, the eye that used to dwell upon her with rapture now carelessly turned aside? has perceived the thoughts that were once engaged upon her now hers no longer? has felt that whilst once all that she did charmed, now her most strenuous efforts to please excite but disgust? She, and *she only*, can know what Alice now felt.

She sought her room, and locking herself within it, she threw herself upon her couch and gave vent unrestrained to the extremity of her grief. She wept, perhaps, for hours; she had not consciousness of time; she wept till a kind of mental stupefaction was produced, and she no longer analyzed her state or remembered the cause of her grief; still under a sense of oppressive woe the tears flowed on, and if they ceased for a few minutes they flowed again.

At length she heard a tapping at her door; it was her maid, who came to say that his lordship had sent word that he should not dine at home, nor probably return till late.

"Very well, Jenkins," she said, without admitting the maid; "I am not myself well, and I shall not dine to-day. Let some slight refreshment be placed in my adjoining dressing-room."

This little interruption called her to recollection. She saw that wisdom and duty alike forbade her to despair, and demanded from her fortitude and effort. She took some refreshment and felt herself revived. She remembered that the Author of her being, who had been to her a God of many mercies, had permitted her present sorrow to fall upon her. She knew not why, but she was sure it was not without some end of good. She implored Him with all the fervor of her ardent soul to grant her submission, fortitude, and wisdom, and she did not ask in vain. The very sense of resignation brought some relief. As she pondered much and searchingly upon the case, she saw that the faint hope, which she would not yet abandon, of retrieving in any degree her husband's love, was to appear before him cheerful—not alone to yield him all that a wife could render of love and duty, but still to appear as attractive as possible in his eyes; she saw that grief, remonstrance, and saddened looks, would but widen the breach, and having taken her resolution, one more difficult to execute than some detached act of mighty heroism, she strung her nerves and braced her courage for the effort.

She was glad that Lord Arthur did not appear again during the day; her reddened eyes and swollen features would have ill responded to his exhortation. Her indisposition afforded her pretext for not appearing before any of her own servants excepting her maid who attended to undress her, and who she hoped would attribute her appearance to the head-ache of which she complained.

The next morning at breakfast Alice wore an air which, if it did not amount quite to cheerfulness, was at least tranquil and removed from melancholy. Lord Ar-

thur treated her with extreme politeness; he proposed their immediate return to England and establishment in his house in town, observing that he hoped the change of life would amuse and please her.

Alice immediately acceded to the proposition. She felt how utterly powerless were all external things to amuse and please her whilst his love was wanting; but she did not express a sentiment which in his present mind it would but have wearied him to hear.

A fortnight later found them established in a handsome house in —— Square. Lord Arthur fitted up Alice's apartments with all that could please her taste or conduce to her comfort. She desired to believe this a mark of reviving fondness, and she thanked him for it with so much heart and warmth, that for the moment a spark of past feeling was rekindled in his mind. This spark was fanned by the circumstance that Alice excited every where considerable admiration. Altered as she was, she was still a lovely creature—graceful, elegant, and fascinating. His family received her well, and she attracted attention wherever she was presented. It was whispered that she was the most lovely woman in town, and Lord Arthur both perceived and heard of the prestige in her favor. For a few brief weeks this admiration accorded to her by others seemed half to reopen his eyes to the value of his late neglected wife.

Alice's sanguine temperament took comfort and encouragement. How anxiously she strove to fan the flame! how carefully she sought to consult his taste and wishes in her slightest action, to avoid all—the merest nothings—which she conceived might contradict them! and if the contrast sometimes struck painfully upon her mind between the present state of things and those days when no such anxious care was needed, when his partial fondness saw all she did as right and lovely because *she* did it, she knew that such regret was vain; and if she could not bar her heart against the *entrance* of such saddening thoughts, at least she did not *harbor* them there; she rather looked brightly forward with longing anticipation to the day when she should have to rejoice again, and she hoped for ever, in a return to something like the happiness of the past. And when again he addressed to her a few words of tenderness they thrilled upon her ear and sunk into her soul, and sent the tear-drop to her eye and the color to her cheek. Never had his love appeared to her so immeasurably precious as now, when after believing she had lost it, it gave promise of reviving again.

But it was a short-lived promise. Alice's budding hopes were soon to be blasted anew! Lord Arthur's pride had been excited, and his vanity flattered by the admiration which his wife had excited; but the novelty of her first appearance was soon passed, and as she became an incorporated member of his lordship's circle, and whilst she was making real ground, no longer exciting mere applause, he relapsed again into entire indifference, and she realized the truth that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Sick, indeed, was her sad heart. Still Lord Arthur treated her with the external decency of respect, with polite courtesy. He preserved appearances before the world, *she* alone knew the extent of the change which had passed upon him. There was nothing to scandalize society. It was in her many days of sad solitude, in his altered manner, in the absence of his once tender fondness, in the cessation of that oneness of feeling and volition which had drawn them always in the same direction, in the indications of disgust and impatience, which, not visible to those around, were too well perceived by her sensitive and susceptible mind on occasions when her bodily indisposition disqualified her from taking her part in society with her native grace and her acquired powers, and when she especially felt her claim upon a husband's sympathy. It was in proofs like these that she learned the utter estrangement of his soul.

Mrs. Newby was staying with them; her eyes could not but be open to the real state of things, for *she* had witnessed those blissful days of unbounded devotion which had preceded their marriage; she had received letters from Alice during the months following it which spoke of bliss such as earth seldom offers, and Lord Arthur's courteous politeness and Alice's attempts to appear happy could not now blind her. She was deeply grieved, but with true wisdom, and with the affection of a friend worthy of the name, she made not the most distant reference to the subject to Alice. She sought, however, to amuse and encourage her by a number of small devices, and by drawing forth her attractions with equal amiability and skill before Lord Arthur, she often induced from him a word or look of admiration or approval,

which she saw acted as a most efficacious cordial upon Alice's sunken spirit. She was an influence for good in the house; both husband and wife enjoyed her visit and lamented its conclusion. At length it did conclude, and they were left alone again. Heavily dragged on the days, for Lord Arthur was almost always absent, and when he did appear he was coolly polite. The time for Alice's accouchment drew near. She requested him to permit her to invite her sister to pass that season with her. He refused her. "Your relations, Alice, must visit us at a time when they can receive the honors due to the connexions of my wife."

"But, my dear Arthur, I am full of fears. My sister has passed through these circumstances and she will cheer me. My dear Charlotte will expect no other attention than my love will show her. Do let me have her with me, I pray you."

"I am sorry to decline complying with any thing that you ask, Lady ——, but I should feel it a derogation to my consequence that my wife's sister should pass a month in a bedroom unseen or heard of except in the honorable capacity of nurse; and yet I could do nothing with her whilst you are laid aside: so I fear you must forego this gratification."

Alice said no more, nor did she mention her father's name; of course the same objection would have applied still more strongly to his presence. Ill in body, and more ill in spirit, she waited the time of her delivery; she waited it with fear, yet with fond desire: she would then, she thought, have an object on which to bestow her heart, and which would in time return her love.

The neglected wife and motherless daughter met her hour alone, richly attended, so far as money could purchase attendance, but with none to whisper in her ear the words of love and cheer. But where was her husband? How her heart yearned towards the absent father of her boy! a cordial given by his hand, the words of tenderness falling from his lips, and how needless would have been all other ministry! But he came not, and all the cares of hirelings, though they moved her gratitude, for she had a gentle spirit, left her soul to pine.

Ten or twelve hours after the birth he returned to his home, heard of the event, and visited his wife's chamber. Weakened and excited, she did not exercise her usual self-control; she took his hand convulsively, and bursting into tears, exclaimed,—

"Ah, Arthur, I had hoped to have seen you sooner."

Annoyed at the display in presence of doctor and menials, he yet felt a touch of self-reproach; he saw also that soothing was necessary to his wife's safety, so, subduing his displeasure, he said,—

"Calm yourself, my love; this distress will be as injurious to you as it is groundless. Urgent and unavoidable business kept me at ——, and detained me reluctantly from your bedside."

And Alice was calmed. Those soothing words had fallen sweetly upon her ear, willingly credulous, and when his lordship left her soon after, she fell into a slumber and dreamed him all husband and all father, and herself the happiest of wives and mothers.

His visits to her chamber were, however, few and far between. When he came and spoke to her some words of kindness, her heart was touched and her hope was raised; and then when he staid long away, her state of restlessness, and anxiety, and disappointment, though she endeavored to conceal it from those around her and to calm and check it, yet gained upon her weakened nerves and induced fever. The alternations of hope and despair, with the revulsions of feelings to which they give rise, have shaken a stronger frame than hers. Alice became extremely ill. The doctor announced to Lord Arthur that her life was in danger.

"Her ladyship has sometimes desired to see you, my lord, when it chanced that you were absent; and as it was of the first importance to the case that her mind should be kept at ease, I ventured to observe to her ladyship that we found it necessary, in order to preserve her perfectly quiet, to deny your lordship's wish to see her."

This was addressed to Lord Arthur by the chief physician who had been called in to attend the case. His lordship bit his lips, but politely answered,—

"The *ruse* was perfectly justifiable, Dr. M——, and I am obliged to you for employing it. I beg you to send to me whenever you think it desirable that Lady —— should see me."

The doctor thanked his lordship for the permission and retired, felicitating himself that he should now save his case. Lord Arthur was summoned to the sick-chamber

within an hour. He was gentle and kind. He kept the house for the next few days, and often visited the sick-room, until the doctor pronounced the case out of danger.

Alice's fate, however, was protracted, not averted. Consumptive disease had fixed its seed in her slight frame. The progress of that insidious malady was almost imperceptible, even to herself, and within two months of her confinement she was in her drawing-room and her carriage again. Lord Arthur would sometimes pass a few hours at her side, and would still find his time agreeably beguiled by the fascination of her conversation, or her music; he would still fitfully and betimes admire her elegant form as it lay gracefully extended upon a sofa, or look with pleasure upon her lovely features. Occasionally he would accompany her in her drives in the Park, not indeed without reference to the preservation of appearances, but also, at least, in part, because he found pleasure in her society.

There was no return to the felicity which had preceded and followed their union, but at least there was a decrease of that heartless indifference which had fixed a rankling arrow in Alice's soul. The arrow seemed withdrawn, and she was gladdened; she delighted in her infant, and when her husband was long away she would fondle and caress him, and rejoice to see his father's features reflected in his infantine face. So things went on for two or three months, then seemed gradually to relapse into their former state. But the grief no longer came with the violence of surprise; she had learned how insecure her tenure upon her husband's heart (that he was devoid of heart she did not yet believe). She was progressing in Christian grace and pious resignation, and her sensations of internal illness began to tell her that she would not be long on earth.

One morning he abruptly informed her that he was going to Paris.

"To Paris, my dear lord! And will you not take me with you?"

"No, Alice, no; your health is not equal to the journey; you are better at home."

"You will not make a very protracted stay, will you, Arthur? When do you go?"

"To-morrow I set out; my stay is uncertain. You will find your cheques upon my banker answered without limitation; indulge yourself with all that you desire, and go to visit your father, if you like: it will be better than asking him here whilst I am not here to receive him."

Alice, while she sighed over his indifference to herself, thought how much worse the case might be, how much worse it did stand with some wives, and she felt a sort of thankfulness amidst her grief. Lord Arthur set out the next day. She fondled her infant and prepared for a journey to her father.

He had been but three days gone when one of those persons who love to gather and to spread all current scandal made to Alice one of her venomous visits. After a few commonplaces, admiration of the infant, and flattery to the mother, she proceeded to inflict her sting.

"I could not but come to tell you, Lady ——, how heartily I grieve for your sorrows."

Alice started, looked shocked, surprised, and puzzled.

"Your ladyship is aware, of course—ahem! I would not for worlds be the first to tell you—ahem!"

"I am aware of nothing. Has any thing happened to my husband, my father, my sister? Can any thing have reached *your* ears which has not reached mine? Pray hasten to tell me what has happened."

"I would not for the world have been the person to broach to your ladyship the unfortunate intelligence. I supposed, of course, you knew it; but since it is not so, and you drive me to the point, it is no other than that Lord Arthur is gone off to Paris with another lady."

Alice looked for a moment aghast and stupified, then said,—

"This is a false and cruel story; not a whisper has ever been breathed against the propriety of my husband's conduct. I know not why you have poured this poison in my ears. I beseech you to leave me; you will do charity now, having thus stung me, to leave me to repose."

"I am grieved, Lady ——, to have shocked you, but the story is too true, and there are other stories also against his earlier life; if they have not reached your ear nor come into general circulation, it is only because he has been more careful than his neighbors, and it is only to preserve favor at court and to conceal the scandal that he is now gone to Paris."

"Excuse me," said Alice, indignantly, rising to ring, "excuse me if I wish to be alone. This is a cruel tale to bring to the ear of a wife, and as unfounded as it is

cruel." And she left the room, saying to the servant who was entering, "Mrs. L———'s carriage."

However unhappy Alice had hitherto been, no pang of jealousy had yet shot into her soul; whilst she deplored her husband's indifference to herself, she had never suspected that he lavished fondness on another. She had, indeed, now professed disbelief, and she strove to disbelieve; but fears that the story was true gained unbidden ground in her mind. She spoke no word upon the subject, breathed no suspicion, no complaint, even to her nearest friend, and she wrote to her husband with unabated affection and cheerfulness, and with as much effort to interest him in her details, as though no word had reached her which could stand between them. But the sunken eye, the hollow voice, the downcast mien, which marked her from the hour of Mrs. L——'s fatal visit would have told to any close observer that some consummation had been added to her grief. Her father and her sister had indeed long since arrived at the sad persuasion that all was not well, for why else had she ceased to speak of the bright days of joy which she had once painted? Why else had they never been asked to come and witness her felicity? But they could only grieve in silence. Her brother was closely engaged in his university studies. Her father was anticipating her visit to him with a sad pleasure. The day before her journey she had entered the ante-room of one of her apartments and was engaged there examining a *hortus siccus* which was stowed into one of its cabinets. She was subtracting from it the duplicate specimens of Swiss plants to carry to her father, and was thinking with infinite tenderness of the absent, perhaps the guilty husband, still so dear to her, whose hands had gathered them in days that seemed too happy to have been passed on earth, when her maid and housekeeper entered the adjoining room to pack there for the morrow's journey. They were talking earnestly.

"Poor lady!" said the housekeeper, "so good, so gentle, and patient as she is, and never a word of repining, but loving him through all, as if he were the best of husbands; but this last blow would break her heart if she knew it."

Breathless and sick at heart, Alice had heard and suspected that she herself formed the subject for the sympathy and pity of her domestics. Her face burnt with blushes; shame to appear before them and so acknowledge that she had heard their words, perhaps the craving of despair to know more, held her to the spot.

The maid replied, "It is to be hoped that she never will know it; my poor lady is not long for this world, and it would be a sin and shame to make her last days more bitter than they are."

"It would indeed," returned the housekeeper; "and I cannot help hoping, Mrs. Jenkins, that your friend Whitiker may have told you more than truth." (Whitiker was Lord Arthur's valet.)

"I wish, indeed, he had," replied the maid; "but he is not the man to do that. Besides, Lord Arthur had given him money to seal his lips, and he tells me they will be sealed to all but me; and if he supposed that I talked with you, Mrs. Jackson, little is it that I should hear from him; but I know that you are a true person and silent as the grave, and that you love my lady no less than I do myself. No, no; there is no mistake. It is just over again with this worthless woman what it was with my lady the first seven or eight months of their marriage, and what it was three years ago with a mistress he kept very snugly in London (that never got abroad; I do not suppose it was ever known but to Whitiker and her people, and Whitiker told me). Now she will take her turn like the rest; for half a year, or it may be a whole year, she will be all in life to him, and then he will pension her and forsake her, and well she will deserve it. But that my lady should have shared such a fate, that cuts me to the heart, Mrs. Jackson."

Alice heard no more, vacancy was stealing over her senses, the cold dew stood upon her brow; she had remained at first silent and motionless from shame and emotion, she was so now from extremity of illness; she could not utter a word to call for assistance, she leaned against the cabinet for support, and as her senses vanished, fell.

The noise of her fall drew the women hastily to her side. Panic-stricken, they glanced at each other, then raised her, carried her to her bed and applied restoratives. When she revived, her maid, a faithful and attached creature, was hanging over her.

"My lady," she said, "I fear I have been the cause of your illness; your ladyship had heard what was passing in the adjoining room? I can never forgive myself, nor say how sorry I am for what I have done."

"I had heard you, Jenkins. Make no reference to the past; never again allude to

the subject, and if you love me, Jenkins, as I believe you do, speak of it to no one living. I will go and die with my father. I shall not be long here; I desire much to preserve a tranquil and submissive mind; your entire silence will assist me."

The maid wept and promised.

Alice was too weak to travel for a day or two. When she arrived at her father's door she was so languid and exhausted that he almost lifted her from the carriage, and then, as he supported her into the old room and placed her in the easy-chair, and taking his seat before her, looked upon her faded face and glassy eye, and contrasted it with the gay, sunny countenance, so beaming with happiness and goodness, which had shone upon him but eighteen months before, the big drops rolled from his manly eyes.

"Oh, Alice, that I had kept you to myself and to a happier lot! that I had never permitted your visit to Newby Grange! he exclaimed. "I have given you to wretchedness and the tomb!"

"My dear, dear father, do not say so," she replied, much affected; "I am certainly ill, and it would, perhaps, be false to flatter you with the idea that I shall recover; but my illness is sent by Heaven, and might have occurred though I had been still under your fostering care: it seems to me that the happiness of the months which preceded and followed my marriage were worth a common life. Indeed, my father, they embraced more ecstatic happiness than is spread over many a life which is not deemed unblessed. The memory of that time is most precious to me; I would not, if I could, undo the past. If I have been less happy of late, my sorrow is sacred to myself; I still love my husband with unabated fervor. You, father, will recognize with me all that the holy tie of marriage claims, and which your Alice delights to yield."

He pressed her hand and kissed her brow, but could make no reply. She pointed his attention to his grandson, who appeared in his nurse's arms before the window. He took the child and blessed him.

"You and I will enjoy the babe together, father," said she, as fondling him she returned him to the nurse.

The best doctor that the neighborhood could supply was employed to attend Alice, and her own physician came down from London once in ten or twelve days to see her. Both told the rector that there was no glimmer of hope that her life might be preserved. It was a question only of time. And, in fact, the father saw her fade from day to day.

Charles Duncan was at the hall visiting his uncle; he had not been in the neighborhood since his last meeting with Alice, two days before his journey up to London to commence the career which had been inspired by his love to her. He had heard of her marriage, and, bruised in spirit and blighted in hope, he had kept away. Still he pursued his profession, though the dear object which had led him to embrace it was defeated, yet he was indebted to Alice for having awakened his energies and induced him, instead of hanging a burden upon his uncle, to adopt the more honorable course of exertion and self-dependence.

Now they were to meet again. The day after her arrival at the rectory he called there. It was an affecting interview to both. A glance of his eye had once revealed to her all the secret of his love, now his look expressed, not indeed passion, but unabated interest, respect, pity, friendship, sad regret. There was before him the woman with whom he should have found himself so blessed, and to whom he fondly trusted he should have returned a blessing, sinking into an untimely tomb, the victim, he suspected, though he did not know it, of an unhappy marriage—a heartless man. She who deserved a different lot, and he who would have secured her a different lot, why, why, had they not been thrown together? He did not lengthen his visit, nor did he trust himself often to repeat it; it was too much for his fortitude. Alice heard with interest of his success in his preparation for the bar; but her fond and faithful heart never for one instant wished her lot had been thrown in another union, never for one instant wandered from her lord. Estranged and faithless as he was, her whole soul was his, all her affections were yet twined around him, and she lived in memory of the past.

But her life was near its close. Her brother and sister had arrived; they had passed not quite a fortnight at the rectory, when increased cough caused rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs; the hæmorrhage could not be stopped; she felt that she was going, smiled upon those around, and pointed upwards, grew fainter and fainter, and in a few hours sunk in the sleep of death.

She had attempted to articulate, but the doctors had interposed. She then wrote upon paper, which was held before her.

"Tell Lord Arthur that I know all, but that I loved him with faithful, unabated fer-

vor to the end; tell him that my soul still sent forth her thanks to him for the unutterable happiness which he had once given to me; tell him that I lived upon the memory of it; tell him that I died blessing him and praying for blessings on him, and ask him to confide our son to my father's training."

She motioned her father near her, pointed to the last sentence, and continued writing,—

"Father, will you accept the boy, my legacy to you, and plant him on your hearth in place of your poor Alice?"

The father sobbed, "I will, I will, my child."

She was continuing to write, but the characters were illegible, the faint hand fell; she smiled upon them all, and sunk to rest.

The paper was sealed and sent to his lordship with the tidings of her death. It is no part of my story to describe Lord Arthur's feelings on receipt of this intelligence. He hastened to England. He did not deny his wife's dying prayer. The boy blessed the rector's solitary hearth, and grew up under his training *not like his father.*

From the Literary Gazette.

COURT AND LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY.

Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. Edited by her Niece. Vol. VI. Pp. 374. Colburn.

A PORTRAIT of Madame de Staël, queerly enough, is the frontispiece embellishment of this volume, which covers the years of the life of Madame D'Arblay from 1793 to 1812; during which period she resided the latter dozen in France, and on going to Paris relates the following piece of prudery about the lady in question:

"April 26th, 1802. The assembly at Madame d'Henin's was one of the most select and agreeable at which I was ever present. Assembly, however, I ought not to call a meeting within the number of twenty. But I was uneasy for my poor Alex., and therefore stole away as soon as possible; not, however, till Madame de Tessé made a party for us for the following Thursday at her house, nor till I had held a private discourse with Mademoiselle de ——— upon my embarrassment as to Madame de Staël, from the character she held in England; which embarrassment was not much lightened by her telling me it was not held more fair in France! Yet that every where the real evil is highly exaggerated by report, envy, and party-spirit, all allow. She gives, however, great assemblies at which all Paris assist, and though not solicited or esteemed by her early friends and acquaintance, she is admired, and pitied, and received by them. I would she were gone to Copet! Madame de Grandmaison, a very favorite friend of M. d'Arblay, came to visit me. She is a very handsome woman, and thought very clever and agreeable; but I was too much disturbed either to enjoy or judge of her conversation. What most perplexed me at this period was the following note from Madame de Staël:

From Madame de Staël to Madame D'Arblay.

'je voudrois vous té moigner mon empressement, Madame, et je crains d'être indiscrette.* j'espére que vous aurez la bonté de me faire dire quand vous serez assez remise des fatigues de votre voyage pour que je puisse avoir l'honneur de vous voir sans vous importuner.

NECKER STAEL DE H.

Ce 4 florial.'

How is it possible, when even the common civility of a card for her card is yet unreturned, that she can have brought herself thus to descend from her proud heights to solicit the renewal of an acquaintance broken so abruptly in England, and so palpably shunned in France? Is it that the regard she appeared to conceive for me in England was not only sincere but constant? If so, I must very much indeed regret a waste of kindness her character and conduct make it impossible for me to repay, even though, on this spot, I am assured all her misfortunes are aggravated, nay caricatured by report, and that she exerts her utmost influence, and calls forth her best talents, upon every occasion which presents itself, for serving those who have been her friends; and that, notwithstanding circumstances and disunion, either in politics or morals, may have made them become her enemies. Her generosity is cited as truly singular upon this head, and I have heard histories of her returning, personally, good for evil that would do honor to any character living. What a strangely complex mixture, my dearest father, is that mixture which forms human nature! That good, or rather grand qualities, may unite with almost every frailty! After much deliberation and discussion, my French master composed the following answer:

'Madame d'Arblay ne peut qu'être infiniment flattée de l'extrême bonté de Madame la

* "Madame de Staël's orthography is here preserved."

Comtesse de Staël. Elle aura très certainement l'honneur de se présenter chez Madame de Staël aussitôt que possible.'

"Cooler than this it was not easy to write, and the *ne peut qu'être* is a *tournure* that is far enough from flattering. I hope, however, it will prepare her for the frozen kind of intercourse which alone can have place between us."

Pauvre De Staël; she was not only polite to the visitor to Paris in her lifetime, but has been made to adorn her book when dead. The vanity of virtue was only on of the phases in which that ruling passion exercised its influence on the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*. Every where, and in all cases, the importance of self illustrates if it does not color (as we fear it often does) her views and statements. In 1812, when a sexagenarian, she writes:

"When I first went to France, being continually embarrassed for terms, I used constantly to apply to M. d'Arblay for aid, till Madame de Tessé charged him to be quiet, saying that my looks filled up what my words left short, "*de sorte que*," she added, "*nous la devinons*;" this was the case between my Spaniards and myself, and we *deviné-d* one another so much to our mutual satisfaction, that while this was the converse the most to my taste of any I had had at Dunkirk, it was also, probably, most to theirs of any that had fallen to their lot since they had been torn from their native country."

This observation belongs to a tale of childish terror, told at length, about a police-officer at Dunkirk, who threatened the author for speaking to some Spanish prisoners on their promenade. But we must take the narration of this volume in order, *in order* to be better understood by our readers. After her marriage with M. d'Arblay, and residence with him in a cottage ("maisonette"!) not far from Dorking, we have quite enough of her husband, her baby-boy ("bambino"), making the pair of her "precious Alexanders."

1798. "Lady Strange inquired if I had any 'amily; and when she gathered I had a little one down stairs in the carriage, she desired to see it, for little Bell was wild in the request. 'But—have *nae mair!*" cried she; 'the times are bad and hard,—ha' nae mair! if you take my advice, you'll ha' nae mair! you've been vary discreet, and, faith, I commend you!' Little Bell had run down stairs to hasten Betty and the child, and now, having seized him in her arms, she sprang into the room with him. His surprise, her courage, her fondling, her little form, and her prettiness, had astonished him into consenting to her seizure; but he sprang from her to me the moment they entered the drawing-room. I begged Lady Strange to give him her blessing. She looked at him with a strong and earnest expression of examining interest and pleasure, and then, with an arch smile, turning suddenly about to me, exclaimed, "Ah! faith and troth, you mun ha' some mair! if you can make 'em so pratty as this, you mun ha' some mair! Sweet bairn! I gi' you my benediction! be a comfort to your papa and mamma! Ah, madam!' (with one of her deep sighs) 'I must gi' my consent to your having some mair! if you can make 'em so pratty as this, faith and troth I mun let you have a girl!' I write all this without scruple to my dearest Susan, for *prattiness* like this little urchin's is not likely to spoil either him or ourselves by lasting. 'Tis a juvenile flower, yet one my Susan will again, I hope, view while still in its first bloom."

Madame took Lady Strange's prophetic advice, and had a daughter: thus coming events cast their shadows before! But the triviality of these family affairs (which, perhaps, in the affectionate task of the editress, could, if wished, hardly be avoided) is relieved by the publication of *Camilla* in 1796, and occasional visits to the queen and princesses, who seem ever to have continued their most kind and gracious favors to their ex-attendant. Indeed, her picture of the court, with all its formalities, etiquettes, and difficulties, gives us the most favorable idea of the considerate and amiable characters of Queen Charlotte and her daughters, not forgetting the good old king. Upon the presentation of her new work in person, for example, we read:

"I made a visit to Mdlle. Jacobi, who is a very good creature, and with whom I remained very comfortably till her majesty and the princesses returned from Frogmore, where they had passed two or three hours. Almost immediately I was summoned to the queen by one of the pages. She was just seated to her hair-dresser. She conversed upon various public and general topics till the friseur was dismissed, and then I was honored with an audience quite alone, for a full hour and a half. In this, nothing could be more gracious than her whole manner and discourse. The particulars, as there was no pause, would fill a duodecimo volume at least. Among them was Mr. Windham, whom she named with great favor, and gave me the opportunity of expressing my delight upon his belonging to the government. We had so often conversed about him during the accounts I had related of Mr. Hastings' trial, that there was much to say upon the acquisition to the administration, and my former round asser-

tions of his goodness of heart and honor. She inquired how you did, my dearest father, with an air of great kindness; and when I said well, looked pleased as she answered, 'I was afraid he was ill, for I saw him but twice last year at our music.' She then gave me an account of the removal of the concert to the Haymarket since the time I was admitted to it She talked of some books and authors, but found me wholly in the clouds as to all that is new. She then said, 'What a very pretty book Dr. Burney has brought out upon Metastasio! I am very much pleased with it. Pray (smiling) what will he bring out next?' 'As yet, madam, I don't know of any new plan.' 'But he *will* bring out something else?' 'Most probably; but he will rest a little first, I fancy.' 'Has he nothing in hand?' 'Not that I now know of, madam.' 'Oh, but he soon will!' cried she, again, smiling. 'He has so active a mind, ma'am, that I believe it quite impossible to him to be utterly idle; but, indeed, I know of no present design being positively formed.' We had then some discourse upon the new connexion at Norbury Park, the FitzGeralds, etc.; and I had the opportunity to speak as highly as I believe her to deserve of Mrs. Charles. The queen had thought Miss Angerstein was dead. From this she led to various topics of our former conferences, both in persons and things, and gave me a full description of her new house at Frogmore, its fitting up, and the share of each princess in its decoration. She spoke with delight of its quiet and ease, and her enjoyment of its complete retirement. 'I spend,' she cried, 'there almost constantly all my mornings. I rarely come home but just before dinner, merely to dress; but to-day I came sooner.' This was said in a manner so flattering, I could scarce forbear the air of thanking her; however, I checked the expression, though I could not the inference which urged it. At two o'clock the Princess Elizabeth appeared. 'Is the princess royal ready?' said the queen. She answered, 'Yes:' and her majesty then told me I might go to her, adding, 'You know the way, Madame D'Arblay.' And thus licensed, I went to the apartment of her royal highness upstairs. She was just quitting it. She received me most graciously, and told me she was going to sit for her picture, if I would come and stay with her while she sat. Miss Bab Planta was in attendance, to read during this period. The princess royal ordered me a chair facing her; and another for Miss Bab and her book, which, however, was never opened. The painter was Mr. Dupont. She was very gay and very charming; full of lively discourse and amiable condescension. In about an hour the Princess Augusta came in: she addressed me with her usual sweetness, and, when she had looked at her sister's portrait, said, 'Madame D'Arblay, when the princess royal can spare you, I hope you will come to me,' as she left the room. I did not flout her; and when I had been an hour with the princess royal, she told me she would keep me no longer from Augusta, and Miss Planta came to conduct me to the latter. This lovely princess received me quite alone; Miss Planta only shut me in; and she then made me sit by her, and kept me in most bewitching discourse more than an hour. She has a gaiety, a charm about her, that is quite resistless, and much of true, genuine, and very original humor. She related to me the history of all the feats, and exploits, and dangers, and escapes of her brothers during last year; rejoicing in their safety, yet softly adding, 'Though these trials and difficulties did them a great deal of good.' We talked a little of France, and she inquired of me what I knew of the late unhappy queen through M. d'Arblay, and spoke of her with the most virtuous discrimination between her foibles and her really great qualities, with her most barbarous end. She then dwelt upon Madame Royale, saying in her unaffected manner, 'It's very odd one never hears what sort of a girl she is.' I told her all I had gathered from M. d'Arblay. She next spoke of my Bambino, indulging me in recounting his *faits et gestes*, and never moved till the princess royal came to summon her. They were all to return to Frogmore to dinner. 'We have detained Madame d'Arblay between us the whole morning,' said the princess royal, with a gracious smile. 'Yes,' cried Princess Augusta, 'and I am afraid I have bored her to death; but when once I begin upon my poor brothers, I can never stop without telling all my little bits of glory.' She then outstayed the princess to tell me that, when she was at Plymouth, at church, she saw so many officers' wives, and sisters, and mothers, helping their maimed husbands, or brothers, or sons, that she could not forbear whispering to the queen, 'Mamma, how lucky it is Ernest is just come so seasonably with that wound in his face! I should have been quite shocked, else, not to have had one little bit of glory among ourselves!'"

It is very charming to find that, with fine dispositions, such harmless gaiety and social ease may lighten the restraints of royalty, and relax the heavy, trifling, and wearisome ceremonies of a palace. No wonder that kings rejoice in retirements to Weymouth or Brighton, or queens to Claremont or Osburn House.* In the foregoing extract the allusions to the princess royal

* *Apropos* of Osburn House. Her Majesty moved into the new portion on Tuesday, and they began taking down the old portion to make way for the erection of the new palace: the plans for which, we believe, are on a greater and more splendid scale than is generally supposed. Norris Castle, by the side of it, is so beautiful a building, and on so delightful a site, that we are at a loss to guess why her Majesty did not adopt it for her permanent residence.—*Ed. L. G.*

refer to her marriage; and a little after we are informed:

"A private letter from Windsor tells me the Prince of Wurtemberg has much pleased in the royal house, by his manners and address upon his interview, but that the poor princess royal was almost dead with terror, and agitation, and affright, at the first meeting. She could not utter a word. The queen was obliged to speak her answers. The prince said he hoped this first would be the last disturbance his presence would ever occasion her. She then tried to recover, and so far conquered her tumult as to attempt joining in a general discourse from time to time. He paid his court successfully, I am told, to the sisters, who all determine to like him; and the princess royal is quite revived in her spirits again, now this tremendous opening sight is over."

At a future audience and friendly conversation with the queen, Madame d'Arblay says:

"She permitted me to speak a good deal of the Princess of Wurtemberg, whom they still all call princess royal. She told me, she had worked her wedding garment, and entirely, and the real labor it had proved, from her steadiness to have no help, well knowing that three stitches done by any other would make it immediately said it was none of it by herself. 'As the bride of a widower,' she continued, 'I know she ought to be in white and gold; but as the king's eldest daughter, she had a right to white and silver, which she preferred.'"

And of another interesting personage we are told, when the king (Dec. 1797-8) returned from a review at Blackheath:

"His majesty related very pleasantly a little anecdote of Lady ——. 'She brought the little Princess Charlotte,' he said, 'to me just before the review. 'She hoped,' she said, 'I should not take it ill, for, having mentioned it to the child, she built so upon it that she had thought of nothing else!' 'Now this,' cried he, laughing heartily, 'was pretty strong! How can she know what a child is thinking of before it can speak?' I was very happy at the fondness they both expressed for the little princess. 'A sweet little creature,' the king called her; 'A most lovely child,' the queen turned to me to add; and the king said he had taken her upon his horse, and given her a little ride, before the regiment rode up to him. ''Tis very odd,' he added, 'but she always knows me on horseback, and never else.' 'Yes,' said the queen, 'when his majesty comes to her on horseback she claps her little hands, and endeavors to say 'Gan-pa!' immediately.' I was much pleased that she is brought up to such simple and affectionate acknowledgment of relationship."

And proceeding to detail the conversation, and other royal anecdotes:

"The play they were going to was *The Merchant of Venice*, to see a new actress, just now much talked of — Miss Betterton; and the indulgent king, hearing she was extremely frightened at the thoughts of appearing before him, desired she might choose her own part for the first exhibition in his presence. She fixed upon *Portia*. In speaking of Miss Farren's marriage with the Earl of Derby, she displayed that sweet mind which her state and station has so wholly escaped sullying; for, far from expressing either horror, or resentment, or derision at an actress being elevated to the rank of second countess of England, she told me, with an air of satisfaction, that she was informed she had behaved extremely well since her marriage, and done many generous and charitable actions. She spoke with pleasure, too, of the high marriage made by another actress, Miss Wallis, who has preserved a spotless character, and is now the wife of a man of fortune and family, Mr. Campbell. In mentioning Mrs. Siddons, and her great and affecting powers, she much surprised me by intelligence that she had bought the proprietorship of Sadler's Wells. I could not hear it without some amusement; it seemed, I said, so extraordinary a combination—so degrading a one, indeed,—that of the first tragic actress, the living Melpomene, and something so burlesque as Sadler's Wells. She laughed, and said it offered her a very ludicrous image, for 'Mrs. Siddons and Sadler's Wells,' said she, 'seems to me as ill fitted as the dish they call a toad in a hole; which I never saw, but always think of with anger—putting a noble sirloin of beef into a poor, paltry batter-pudding!'

"The door now again opened, and another royal personage put in his head; and upon the princess saying, 'How d'ye do, William?' I recollected the Duke of Clarence. I rose, of course, and he made a civil bow to my curtsey. The princess asked him about the House of Lords the preceding evening, where I found he had spoken very handsomely and generously in eulogium of Admiral Duncan. Finding he was inclined to stay, the princess said to me, 'Madame d'Arblay, I beg you will sit down.' 'Pray, madam,' said the duke, with a formal motion of his hand, 'let me beg you to be seated.' 'You know—you recollect Madame d'Arblay, don't you, William?' said the princess. He bowed civilly an affirmative, and then began talking to me of Chessington. How I grieved poor dear Kitty was gone! How great would have been her gratification to have heard that he mentioned her, and with an air of kindness, as if he had really entered into the solid goodness of her character. I was much surprised and much

pleased, yet not without some perplexity and some embarrassment, as his knowledge of the excellent Kitty was from her being the dupe of the mistress of his aide-de-camp. The princess, however, saved me any confusion beyond apprehension, for she asked not one question. He moved on towards the next apartment, and we were again alone. She then talked to me a great deal of him, and gave me, admirably, his character. She is very partial to him, but by no means blindly: He had very good parts, she said, but seldom did them justice. 'If he has something of high importance to do,' she continued, 'he will exert himself to the utmost, and do it really well; but otherwise, he is so fond of his ease, he lets every thing take its course. He must do a great deal or nothing. However, I really think, if he takes pains, he may make something of a speaker by-and-by in the house.'"

A prediction, or expectation, we may note, which was never realized by our sailor king!

"Returning, then, according to my permission, to Princess Elizabeth, she again took up her netting, and made me sit by her. We talked a good deal of the new-married daughter of Lady Templetown; and she was happy, she said, to hear from me that the ceremony was performed by her own favorite Bishop of Durham, for she was sure a blessing would attend his joining their hands. She asked me much of my little man, and told me several things of the Princess Charlotte, her niece, and our future queen; she seems very fond of her, and says 'tis a lovely child, and extremely like the Prince of Wales. 'She is just two years old,' said she, 'and speaks very prettily, though not plainly. I flatter myself Aunt Liby, as she calls me, is a great favorite with her.' My dearest Princess Augusta soon after came in, and, after staying a few minutes, and giving some message to her sister, said, 'And when you leave Elizabeth, my dear Madame d' Arblay, I hope you'll come to me.' This happened almost immediately, and I found her hurrying over the duty of her toilette, which she presently despatched, though she was going to a public concert of ancient music, and without scarcely once looking in the glass, from haste to have done, and from a freedom from vanity I never saw quite equalled in any young woman of any class. She then dismissed her hairdresser and wardrobe-woman, and made me sit by her. Almost immediately we began upon the voluntary contributions to the support of the war; and when I mentioned the queen's munificent donation of five thousand pounds a-year for its support, and my admiration of it, from my peculiar knowledge, through my long residence under the royal roof, of the many claims which her majesty's benevolence, as well as state, had raised upon her powers, she seemed much gratified by the justice I did her royal mother, and exclaimed eagerly, 'I do assure you, my dear Madame d'Arblay, people ought to know more how good the queen is, for they don't know it half.' And then she told me that she only by accident had learnt almost all that she knew of the queen's bounties. 'And the most I gathered,' she continued, laughing, 'was, to tell you the real truth, by my own impertinence; for when we were at Cheltenham, Lady Courtown (the queen's lady-in-waiting for the country) put her pocket-book down on the table, when I was alone with her, by some chance open at a page where mamma's name was written; so, not guessing any secret commission, I took it up, and read—Given by her majesty's commands—so much, and so much, and so much. And I was quite surprised. However, Lady Courtown made me promise never to mention it to the queen; so I never have. But I long it should be known, for all that; though I would not take such a liberty as to spread it of my own judgment.' I then mentioned my own difficulties formerly, when her majesty, upon my ill state of health's urging my resigning the honor of belonging to the royal household, so graciously settled upon me my pension, that I had been forbidden to name it. I had been quite distressed in not avowing what I so gratefully felt, and hearing questions and surmises and remarks I had no power to answer. She seemed instantly to comprehend that my silence might do wrong, on such an occasion, to the queen; for she smiled, and with great quickness cried, 'O, I dare say you felt quite guilty in holding your tongue.' And she was quite pleased with the permission afterwards granted me to be explicit. When I spoke of her own and her royal sisters' contributions, 100*l.* per annum, she blushed, but seemed ready to enter upon the subject, even confidentially, and related its whole history. No one ever advised or named it to them, as they have none of them any separate establishment, but all hang upon the queen, from whose pin-money they are provided for till they marry, or have an household of their own granted by Parliament. 'Yet we all longed to subscribe,' cried she, 'and thought it quite right, if other young ladies did, not to be left out. But the difficulty was, how to do what would not be improper for us, and yet not to be generous at mamma's expense, for that would only have been unjust. So we consulted some of our friends, and then fixed upon 100*l.* a-piece; and when we asked the queen's leave, she was so good as to approve it. So then we spoke to the king; and he said it was but little, but he wished particularly nobody should subscribe what would really distress them; and that, if that was all we could conveniently do, and regularly continue, he approved it more than to have us make a greater exertion, and either bring ourselves into difficulties or not go on. But he was not at all angry.' She then gave me the history of the contribution of her brothers. The Prince of Wales could not give in his name without the leave of his creditors.

'But Ernest," cried she, 'gives 300*l.* a-year, and that's a tenth of his income, for the King allows him 3000*l.*'"

There is only one notice of the late Queen Caroline (in July, 1799):

"The visit to the P——ss of W. is charming. I am charmed she now lives so cheerfully and pleasantly. She seemed confined not merely as a recluse, but a culprit, till quite lately, and now..... your visit has just been succeeded by Mr. Pitt's! How can the premier be so much his own enemy in politics as well as happiness? for all the world, nearly, take her part; and all the world wholly agree she has been the injured person, though some few think she has wanted *retenue* and discretion in her resentment, the public nature of her connexion considered, which does not warrant the expectance of the same pure fidelity a chosen wife might look for."

At a later period Dr. Burney thus paints her husband (1805):

"Your brother, Dr. Charles, and I, have had the honor last Tuesday of dining with the Prince of Wales at Lord Melbourne's, at the particular desire of H.R.H. He is so good-humored and gracious to those against whom he has no party prejudice, that it is impossible not to be flattered by his politeness and condescension. I was astonished to find him, amidst such constant dissipation, possessed of so much learning, wit, knowledge of books in general, discrimination of character, as well as original humor. He quoted Homer in Greek to my son as readily as if the beauties of Dryden or Pope had been under consideration. And as to music he is an excellent critic; has an enlarged taste—admiring whatever is good in its kind of whatever age or country the composers or performers may be; without, however, being insensible to the superior genius and learning necessary to some kinds of music more than others. The conversation was general and lively, in which several of the company, consisting of eighteen or twenty, took a share, till towards the heel of the evening, or rather the toe of the morning, for we did not rise from table till one o'clock, when Lady Melbourne being returned from the opera with her daughters, coffee was ordered; during which H.R.H. took me aside and talked exclusively about music near half an hour, and as long with your brother concerning Greek literature. He is a most excellent mimic of well-known characters: had we been in the dark any one would have sworn that Dr. Parr and Kemble were in the room. Besides being possessed of a great fund of original humor, and good humor, he may with truth be said to have as much wit as Charles II., with much more learning—for his merry majesty could spell no better than the *bourgeois gentil-homme.*"

In Nov. 1796 Dr. Burney writing to his daughter touching the reviews of *Camilla*, says:

"The *Monthly Review* has come in to-day, and it does not satisfy me, or raise my spirits, or any thing but my indignation. James has read the remarks in it on *Camilla*, and we are all dissatisfied. Perhaps a few of the verbal criticisms may be worth your attention in the second edition; but these have been picked out and displayed with no friendly view, and without necessity, in a work of such length and intrinsic sterling worth. *J' enrage! Morbleu!*"

[It is not easy to please authors or their friends.] Madame, in answer, Nov. 14, writes to her padre more rationally, yet with a personal proviso far more than ought to be expected of any honest critic, sensible of a public duty:

"Upon a second reading the *Monthly Review* upon *Camilla*, I am in far better humor with it, and willing to confess to the criticisms, if I may claim by that concession any right to the eulogies. They are stronger and more important, upon reperusal, than I had imagined, in the panic of a first survey and an unprepared-for disappointment in any thing like severity from so friendly an editor. The recommendation at the conclusion of the book, as a warning guide to youth, would recompense me, upon the least reflection, for whatever strictures might precede it. I hope my kind father has not suffered his generous, and to me most cordial, indignation against the reviewer to interfere with his intended answer to the affectionate letter of Dr. Griffiths."

The *Monthly Review*, in fact, performed its task in the true spirit of periodical criticism, kindly, yet fairly, and gently and favorably, though impartially and justly. Two other literary topics are here touched. Madame writes (1796):

"I think I would risk my new cottage against sixpence that I have guessed the author of *The Pursuits of Literature.* Is it not Mr. Mason? The verses I think equal to any body; those on Shakspeare, *His pen he dipt in mind*, are demi-divine. And who else could so well interweave what concerns music?—could so well attack Dr. Parr for his severity against Dr. Hurd, who had to himself addressed his essay on the marks of imitation? Who be so interested, or so difficult to satisfy, about the exquisite Gray? Who know so well how to appreciate works upon gardening? Who, so singularly, be for the sovereign, the government, yet, palpably, not for George the Third nor for William Pitt? And then, the lines which form this sort of epitaph seem for him (Mason) alone designed. How wickedly he has flogged all around him, and how cleverly!"*

* A fortnight after she seems to have got better

For all this certainty of conjectural criticism, the author turned out to be Mathias and not Mason! Again: "We have not yet read *Le Vaillant*. We are not much struck with *The Creole;* it is too full of trite observations introduced sententiously. *Clarentine* is written with much better taste. We have just been lent *Caleb Williams, or Things as they are.* Mr. Lock, who says its design is execrable, avers that one little word is omitted it its title, which should be thus—'or Things as they are NOT.'"

Where is *Clarentine* now? *Caleb Williams*, too, is little thought of in the flux of novelties of a different genus; but it must revive from time to time as a production of very superior force and talent. Before advancing to other years, we must copy here an affecting incident on the death of Dr. Burney's second wife:

"Let me not forget (writes her daughter-in-law) to record one thing that was truly generous in my poor mother's last voluntary exertions. She charged Sally and her maid both not to call my father when she appeared to be dying; and not disturb him if her death should happen in the night, nor to let him hear it till he arose at his usual time. I feel sensibly the kindness of this sparing consideration and true feeling. Yet, not so would I be served! O never should I forgive the misjudged prudence that should rob me of one little instant of remaining life in one who was truly dear to me."

Yet is was a noble trait of affection even to death.

The first short-lived peace with Buonaparte enabled M. d'Arblay to return to France, to try to recover his military position, and any of his property the Revolution might have left. Thither, as we have mentioned, his wife and son, Alexander the second, &c., followed him; and after sojourning a while at Paris, where all his efforts were unavailing, he accepted a small post in the ministry of the interior, and retired to a solitude at Passy, where they continued during the rest of their long and painful stay in the country. Of the non-intercourse, and immense difficulty of corresponding with England at this period, when prohibited under pain of death, an idea may be formed when we state that the subjoined are sequent dates of Madame d'Arblay's letters to and from her father: April 11th, 1804; May 29th, 1805; July 12th, 1805; June 12th, 1808; September 16th, 1807 (so long on its way!); September, 1808; May and September, 1810; April, 1811; and May 29th, 1812—all, eight years, in sixteen pages of the book. The extraordinary nature of such correspondence may be surmised from the following, in the letter of May 29th, 1805, *i.e.* thirteen months after its last-preceding:

"Before I expected it, my promised opportunity for again writing to my most dear father is arrived. I entirely forget whether, before the breaking out of the war stopped our correspondence, M. d'Arblay had already obtained his *retraite;* and consequently, whether that is an event I have mentioned or not. Be that as it may, he now has it—it is 1500 livres, or 62*l.* 10*s.* per annum. But all our resources from England ceasing with the peace, we had so little left from what we had brought over, and M. d'Arblay has found so nearly nothing remaining of his natural and hereditary claims in his own province, that he determined upon applying for some employment that might enable him to live with independence, however parsimoniously. This he has, with infinite difficulty, &c. at length obtained, and he is now a *redacteur* in the civil department of *les Batimens*, &c. This is no sinecure. He attends at his bureau from half-past nine to half-past four o'clock every day; and as we live so far off as Passy, he is obliged to set off for his office between eight and nine, and does not return to his hermitage till past five. However, what necessity has urged us to desire, and made him solicit, we must not, now acquired, name or think of with murmuring or regret. He has the happiness to be placed amongst extremely worthy people; and those who are his *chefs* in office treat him with every possible mark of consideration and feeling. We continue steady to our little cell at Passy, which is retired, quiet, and quite to ourselves, with a magnificent view of Paris, from one side, and

informed, for she writes: "I, too, thought the prose of the *Pursuits of Literature* too spirited and good for Mr. Mason, when compared with what I have seen of his general letters; but he has two styles in prose as well as poetry, and I have seen compositions, rather than epistles, which he wrote formerly to Mrs. Delaney, so full of satire, point, and epigrammatic severity and derision, upon those of their mutual acquaintance whom he confidentially named, that I feel not the least scruple for my opinion. In those letters with which that revered old friend entrusted me, when her eyesight failed for reading them herself, there were also many ludicrous sketches of certain persons, and caricatures as strong of the pencil as of the pen. They were written in his season of democracy, and my dear Mrs. Delaney made me destroy all that were mischievous. The highest personages, with whom she was not then peculiarly, as afterwards, connected, were held up to so much ridicule, that her early regard and esteem diminished as her loyalty increased; and immediately upon taking possession of the house given her at Windsor by the king, she struck the name of Mr. Mason from her will, in which she had bequeathed him her 'Sacharissa,' which he had particularly admired, and left it to me." [Favors and flattery are powerful agents for change.]

a beautiful one of the country on the other. It is unfurnished—indeed, unpapered, and every way unfinished; for our workmen, in the indispensable repairs which preceded our entering it, ran us up bills that compelled us to turn them adrift, and leave every thing at a stand when three rooms only were made just habitable."

The glory in which the first consul was held in 1802 is laughably shown in an anecdote, as follows:

"Precisely opposite to the window at which I was placed, the chief consul stationed himself after making his round; and thence he presented some swords of honor, spreading out one arm with an air and mien which changed his look from that of scholastic severity to one that was highly military and commanding. Just as the consular band, with their brazen drums as well as trumpets, marched facing the first consul, the sun broke suddenly out from the clouds which had obscured it all the morning; and the effect was so abrupt and so dazzling, that I could not help observing it to my friend, the wife of *m'ami*, who, eyeing me with great surprise, not unmixed with the compassion of contempt, said, 'Est-ce que vous ne savez pas cela, madame? Dès que le premier consul vient à la parade, le soleil vient aussi! Il a beau pleuvoir tout le matin; c'est égal, il n'à qu'a paroître, et tout de suite il fait beau.'"

"Uprose the sun and uprose Cicely"

was a line never heard of by the Parisian dame. Of Louis Buonaparte, at this time, we have a pleasing recollection. His youth, like the rest of his career in every relation of life, even when crowned King of Holland, to his recent death, appears to have been marked by every good quality:

"Permit me now to go back to Joigny, for the purpose of giving some account of two very interesting acquaintances we made there. The first was Colonel Louis Buonaparte, youngest brother but one (Jerome) of the first consul. His regiment was quartered at Joigny, where he happened to be upon our last arrival at that town, and where the first visit he made was to M. Bazille, the worthy maternal uncle of M. d'Arblay. He is a young man of the most serious demeanor, a grave yet pleasing countenance, and the most reserved yet gentlest manners. His conduct in the small town (for France) of Joigny was not merely respectable, but exemplary; he would accept no distinction in consequence of his powerful connexions, but presented himself every where with the unassuming modesty of a young man who had no claims beyond what he might make by his own efforts and merits. He discouraged all gaming, to which the inhabitants are extremely prone, by always playing low himself; and he discountenanced parade, by never suffering his own servant to wait behind his chair where he dined. He broke up early both from table and from play; was rigid in his attentions to his military duties, strict in the discipline of his officers as well as men, and the first to lead the way in every decency and regularity. When to this I add that his conversation is sensible and well-bred, yet uncommonly diffident, and that but twenty-three summers have yet rolled over his head, so much good sense, forbearance, and propriety, in a situation so open to flattery, ambition, or vanity, obtained, as they merited, high consideration and perfect good will. I had a good deal of conversation with him, for he came to sit by me both before and after his card-party wherever I had the pleasure to meet him; and his quiet and amiable manners, and rational style of discourse, made him a great loss to our society when he was summoned to Paris upon the near approach of the event which gave him a son and heir. He was very kind to my little Alex., whom he never saw without embracing, and he treated M. d'Arblay with a marked distinction extremely gratifying to me."

We need not gratify our readers with the accounts of Madame d'Arblay's married and maternal delights. In August 1812, after a vain attempt in 1810, she contrived to get to England with her son; and here the present volume ends—another being promised early to conclude the publication, which is just one of that chatty, *reminiscical*, entertaining, and interesting character, which will insure a continuance of popularity.

From Tait's Magazine.

[The revolution now in progress in Switzerland, which has assumed an aspect serious enough to attract the attention of the cabinets of Europe, and has its source in the religious and ecclesiastical condition of the country, has given an unexpected interest to the volume, which the following article notices.—ED.]

SWITZERLAND AND THE SWISS CHURCHES.

Being Notes of a Short Tour, and Notices of the principal religious bodies of Switzerland. By William Lindsay Alexander, D. D. Small octavo. Glasgow: Maclehose.

FOR three centuries there has not been

such a running to and fro among the Scottish clergy as during the last three years. They have been like bees swarming; such a restlessness and humming, ay, and stinging too. Whether all this noise and turmoil shall tend to the increase of knowledge, piety, and charity, remains to be seen.

The author of the volume before us does not, however, belong to the modern itinerancy. He is the pastor of the largest of those Independent congregations of Edinburgh which arose, forty years since, from the movement of the Messrs. Haldane and Aikman; and his Swiss Tour was altogether a private undertaking; his object being to examine some old records and the religious state of Switzerland. By a happy after-thought of his publisher, he has written a narrative of his personal adventures, which gives interest and zest to the graver details of the book. When we have added, that Dr. Alexander belongs to that party, comprehending several sects, which, being strictly Calvinistic in regard to the distinctive dogmas of Calvin, assume the name of *Evangelical*, which they deny to every other Christian sect, we have sufficiently cleared the way, and prepared the reader for the bias with which Dr. Alexander views all religious bodies who differ from that termed, by itself, Evangelical. But "Time and the hour" are working remarkable changes, even among the disciples of unmitigated Calvinism, and especially among the younger brethren. Dr. Alexander, for example, eloquently denounces the people of Geneva for having raised no monument to the memory of Calvin, while they have thus honored the infidel Rousseau; but yet, like others among the younger evangelicals, *par excellence*, such as the Rev. Mr. Trench, (whose tour in France we introduced to our readers last year,) he can quote such profane writers as this same Rousseau, and Byron, Moore, Walter Scott, and Burns, and shows himself intimately conversant with many "heathens and publicans," whose works his elder brethren would burn by the hands of the common hangman, and rigidly exclude from the reading clubs of their flocks;—of which, by the way, they claim, and would, if they could, hold the sole direction.

With a mind liberalized by genial literature; by the careful study, it would appear, of the poets and dramatists of England and Germany; with a love of Art, unencumbered by the pedantry and technicalities of art, and a memory well stored with inspiring historical associations, Dr. Alexander, upon a fine day in August, found himself in the city of Strasburg, *en route* for that lovely and romantic land which, from boyhood, had haunted his imagination. The cathedral of Strasburg, he describes as "a true poem; a sparkling lyric in stone." Hence, we may conclude that he would not have lent a hand at the "Dingin' down of the cathedrals" of Scotland. And again he says:—

> The statue of old Gutenberg awakened more of my enthusiasm than that of Kleber, and I found no greater treat in Strasburg than that of strolling through the narrow streets and admiring the fantastic architecture which every where in the olden part of the city meets the eye, and gazing at the stiff and solemn forms of the storks perched upon the summits of the high roofs, and when seen against the sky at evening, looking like unearthly sentinels placed to give tidings of coming danger to the inmates. To me these seemed objects of deeper interest than all the curiosities which the scarps and counterscarps, the ravelines and fosses, of Vauban could unfold.

Dr. Alexander was in some danger of bringing himself into a *premunire*, by witnessing the celebration of the mass in the cathedral; where the bishop appeared "gorgeously" dressed, and the attendance was good; but, alas! five-sixths of the worshippers were weaker vessels. On the same day, he attended the French Reformed church—where the men and women, for good reasons doubtless, sit apart, like Quakers with us—and occasioned some scandal by innocently planting himself among the ladies. After the service, by which he was edified, Dr. Alexander spent the evening with a person whose character and pursuits are significant of the changes of the times.

> After sermon, I found my way to the house of M. Charles Cuvier, professor of Belles Lettres in the University of Strasburg. By him I was received with the greatest cordiality. He is a nephew, I believe, of the illustrious Cuvier, and enjoys a high reputation, not only as a scholar, but for the possession, in no mean degree, of that philosophic sagacity which so remarkably distinguished his great relative. Though occupying a literary chair in the University, he is a minister of the French church, and his heart is fully set in him to do good by the preaching of the gospel. For this purpose, he has opened a place behind his own house, which he has fitted up as an oratoire; and here he spends the greater part of the

Sabbath in public religious exercises. In the morning he has a school for the spiritual instruction of the young; and at five o'clock in the afternoon he preaches. He has no church or regular charge, nor is he in any way recognised in his ministerial capacity by the State. "I cannot," said he to me, "baptize, or dispense the Lord's Supper, or marry, but I am free to preach, and am responsible to no earthly authority in this matter; so that you see," added he, smiling, "I am a minister of the Free Church in the best sense of the term." As he is a man of great eloquence, his congregation is usually large, and the influence he exerts, especially over a large body of the young, is very considerable. In conversation, I was struck with his resemblance to the great pulpit orator of our own country, Dr. Chalmers. In person, he is less than Dr. Chalmers, but the contour of his head, and the expression of his eye, forcibly reminded me of the Doctor; whilst, like him, Cuvier is full of earnestness, a man of lofty thought and vehement impulse, and combining great vigor and energy of mind with singular simplicity and the most perfect absence of all affectation.

M. Cuvier here claimed a freedom which, we imagine, the Free Church would not allow to him nor to any layman.

The next station was Basle, lately the scene of a religious *emeute*, much exaggerated at a distance; and here Dr. Alexander calls kindly to mind, among the other notables of the city, that Erasmus, whom he afterwards, somewhat inconsistently, denounces as a man who, in face resembling Voltaire, would in Voltaire's day and place, have been just such a man; thus degrading

> That great honored name,
> The glory of the priesthood and the shame,

to the low moral level of the person whom he describes as "the poor, shrivelled, selfish, sneering, unhappy wit, who spent an undignified old age at Ferney."

At Boudry, the tourist met with a friend, Mr. Mackenzie, the author of a Concordance of the French scriptures, who accompanied him to Neufchatel, where he made the acquaintance of a very mercurial and amusing unnamed professor.

A person of prodigious vivacity, he yields easily to sudden impulses, especially in certain favorite directions. Now, two of his most cherished themes are etymology and the conversion of the Jews; and, curiously enough, no sooner was my name pronounced, than he manifested his idiosyncracy in both these lines with startling suddenness and rapidity. "What!" he exclaimed eagerly, "the same name as the bishop of Jerusalem! Any relation?" "No; only the name alike." "Ah! well, an excellent name! compounded of ἀλεξέω and ἀνδρας, *auxiliator hominum!* a noble name;" and then the worthy professor plunged into a sea of etymology, in which I soon utterly lost him from the rapidity with which he spoke! When the *œstrum* had ceased, he shook me warmly by the hand, invited me to sit down, and entered into conversation with me with the kindness and courtesy of a perfect gentleman, and the intelligence of a profound scholar.

There is a very interesting description of the primitive little Independent Church at Boudry, its simple form of worship, and apostolical pastor. Here an Irish gentleman labors in the villages as a missionary.

Dr. Alexander was so fortunate as to reach Geneva just in time to witness the proceedings of a society closely analogous, in more respects than one, to our British Scientific Association. Agassiz, among others, was present; and M. de la Rive, the celebrated chemist, filled the chair. We have said, in more respects than one analogous to our learned, ambulatory, and gustatory society,—and here is our proof:—

At the close of the séance we adjourned to a hotel on the opposite bank of the lake, where the society dined together. To the honor of philosophy, I must say that it appeared to exercise any thing but a prejudicial effect upon the appetites of its cultivators. One of the speakers, after dinner, (not, I must add, however, the man in most repute for wisdom among the rest,) delivered an eulogium on the study of natural science, in which he dwelt upon its advantages as "a gymnastic for the *muscles*, in the bodily exercise required for the prosecution of it; as a gymnastic for the *brain*, in the mutual exertion to which it stimulates; and, finally, as a gymnastic for the *stomach*, in proof of which he confidently appealed to the performances that day of the assembled savans of Switzerland!"

After dinner we had abundance of speeches, toasts, and songs. The last were generally the composition of the party by whom they were sung, or rather, I should say, chanted in a sort of recitation, for singing it could hardly be called. I brought some of these away with me, which the authors had thought fit to print; but I shall not insert any of them here, as I cannot bring myself to believe that the perusal of them would inspire my readers with any very elevated conceptions of the festive poetry of Switzerland.

Upon this great occasion, Mrs. Marcet, the well known authoress of many excellent elementary or juvenile works on science, and once a resident in our own city, gave a fête which took place on the

same evening, and at which Mr. Alexander had the good fortune to be present. This lady's son is now a professor in the college of Geneva, in the environs of which is her beautiful chateau of Malagny. We must look in upon this Genevese reunion of Science and Philosophy, with the Beauty and Fashion of the Republican city,—which, by the way, an angry American vituperated as any thing but free, because a sight of his passport was demanded. "Well! I guess I'll take a note of that. Call this a Republic! where they set two fellows with swords, to demand passports from strangers!" But the Republic did all honor to Mrs. Marcet and her guests.

A steamer was placed at the disposal of those members of the society who had been invited to this entertainment, by the municipality of Geneva; and to my surprise I found that after all that had passed, there was still to be more eating and drinking during our sail. For my own part, I preferred the fresh air and the exquisite scenery, and therefore remained upon deck. A more delicious evening I can hardly conceive. Not a cloud specked the sky, and though the sun had been powerful during the day, a gentle breeze just curling the surface of the lake sufficed agreeably to cool the atmosphere. . . . . The scene to me was surpassingly attractive, but I confess I was a little mortified to find that in the majority of the company it appeared to excite no notice. Perhaps this was partly the effect of familiarity, but I suspect that it was the result principally of deficiency of susceptibility. The French Swiss are very far from being an imaginative people; and of all classes of men, perhaps, the students of natural science are, generally speaking, the least given to admire the beauties of nature.

The Chateau of Malagny is about three quarters of a mile from the margin of the lake. . . At the house we were received by Mrs. Marcet and her son. I was surprised and delighted to see the excellent lady whose ingenious and attractive "Conversations" I had conned as my first lesson in philosophy, so many years before, still retaining so much of almost youthful vigor. Far from being, as I had somehow unconsciously depicted her, a lady of severe and pedagogic aspect, I found in her that delightful combination of grace and dignity, vivacity and intelligence, which throws such an inexpressible charm over the manners and conversation of the softer sex, wherever it is possessed. Amid the large and intellectual company which she had that evening assembled around her, the lively-hearted and intelligent hostess moved as the presiding genius of the whole.

So long as the light continued, the chief part of the company enjoyed themselves in strolling through the beautiful grounds around the house, which were thrown open for this purpose. The scene here presented a gay and inspiring aspect. Here was a group of sage savans gathered under an umbrageous chestnut tree, discussing some weighty point which had been mooted, but not fully settled at their meeting; or suggesting to each other topics of inquiry and speculation to be pursued in their respective spheres when they had separated. Close by was a brilliant circle of ladies in elegant evening costumes, maintaining with some of the younger and more courtly philosophers the keen encounter of wit and badinage, and casting, ever and anon, curious and quizzical glances at the staid and somewhat uncouth figures which occasionally moved heavily past them with uneasy and half-averted look, as if men who dwelt amidst glaciers and listened to the roar of avalanches had entered on forbidden ground, when they presumed to tread the verge of the enchanted circle where so much beauty and gayety reigned. Through openings in the trees and shrubbery, parties might be seen winding their way in every direction, and giving continual life and variety to the picture; while beyond lay the grand expanse of the lake, over which the setting sun was casting his parting rays from behind the Jura. Nearer the house an excellent band of performers filled the air with music; whilst a busy throng of servants was engaged in dispensing the plentiful refreshments which the hospitality of our entertainer had provided—not certainly the least animated part of the scene. At nine o'clock a gun, fired from the steamer, summoned us to re-embark.

Nine o'clock! How primitive an hour! Our parties would not have been assembled.

Dr. Alexander laments sadly over the fallen state of the city of Calvin. On the Sabbath morning, the pleasant visions called up by old association, were rudely dispelled by the actual. "Alas!" he exclaims, "the pleasant feeling was soon damped by the thought that I could not worship in the place where Calvin preached, without the risk of hearing from his pulpit the condemnation and denunciation of the most sacred and cherished doctrines of Calvin's creed!" But sound doctrine is still preached at the *Oratoire;* and so early as nine in the morning Mr. Alexander repaired to this purer sanctuary.

M. Pilet, the pastor, being from home, the service was conducted by a young minister, whose performance I cannot say afforded me much satisfaction. From what fancy I know not, he chose to preach in his shirt sleeves, which he very obtrusively displayed, in consequence of the vehement action of his arms, and which contrasted rather oddly with the sobriety of his plain and sleeveless gown.

His attitudinizing, his gesticulation, his elocution, were all in excess, and bordered on caricature. At least one-half of his service was addressed either to the Deity in the form of adjuration or appeal, or to inanimate objects, which he apostrophized in a voice and manner that to me incessantly verified the remark as to the proximity of the ridiculous to the sublime. I must, however, add, that the tone of the sermon was evangelical; and I believe the preacher meant well, notwithstanding his idle and offensive display.

A more novel, and much more interesting scene was witnessed in the interval of worship, during which Dr. Gaussen, the Professor of Theology in the Theological school of the Oratoire, teaches a Bible class.

Here I found the body of the chapel nearly filled with the boys and girls comprising the class, while a large number of adult auditors were in and under the galleries. It was a deeply interesting service. The learned Professor appeared not only quite at home amongst his juvenile students, but very highly to enjoy the exercise in which he was employed; and it was delightful to see how successfully he managed to infuse his own enthusiasm into the minds of his class. Nothing could be superior to his tact and skill in conducting his instructions so as to secure the attention, to excite the curiosity, and to meet the intelligence of his auditory. Now he would ply them with questions, then relate an anecdote, in a moment after describe to them some illustrative scene, then diverge into practical or doctrinal inquiries, and then appeal to their feelings in some touching and simple strains of exhortation. At no moment did he allow the interest to flag; and yet the whole was of so elevated and intellectual a cast, that it was impossible even for the most cultivated minds not to feel benefited as well as pleased. I do not know that I ever witnessed any thing which appeared to me to approach so near to the perfection of the art of teaching religious truth to the young.

But the Cantonal Church had not been satisfied either with Dr. Gaussen's doctrines or mode of tuition, and he had consequently been put out of the church; we cannot exactly tell why, hearing but one side of the case. In the afternoon Dr. Alexander attended Dr. Malan's small, primitive chapel. The prophet has sometimes, if not less honor, then less popularity in his own country. The audience was small, and mostly strangers, who were recognized as persons already seen on the journey. Dr. Malan's sermon was generally good, but there was one drawback. The Doctor has what Dr. Alexander considers his hobby or crotchet, namely, "Ultra notions of our Lord's personal substitution for the Elect;" which he dragged in per force, and probably often does so, as in expounding these notions he is only logically following the doctrines of Calvin to their legitimate consequences. The notions, according to Dr. Alexander, are,—

That our Lord not only suffered an equivalent for his people, but that he suffered both in *kind* and in *degree* all that they would have suffered but for him; and, consequently, among the rest, the actual pains and agonies of hell. This point, Dr. Malan dwelt on in the sermon I heard, and it is, I believe, a favorite tenet of his.

The tourist made an excursion to Chamouni, and enjoyed the customary sights; watched for the unveiling of Mont Blanc; saw the sun rise; traversed and philosophized; and quoted poetry on the Glaciers, and was so fortunate as to witness a tremendous thunder storm among the Alps. All this may be left to the reader's imagination; yet the time of the storm, sublimity notwithstanding, proved a weary time, shut up in that Alpine hotel with curious specimens of "humans," gathered from all nations. "I know not," says the wearied traveller,—

I know not how I should have got through it but for two things; the one was watching how my companions in trouble got on, the other was putting together my notes upon the glaciers, and the remarks which had fallen from such intelligent travellers upon the same subject at the table d'hôte on the evening of the preceding day. It was not a little amusing to observe how national character developed itself under the circumstances in which we were placed. Among the visitors at the Hotel de la Couronne, there were Germans, French, English, and one American. The last was a very taciturn gentleman, and spent most of the day on the roof, under cover of the Belvedere, with his knees propped up to his chin, a cigar in his mouth, and a huge blue cloth cloak wrapped around him, the collar of which stood up to his ears. The Germans drew round the fire at an early hour, and smoked their pipes with a steady continuity, which nothing seemed to interrupt. The British gathered together in groups at the windows, looked at their watches, repeated a thousand and one times the tale of their annoyance and vexation, speculated on the weather, suggested innumerable plans for getting away, and declared that if the thing could be done they *would* do it, cost what it might. The French ran about from place to place, shrugged their shoulders, talked to every

body who could understand them, and to many who could not; and when all their resources were exhausted, clasped their hands and exclaimed, "Oh! quel place horrible! point de livres, point de journaux, point de spectacles! quelle vie miserable!" A few of all nations found refuge in books, or in the use of the pen. Among the latter was a German lady of rank, whose name I did not ascertain, but who informed me that she was engaged on the composition of a romance, and that she meant to introduce into it the storm of the preceding night.

At Berne Dr. Alexander introduces his readers to an interesting person, whose history he afterwards details, namely, M. Carl von Rodt, pastor of the Independent Church of the city. This gentleman has in his possession portraits (said to be original) of Luther and his wife, painted by Cranach; the former, one is glad to learn, showing more intellect and dignity, and consequently less animalism and coarseness than the common pictures of the great Reformer.

As a specimen of Dr. Alexander's descriptive style, or genius for scenic painting with a pen and written characters, we select this brief passage, though we could find many more elaborate and highly finished.

Next morning we left Berne at an early hour by diligence for Thun, where we arrived in time for the steamer which leaves that place for Neuhaus, at the other end of the lake. The day was serene and sunny, so that we saw the scenery of the lake under the most favorable auspices; the only drawback to our enjoyment being the intense heat by which we were scorched, and which made a very furnace of the steamer. The scenery on the lake of Thun is of the highest order, and very diversified. Old baronial-looking castles, with their dependent villages—craggy rocks, fissured and time-worn,—verdant slopes, stretching away into huge mountain ranges,—deep-mouthed valleys, down which rivers pour their waters, and at the entrance of which some grim mountain stands as if to guard the passage,—and in the distance the snow-clad Alps, with which the traveller makes separate acquaintance, as the course of his passage brings one after another—the Eigher, the Mönch, the Jungfrau, and the Finster Aarhorn—into view; such are the general features of the scenery on this beautiful lake.

We arrived at Neuhaus a little after ten o'clock; and here all was bustle and noise.

The steamer lay at anchor as if asleep on the bosom of the water, and with not so much as another puff left in her. A few peasants lounged on the quay smoking their pipes, and watching a boatful of girls who were oaring themselves across the lake, looking, in the snow-white chemisettes, like a bevy of swans. My friend, myself, and a young gentleman from Scotland, who had travelled with us from Berne that morning, were the only parties left of the many who had so recently been bustling, and jostling, and shouting, and filling the air with tumult.

Unburdened with much luggage, we had at an early period made our escape into the cabaret at Neuhaus, where, selecting the coolest chamber we could find, we ordered breakfast. This was speedily supplied to us, and in a style of plenty and comfort which we had hardly anticipated. Fresh fish from the lake, fresh eggs from the nest, fresh butter from the churn, bread, cream, &c. &c.,—every thing in the best state furnished to us a meal which even satiety might have relished, and which a sound appetite made perfectly luxurious. I must not omit to add, that the young woman who waited upon us, arrayed in the picturesque costume of her Canton, if she did not realize all that one had heard of the extraordinary beauty of the maidens on the banks of the lake of Thun, certainly greatly surpassed, in this respect, any of the Swiss peasantry I had yet seen.

Whilst we were enjoying our repast, a middle-aged man came into the room, clad in a short coat of home-spun "hodden-gray," and offered his services to us as a guide to the Oberland. There was something exceedingly pleasing about his appearance, and as his testimonials were good, we immediately engaged him. He turned out a most excellent guide; indeed, without exception, the best guide I ever had.

The guide, with his many good qualities, and amusing touch of the Gascon, though a Protestant, a stout hater of the Jesuits, and prepared to fight for his religion if needful, did not by many degrees come up to Dr. Alexander's standard in spiritual matters. He was indeed neither chargeable with Infidelity, Romanism, nor Socinianism, the prevailing errors of Switzerland, but very liable we fear to the imputation of *indifferentism*. He was, as Charles Lamb says, not a Dissenter, but an Assenter, which, however, Lamb liked much better; disposed to forbear with every body, his own Catholic wife included, and to assent to every thing. No doubt he had last year fought at the "Revolution" of Lucerne, on the rising of the patriots against the Jesuits. Even now, as he shouldered the traveller's knapsack, he exclaimed, "A bas les Jesuites! Honneur aux patriotes Lucernois! Vengeance! vengeance!" But Michele, if zealous, was prudent, and before taking the field, would have the crop secured, a Swiss revolution being a healthy and invigorating, but a winter pastime.

Thus Dr. Alexander laments over the condition of this honest fellow:

Poor Michele! with all his good-heartedness and all his hatred of the Jesuits, we soon found that, in regard to any correct conceptions of spiritual religion, he was completely in the dark. He was a Protestant, and, in profession at least, a believer in revelation; but his real position was one of utter infidelity or indifferentism. His wife, he told us, was a Catholic; but he assured us they got on very well together, for she was a good woman, and he was no bigot; "Indeed," said he, "I often go to chapel with her; not that I care for it, but it pleases her."

"Well, and does she ever go to church with you?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur: she is very good, but she would not do that."

"Then it appears that she is much more attached to her religion than you are to yours."

"Ah, sans doute, Monsieur; the poor woman is a *dévote*, but as for me, I thank God I am more free."

My friend here took him up, and endeavored to impress upon him the necessity of sincerity and earnestness in religion; but he appeared to make little impression on the light heart of Michele.

"Look'ee, Monsieur," exclaimed the latter, after some abortive attempts to reason the matter with my friend, "I am a Protestant, my wife is a Catholic. It's all one; the great God does not trouble himself with our little differences, (le grand Dieu ne s'embarrasse pas de nos petites differences.)"

Alas! does not much of what passes for *liberalism* in religion, even in our own country, amount to really nothing more than just such a miserable and irrational indifference to all religious distinctions, as was exhibited by this ignorant Swiss peasant?"

And after this Dr. Alexander expatiates upon the scenery of the Jungfrau and her brother Alps, and aptly quotes Shelley. This is as it should be. It is at this stage that the tourist sets in earnest to the proper business of his book, the account of the Swiss churches. He broaches some singular *Montesquieuish* notions about the influence of climate and other physical causes in forming the religious character of a people; or, to make the thing plain, he illustrates the differences that from external causes must exist between the religion of a Sutherlandshire Highlander, who is a Celt, and that of a reading, lecture-hearing, talking, speculating Glasgow weaver, a Saxon. There may be some truth, but there is more fancy in the theory which would make the devout but ignorant and superstitious mountaineer, a more truly religious man than the better-instructed citizen.

The "Religious phenomena of Switzerland," as Dr. Alexander phrases it, may, he says, be classed under three heads, Romanism, Infidelity, and Protestantism. There are nearly a million of Catholics, and of the various shades of Protestants no one can speak positively either as to numbers or dogmas; but there is this grand distinction between the Catholics of the Swiss cantons, that in the mountains "they believe and tremble," and in the plains "they believe and chicane." In brief, the mountaineers are honester men, and therefore we should say, with deference, better Christians. The Protestants are represented as being better instructed and more full of intelligence and enterprise than the Catholics, who have, however, one superiority, thus described:—after it has been stated, that nearly all the science, manufactures, and commerce of Switzerland are in the hands of the Protestants, while the Catholics content themselves with agriculture, warlike exercises, and rustic sports.

In one very important respect, however, the Catholics of Switzerland have the advantage over the Protestants; they are both better instructed in the principles of their religion, and have a sincerer faith in and reverence for that religion, than can be affirmed of the Protestants in regard to theirs. Exceptions there are, doubtless, on both sides; but the general fact is, I believe, as I have stated it. Whilst multitudes of the Protestants are ignorant of the first principles of Christian truth, whilst by many of them the peculiar doctrines of the gospel are repudiated, and whilst a spirit of indifference as to diversities of religious opinion widely prevails amongst them, the Catholics are, for the most part, sincerely attached to their faith, well acquainted with its principles and practices, proud of avowing their devotion to it, and apt to carry their preference for it the dangerous length of denouncing not only the sentiments, but even the persons of all who reject it. If this betrays them into intolerance, it is, nevertheless, surely a more wholesome state of things than that tendency to the opposite extreme which too much marks the Protestants of Switzerland at present.

Superior purity in morals, or "good conduct in the ordinary relations of life," is also allowed to the Swiss Catholics; an immense admission, but, as Catholics, yielded to them only. We would fain hope that the accounts which Dr. Alexander received on the spot may have led to unconscious exaggeration in his picture of the

prevailing Infidelity of Switzerland, especially of the coarse, conceited folly of those who are called Socialists.

Infidelity, it is said, "exists in Switzerland under two forms, the one borrowed from the more polished skepticism of the French wits and savans, the other partaking of the absurdities and grossnesses of Socialism." But we must quote.

The former is found predominating in the French Cantons, the latter in the German; and in some, such as the Canton de Vaud, both forms prevail. The lengths to which the unhappy individuals who have embraced these pernicious doctrines go in asserting them, is painful and horrible. The hideous exclamation of Voltaire concerning the Saviour, "Ecrasez l'infame," has found its echo among the infatuated mobs of the land of Calvin and Farel. Amidst the grandest scenes of creation, where, on every hand, the finger of God has inscribed the memorials of his majesty, the fool has been heard proclaiming, "No God," and the air has been burdened with the frantic cry, "Down with the good God."

Short of professed infidelity, but tending strongly in the same direction, and doubtless preparing the way for its adoption, is the Neologianism which, born in Germany, has been extensively introduced among the clergy and more educated classes of Switzerland. In Zürich, in Basle, in Berne, and partly also in Neufchatel, this pernicious system has prevailed. The appointment of such men as De Wette and Strauss to professorial chairs in the faculty of theology, after even Germany had cast them out, shows how little regard the authorities in Basle and Zürich, by whom they were appointed, had for evangelical truth, or even for the permanency of Christianity under any shape as a religion of divine revelation.

The riots of the populace of Zürich, Dr. Alexander fears, originated rather in political partisanship than in any deep-rooted regard for Christianity. The opposition to Strauss, therefore, goes for little. The Genevese Church is described as being too truly in the deplorable condition that previous evangelical reporters have represented it, if not worse. The doctrines of Calvin were first undermined by a heterodox professor of theology, Turretin, about the beginning of the last century, who was "an Arminian of the Grotian school;" and his successor, Jean Jacques Vernet, went beyond him, and taught Arian doctrines.

Since his time, the progress of doctrinal opinion among the clergy of Geneva, has been gradually downwards, in the direction of Socinianism and Deism. It is true, that the Genevese pastors have never openly admitted that this is the fact; but the evidence in support of the charge is too copious and too direct to allow room even for charity to suggest a doubt.

Let us compare their Liturgical and Symbolical books now in use, with those adopted at the Reformation:—We shall find the ancient Confession set aside, the ancient Catechism purged of all doctrines peculiarly evangelical, the authorized translation of the Bible altered, and the Liturgy modified so as to suit the worship of a Socinianized assembly.

Let us look at the regulations which the Company of Pastors have from time to time adopted for themselves, and those who would enter their body:—We shall find them calculated to repress zeal for Calvinistic and evangelical truth, and to open the door for the free proclamation of Rationalist or Unitarian heresies.

Farther, they promote those suspected, or known to entertain Socinian sentiments, and discountenance the Evangelicals. Something like reaction is now visible; yet Mr. Alexander has to say,—

The Church which dates its origin from the labors of Farel, and Calvin, and Beza, still retains its bad pre-eminence of being the only National Church in Christendom in which the denial of the doctrines of its founders is the almost necessary condition of promotion and influence.

The Church of the Canton of Vaud was even in a worse condition than that of Geneva; but about twenty years since there was a general revival throughout the Canton, and recently a *disruption* or secession from the Cantonal Church, in consequence of the interference of the State with what were considered the especial rights of the Church. The seceding clergy and laity of the Canton of Vaud show, according to Dr. Alexander, a much better case than is made out by the Free Church of Scotland. A season of spiritual revival and prosperity had, as we have said, been experienced, though, in the minds of the mass of the people,

The love of gayety, indifference to spiritual things, and the poison of infidelity, still continued to exert a preponderating influence. Such was the state of things up to 1839, when the Established Church of Vaud was called to pass through an ordeal of which she has not yet exhausted all the consequences. In that year a new arrangement was entered into between the Church and the State, in pursuance of a plan suggested by certain commissioners, who, in 1831, had been appointed to consider the subject of ecclesiastical affairs in the Canton. This arrangement was based upon

the principle, that the Church, as by law established, is purely an instrument of the State, and must consequently, in every thing, be under the control of the State. Proceeding upon this principle, the State assumed the right not only to control all the actions of the Church, but also to prescribe its doctrines, and, if need be, to supersede its ritual.

The struggle lasted for some years. Many of the laity seceded; but the disruption of the clergy only took place in 1845. We shall take one passage from the account of this secession, as it bears closely upon the late events in Scotland:

The fourth party in the Vaudoise Church was composed of individuals who, whilst renouncing the Voluntary principle, nevertheless maintained, that the Church is not altogether the mere instrument of the State; that she has and must continue to have, certain immunities and certain powers with which the State may not lawfully interfere; and that when these immunities are invaded, or these powers restrained, it becomes her to renounce whatever advantages her union with the State may have conferred on her, and, at all hazards, to pursue that freedom without which she cannot exist. In assuming this ground, these clergymen avowed principles which are not peculiar to them, but which lie in the original constitution of their Church, and which belong as well to nearly all the other churches of the Reformation. Circumstances have tended to foster in this country the impression, that the sentiments of these individuals are coincident with those avowed by the parties who recently seceded from the Established Church of Scotland; and it has even been supposed that the earlier secession has had a material effect in prompting the latter. This I conceive to be founded on mistake; and the mistake is one which requires to be rectified, if a just view of the actual position of the seceding pastors in the Canton de Vaud is to be obtained. Of the party of which I am now speaking, the sentiments in church matters appear to me almost identical with those avowed by the Established Church of this country, with this exception, that they concede a larger amount of power in ecclesiastical matters to the civil magistrate than I think has ever been conceded by the Church of Scotland. They regard the magistrate as incompetent to interfere in matters of doctrine and worship; but every thing besides they seem freely to yield into his hands. If he allow the Church her creed and her rites, they would ask no more; all matters of order, arrangement, and organization, they would leave at his disposal. The authority of Christ as Head of the Church, they regard as in no degree involved in such matters; and therefore the best arrangement they can make with the civil power, they feel themselves at perfect liberty to adopt. Nay, so far do they carry these views, that some of them have not hesitated to condemn publicly the principle, that the honor of Christ as the Head of the Church is at all involved in any question pertaining to the subject of ecclesiastical polity.

The difference between the Dissenters from the National Church of Vaud, and the Free Church Dissenters, is farther elucidated by an extract from a publication issued by M. Baup of Vevay, and read at a general conference of pastors. It is entitled, "A View of the Condition of the National Church of the Canton of Vaud in 1845;" and shows that, on the Continent, the real merits of the Free Church question, as one of mere "ecclesiastical organization," of mint and cummin, begins to be understood. The publication is moreover important, since it may be regarded as an authorized declaration of the opinions of the dissenting clergymen of the Canton. It states,—

"When we maintain that the church ought to recognize no head but Jesus, we believe that this has respect only to doctrines and the moral precepts flowing from them; not at all to this or that question of ecclesiastical organization, on which, in the absence of positive orders, each church is at liberty to take the side which best suits its own necessities.

"Accordingly, whilst we render justice to the devotedness of the Free Church of Scotland, we may be permitted to utter a doubt as to the principle which guided its formation. For what has she contended? Not directly for a question of doctrine, but singly for the right of flocks to interfere in the choice of their pastors. Now, this is not, at least as a general thesis, to contend for the rights of Jesus Christ; for, on the one hand, the course to be followed in the election of pastors is not *imperatively* prescribed in the New Testament; and on the other, it is well enough known that a flock, no less than a patron, may select for its spiritual guide a heretic, one who, according to the definition of St. John, is an Antichrist. We grant, that in the particular cases with which they were occupied, our brethren in Scotland really contended for the saving truth; but the principle which they have maintained is not in itself a guarantee against error. Let them not, then, exaggerate the tendency of their noble conduct; it is less for the supremacy of Christ, than for that of their flocks, that they have so valiantly struggled." P. 16.

When the dissenters of the Vaud have got a little more light, they may further discern, that it is less for the rights of their flocks, to which extent popular sympathy went with them, than for the supremacy of their Presbyteries, Synods, and Assemblies

—of their Order, in short—that the clergy of the Free Church so valiantly struggled.

Among the various sects in Switzerland, Dr. Alexander naturally paid much attention to the Independent Church. Its organization and discipline appear simple, reasonable, and scriptural; and if not showing many signs of outward prosperity, the Independent Congregations appear to be prospering in spirit and usefulness. Yet divisions have arisen even among these little scattered flocks; and in alluding to these Dr. Alexander is led to make the following judicious remarks:—

It seldom happens that any portion of a community breaks away from old and established forms of worship or belief, without this being followed by the formation of a number of different sects. The increased disposition to exercise the right of individual judgment; the importance which comes to be attached to every difference of judgment, even the most minute; and too often the idle love of change or the foolish vanity of differing from others, continually operate at such times in the way of multiplying the parties into which religious inquirers divide themselves. That this is an evil, it would be wrong to deny; but it is an evil which, in the present imperfect state of things, we must be content to bear as part of the price that must be paid for that great good of which it is the attendant. . . . . .

The first form in which diversity of sentiment invaded these communities, was a species of *mysticism*. Some persons arose who pretended that Christians are privileged to enjoy an inward light distinct from that of natural reason and the written word, and partaking of the nature of direct inspiration from heaven; and to the enjoyment of this they laid claim. Others again, without going so far as this, placed undue stress upon the internal life of the Christian, and treated as unnecessary or superstitious all outward profession and the use of means. To these enthusiastic notions, the piety of Southern France and Switzerland seems prone, both among Catholics and Protestants. They are generally, however, rather the peculiarities of individuals than the tenets of sects, and appear and disappear without making any permanent impression upon the general religious community. So it has been among the Swiss dissenting churches; a few individuals here and there have adopted these views, and have given some trouble to the churches with which they were connected; but beyond this, their influence has not reached.

The same may be said of *Lardonism*, a form of error which it is not very easy to describe, and which takes its name from its founder, the minister Lardon. It seems to be a species of Irvingism, in so far as its leaders lay claim to the apostleship, and maintain that each individual church should present a type or pattern of the whole body of Christ, with all the officers appointed by him. Hence they have apostles, prophets, evangelists, &c., according to the list furnished by St. Paul in Eph. iv. 11, and 1 Cor. xii. 28. This sect arose in 1830. It is now nearly extinct, the multiplicity of offices being such, that to fill them up required always more men than the flock could furnish. To such an extent did this sect carry their principle of reproducing apostolic usages, that they would assemble for worship only in an upper room; some of them refused to shave their beards; and some would have nothing to do with so un-apostolic a practice as sending letters by the post, but always transmitted them by the hands of messengers! It is to be hoped that, for consistency's sake, the letters themselves were written in Greek. One wonders also how such strict adherents to primitive usages could bring their minds to wear hats, and coats, and shoes.

In 1832, *Irvingism*, in its genuine form, was introduced among the Swiss Christians by Messrs. Drummond and Carey, from this country. This system found a considerable number of adherents, especially from among the Oratoire party at Geneva. Upon the Independent Churches it made but little impression.

About the year 1837. a vigorous attempt was made to introduce Wesleyan Methodism into Switzerland, which had the effect of considerably disturbing some of the dissenting churches there. The Independent Church at Lausanne was nearly entirely ruined in consequence of the discussions excited by the adoption, by the then pastor, of the Wesleyan doctrine of perfection, and by the lengths to which he and his adherents carried their views. At present, the Wesleyan party is almost extinct in Switzerland. They have, I believe, only one congregation, and that not a large one; it is at Lausanne, and is under the pastorate of Mr. Cook, a gentleman from this country.

Since 1839, by much the most formidable enemy with which the Independent Churches of Switzerland have had to contend, has appeared in the shape of *Plymouthism* or *Darbyism*. Mr. Darby, well known in this country as the founder of the sect known by the name of Plymouth brethren, visited Switzerland in 1838. His first residence was at Geneva, where he industriously propagated his peculiar views, and not without encouragement. Having succeeded in forming a party there, he, in March, 1840, passed over to the Canton de Vaud, and settled at Lausanne. At the time of his arrival in this town, he found the Independent Church rent in pieces by the Wesleyan controversy; he set himself immediately to oppose the Wesleyan party, which he did with great success; and having routed them, he bent all his efforts upon the propagation of his own views regarding the intention of prophecy, and the proper order of the church.

We cannot tell at length how Mr. Darby, in his turn, was, according to Dr. Alexan-

der, "routed" by an Independent minister named Rochat. How the Catholics must exult in these things—exult without cause.

One important object of Dr. Alexander's tour was to trace the personal history and opinions of Jean Baptiste Morelli, whom Sir William Hamilton* has described as "the father of *Non-intrusion*, and, in general, of *Independent* principles; and whom Dr. Alexander recognizes as the first great advocate of Congregational views of Church polity; and a man, consequently, whose history must be most interesting to those who have adopted similar views. Morelli was a native of Paris, and wrote, about the middle of the sixteenth century, on the Discipline and Polity of the Christian Church. His principles were truly Independent. He was a genuine advocate for the rights of the Christian People. One can understand what the man would be at, of whom Beza, reckoning his doctrines erroneous, and such as would unsettle the order established in the reformed churches, thus writes:

"Among other things submitted to a synod, there was heard the summary of a book on ecclesiastical discipline, composed by a Parisian named Morelli, in which, among other things, it is pretended that ecclesiastical elections ought to be conducted by all the people assembled together, each giving his voice, in place of (as is the case where churches and consistories are already arranged,) the election being conducted apart, after an examination as to doctrine and manners, by the ministers and elders, or else at the colloquies; which election, after being notified to the people, the latter are free either to confirm it, or to debate it before the Consistory, or, if it need be, to carry it still further, viz. to the provincial or National Synod, so as to avoid intrigue and all confusion."

Need we tell that Morelli's book was condemned by the Synod, and the author finally excommunicated?

After the passing of this sentence, Morelli went to Geneva. Here, finding himself excluded from Christian fellowship, in consequence of the censure pronounced upon him by the Synod of Orleans, he complained to the Genevese clergy, that he had been unjustly and harshly dealt with by the French church, and prayed them, notwithstanding the sentence under which he had been laid, to admit him to the privileges of the church. They, "to prevent the scandals" to which such an assertion might give rise, granted him a conference, at which they endeavored to persuade him to retract the sentiments to which he had given utterance. In this they failed, for Morelli held to his opinions as scriptural, but at the same time pleaded that, even supposing them erroneous, the error was not such as to require that he should be cut off from Christian communion. Unable to turn him from his course, the ministers handed him over to the Consistory, under the charge of having affirmed, "that it is a pernicious thing, and contrary to the example of the apostles, that the ministers should have a council apart from the people;" but Morelli, instead of appearing at the summons of the Consistory, retired from Geneva, probably to Lyons.

This is a highly edifying narrative. The system of persecution was continued, until,—

Not satisfied with inflicting upon their erring brother the highest ecclesiastical punishment, Calvin and his associates deemed it necessary, also, to invoke against him the vengeance of the civil power. A report of their proceedings in his case was accordingly drawn up, and laid before the magistrates of Geneva, with a petition that they would deal with him "as reason required."

Morelli, aware of the temper of the men with whom he had now to do, and having the fate, doubtless, of Servetus, Alciatus, Tell, and others, before his eyes, did not deem it expedient to abide the summons of these stern guardians of orthodoxy. Betaking himself to Lyons, he addressed a letter to the Syndics of Geneva, in which he defended his own conduct, and complained of the harshness with which he had been treated by the Consistory. This he transmitted through his wife, who appears to have remained behind in Geneva.

Unable to deal with Morelli in person, the rulers of Geneva resolved that they would nevertheless proceed against him as far as they could, and, at any rate, do justice upon his book. For this purpose they convened on the 26th September, 1563, and proceeded to their self-appointed duty religiously: "having," as they are careful to record, "God and the holy scriptures before their eyes, and having invoked his holy name for the performing of right judgment, saying: In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit." After due deliberation, they unanimously resolved, that Morelli should be regarded as guilty of contumacy, and proceeded against with the utmost rigor. He was accordingly outlawed, —a sentence which subjected him to the punishment of death if again found within the Canton of Geneva. His book was also denounced as heretical and dangerous. All booksellers were forbidden to retain it in their shops; all good citizens were enjoined not to buy it, nor to keep it; and those who happened to possess a copy were requested to deliver it

* In a pamphlet addressed to the Non-intrusion party, entitled, "Be not Schismatics, be not Martyrs by Mistake."

up to the magistrates, that it might be destroyed. This silly edict fully accounts for the exceeding scarcity of the work at the present day.

The persecution did not cease here; but time and the strength of truth made it needful to temporize,—for Morelli would not give up his "errors." Of the close of his life there is no trace. Dr. Alexander throws out a conjecture that he may have perished in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Independency for the time seems to have either died with him, or to have been let quietly die out. Such was the severity shown to the "father of *Non-intrusion*," the first advocate of the rights of "the Christian People." If the people of Geneva have erected no monument to perpetuate the memory of the excommunicators and persecutors of Morelli and Servetus, neither modern Independents nor worse heretics need be very deeply grieved. If magistrates will no longer "deal as reason requires," with men denounced by very orthodox and zealous ministers, the cause of regret to private Christians is still less. But we have already dwelt too long on Dr. Alexander's book, as we wished to give those of our readers not likely early to fall in with it, a taste of its quality. It is directly an exceedingly agreeable and instructive work, and indirectly one much more instructive.

Dr. Alexander reached his residence in Edinburgh in thirty-seven hours after leaving Ostend, and spent an hour and a half at Dover, and two hours in London. "Such are the achievements of steam!"

AMERICAN NICKNAMES.—I will put the reader in possession of the meaning of words he often sees in the perusal of American newspapers and novels which I have gathered. New-York is the Empire State, and with the following comprises Yankee land, which word Yankee is most properly a corruption of Yengeese, the old Indian word for English; so that, by parity of reasoning, John Bull is, after all, a Yankee:

Massachusetts	The Bay State, Steady Habits.
Rhode Island	Plantation State.
Vermont	Banner State, or Green Mountain Boys.
New Hampshire	The Granite State.
Connecticut	Freestone State.
Maine	Lumber State.

These are the Yankees *par excellence*, and it is not polite or even civil for a traveller to consider or mention any of the other States as laboring under the idea that they ever could, by any possibility, be considered as Yankees; for in the south the word Yankee is almost equivalent to a tin peddler, a sharp, Sam Slick.

Pennsylvania is	The Keystone State.
New Jersey	The Jersey (pronounced *Jersey*) Blues.
Delaware	Little Delaware.
Maryland	Monumental.
Virginia	The Old Dominion, and sometimes the Cavaliers.
North Carolina	Rip Van Winkle.
South Carolina	The Palmetto State.
Georgia	Pine State.
Ohio	The Buckeyes.
Kentucky	The Corncrackers.
Alabama	Alabama.
Tennessee	The Lion's Den.
Missouri	The Pukes.
Illinois	The Suckers.
Indiana	The Hoosiers.
Michigan	The Wolverines.
Arkansas	The Toothpickers.
Louisiana	The Creole State.
Mississippi	The Border Beagles.

I do not know what elegant names have been given to the Floridas, the Iowa, or any of the other territories; but no doubt they are equally significant. Texas, I suppose, will be called Annexation State. This information, although it appears frivolous, is very useful; as without it much of the perpetual war of politics in the States cannot be understood.—*Lieut. Bonnycastle's new work on Canada.*

NATURE NOT AN UTILITARIAN.—If Nature gave a preference to the useful over the ornamental, she would have produced a drab-colored, quaker-like, prosaic world, instead of the brilliant, joyous, and poetical globe, which it is our good fortune to inhabit. Flowers, bright hues, sweet odors, music, all the beauty and magnificence of earth and heaven, are the poetry of nature; useless, perhaps, in the opinion of certain rigid economists, but not in the sight of enlightened moralists, who hold that nothing can be more truly useful in the loftiest sense of the word, because we may presume that nothing can be more acceptable to a benevolent Creator, than the diffusion of enjoyment among human creatures. Had Nature thought that the nutritious plants were of the most consequence, would she have left them undecorated, when she has lavished so many charms upon the rose? We recommend the following passage, from a French writer, to the attention of our strict utilitarians. 'Préscrire les arts agréables, et ne vouloir que ceux qui sont absolument utiles, c'est blamer la Nature qui produit les fleurs, les roses, les jasmins, comme elle produit des fruits.' There are more uses in the apparently useless than are dreamt of in our philosophy; and perhaps fewer real uses in the seemingly useful.

RETIREMENT OF MR. TAIT.—Mr. Tait, the eminent publisher of Edinburgh, the Magazine bearing whose name has made it more generally known as connected with able literature, has issued a preparatory farewell (for next year) to the public. Mr Tait's connexion with business is coeval with our *Literary Gazette*, about thirty years; and we are glad that he can, after that period, seek the otium of honorable and successful exertion Booksellers *will best authors:* and we question if the most gifted writer in his Magazine (which will now come into the market) could enable himself to retire on a moderate provision after a century of toil. We do not, therefore, envy those who have prospered, and deserved to prosper, in any path of literary enterprise; and cordially wish our contemporary many years of health and enjoyment.—*Lit. Gazette.*

From Tait's Magazine.

TO THE DOVE.

BY THE LATE J. F. SMITH.

HAIL, emblem of the dearest tie
  That human hearts can bind,
Love's all-devoted constancy
  When kindred souls are joined!
Than thee, no purer image fills
  A niche in nature's shrine,
Type of ecstatic transport's thrills,
  And feeling's glow divine.

The eagle and the vulture share
  Dominion of the sky;
I mark th' imperial lords of air
  With regal pomp sweep by:
But, ah! their flight, far sunward spread,
  No soft emotion brings;
Foreboding sounds of wo pervade
  The rushing of their wings.

But thou, what melting sweetness glows
  In thy long, mellow note,
Heard where the random wild flower blows
  In forest glooms remote.
O, more than language can express,
  Of love and truth is there;—
The depth of woman's tenderness—
  The purity of prayer!

More mellowing pathos stamps that strain
  Than music's self affords,
To bid the bosom thrill again
  From its profoundest chords.
And such its power to give release
  From passion's earthly spell,
That, listening, I could bid, in peace,
  The realms of time farewell.

Spontaneous worship hallows deep
  The scene where none intrudes,
When earth and heaven, communing, keep
  The Sabbath of the woods;
While sunset sanctifies the calm,
  Devout, of earth, and skies:
And low, like prayer from fields of balm,
  The breath of evening sighs.

Yet, spotless dove, religion lends
  My theme a glory too—
A charm, harmoniously that blends
  With nature's simple due.
O marvellous was the sign of love
  Through thee to mortals given,
When stooped thy brooding wings above
  The Majesty of heaven!

Bird of the consecrated plume,
  Whom Earth's Creator chose,
(Whilst yet above its watery tomb
  One lonely mountain rose,)
To waft the pledge of peace to men,
  The olive's welcome bough:
I hail thee mercy's herald then,
  Her sacred symbol now.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HERO AND LEANDER.

I.

Daughter of Sestos, languidly reclining,
Chiding the wild waves beating 'neath thy casement,
Trim well thy taper, let it be a beacon
  Unto him coming.

II.

What though the sea-birds shriek along the ocean;
What though the waters heave as though in travail:
Strong-nerved Leander buffets with their fury,
  Seeking thy chamber.

III.

Set forth the banquet, crown the cup with flowers
Crown it with roses mingled with the myrtle;
Cypress nor yew-leaf shadow o'er the goblet
  Sacred to Venus.

IV.

Heavy and ragged sail the clouds above him,
Heavy and crested swell the waves beneath him,
Scarcely a moonbeam lights the polished shoulder
  Of the strong swimmer.

V.

Listen! a shriek comes, cleaving through the darkness—
Is it the sea-sprite screaming to its fellows?
Or the shrill cry of one who calls for succor
  To the deaf billows?

VI.

Listen! the sound comes 'mid way from the vortex!—
Hark! now 'tis lost, and now again it rises—
Now a long silence, broken by the plashing
  Of the vexed waters.

VII.

Shut to thy casement; feed the lamp no longer;
Scatter the roses, let them die and wither:
No more Leander comes to seek thy bower,
  Ocean hath claimed him.

H. M.

From the Literary Gazette.

WHAT SHALL BE THE END OF THESE THINGS?

When another life is added
To the heaving turbid mass;
When another breath of being
Stains creation's tarnished glass;
When the first cry, weak and piteous,
Heralds long-enduring pain,
And a soul from non-existence
Springs, that ne'er can die again;
When the mother's passionate welcome
Sorrow-like bursts forth in tears,
And the sire's self-gratulation
Prophecies of future years—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When across the infant-features
Trembles the faint dawn of mind;
When the heart looks from the windows
Of the eyes that were so blind;
When the incoherent murmurs
Syllable each swaddled thought,
To the fond ear of affection
With a boundless promise fraught,
Kindling great hopes for to-morrow
From that dull uncertain ray,
As by glimmering of the twilight
Is foreshown the perfect day—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the boy upon the threshold
Of his all-comprising home,
Parts aside the arm maternal
That enlocks him ere he roam;
When the canvass of his vessel
Flutters to the favoring gales,
Years of solitary exile
Hid behind its sunny sails;
When his pulses beat with ardor,
And his sinews stretch for toil;
And a hundred bold emprises
Lure him to that eastern soil—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the youth beside the maiden
Looks into her credulous eyes;
When the heart upon the surface
Shines too happy to be wise;
He by speeches less than gestures
Hinteth what her hopes expound,
Laying out the waste hereafter
Like enchanted garden-ground:
He may palter—so do many,
She may suffer—so must all;
Both may yet, world disappointed,
This lost hour of love recall—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the altar of religion
Greets the expectant bridal pair;
When the vow that lasts till dying
Vibrates on the sacred air;
When man's lavish protestations
Doubt of after-change defy,
Comforting the frailer spirit,
Bound his servitor for aye;
When beneath love's silver moonbeams
Many rocks in shadow sleep
Undiscovered till possession
Shows the dangers of the deep—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

Whatsoever is beginning,
That is wrought by human skill,
Every daring emanation
Of the mind's ambitious will;
Every first impulse of passion,
Gush of love, or twinge of hate;
Every launch upon the waters,
Wide horizoned by our fate;
Every venture in the chances
Of life's sad, oft desperate, game,
Whatsoever be our motive,
Whatsoever be our aim—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

From Tait's Magazine.

NAPOLEON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF AUGUSTE BARBIER.

O Corsican! thou of the stern contour,
Thy France, how fair was she,
When the broad, ardent sun of Messidor
At length beheld her free!
Like a young mare, unbroke to servitude,
Bridle she scorn'd and rein;
Still on her hot flanks smoked the recent blood
Of kings on scaffolds slain.

Proudly her free hoof struck the ancient soil;
Harsh word or brutal deed
She knew not; never hand of outrage vile
Had pass'd on that wild steed.
Never had her deep flanks the saddle borne,
Or harness of the foe;
All virgin she; her heavy mane unshorn
Wanton'd in vagrant flow.

The eye of fire set in her slender head
Shot forth a tameless ray;
Rear'd up erect, the whole world she dismay'd
With her shrill savage neigh.
Napoleon came; he marked her noble strain,
Her blood, her mettle bold;
Grasping the thick locks of her gipsy mane,
The Centaur fix'd his hold.

Booted he mounted; since he knew full well
She loved the voice of war,
Clarion, and beating drum, and trumpet's swell,
And cannon's roar.
He gave the wide world for her hunting ground:
His sport was war and spoil;
Nor rest, nor night, nor sleep his charger found,
Ever unceasing toil.

O'er flesh, like clay, gallop'd the goaded horse,—
Breast-deep in blood and tears,
She trampled generations in her course
For fifteen hideous years.

For fifteen years of carnage, wo, and wrath,
O'er prostrate lands she rode;
And still she wore not out the endless path
Her hoof of iron trode.

Weary at last of ever onward hasting,
Finding no resting-place;
Weary of grinding earth, of wildly wasting
Like dust the human race:
With limbs unnerved, staggering at every pace,
Weak as if death were near,
She pray'd the Corsican a moment's grace,
Tyrant! he would not hear.

Closer he press'd her with his vigorous thigh,
Furious her teeth he broke,
Hard drew the bit, stifled the piercing cry
That quicken'd torture woke.
She staggered on: but one dread battle-day
Prone on the field she fell;
Unhorsed, unhelm'd, her demon-rider lay,
Crush'd on a heap of shell.

THE WORLD A SEPULCHRE.

There is the lone church-yard
In some sequester'd glen,
Where cottars sleep beneath the sward,
Remote from haunts of men;

There is the stone-paved burial place,
The city's crowded bed
Of graves, where rest full many a race;
"A city of the dead!"

There are the wildernesses vast,
Where sand or snowy wreath
Have o'er the weary pilgrim cast
The still repose of death.

There are the bowels of that land
That opened at God's word,
Ingulfing Korah and his band
When they defied the Lord.

There are the hateful fields of death,
Strewn with remains of War,
Where millions yielded up their breath,
Crush'd by her "Iron Car."

There is the fathomless blue sea,
With all its hidden things,
That o'er a goodly company
Its mocking requiem sings.

Death strews its victims every where
O'er mountain, vale, and wave;
The world's a splendid sepulchre,
A vast revolving grave! G. G. & J. B.

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

BY 'THE OLD MAJOR.'

As frost upon the hills
In autumn's yellow day,
Memento of the coming
Of winter and decay;
As a leaf in summer falling
On the green parterre,
Is that monitor to man,—
His first grey hair!

Grey hairs are meant for wisdom
And sober reverence;
Reject not, man, the teaching
Of their silent eloquence.
From the garden of thy thoughts
Pluck out the choking tare,
And take prudence by the hand
With thy first grey hair.

Pause, lady, at the mirror,
Nor slightingly disdain
The little sign that telleth
Of beauty on the wane.
Oh! hold not face and form
And vanities too dear,
And thou wilt not dread the sight
Of thy first grey hair.

Thy child will best become
Thy gems and costly gear:
Yea, men will praise thy wisdom,
And think thee still more fair.
Old time shall be forgotten,
And cheated year by year,
If shame is but a stranger
To thy first grey hair!

From the Athenæum.

A LOVE-DREAM.

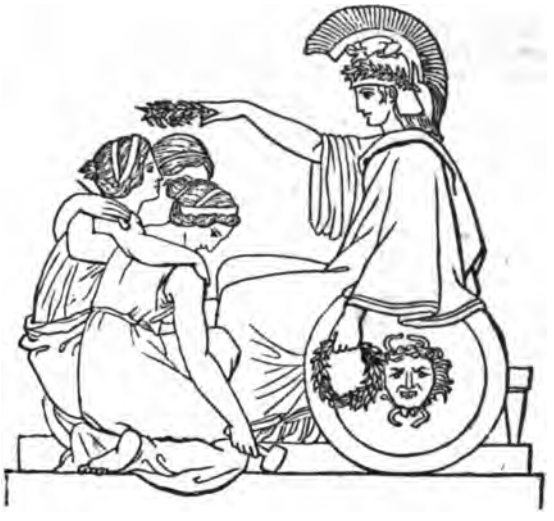
BY CHARLES SWAIN.

By the village hawthorn seated
Waits a village maiden fair;
In her ear are sounds repeated
She hath heard elsewhere.
Why hath happiness such fleetness,
Wings that never rest?
When did memory's words of sweetness
Dwell in sweeter breast?

Lonely lies the field before her
In the twilight hour,
Yet the face of her adorer
Smiles from leaf and flower.
Inward is her loving vision,
Inward lists she to her heart;
In a world of thought Elysian,
Where time has no part.

Lost in dreams of tender feeling,
She forgets her cottage birth;
Lost in all love's fond revealing,
She is far from earth.
Truly but she dreameth greatly,
Nobly doth the maiden fare;
She is in a mansion stately
Wedded lady to the heir!

Wake her not—too soon love waketh—
Soon is lost its world of dreams;
Like a golden bubble, breaketh
All that most enduring seems!
Brighter heaven her soul is seeing
In her trance than aught above;
Lost the whole of sense and being
In the fullness of her love!



MISCELLANEOUS.

What can be done for Mexico.—It is high time that we in England should take into serious consideration the question, What can be done to save the miserable and impotent Republic of Mexico from extinction as an independent nation? Apart from all the problematical evil consequences of its absorption into the United States—and they are momentous—the fate of Mexico has an immediate practical importance for all classes of men in this country, being inseparably identified with that of a vast amount of British capital. Expunge Mexico from the list of nations, and with the same blow you put out the fires on thousands of English hearths. Already we have suffered enough by the waste and decay of the wealth we have invested in that country; the annihilation of what remains would scatter bankruptcy among our merchants, paralyze our industry, disorder all the functions of our national life, and spread starvation among our working classes. And this is the conclusion to which events are tending in a rapid and accumulating flood, that must inevitably bear down all such flimsy barriers as Santa Anna's countrymen can set up against it.

That the United States are bent on seizing the whole Mexican territory is a fact they scarcely condescend to disguise. The manner in which they intend to effect their purpose is also apparent; it is the same as that by which they have already secured Texas: the same piratical system as that by which they had begun to possess themselves of Louisiana, before they had the opportunity of acquiring it in the more legitimate way of purchase. The present petty warfare they are waging on the frontier is but an episode in the great plot. General Taylor's force is but the precursor of the real army of invasion—the squatter and backwoodsman, men in whom it is a hereditary and invincible instinct always to depart from before the approach of civilization, to avoid every spot where law has become established, and never to feel themselves thoroughly at home except on debatable ground. By men like these, coming by twos and threes, then by scores and hundreds, and finally in multitudes, like carrion birds to the quarry, the Northern provinces of the Republic will be overrun; and thence the process will be continued until the whole territory is filled and mastered by these unprincipled and desperately energetic immigrants. Already many of the provinces have shown a willing alacrity to meet the destiny they foresee; not from any affection they bear to their encroaching neighbors, but because they are weary of anarchy, hopeless of relief from their own wretched nominal Governments, and eager to accede to the blessings of law and order from any Power strong enough to secure them.

Mexico must be tranquillized, and her strength consolidated by good and stable government, or she is lost. This has long been felt by her allies; and they have even suggested and indirectly urged the adoption of the means that seemed to them most likely to bring about the desired result. The proposed panacea was the conversion of the Republic into a Monarchy, the sceptre of which should be swayed by some European Royal cadet. It is needless to discuss the abstract merits of this plan since it is a mere figment of political speculation, at present beyond the scope of any practical discussion.

There is but one sure way to save Mexico, and that is, to transfer fresh, healthy blood into her languid veins; to colonize a portion of her magnificent territory with a people worthy to occupy and able to defend it If Mexico were to mingle a portion of the Anglo-Saxon element with their population, she might venture to cope with the moiety of that indomitable race that now threatens her existence. In our paper, last week, on the project of cutting a ship-canal through the great American Isthmus, we pointed out the admirable opportunity now offered for peopling the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and realizing the incalculable natural advantages of one of the most eligible commercial sites on the face of the globe. That majestic region, teeming with boundless wealth, washed by two oceans, traversed through half its breadth by a navigable river, which offers

at its mouth the finest harbor in the Gulf of Mexico, may now be secured by Englishmen. Will they refuse to accept a region which was selected by the sagacious mind of the great conqueror Cortes to constitute his own private domain? If so, the French will be delighted to grasp the prize we disdain.—*Spectator.*

A Dead Man Dining.—The following ludicrous story is told in the *Lancet*:—While residing at Rome, I paid a visit to the lunatic asylum there, and among the more remarkable patients, one was pointed out to me who had been saved with much difficulty from inflicting death upon himself by voluntary starvation in bed, under an impression that he was defunct, declaring that dead people never eat. It was soon obvious to all that the issue must be fatal, when the humane doctor bethought himself of the following stratagem. Half-a-dozen of the attendants, dressed in white shrouds, and their faces and hands covered with chalk, were marched in single file, with dead silence, into a room adjoining that of the patient, where he observed them, through the door purposely left open, sit down to a hearty meal. 'Hallo!' said he that was deceased presently to an attendant, 'who be they?' 'Dead men,' was the reply. 'What!' rejoined the corpse, 'do dead man eat?' 'To be sure they do, as you see,' answered the attendant. 'If that's the case,' exclaimed the defunct, 'I'll join them, for I'm famished;' and thus instantly was the spell broken.

Lady Londonderry's Presentation to the Sultan.—I was so amused by the explanation given to me the other day of a noble English lady's reception by the Sultan, which was pompously announced to the world as a most important event—a new era in the history of Turkish civilization—that I cannot resist giving the same peep at the *dessous des cartes* which was afforded to me. My informant was residing in Constantinople at the time when the affair took place, and derived his information from unquestionable authority, no less than that of some of the officials by whose management it was effected. The lady in question was ambitious of being presented to the young Sultan, and her lord was no less ambitious of gratifying her wishes. An application was made by them to the Pasha, then at the head of affairs at Stamboul, to give effect to their wishes As he had been, at some former period, Ambassador at our Court, his residence in London had enabled him to form a correct idea of the power exercised in the English world of fashion, by the two individuals in question, and of the impolicy of offending persons who might one day have it in their power to retaliate upon him in their country, should the Sultan's pleasure ever send him there again as his representative. But, then, he knew, too, that to propose such a thing to his Sovereign as the presentation of a lady to him, was not to be thought of seriously. What did the cunning statesman do in this dilemma? Desirous of propitiating one party without offending the other, he adopted a *mezzotermine* which appeared to him most happily to reconcile the two difficulties. He presented himself to the Sultan, and told him that there was an English woman, then in Constantinople, who had some very fine jewels to sell, which she was anxious to submit to his Highness's inspection. The shadow of God upon earth signified his willingness to see them, and directed that they should be sent to the Palace for that purpose. This was not exactly what the adroit minister aimed at, but it was a near approach to it; he ventured to suggest that, as they were all female ornaments, it would be better that the Christian woman should put them on her person, and bring them to the Palace herself; which would enable his Highness to judge of the effect they produced, and the manner in which they ought to be worn. The Sultan assented, and gave orders that the woman should be brought to the Palace, and stationed in one of the ante-chambers, and that, when apprised of her being there, he would pass through it, in order to take a view of her brilliant merchandise. His directions were punctually obeyed; and this is the history of the noble lady's interview with Abdul Medjid. And the reason of her having been smuggled, as it were, into the imperial abode, and left shivering alone in chilly rooms and corridors, and finally being so coldly accosted and unceremoniously inspected by the young Sultan in the passage through the room in which she stood, is most intelligibly accounted for by the fact, that he actually believed her to be a diamond merchant! and although she was impressed with the conviction that the interview was conceded to her rank and station, it was only owing to that mistaken supposition above stated, that the proud English lady obtained admission into his presence.—*Mrs. Romer.*

Lord Stowell.—Lord Stowell was a great eater. As Lord Eldon had, for his favorite dish, liver and bacon, so his brother had a favorite quite as homely, with which his intimate friends, when he dined with them, would treat him. It was a rich pie, compounded of beefsteaks and layers of oysters. Yet the feats which Lord Stowell performed with the knife and fork, were eclipsed by those which he would afterwards display with the bottle. And two bottles of port formed with him no uncommon potation. By wine, however, he was never, in advanced life at any rate, seen to be affected. His mode of living suited and improved his constitution; and his strength long increased with his years.

The countenance of Lord Stowell was intelligent and benign; but his personal appearance was much inferior to that of Lord Eldon, and presented the disadvantages of a slovenly toilet, and time-worn clothes.

With the peculiarities of the undistinguished herd of men, the public can have no concern and little curiosity; but in the case of such a man as Lord Stowell, who has rendered the Admiralty and Ecclesiastical Bench so distinguished for elegance and depth of learning, and has stamped an image of his own mind on the international jurisprudence of the world, the public, in return for the immortality conferred by its approbation, has a claim to be made acquainted with characteristic details of habits and deportment. It has a right to learn that the hand, which could pen the neatest of periods, was itself often dirty and unwashed; that the mouth, which could utter eloquence so graceful, or such playful wit, fed voraciously, and selected the most greasy food; and that the heart, which contained so much kindliness and honor, was generally covered with a tumbled frill and soiled shirt.

The curiosity of Lord Stowell was remarkable; there was no subject above or beneath his interest. Superior to the pedantry or bombast which disdains common sources of instruction and amusement, he was the most indefatigable sight-seer in London. Whatever show could be visited for a shilling or less, was visited by Lord Stowell. And the author of this sketch has been assured by a friend that his father had seen him, after his elevation to the peerage, coming out of one of the penny show-rooms in the streets of London. . . .

For table-talk Lord Stowell had a high reputation. At dinner, when surrounded by "audience, few, but meet," he was one of the most agreeable of men. His mind was remarkable for its quickness; and hence he was capable of giving sudden and very pleasing turns to conversation. His humor was dry; his language was terse; he would say much in few words. His memory, enriched with the spoils of all ages was tenacious and ready. At times, therefore, he would exhibit vast stores of learning: and, in a very agreeable way, would unexpectedly throw historical illustrations on the subject of discourse. His classical quotations, often humorously applied, were always effective. He was a frequent and honored guest at the table of Dr. Howley, both when Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury; and here, whether in the polite or profound scholarship of his host—himself also at one time an Oxford Fellow and a tutor—he would feel the inspiration of kindred sympathies. But to a lawyer, the greatest of all conversational treats was to meet Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell together in a friendly dinner-party of lawyers. Here, sure of deference and appreciation, each brother would playfully unbend after the labors of the day; talk one against the other; and narrate alternately professional anecdotes.

The volatile ethereal essence of fine conversational wit can never be conveyed faithfully to print. You might as well attempt to represent Ariel on the stage, as to transfer to paper the spirit of a *bon mot*.

Having attempted to cover myself by this protest, I shall now proceed to jot down for the reader one or two of the sayings of Lord Stowell.

On some occasion, when he had been worn out by a plague of clergymen, requesting his assistance in a parliamentary measure which promised to affect their interests, he ejaculated, "Those parsons! I shove them out by barrows-ful!"—A miserable little cur ran barking after him furiously, "Ah!" he exclaimed, "get along with ye, *vox et prœterea nihil!*"

Other *bon mots* of Lord Stowell are related, which do not appear very brilliant; and then we are told, that the domestic life of Lord Stowell was amiable: and, in spite of his negligence in attending public worship, he bore the reputation of a sincere Christian, and a conscientious member of the church of his country.—*Turlees' Life.*

THE DANISH POET, HERR ANDERSEN.—[In the third volume of his *Bazaar* the author makes frequent mention of our countryman Mr. W. Francis Ainsworth (then returning from his arduous travels in Toorkistan), as his most intimate companion in the voyage from Constantinople to Vienna; and it occurred to us that our friend might remember some interesting particulars of the popular Danish poet, and be kind enough to favor us with them. The annexed is his obliging answer to our application to that effect.—*Lit. Gazette.*]

FULL well do I remember the poet Andersen. I was introduced to him on board the steamer Ferdinando Primo, in the Golden Horn, about half-past eight in the evening of the 4th May, 1841, by a distinguished Austrian officer, who had served in the Syrian campaign, and who called my attention to the poet as to a very clever individual who had improvised with great success at a *soirée* of Baron Sturmer's. Herr Andersen was a tall young man, of prepossessing appearance, pale color, yet somewhat delicate; brown hair, and sharp nose and features, with a very, very slight slouch in his gait, and the sidling movement of an abstracted man. He was friendly and cheerful in conversation, although restless and *préoccupé;* but there was that extreme simplicity in his manners and confidence in others that made it impossible not to entertain feelings of regard and interest for him at once. On our arrival at the quarantine-station at Orsova, my Austrian friend was quartered with two other officers in one house, Andersen and myself occupying the two rooms of another. We had therefore ten days of intimate acquaintanceship; and I certainly rejoiced very much in the good fortune that had given me so pleasant, and in every respect so gentlemanly a companion in durance vile; I use the term 'gentlemanly' considerately, for his manners were in every respect those of a person of cultivated intellect and refined feelings. Although always cheerful and companionable, there was never any thing light or frivolous in his conduct. As we used to write all the morning, we did not meet much till dinner-time. "Do you know," he said to me one day, "how this Hungarian soup is made?—By leaving water for a week in the pantry where the meat is kept," he answered quickly, upon my acknowledging my culinary ignorance. Certainly, the soup served up in quarantine deserved to be so considered. Herr Andersen was naturally of a pious turn of mind, and observed the Sabbath strictly, putting by his papers, and doing no work on that day. "These people," he said to me of some Wallachians, who were boisterously enjoying the Sabbath morning in quarantine, "by putting on their best clothes, think that it is Sunday." One evening we had a severe thunder-storm: "I have learned to despise the dread of thunder as superstitious," he said, in his peculiar nonchalant manner, "since I have learned to feel and appreciate the goodness of God."

Herr Andersen was very skilful in cutting out paper. The drawings of the Mewlewis, or turning dervishes, in my Asiatic travels, are from cuttings of his, and I have still some reminiscences of this kind in my possession. I enclose a poem of which he gave me a copy, but my memory does not allow me to say whether he said it was his or not. I believe not, but that he was very partial to it. When we got out of quarantine, as we had a day's leisure in Orsova, waiting for the steamboat, we hired a carriage to convey us to the baths of Mahadia, situated amidst the most magnificent mountain-scenery, and much frequented by Wallachians and Hungarians. Unluckily Herr Andersen was so unwell, and so much indisposed by the rude jolting of the car, that before he had got

a mile he gave the journey up, as being beyond his strength, and returned on foot, leaving me, to my great regret, to proceed alone to Mahadia. I was so much hurt, that had there been another opportunity of visiting the place I should have returned with him. On going up the river Danube, he took the greatest interest in two Armenian boys, who were going, under the care of an amiable and unprejudiced monk, to an Austrian Academy. It was evident that any, however remote, a prospect of civilizing the East was like a gleam of sunshine to him. At Pesth I began to lose sight of him, for he had provided himself with introductions, where I was a mere bird of passage.

W. Francis Ainsworth.

The Consequences of Smoking.—The widespread habit of smoking has not yet had due medical attention paid to it and its consequences It is only by two or three years' observation that Dr. Laycock had become fully aware of the great changes induced in the system by the abuse of tobacco, and of the varied and obscure forms of disease to which especially excessive smoking gave origin. He proceeded to state some of them as they were met with in the pharyngical mucous membrane, the stomach, the lungs, the heart, the brain, and the nervous system The tobacco consumed by habitual smokers varied from half an ounce to twelve ounces per week, the usual quantity from two to three ounces. Inveterate cigar smokers will consume from four to five dozen per week.

The first morbid result is an inflammatory condition of the mucous membrane of the lips and tongue; then the tonsils and pharynx suffer,—the mucous membrane becoming dry and congested. If the thorax be examined well, it will be found slightly swollen, with congested veins meandering over the surface, and here and there a streak of mucus. Action ascends upwards into the posterior nares, and there is a discharge from the upper part of the pharynx, and irritation is felt within the anterior nares. The eye becomes affected with heat, slight redness, lachrymation, and a peculiar spasmodic action of the orbicularis muscle, experienced together with intolerance of light on awaking from sleep in the morning. The frontal sinuses do not escape, but there is a heavy dull ache in their region.

Descending down the alimentary canal we come to the stomach, where the results, in extreme cases, are symptoms of gastritis. Pain, tenderness, and a constant sensation of sickliness and desire to expectorate, belong to this affection.

The action of the heart and lungs is impaired by the influence of the narcotic on the nervous system; but a morbid state of the larynx, trachea and lungs results from the direct action of the smoke. The voice is observed to be rendered hoarser, and with a deeper tone. Sometimes a short cough results; and a case of ulceration of the cartilages of the larynx came under the doctor's notice. The patient was such a slave to the habit, that he hardly ever had the pipe out of his mouth Similar sufferings have been caused by similar practices in other instances.

Another form is a slight tickling low down in the pharynx or trachea; and the patient coughs, or rather hawks up, a grumous-looking blood. It is so alarming as to be mistakable for pulmonary hæmoptysis.

The action of tobacco-smoking on the heart is depressing; and some individuals who feel it in this organ more than others complain of an uneasy sensation about the left nipple—a distinct feeling, not amounting to faintness, but allied to it. The action of the heart is observed to be feeble and irregular. An uneasy feeling is also experienced in or beneath the pectoral muscles, and oftener on the right side than on the left.

On the brain the use of tobacco appears to diminish the rapidity of cerebral action, and check the flow of ideas through the mind. It differs from opium and henbane, and rather excites to wakefulness, like green tea, than composes to sleep—induces a dreaminess which leaves no impression on the memory, leaving a great susceptibility, indicated by a trembling of the hands and irritability of temper. Such are secondary results of smoking. So are blackness of the teeth and gum-boils; there is also a sallow paleness of the complexion, an irresoluteness of disposition, a want of life and energy, and, in constant smokers who do not drink, a tendency to pulmonary psthisis.

Dr. Wright of Birmingham, in a communication to the author, fully corroborates his opinions; and both agree that smoking produces gastric disorders, coughs, and inflammatory affections of the larynx and pharynx, diseases of the heart, and lowness of spirits; and, in short, is very injurious to the respiratory, circulating, alimentary, and nervous systems.—*Literary Gazette.*

Statue of O'Connell.—Hogan's colossal statue of the Liberator has been transported from Rome to its destination in Dublin, where the Royal Exchange is appointed for its site. It is eight feet high, of Carrara marble, and stated to be a good likeness. The costume is that of a Roman Tribune, and the attitude that of an orator haranguing the people.

Varieties of Jealousy.—Men are prouder of what others admire, though they themselves cannot see its beauty, than of that they the most fervently admire, if it be not appreciated by others. Many a husband, for instance, is proud of the wife to whose charms he has been long indifferent. Hence the existence of jealousy where there is no love. Pride, self-love, and even hatred, have each their respective jealousy; for the success of others is often resented as an injury to ourselves. Many dissent from Rochefoucauld's maxim, that there is something in the misfortunes of our friends not altogether unpleasing to us; but few will deny that they feel a certain pain in witnessing the pleasures of their enemies. These feelings are but so many varieties of jealousy.

Recreation for the People.—The King of Prussia has, it is stated from Berlin, devoted no less a sum than £120,000 to the formation of a covered garden in the centre of that city, to be used as a winter promenade by its inhabitants. A regulated temperature is to be maintained, and rare exotics of warmer climes cultivated in this truly royal design.

Tales for the Marines.—You must know that, at this time of the year, noblemen and country gentlemen, unoccupied with their parliamentary duties, devote themselves to those of their station. A few still employ their time in shooting; but the majority have given up that amusement, together, as you were informed the other day, with the preservation of game. The great body of landowners either remain on their estates, or go about doing good; and among the various labors of benevolence, is that of attending meetings of agricultural societies, which they have established in different counties, for the promotion of husbandry. One of the chief objects of these societies is the reward and encouragement of industrious and well-conducted laborers. Now, the newspapers, almost daily, publish reports of agricultural meetings; but these reports are so shamefully falsified, that one blushes even to repeat them. What do you think are the rewards and encouragements which they represent our munificent landlords and generous farmers as bestowing on their meritorious servants? A pair of boots to an old man who has lived all his life on 7s. a week, and never cost his parish a sixpence! A suit of clothes to the father of the largest family, who has maintained his wife and children on the smallest earnings! A flitch of bacon—(gammon you will say)—to a carter or a ploughman, for 15 or 20 years' good behaviour! And these stories the newspapers tell us as gravely and coolly as any misstatement was ever made in the House of Commons! As if noblemen, and gentlemen, and opulent yeomen would think of recompensing a life of toil and honesty, or a quarter of a century of heroic endurance, on the scale on which they would reward a good boy at school, or tip a footman or a waiter at an inn. Oh, pooh! stuff and nonsense! the absurdity is too glaring even for a joke. The fact is this: the agricultural societies throughout England have provided in their respective d stricts—not an almshouse, no—but a set of comfortable cottages for the reception of all wornout laborers whose wages have been insufficient to enable them to put any thing by. The prizes for industry, economy, and steadiness consist in nominations to these cottages, in which board, as well as lodging, is gratuitously supplied to the inmates. Prizemen, less necessitous, are presented with a good round sum of money; and as for boots and smock-frocks, and sides of bacon, such small quantities are awarded to hard-working fellows who have distinguished themselves at some particular haymaking or harvest. A good fat porker is frequently one of those rewards of merit; for in point of generosity the agricultural societies go the whole hog. They not uncommonly present a stock of baby-linen to an exemplary mother, or even find a wedding dress for an active milkmaid. In short, their object is the creation of a happy peasantry—"their country's pride;" and they have succeeded in it to an extent which is absolutely notorious. And this the fifth story that "Punch" has related—to the Marines.—*Punch.*

Guizot and the Spanish Marriages.—The *Revue Des Deux Mondes* contains an article on the Spanish marriage, supposed to be from M. Guizot's own pen. In this article the writer admits that M. Guizot engaged with the Earl of Aberdeen to put off the marriage of the Duke de Montpensier with the infanta until the Queen of Spain should be possessed of direct heirs; nor is it denied that he has broken that engagement: but there is an attempt to justify his breach of faith by charging Lord Palmerston with having been the first to depart from the arrangement made with his predecessor in office. Lord Palmerston, it is affirmed, commenced by bringing forward Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, under the auspices of England, as candidate for the hand of Queen Isabella; whereas it had been previously agreed on both sides, that the candidates for that honor should be limited to the descendants of Philip V. But it is denied, on the other side, that Lord Palmerston ever made any proposal of the kind alleged; and it is maintained that he expressly refused to patronize the claim of Prince Leopold, openly declaring his opinion to be, that the most eligible husband for the Queen would be one of her cousins, the two sons of Don Francisco de Paula. He assigned reasons for giving the preference to Don Henry, a Prince of higher qualities and firmer character than his brother. But for the very same reasons it is alleged that it better suited the views of Louis Philippe and M. Guizot to give the preference to the imbecile Don Francisco de Assis.

The Slavishness of Freemen.—In no country has there been such an incessant struggle for the achievement of political and social independence as in England, and what is the result? Our minds are slaves to opinion, and our bodies and habits to fashion. Not to opinion only, but to the law of the land, enforced by pains and penalties, are we mental bondsmen; for, instead of saying or writing what we think, we are obliged to think what we may say or write. Our orthodox faith, for instance, has been repeatedly altered by Act of Parliament, and if we impugn the last enactment, we do it at our peril. No *habeas corpus* have we for the mind, enabling it to come into court, and demand why it has been placed under restraint. The earthly part of God's image may walk erect and unshackled, but its divine portion must wear chains, and hide itself, if it would avoid persecution. Homicide is punishable, but thought-icide, or the strangling of the reasonable faculty, is legal Burkeing, specially protected by church and state. How fortunate for individuals, and how favorable to general morality, that we may all become hypocrites, and make use of speech to conceal, not to disclose our sentiments!

Droll Typographic Accident.—The Cambridge Chronicle advertises a fine-arts subscription fund, which thus concludes, in consequence of a paragraph from another part of the paper having been accidently transferred to the tail of the announcement:—"A haddock was captured off Whitehaven last week, in the belly of which was found a considerable part of a joiner's two-foot rule."